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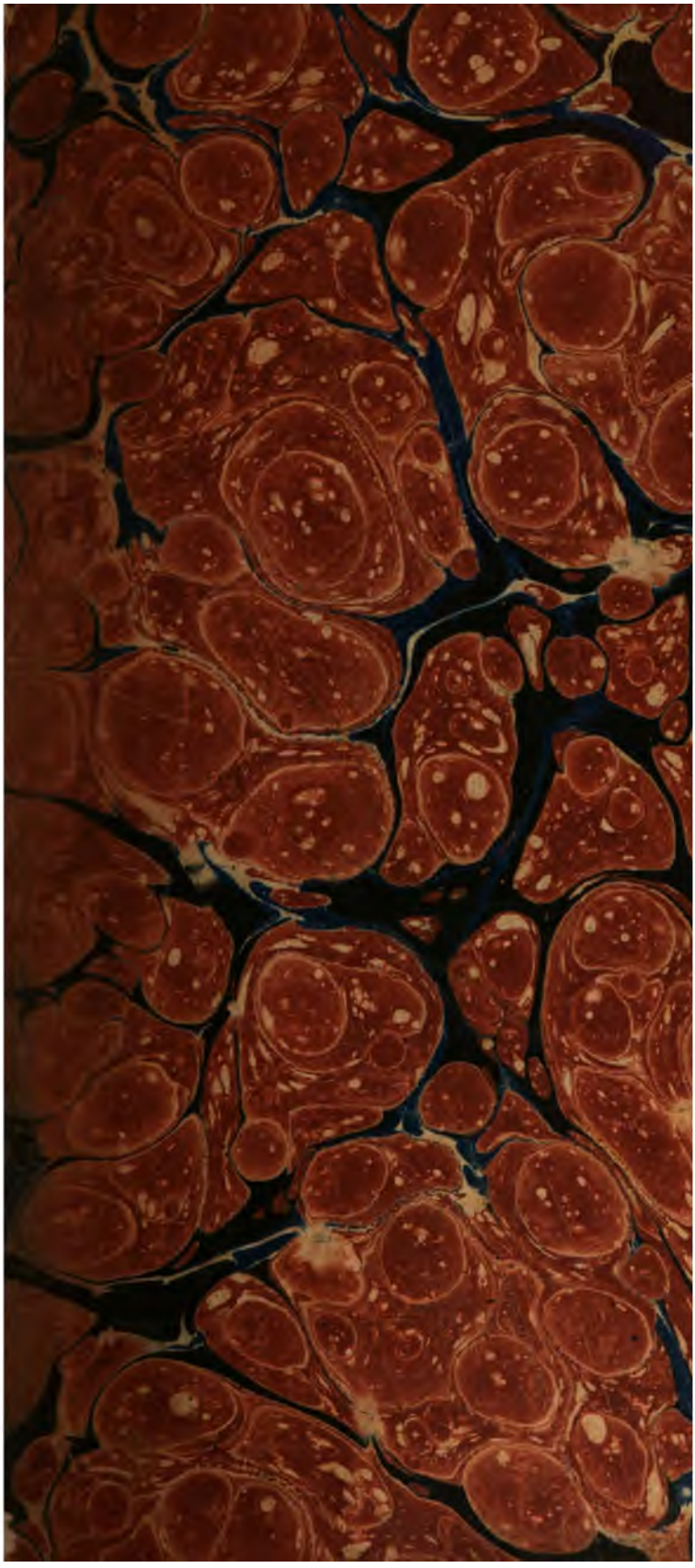

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. IV.

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IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

DRAYTON, | WARNER.

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THE

POEMS

OF

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE

LIFE OF MICHAEL DRAYTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS once eminent poet was of an ancient family which derived its name from the town of Drayton in Leicestershire; but his parents having removed into Warwickshire, he was born in the village of Harshul or Hartshill, in the parish of Atherston[1] in that county, near the river Anker, about the year 1563. In what situation or circumstances his parents were[2] is not recorded; but they were probably not opulent, as we find him very soon indebted to patronage for the benefits of education. His early discovery of talents, and sweetness of disposition and manners, recommended him to some person of distinction, whom he served in quality of page, and who bestowed what was needful for the cultivation of his mind.

In his youth he discovered a propensity to read poetry, and was anxious to know "what kind of creatures poets were." To gratify this curiosity, the works of Virgil, and other classics, were put into his hands, which inspired him with a taste superior to his years, and made him dislike vulgar ditties, especially the ballads of one Elderton, a drunken poet, at that time in much fame among common readers. Whether sir Henry Godere of Polesworth was his first patron, is uncertain; but that gentleman is said to have maintained him for sometime at Oxford, where, however, his name does not occur among the scholars of any college or hall. From his description of the Spanish invasion in 1568, it has been supposed that he was an eye-witness of the defeat of the armada, and held some commission in the army; and this, however doubtful, is the only intimation we have of his having applied to any regular profession.

Besides sir Henry Godere, he found a liberal patron and friend in sir Walter Aston of Tixhall in Staffordshire, to whom he gratefully dedicates many of his poems; and sir Henry Godere, sometime before his death, recommended him to the countess of Bedford. By means of sir Walter Aston and sir Roger Aston, gentlemen of the bed-chamber to king James in his minority, he is said to have been employed as a confidential agent in a correspondence between the young king of Scotland and queen Elizabeth: but this part of his history rests on no very solid foundation. It is more certain that

[1] Fuller, mistaking this for Atherston on the Avon, says, that "he was born within few miles of William Shakspeare, his countryman and fellow-poet, and buried within fewer paces of Jeffrey Chaucer and Edward Spencer." Worthies. C.

[2] Aubrey says that his father was a butcher, "which is probably false." Philips's Theatrum, new edit. C.

he rendered the services and homage of a poet to king James, among the first who congratulated him on his accession to the British throne, and even condescended to praise his majesty's poetical talents in a sonnet of which he was afterwards ashamed[3]. On the same happy occasion, he appeared as one of the squires who attended sir Walter Aston, when he was created a knight of the Bath. His duty to his king, however, was so ill repaid, that he gave up all hopes of rising at court, and his fable of The Owl, published a year after the coronation, is supposed to glance at persons and incidents connected with his disappointment. He adverts to the same subject, but so obscurely as to convey no information, in the preface to his Poly-olbion, nor from this time have we any account of his personal history; and can only conjecture from certain hints in his dedications and prefaces, that although he obtained the additional patronage of the justly celebrated Thomas Sackville, lord Buckhurst, earl of Dorset, and retained the esteem and kind offices of many private friends, he rose to no situation of wealth or eminence, and did not always derive much advantage from his numerous publications[4]. He died Dec. 23, 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey under the north wall, near a door which then opened to one of the prebendal houses. His monument, a tablet of blue marble, with a bust, and some lines by Ben Jonson, was erected at the expense of the countess of Dorset in the south aisle. Aubrey, from whose MSS. this information was obtained, attributes the verses, not to Jonson, but to F. Quarles.

It is not very easy to recover the exact dates of his various pieces, as some of them were printed without that necessary appendage, and the titles of a few were changed on republication. Mr. Ritson, whose accuracy may be in general relied upon, arranges them in the following order. 1. The Harmonie of the Church, containing the spiritual Songs, and holy Hymnes of godly Men, Patriarches and Prophets, all sweetly sounding to the Glory of the Highest; printed by R. Jones, 1591, 4to. This, which is a very rare book, and was unknown to his editor Oldys, has not been reprinted in any edition of his works. 2. Idea: the Shepherd's Garland, fashioned in nine Eglogs: and Roland's Sacrifice to the nine Muses; printed for T. Woodcocke, 1593, 4to. From the title of this last performance Drayton was sometimes called *Rowland* by his contemporaries. The Shepherd's Garland was afterwards reprinted by the author under the title of Pastorals, containing Eglogues, with the Man in the Moon. In subsequent editions we find a tenth Eglogue added. 3. Matilda, the fair and chaste Daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwalter; 4to. one of his heroical epistles. 4. Mortimeriados; the lamentable Civil Warres of Edward the Second and the Barons; printed by J. R. for Matthew Lownes, 1596, 4to. and published afterwards under the title of The Barons Wars. 5. England's Heroical Epistles; 1598, 8vo. 6. A gratulatorie Poem to the Majestie of K. James; 1603, 4to. not reprinted in any edition of his works. 7. The Owle; 1604, 4to. 8. Moses in a Map of his Miracles; 1604, 4to. 9. A Pæan triumphall, composed for the Society of Goldsmiths of London, on king James's entering the city; 1604, 4to. not reprinted. 10. Poems; 1605, 8vo. 11. The Legend of Great Cromwell; 1607, 4to. added afterwards to his other Legends. 12. Poly-olbion: the first eighteen books[5], 1612; and the whole thirty books in 1622, fol. 13. Poems, viz. The Barons Warres, England's Heroical Epistles,

[3] See Addenda. *C.*

[4] In a Letter to his friend Drummond, he informs him of his having made further progress in the Poly-olbion, but adds, "it lyeth by me; for the booksellers and I are not in terms, and they are a company of base knaves, whom I both scorn and kick at." Drummond's works, 1711, p. 153. *C.*

[5] Ritson says the first "twelve," and the whole "twenty-two books." *C.*

Idea, The Legend of Robert Duke of Normandy, of Matilda, and Pierce Gaveston; 1613, 8vo[6]. Poems, 1619, folio, and without date, 8vo. 14. The Battle of Agincourt; 1627, fol. 15. The Muses Elizium, lately discovered, by a new Way over Parnassus; 1630, 4to.

In addition to these, Mr. Ritson mentions some poems inserted in England's Helicon, 1600; and a poem signed M. D. before Marley's Ballets, 1600, probably by Drayton, who has also commendatory verses before Middleton's Legend of D. Humphrey, 1600; Murray's Sophonisba, 1611; Davies's Holy Roode, 1609; Chapman's Hesiod, 1618; Vicars's Menuduction, 1622; sir John Beaumont's poems, 1629; in Annalia Dubrensia, 1636; and before Holland's Posthume, 1626. The supposition that he wrote a play called The Merry Devil of Edmonton has been satisfactorily refuted by the editor of the Biographia Dramatica; but in the Censura Literaria the following is attributed to his pen, *Ideas Mirrour Amours in quatorzains, che suve e tace assair domanda*, 4to. 1594. These stanzas are dedicated, in a poetical address, to "the deare chyld of the Muses, and his ever kind Mæcenas, Antony Cooke, esq."—A collection of his principal works was printed in a folio volume in 1748, and a more complete, but still imperfect one, in 1753, in four volumes, 8vo. In 1788 the late Mr. Hurdis republished his Heroic Epistles with notes and illustrations, 8vo.

Few men appear to have been more highly respected by his contemporaries, and there is reason to think he associated on very familiar terms with Jonson, Shakspeare, Selden, and other men of the first eminence for literary character and personal worth. Meres, a divine and poet of considerable note in his time, informs us that Drayton, "among scholars, soldiers, poets, and all sorts of people, was helde for a man of virtuous disposition, honest conversation, and well-governed carriage, which," he adds, "is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times." And an anonymous dramatic writer introduces his name in a piece entitled The Return from Parnassus, or the Scourges of Symony, with this character: "He wants one true note of a poet of our times, and that is this: he cannot swagger it well at a tavern, or domineer in a hot-house." Mr. Warton introduces this encomium in his analysis of Hall's Satires, with the following remarks: "Our poets, too frequently the children of idleness, too naturally the lovers of pleasure, began now to be men of the world, and affect to mingle in the dissipations and debaucheries of the metropolis. To support a popularity of character, not so easily attainable in the obscurities of retirement and study, they frequented taverns, became libertines and buffoons, and exhilarated the circles of the polite and the profligate. Their way of life gave the colour to their writings: and what had been the favourite topic of conversation was sure to please, when recommended by the graces of poetry. Add to this, that poets now began to write for hire, and a rapid sale was to be obtained at the expense of the purity of the reader's mind."

Drayton's character appears to have been perfectly free from censures of this kind; but the testimonies to his merit as a poet are yet more copious, and deserve to accompany every edition of his works. If they have no other value, they serve to illustrate the history of taste, and the instability of fame. By Fitz Geoffry, a divine and poet who flourished at the latter end of queen Elizabeth's reign, he is styled, "the golden-mouthed poet, for the purity and preciousness of his phrase." Allot, in his England's Parnassus, is no less partial to his writings; and Robert Tofte, the translator of Ariosto's Satires, speaks of him as "not unworthily bearing the name of the chief archangel (Michael) singing after his

[6] This edition is not noticed by Mr. Ritson. *C.*

soul-ravishing manner." Burton, the historian of Leicestershire, asserts that he may be compared with Dante, Petrarch or Boccace, Marinella, Pignatello or Stigliano; but why, he exclaims, "should I go about to commend him, whose own works and worthiness have sufficiently extolled to the world?" Drummond of Hawthornden commends the Poly-olbion, as being one of the smoothest poems he had seen in English, and said he should dare to compare some pieces in it with the best transmarine poems. To these testimonies we may add the no less liberal praises of Bolton, Bodenham, sir John Beaumont, and Alexander, earl of Sterling.

Phillips, who is supposed to speak sometimes the sentiments of his illustrious relation, Milton, remarks that Drayton in his time (Drayton's) was not much inferior to Spenser and sir Philip Sydney for fame and renown in poetry: "however, he seems somewhat antiquated in the esteem of the more curious of these times, especially in his Poly-olbion, the old fashioned kind of verse[7] whereof, seems somewhat to diminish that respect which was formerly paid to the subject, as being both pleasant and elaborate, and thereupon thought worthy to be commented upon by that once walking library of our nation, Selden; his England's Heroical Epistles are more generally liked; and to such as love the pretty chat of nymphs and shepherds, his Nymphals, and other things of that nature, cannot be unpleasant."

Notwithstanding this decline, an attempt was made to revive Drayton about half a century ago, by Oldys[8], who obtained subscriptions for a folio edition of his works, and this, as already noticed, was followed by another in octavo. To each was prefixed an Historical Essay on the author's life and writings, almost a continued panegyric, but insisting chiefly on points unconnected with the character of genuine poetry. The deductions, indeed, must be many when we find that the highest praise is paid, not to the inventive powers of the poet, but to the fidelity of the historian, and the accuracy of the topographer. In these respects we are assured that Drayton may yet be consulted with advantage; we have the authority of Mr. Gough that the Poly-olbion contains many particulars which escaped Camden's notice; but when in this, or in his Barons' Wars and Legends, we look for the beauties of imagination, the search, although it does not always end in disappointment, must be allowed to be too painful for common curiosity. Drayton was certainly not destitute of genius. His Pastorals and his Nymphidia may be advanced in proof of a more than common share of original fancy, and his descriptions are sometimes very striking; but the pains he took to be accurate, and the historical terms of "the truth and nothing but the truth," which he imposed on his Muse, left no scope for imagination, and made invention appear almost a crime. As he wrote with such views and such a taste, it is impossible to blame the present age for not being easily reconciled to go through his works, unless as a task.

Mr. Headley labours, with more than usual effort, to convince us that the neglect into which Drayton has fallen is owing to the discouragement which his "voluminousness" presents, and which induces most readers to skim his works superficially, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence. But when this amiable critic descends to particulars, he affords, perhaps, a better apology for those superficial readers. After giving all the merit due to the Poly-olbion, which entirely resolves itself into the use

[7] This old-fashioned kind of verse is very ably defended by an anonymous critic in Gent. Mag. Vol. LVI. p. 1059. *C.*

[8] I know not on what authority this is asserted. Oldys certainly wrote his Life in the Biog. Brit. *C.*

that may be made of it by antiquaries, he is compelled to allow, "that his continual personifications of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious; and, on the whole, we must be satisfied to read rather for information than pleasure. In the Legends and Heroical Epistles, both the time and events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not satiated. In the Barons' Wars too extensive a subject is opened, and the province of the historian too far trespassed upon. In order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, we must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the developement of uncertain primary causes, and at last, perhaps, are obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation in the notes." Mr. Headley, however, has proved that while Drayton's works were sinking into oblivion, his poetical successors availed themselves of many of his thoughts and expressions. Milton, Rochester, and Pope, are supposed to have been considerably indebted to him.

The learned and elegant editor of Phillips's Theatrum appears to me to have appreciated the poetry of Drayton at its full value, when, at the same time that he thinks his taste less correct and his ear less harmonious than Daniel's, he asserts that "his genius was more poetical, though it seems to have fitted him only for the didactic, and not for the bolder walks of poetry. The Poly-olbion is a work of amazing ingenuity; and a very large proportion exhibits a variety of beauties, which partake very strongly of the poetical character; but the perpetual personification is tedious, and more is attempted than is within the compass of poetry. The admiration in which the Heroical Epistles were once held, raises the astonishment of a more refined age. They exhibit some elegant images, and some musical lines. But in general they want passion and nature, are strangely flat and prosaic, and are intermixed with the coarsest vulgarities of ideas, sentiment, and expression. His Barons' Wars and other historical pieces are dull creeping narratives, with a great deal of the same faults, and none of the excellencies which ought to distinguish such compositions. His Nymphidia is light and airy, and possesses the features of true poetry."

ADDENDA:

OF

PREFACES, DEDICATIONS, AND SONNETS,

FROM THE OCTAVO EDITION OF HIS POEMS, 1613.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

TO THE

HEROICAL EPISTLES,

WHICH WAS AFTERWARDS ABRIDGED.

TO THE READER.

SEEING these Epistles are now to the world made publique, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my priuate meaning, chiefly for mine owne charge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a iust and vniuersall reprehension, for,

Hæ nugæ seria ducent
In malæ derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Three points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this worke Englands Heroicall Epistles; then, why I obserue not the persons dignitie in the dedication: lastly, why I haue annexed notes to euery epistles end. For the first, the title I hope carieth reason in it selfe, for that the most and greatest persons herein, were English, or else, that their loues were obtained in England. And though (heroicall) be properly vnderstood of demi-gods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whose parents were said to be, the one cœlestiall, the other mortall, yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatnesse of minde come neere to gods. For to be borne of a coelestiall incubus, is nothing else but to haue a great and mightie spirit, farre aboue the earthly weakenesse of men; in which sense Ouid (whose imitator I partly professe to be) doth also vse heroicall. For the second, seeing none to whom I haue dedicated any two epistles, but haue their states ouermatched by them, who are made to speake in the epistles, how euer the order is in dedication, yet in respect of their degrees in my deuotion, and the cause before recited, I hope they suffer no disparagement, seeing euery one is the first in their particular interest, hauing in some sort, sorted the complexion of the epistles to the character of their iudgements, to whom I dedicate them, excepting onely the blamefulnesse of the persons passion, in those points wherein the passion is blamefull. Lastly, such manifest difference being betwixt euery one of them, where, or howsoeuer they be marshalled, how can I be iustly appeached of vnaduisement. For the third, because the worke might in truth be iudged brainish, if nothing but amorous humor were handled therein, I haue inter-wouen matters historicall, which vnexplaned, might defraud the mind of much content, as for example, in Queene Margarites Epistle to William de-la-Poole:

My daizie flower, which once perfum'd the aire.

Margarite in French signifies a daizie, which for the allusion to her name, this queene did giue for her deuise; and this as others more, haue seemed to me not worthy the explaining.

Now, though no doubt, I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially, the rest I ouer-passe to eschew tedious recitall, or to speake as malicious enuie may, for that in truth I ouersee them. If they be as harmelessely taken, as I meant them, it shall suffice to haue onely touched the cause of the title of the dedications, and of the notes, whereby emboldned to publish the residue, (these not being accounted in mens opinions relishlesse) I shall not lastly be afraid to beleeue and acknowledge thee a gentle reader.

M. D.

DEDICATIONS.

DEDICATION OF

THE EPISTLE OF ROSAMOND.

TO THE EXCELLENT LADY, LVCY, COUNTESSE OF BEDFORD.

MADAM, after all the admired wits of this excellent age, which haue laboured in the sad complaints of faire and vnfortunate Rosamond, and by the excellency of inuention, haue sounded the depth of her sundry passions, I present to your ladiship this epistle of hers to king Henry, whom I may rather call her louer, then beloued. Heere must your ladiship behold variablenesse in resolution; woes constantly grounded, laments abruptly broken off, much confidence, no certaintie, words begetting teares, teares confounding matter, large complaints in little papers, and many deformed cares, in one vniformed epistle. I striue not to affect singularitie, yet would faine flie imitation, and prostrate mine owne wants to other mens perfections. Your iudiciall eye must modell forth what my pen hath laid together, much would she say to a king, much would I say to a countesse, but that the method of my epistle must conclude the modestie of hers, which I wish may recommend my euer vowed seruice to your honor.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

TO THE VERTUOS LADIE, THE LADIE ANNE HARRINGTON, WIFE TO THE HONORABLE GENTLEMAN, SIR IOHN HARRINGTON, KNIGHT.

MY singular good lady, your many vertues knowne in generall to all, and your gratious fauours to my vnworthy selfe, haue confirmed that in me, which, before I knew you, I onely saw by the light of other mens iudgements. Honor seated in your breast, findes her selfe adorned as in a rich palace, making that excellent which makes her admirable; which like the Sunne, (from thence) begetteth most precious things of this earthly world, onely by the vertue of his rayes, not the nature of the mould. Worth is best discerned by the worthy, deiected mindes want that pure fire, which should giue vigor to vertue. I referre to your great thoughts (the vnpartiall iudges of true affection) the vnfained zeale I haue euer borne to your honorable seruice, and so rest your ladiships humbly to command,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONORED FRIEND, SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

SIR, though without suspition of flatterie I might in more ample and free termes, intimate my affection vnto you, yet hauing so sensible a taste of your generous and noble disposition, which without this habite of ceremonie can estimate my loue: I will rather affect breuitie, though it should seeme my fault, than by my tedious complement, to trouble mine owne opinion setled in your iudgement and discretion. I make you the patron of this epistle of the Blacke Prince, which I pray you accept, till more easie houres may offer vp from me some thing more worthy of your view, and my trauell.

Yours truely deuoted,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

QUEENE ISABEL.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MY VERY GOOD LORD, EDWARD, EARLE OF BEDFORD.

THRICE noble and my gracious lord, the loue I haue euer borne to the illustrious house of Bedford, and to the honorable family of the Harringtons, to the which by marriage your lordship is happily vnited, hath long since deuoted my true and zealous affection to your honorable seruice, and my poems to the protection of my noble lady your countesse; to whose seruice I was first bequeathed, by that learned and accomplished gentleman, sir Henry Goodere, (not long since deceased) whose I was, whilest he was, whose patience pleased to beare with the imperfections of my heedlesse and vnstayed youth. That excellent and matchlesse gentleman, was the first cherisher of my Muse, which had beene by his death left a poore orphan to the world, had he not before bequeathed it to that lady, whom he so dearely loued. Vouchsafe then, my deare lord, to accept this epistle, which I dedicate as zealously, as (I hope) you will patronize willingly, vntill some more acceptable seruice may be witnesse of my loue to your honor.

Your lordships euer,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

QUEENE KATHERINE.

TO SIR JOHN SWINERTON, KNIGHT, AND ONE OF THE ALDERMEN OF THE CITIE OF LONDON.

WORTHY sir, so much mistrust I my owne abilitie, to doe the least right to your vertues, that I could gladly wish any thing that is truely mine, were worthy to beare your name, so much (reuerend sir) I esteeme you, and so ample interest haue you in my loue: to some honorable friends haue I dedicated these poems; (with whom I ranke you: may I escape presumption.) Like not this Britaine the worse, though after some former impressions he be lastly to you consecrated; in this like an honest man that would partly approue his owne worth, before he would presume his friends patronage,

with whom you shall euer command my seruice, and haue my best wishes

That loue you truely,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

ELINOR COBHAM.

TO MY WORTHY AND DEERELY ESTEEMED FRIEND, MASTER IAMES HYISH.

Sir, your owne naturall inclination to vertue, and your loue to the Muses, assure me of your kinde acceptance of my dedication. It is seated by custome (from which we are now bold to assume authoritie) to bear the names of our friends vpon the fronts of our bookes, as gentlemen vse to set their armes ouer their gate. Some say this vse began by the heroes and braue spirits of the old world, which were desirous to be thought to patronize learning; and men in requitall honor the names of those braue princes. But I thinke some after put the names of great men in their bookes, for that men should say there was some thing good, onely because indeed their names stood there. But for mine owne part (not to dissemble) I find no such vertue in any of their great titles to do so much for any thing of mine, and so let them passe. Take knowledge by this, I loue you, and in good faith, worthy of all loue I thinke you, which I pray you let supply the place of further complement.

Yours euer,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

WILLIAM DE LA POLE.

TO MY HONOURED MISTRIS, MISTRIS ELIZABETH TANFIELD, THE SOLE DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF THAT FAMOUS AND LEARNED LAWYER, LAURENCE TANFIELD, ESQUIRE.

Faire and vertuous mistris, since first it was my good fortune to be a witnesse of the many rare perfections wherewith nature and education haue adorned you, I haue beene forced since that time, to attribute more admiration to your sexe, then euer Petrarch could before perswade me to by the praises of his Laura. Sweet is the French tongue, more sweet the Italian; but most sweet are they both, if spoken by your admired selfe. If poesie were praise-lesse, your vertues alone were a subiect sufficient to make it esteemed, though among the barbarous Getes; by how much the more your tender yeares giue scarcely warrant for your more than woman-like wisedome, by so much is your iudgement and reading the more to be wondred at. The Graces shall haue one more sister by your selfe, and England to her selfe shall adde one muse more to the Muses. I rest the humble denoted seruant, to my deere and modest mistris, to whom I wish the happiest fortunes I can deuise.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

EDWARD THE FOURTH TO SHORE'S WIFE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR THOMAS MUNSON, KNIGHT.

Sir, amongst many which most deseruedly loue you, though I the least, yet am loth to be the last whose endeauours may make knowne, how highly they esteeme of your noble and kinde disposition. Let this epistle, sir, (I beseech you) which vnworthily wears the badge of your worthy name, acknowledge my zeale with the rest (though much lesse deseruing) which for your sake, doe honour the house of the Munsons. I know true generosity accepteth what is zealousy offered, though not euer deseruingly excellent, yet for love of the arte, from whence it receiveth resemblance. The light Phrygian harmonie stirreth delight, as well as the melancholy Doricke moueth passion; both haue their motion in the spirit, as the liking of the soule moueth the affection. Your kinde acceptance of my labour, shall giue some life to my Muse, which yet houers in the vncertainty of the generall censure.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

MARY THE FRENCH QUEENE.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL SIR HENRY GOODERE OF POWLSWORTH, KNIGHT.

Sir, this poeme of mine, which I imparted to you, at my being with you at your lodging at London, in May last, brought at length to perfection, (emboldened by your wonted fauours) I adventure to make you patron of. Thus, sir, you see I haue aduentured to the world, with what like or dislike I know not: if it please, (which I much doubt of) I pray you then be partaker of that which I shall esteeme not my least good; if dislike, it shall lessen some part of my griefe, if it please you to allow but of my loue: howsoeuer I pray you accept it as kindly as I offer it, which though without many protestations, yet (I assure you) with much desire of your honour. Thus vntill such time as I may in some more larger measure, make knowne my loue to the happie and generous familie of the Gooderes (to which I confesse my selfe to be beholding, for the most part of my education) I wish you all happinesse.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

HENRY HOWARD EARL OF SURREY TO GERALDINE.

TO MY MOST DEERE FRIEND MASTER HENRY LVCAS, SONNE TO EDWARD LVCAS, ESQUIRE.

Sir, to none haue I been more beholding, than to your kinde parents, farre (I must truely confesse) aboue the measure of my deserts. Many there be in England, of whom for som particularity I might iustly challenge greater merit, had I not

beene borne in so euill an hower, as to be poisoned with that gall of ingratitude: to your selfe am I ingaged for many more courtesies than I imagined could euer haue beene found in one of so few yeares: nothing doe I more desire, than that those hopes of your toward and vertuous youth, may prone so pure in the fruit, as they are faire in the bloome. Long may you liue to their comfort that loue you most, and may I euer wish you the increase of all good fortunes. Yours euer,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF

LADY JANE GRAY,

TO THE VERTUOUS LADIE, THE LADY FRANCIS GOODERE, WIFE TO SIR HENRY GOODERE, KNIGHT.

My very gracious and good mistris, the loue and duetie I bare vnto your father whilest he liued, now after his decease is to you hereditarie; to whom by the blessing of your birth hee left his vertues. Who bequeathed you those which were his, gaue you whatsoeuer good is mine, as deuoted to his, hee being gone, whom I honoured so much whilst he liued; which you may iustly challenge by all sawes of thankefulnesse. My selfe hauing beene a witnesse of your excellent education, and milde disposition (as I may say) euer from your cradle, dedicate this epistle of this vertuous and god lady to your selfe; so like her in all perfectio both of wisdome and learning, which I pray y accept, till time shall enable me to leane you sou greater monument of my loue.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

DEDICATION OF THE

BARONS WARS.

TO SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT OF THE HONOURAB ORDER OF THE BATH, AND MY MOST WORTHY PATRON

I will not striue m'inuention to enforce,
With needlesse words your eies to entertaine,
T' obserue the formall ordinary course,
That euery one so vulgarly doth faine:
Our interchanged and deliberate choice,
Is with more firme and true election sorted,
Than stands in censure of the common voice,
That with light humour fondly is transported:
Nor take I patterne of an others praise,
Than what my pen may constantly auow,
Nor walke more publike nor obscurer waies
Than vertue bids, and iudgement will allow:
So shall my loue and best endeauours serue yo
And still shall study, still so to deserue you.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

ADDITIONAL SONNETS.

TO THE READER OF HIS POEMS.

SONNET I.

Into these loues who but for passion lookes,
At this first sight heere let him lay them by,
And seeke elsewhere in turning other bookes,
Which better may his labour satisfie,
No far-fetch'd sigh shall euer wound my breast.
Loue from mine eye, a teare shall neuer wring,
Nor in ah-mees my whyning sonnets drest,
(A libertine) fantastickely I sing:
My verse is the true image of my minde,
Euer in motion, still desiring change,
To choice of all varietie inclin'de,
And in all humors sportiuely I range,
My actiue Muse is of the worlds right straine,
That cannot long one fashion entertaine.

THE SECOND TO THE READER.

SONNET II.

Many there be excelling in this kinde,
Whose wel trick'd rimes with all inuention swell;
Let each commend as best shall like his minde,
Some Sidney, Constable, some Daniel.
That thus their names familiarly I sing,
Let none thinke them disparaged to be,
Poore men with reuerence may speake of a king,
And so may these be spoken of by me;
My wanton verse nere keepes one certaine stay,
But now, at hand; then, seekes inuention far,
And with each little motion runnes astray,
Wilde, madding, iocund, and irregular;
Like me that lust, my honest merry rimes,
Nor care for criticke, nor regard the times.

SONNET I[1].

Thine eies taught me the alphabet of loue,
To kon my cros rowe ere I learn'd to spell,
For I was apt, a scholler like to proue,
Gaue me sweet lookes when as I learned well,
Vowes were my vowels, when I then beguune
At my first lesson in thy sacred name,
My consonants the next when I had done,
Words consonant, and sounding to thy fame:
My liquids then, were liquide christall teares,
My cares, my mutes, so mute to craue reliefe,
My dolefull dipthongs were my lifes despaires,
Redoubling sighes the accent of my griefe:
My loues schole mistresse now hath taught me
That I can reade a story of my woe.

[1] In the old editions, this was Sonnet I. of Idea. *C.*

TO

THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE JAMES,

KING OF SCOTS.

Thy prudent counsels, nor thy subjects loue,
Nor all that famous Scottish royaltie,
Or what thy soueraigne greatnesse may approue,
Others in vain do but historifie,
When thine owne glory from thy selfe doth spring:
As though thou didst all meaner praises scorne:
Of kings a port, and the poets king,
They princes, but thou prophets doost adorne;
Whilst others by their empires are renown'd,
Thou dost enrich thy Scotland with renowne,
And kings can but with diadems be crown'd,
But with thy laurell thou dost crowne thy crowne:
That they whose pens (even) life to kings do giue,
In thee a king, shall seeke themselves to liue.

TO LVCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Great lady, essence of my chiefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempered spirit.
Adorn'd with gifts, ennobled by thy blood,
Which by descent true vertue dost inherit:
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
Which thou by birth tak'st from thy gratious mother,
Whose royall mindes with equall motion striue,
Which most in honour shall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muse her selfe shall taske,
Which rain'st vpon me thy sweet golden showers,
And but thy selfe no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose praise my soule shall spend her powers,
Sweet lady then, grace this poore Muse of mine,
Whose faith, whose zeale, whose life, whose all,
is thine.

TO THE LADY ANNE HARINGTON.

Madam, my words cannot expresse my minde,
My zealous kindnesse to make knowne to you
When your deserts all seuerally I finde,
In this attempt of me doe craue their due:
Your gracious kindnesse first doth claime my hart;
Your bounty bids my hand to make it knowne,
Of me your vertues each do challenge part,
And leaue me thus the least that is mine owne:
What should commend your modesty and wit,
Is by your wit and modesty commended,
And standeth dumbe, in most admiring it,
And where it should begin, is onely ended;
Returning this, your praises only due,
And to your selfe, say you are onely you.

TO THE LADY L. S.

Bright starre of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit,
A thousand nymph-like and enamored graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which in due order take their seuerall places,
In whose deere bosom, sweet delicious Loue,
Layes downe his quiuer, that he once did beare
Since he that blessed Paradise did proue,
Forsooke his mothers lap to sport him there.
Let others striue to entertaine with words,
My soule is of another temper made;
I hold it vile that vulgar wit affords,
Deuouring time my faith shall not inuade:
Still let my praise be honoured thus by you,
Be you most worthy, whilst I be most true.

TO SIR ANTHONY COOKE.

Vouchsafe to grace these rude vnpolisht rimes,
Which but for you had slept in sable night,
And come abroad now in these glorious times,
Can hardly brooke the pureneese of the light.
But sith you see their destinie is such,
That in the world their fortune they must try,
Perhaps the better shall abide the tuch,
Wearing your name their gracious liuery,
Yet these mine owne, I wrong not other men,
Nor traffique farther than this happy clime,
Nor filch from Portes, nor from Petrarchs pen,
A fault too common in this latter time.
Diuine sir Philip, I auouch thy writ,
I am no pick-purse of anothers wit.

C. Whittingham, Printer, Goswell Street, London.

THE DEDICATION.

To you, those noblest of gentlemen of these renowned kingdoms of Great Britain, who in these declining times have yet in your brave bosoms the sparks of that sprightly fire of your courageous ancestors, and to this hour retain the seeds of their magnanimity and greatness; who, out of the virtue of your minds, love and cherish neglected poesy, the delight of blessed souls, and the language of angels: to you are these my poems dedicated,

by your truly affectioned servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

VERSES TO MR. DRAYTON.

UPON THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT,

WRITTEN BY HIS DEAR FRIEND

MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQ.

Had Henry's name been only met in prose,
Recorded by the humble wit of those,
Who write of less than kings: who victory
As calmly mention as a pedigree,
The French, alike with us, might view his name,
His actions too, and not confess a shame:
Ney, grow at length so boldly troublesome,
As to dispute if they were overcome.
But thou hast wak'd their fears: thy fiercer hand
Hath made their shame as lasting as their land.
By thee again they are compell'd to know
How much of fate is in an English foe.
They bleed afresh by thee, and think the harm
Such, they could rather wish 'twere Henry's arm;
Who thanks thy painful quill, and holds it more
To be thy subject now, than king before.
By thee he conquers yet; when every word
Yields him a fuller honour than his sword;
Strengthens his actions against time: by thee,
He victory, and France, doth hold in fee.
So well observ'd he is, that every thing
Speaks him not only English, but a king.
And France, in this, may boast her fortunate,
That she was worthy of so brave a hate.
Her suff'ring is her gain. How well we see
The battle labour'd worthy him and thee,
Where we may death discover with delight,
And entertain a pleasure from a fight.
Where we may see how well it doth become
The brav'ry of a prince to overcome.
What power is a poet: that can add
A life to kings, more glorious than they had!
For what of Henry is unsung by thee,
Henry doth want of his eternity.

J. VAUGHAN.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON,

UPON THESE HIS POEMS.

SONNET.

What lofty trophies of eternal fame
England may vaunt thou dost erect to her,
Yet forced to confess, yea, blush for shame,
That she no honour doth on thee confer:
How it would become her, would she learn to know
Once to requite thy heaven-born art and zeal,
Or at the least herself but thankful show,
Her ancient glories that doth still reveal:
Sing thou of love, thy strains, like powerful charms,
Enrage the bosom with an amorous fire;
And when again thou lik'st to sing of arms,
The coward thou with courage dost inspire:
But when thou com'st to touch our sinful times,
Then Heaven far more than Earth speaks in thy rhymes.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

THE VISION OF BEN JONSON,

ON THE MUSES OF HIS FRIEND M. DRAYTON.

It hath been question'd, Michael, if I be
A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee:
Because, who make the question, have not seen
Those ambling visits pass in verse between
Thy Muse and mine, as they expect. 'Tis true:
You have not writ to me, nor I to you;
And, though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming club
About the town: this reck'ning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols. This 's my day.
It was no dream! I was awake, and saw!
Lend me thy voice, O Fame! that I may draw
Wonder to truth! and have my vision hurl'd
Hot from thy trumpet, round about the world.
I saw a beauty from the sea to rise,
That all earth look'd on; and that earth, all eyes!
It cast a beam as when the cheerful Sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun!
And fill'd an orb as circular as Heaven!
The orb was cut forth into regions seven.
And those so sweet and well-proportion'd parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts!
When, by thy bright Ideas standing by,
I found it pure, and perfect poesy!
There read I, straight, thy learned legends three,
Heard the soft airs between our swains and thee,
Which made me think thee old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil come, to pipe to us!
But then, thy Epistolar Heroic songs,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies, and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cry'd, "Who can
With us be call'd the Naso, but this man!"
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,
Perch'd over head, the wise Athenian Owl:
I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldst try
Like him, to make the air one volary:

And I had styl'd thee Orpheus, but before
My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
And rouse, the marching of a mighty force,
Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
The fights, the cries, and wood'ring at the jars
I saw, and read, it was thy Barons Wars!
O! how in those, dost thou instruct these times,
That rebels actions are but valiant crimes!
And carried, though with shout, and noise, confess
A wild, and an authoris'd wickedness!
Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to stay
Under one title. Thou hast made thy way
And flight about the isle well-near by this,
In thy admired periégesis
Or universal circumduction
Of all that read thy Poly-olbion.
That read it? that are ravish'd! such was I
With every song, I swear, and so would die:
But that I hear, again, thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood!
Our right in France! if rightly understood.
There, thou art Homer! Pray thee, use the style
Thou hast deserv'd: and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids, and force, for so it is:
The poet's act! and for his country's sake
Brave are the musters, that the Muse will make.
And when he ships them where to use their arms,
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look! how we read the Spartans were inflam'd
With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art nam'd,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry,
An Agincourt, an Agincourt, or die.
This book! it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord and knight,
That can but read! who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The Miseries of Margaret the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen:
I feel it by mine own, that overflow,
And stop my sight, in every line I go.
But then refreshed with thy Fairy Court,
I look on Cynthia, and Sirena's sport,
As on two flow'ry carpets that did rise,
And with their grassy green restor'd mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange Moon-calf, both thy strain of mirth,
And gossip-got acquaintance, as, to us
Thou hadst brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster, more
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store!
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtuous, and well-chosen friends,
Only my loss is, that I am not there;
And, till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world, that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

1563

POEMS

OF

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Cease'd was the thunder of those drums which wak'd
Th' affrighted French, their miseries to view,
At Edward's name, which to that hour still quak'd,
Their Salique tables to the ground who threw;
Yet were the English courages not slak'd,
But the same bows and the same blades they drew,
With the same arms those weapons to advance,
Which lately lopt the fleur-de-liz of France.

Henry the fifth, that man made out of fire,
Th' imperial wreath plac'd on his princely brow,
His lion's courage stands not to enquire
Which way old Henry came by it; or how
At Pomfret-castle Richard should expire:
What's that to him? he hath the garland now;
Let Bullingbrook[1] beware how he it wan,
For Monmouth[2] means to keep it if he can.

That glorious day, which his great father got
Upon the Percyes (calling to their aid
The valiant Douglas, that Herculian Scot)
When for his crown at Shrewsbury they play'd,
Had quite dishearten'd every other plot,
And all those tempests quietly had lay'd
That not a cloud did to this prince appear,
No former king had seen a sky so clear.

Yet the rich clergy felt a fearful rent
In the full bosom of their church (whilst she
A monarchess, immeasurably spent,
Less than she was, and thought she might not be)
By Wickliff and his followers: to prevent
The growth of whose opinions, and to free
That foul aspersion which on her they laid,
She her strong'st wits must stir up to her aid.

When presently a parliament is call'd,
To set things steady that stood not so right,
But that thereby the poor might be enthrall'd,
Should they be urg'd by those that were of might:
That in his empire equity install'd,
It should continue in that perfect plight;
Wherefore to Leicester[3] be th' assembly draws,
There to enact those necessary laws.

In which one bill, 'mongst many, there was read,
Against the general and superfluous waste
Of temporal lands, the layety that had fed
Upon the houses of religion caste,
Which for defence might stand the realm in sted,
Where it most needed, were it rightly plac'd;
Which made those church-men generally to fear,
For all this calm, some tempest might be near.

And being right skilful, quickly they foresaw
No shallow-brains this bus'ness went about:
Therefore with cunning they must cure this flaw;
For of the king they greatly stood in doubt,
Lest him to them their opposites should draw,
Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out:
And to this end they wisely must provide
One, this great engine clerkly that could guide.

Chichley[4], who sat on Canterbury's see,
A man well-spoken, gravely stout and wise,
The most select (then thought of that could be)
To act what all the prelacy devise;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'ness he
Would to the utmost strain his faculties;) [prove
Him lift they up with their main strength, to
By some clean slight this libel[5] to remove.

His brain in labour, gladly forth would bring
Somewhat that at this needful time might fit
The sprightly humour of this youthful king,
If his invention could but light on it.
His working soul projecteth many a thing,
Until at length, out of the strength of wit,
He found a war with France must be the way
To dash this bill, else threat'ning their decay.

Whilst vacant minds sat in their breasts at ease,
And the remembrance of their conquests past
Upon their fancies doth so strongly seize,
As in their teeth their cowardice it cast,
Rehearsing to them those victorious days,
The deeds of which beyond their name should last;
That after ages reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly think those men had any heirs.

[1] Henry IV. so named from a town in Lincolnshire, where he was born.

[2] Henry V. was born at Monmouth in Wales.

[3] A parliament called at Leicester, A. D. 1413.

[4] Henry Chichley, who succeeded Arundel, just then deceased in the see of Canterbury.

[5] So they termed it, as not worthy of a better title.

And to this point premeditating well,
A speech (which chanc'd the very pin to cleave)
Aim'd, whatsoever the success befell,
That it no room should for a second leave,
More of this title then in hand to tell,
If so his skill him did not much deceive;
And 'gainst the king in public should appear,
Thus frames his speech to the assembly there.

" [6] Pardon my boldness, my liege sovereign lord,
Nor your dread presence let my speech offend;
Your mild attention favourably afford,
Which such clear vigour to my spirit shall lend,
That it shall set an edge upon your sword,
To my demand and make you to attend,
Asking you, why men train'd to arms you keep,
Your right in France yet suff'ring still to sleep.

" Can such a prince be in an island pent,
And poorly thus shut up within a sea?
When as your right includes that vast extent,
To th' either Alps your empire forth to lay.
Can he be English-born, and is not bent
To follow you? Appoint you but the way,
We'll wade if we want ships, the waves or climb,
In one hand hold our swords, with th' other swim.

" What time controls your brave great grandsire's claim
To th' realm of France, from Philip nam'd the fair,
Which to king Edward by his mother came,
Queen Isabel, that Philip's only heir,
Which this short intermission doth not maim?
But if it did, as he, so yours repair;
That where his right in blood prevailed not,
In spight of Hell, yet by his sword he got.

" What set that conqueror, by their Salique laws,
Those poor decrees their parliaments could make?
He enter'd on the justness of his cause,
To make good what he dar'd to undertake;
And once in action, he stood not to pause,
But in upon them like a tempest brake,
And down their buildings with such fury bare,
That they from mists dissolved were to air.

" As those brave Edwards, father and the son,
At conquer'd Cressy with successful luck,
Where first all France (as at one game) they won,
Never two warriors such a battle struck,
That when the bloody dismal fight was done,
Here in one heap, there in another ruck,
Princes and peasants lay together mixt,
The English swords no difference knew betwixt.

" There Lewis king of Beame was overthrown,
With valiant Charles, of France the younger brother;
A dauphin, and two dukes in pieces hewn;
To them six earls lay slain by one another;
There the grand prior of France fetcht his last groan;
Two archbishops the boist'rous crowd doth smother;
There fifteen thousand of their gentry dy'd,
With each two soldiers slaughter'd by his side.

" Nor the Black Prince, at Poictiers battle, fought
Short of his father, and himself before,
Her king and prince, that prisoners hither brought
From forty thousand welt'ring in their gore,
That in the world's opinion it was thought,
France from that instant could subsist no more:
The marshal, and the constable, there slain
Under the standard, in that battle ta'en.

" Nor is this claim for women to succeed
('Gainst which they would your right to France debar)
A thing so new, that it so much should need
Such opposition, as though fetcht from far.
By Pepin this is prov'd, as by a deed,
Deposing Cheldrick by a fatal war,
By Blythild dar'd his title to advance,
Daughter to Clothar, first so nam'd of France.

" Hugh Capet, who from Charles of Lorian took
The crown of France, that he in peace might reign,
As heir to Lingard to her title stuck,
Who was the daughter of king Charlemain:
So holy Lewes poring on his book,
Whom that Hugh Capet made his heir againd,
From Ermingard, his grandame claim'd the crown,
Duke Charles his daughter, wrongfully put down.

" Nor think, my liege, a fitter time than this,
You could have found your title to advance,
At the full height when now the faction is,
'Twixt Burgoyne and the house of Orleance:
Your purpose you not possibly can miss,
It for my lord so luckily doth chance,
That whilst these two in opposition stand,
You may have time your army there to land.

" And if my fancy doth not overpress
My visual sense, methinks in every eye
I see such cheer, as of our good success
In France hereafter seems to prophesy.
Think not, my sovereign, my allegiance less,"
Quoth he; " my lords, nor do you misapply
My words, thus long upon this subject spent,
Who humbly here submit to your assent."

This speech of his that powerful engine prov'd,
Than e'er our fathers got, which rais'd us higher;
The clergy's fear that quietly remov'd,
And into France transferr'd our hostile fire;
It made the English through the world belov'd,
That durst to those so mighty things aspire;
And gave so clear a lustre to our fame,
That neighbouring nations trembled at our name.

When through the house this rumour scarcely ran,
That war with France propounded was again,
In all th' assembly there was not a man,
But put the project on with might and main;
So great applause it generally wan,
That else no bus'ness they would entertain;
As though their honour utterly were lost,
If this design should any way be crost.

So much men's minds now upon France were set,
That every one doth with himself forecast,
What might fall out this enterprise to let,
As what again might give it wings of haste;
And for they knew the French did still abet
The Scot against us, which we us'd to taste,
It question'd was, if it were fit or no,
To conquer them e'er we to France should go.

[6] The archbishop of Canterbury's speech in this and the ten following stanzas.

Which Ralph, then earl of Westmorland, propos'd:
Quoth he, "With Scotland let us first begin,
By which we are upon the North enclos'd,
And lockt with us one continent within;
Then first let Scotland be by us dispos'd,
And with more ease ye spacious France may win;
Else of ourselves, e'er we our ships can clear,
To land in France, they will invade us here."

"Not so, brave Nevill," Exeter[7] replies:
"For that of one two labours were to make,
For Scotland wholly upon France relies;
First conquer France, and Scotland ye may take;
'Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that ties;
That stopt, asunder quickly ye shall shake [say I."
The French and Scots. To France then first,
"First, first to France," then all the commons cry.

And instantly an embassy is sent
To Charles of France, to will him to restore
Those territories, of whose large extent
The English kings were owners of before;
Which if he did not, and incontinent,
The king would set those English on his shore,
That in despight of him, and all his might,
Should leave their lives there, or redeem his right.

First Normandy in his demand he makes,
With Aquitain, a dutchy no less great;
Anjou and Mayne, with Gascoyne, which he takes
Clearly his own, as any English seat.
With these proud France he first of all awakes,
For their delivery giving power to treat:
For well he knew, if Charles should these restore,
No king of France was ever left so poor.

The king and dauphin, to his proud demand,
That he might see they no such matter meant,
As a thing fitter for his youthful hand,
A ton of Paris tennis-balls him sent,
Better himself to make him understand,
Deriding his ridiculous intent:
And that was all the answer he could get;
Which more the king doth to this conquest whet.

That answering the ambassador, quoth he, [give,
"Thanks for my balls to Charles your sovereign
And thus assure him and his son from me,
I'll send him balls and rackets, if I live,
That they such racket shall in Paris see,
When over line with bandies I shall drive,
As that before the set be fully done,
France may (perhaps) into the hazard run."

So little doth luxurious France foresee,
By her disdain, what she upon her drew,
(In her most bravery seeming then to be)
The punishment that shortly should ensue:
Which so incens'd the English king, that he
For full revenge into that fury grew,
That those three horrours famine, sword, and fire,
Could not suffice to satisfy his ire.

In all men's mouths now was no word but war,
As though no thing had any other name;
And folk would ask of them arriv'd from far,
What forces were preparing whence they came?
'Gainst any business 'twas a lawful bar,
To say for France they were: and 'twas a shame
For any man to take in hand to do
Aught, but something that did belong thereto.

Old armours are dreat up, and new are made;
Jacks are in working, and strong shirts of male;
This scowers an old Fox[8], that a Bilboa blade[9];
Now shields and targets only are for sale;
Who works for war, now thriveth by his trade:
The brown bill and the battle-ax prevail;
The curious fletcher fits his well-strung bow,
And his barb'd arrow, which he sets to show.

Tents and pavillions in the fields are pitch'd,
E'er full wrought up, their roomthiness to try;
Windows and towers with ensigns are enrich'd,
With ruffling banners, that do brave the sky;
Wherewith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,
To see them thus hang waving in his eye,
His toilsome burthen from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that will, to France he'll go.

Rich saddles for the light-horse and the bard,
For to be brav'st there's not a man but plies;
Plumes, bandrolls, and caparisons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at arms devise,
The greaves[9] or guises[10] were the surer guard,
The vambrass[11] or the pouldron they should prize;
And where a stand of pikes plac'd close, or large,
Which way to take advantage in the charge.

One trains his horse, another trails his pike;
He with his poll-ax practiseth the fight;
The bow-man (which no country hath the like)
With his sheaf-arrow proveth by his might,
How many score off he his foe can strike,
Yet not to draw above his bosom's height.
The trumpets sound the charge and the retreat,
The bellowing drum the march again doth beat

Cannons upon their carriage mounted are,
Whose battery France must feel upon her walls;
The engineer providing the petard,
To break the strong portcullice; and the balls
Of wild-fire, devis'd to throw from far,
To burn to ground their palaces and halls:
Some studying are the scale which they had got,
Thereby to take the level of their shot[12].

The man in years preach'd to his youthful son
Press'd to this war, as they sate by the fire,
What deeds in France were by his father done,
To this attempt to work him to aspire;
And told him there how he an ensign won,
Which many a year was hung up in the quire:
And in the battle, where he made his way,
How many Frenchmen he struck down that day.

The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell
In Cressy field what prizes Edward play'd;
As what at Poictiers the Black Prince befell,
How like a lion he about him laid:
In deeds of arms how Audley did excel;
For their old sins how they the Frenchmen paid;
How bravely Basset did behave him there;
How Oxford charg'd the van, Warwick the rear.

[7] The duke of Exeter, the king's own uncle.

[8] Blades accounted of the best temper.

[9] Armed at all points.

[10] Armings for the thigh and leg.

[11] Armings for arm and shoulder.

[12] Great ordnance, then but newly in use.

" And, boy," quoth he, " I've heard thy grandsire say,
That once he did an English archer see,
Who shooting at a French twelve score away,
Quite through the body stuck him to a tree;
Upon their strengths a king his crown might lay:
Such were the men of that brave age," quoth he,
" When with his ax he at his foe let drive,
Murrian and scalp down to the teeth could rive."

The scarlet judge might now set up his mule,
With neighing steeds the streets so pester'd are;
For where he wont in Westminster to rule,
On his tribunal sate the man of war;
The lawyer to his chamber doth recule,
For he hath now no bus'ness at the bar;
But to make wills and testaments for those
That were for France, their substance to dispose.

By this, the council of this war had met,
And had at large of every thing discust;
And the grave clergy had with them been set,
To warrant what they undertook was just;
And as for monies, that to be no let,
They bade the king for that to them to trust:
The church to pawn would see her chalice laid,
E'er she would leave one pioneer unpaid.

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
(For there the king the rendezvous decreed)
To bear aboard his most victorious fraught:
The place from whence he with the greatest speed
Might land in France, of any that was thought,
And with success upon that lucky shore,
Where his great grandsire[13] landed had before.

But, for he found those vessels were too few,
That into France his army should convey,
He sent to Belgia, whose great store he knew
Might now at need supply him every way.
His bounty ample as the winds that blew,
Such barks for portage out of ev'ry bay
In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings,
As spread the wide Sleeve[14] with their canvass wings.

But first seven ships from Rochester are sent,
The narrow seas of all the French to sweep:
All men of war with scripts of mart that went,
And had command the coast of France to keep,
The coming of a navy to prevent,
And view what strength was in the bay of Diepe;
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To do their best to fire it in the road.

The Bonaventure[15], George, and the Expence,
Three as tall ships as e'er did cable tew;
The Henry Royal, at her parting thence,
Like the huge ruck[16] from Gillingham that flew:
The Antilope, the Elephant, Defence,
Bottoms as good as ever spread a clue:
All having charge, their voyage having been,
Before Southampton to take soldiers in.

Twelve merchants ships, of mighty burthen all,
New off the stocks, that had been rigg'd for Stond,
Riding in Thames by Limehouse and Blackwall,
That ready were their merchandise to lond,
Straightly commanded by the admiral,
At the same port to settle their abode;
And each of these a pinnace at command,
To put her fraught conveniently to land.

Eight goodly ships so Bristol ready made,
Which to the king they bountifully lent,
With Spanish wines which they for ballast laide,
In happy speed of his brave voyage meant,
Hoping his conquest should enlarge their trade,
And therewithall a rich and spacious tent:
And as this fleet the Severn seas doth stem,
Five more from Padstow came along with them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good ship well known,
The year before that twice the Streights had past,
Two wealthy Spanish merchants did her own,
Who then but lately had repair'd her waste;
For from her deck a pirate she had blown,
After a long fight, and him took at last:
And from Mounts-Bay six more, that still in sight
Waited with her before the isle of Wight.

From Plymouth next came in the Blazing Star
And fiery Dragon, to take in their fraught,
With other four especial men of war,
That in the bay of Portugal had fought;
And though returning from a voyage far, [wrought.
Stem'd that rough sea, when at the high'st it
With these, of Dartmouth seven good ships there
The golden crescent in their tops that bear. [were,

So Lyme three ships into the navy sent,
Of which the Sampson scarce a month before
Had sprung a plank, and her main-mast had spent,
With extreme peril that she got to shore:
With them five other out of Weymouth went,
Which by Southampton were made up a score:
With those that rode at pleasure in the bay,
And that at anchor before Portsmouth lay.

Next these, Newcastle furnisheth the fleet
With nine good hoyes, of necessary use;
The Danish pirates vallantly that beat,
Offering to sack them as they sail'd for Sluce.
Six hulks from Hull at Humber's mouth them meet,
Which had them oft accompany'd to Pruce[17].
Five more from Yarmouth falling them among,
That had for fishing been prepared long.

The Cow of Harwich, never put to flight,
For hides and furs late to Muscovia bound;
Of the same port, another nam'd the Spight,
That in her coming lately through the Sound,
After a two days' still-continued fight,
Had made three Flemings run themselves aground;
With three neat fly-boats, which with them do
Six ships of Sandwich, up the fleet to make. [take

Nine ships for the nobility there went,
Of able men, the enterprise to aid,
Which to the king most liberally they lent,
At their own charge, and bountifully paid.
Northumberland and Westmorland in sent
Fourscore at arms apiece, themselves and laid
At sixscore archers each, as Suffolk shows,
Twenty tall men at arms, with forty bows.

[13] Edward the third.
[14] The sea between France and England, so called.
[15] The names of the king's seven ships of war.
[16] An Indian bird, so large, that she is able to carry an elepant.
[17] Prussia.

Warwick and Stafford levied at no less
Than noble Suffolk, nor do offer more
Of men at arms, and archers which they press,
Of their own tenants, arm'd with their own store:
Their forwardness foreshows their good success
In such a war as had not been before:
And other barons, under earls that were,
Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to bear.

Darcy and Camois, zealous for the king;
Lovell, Fitzwater, Willoughby and Ross,
Berckley, Powis, Burrell, fast together cling;
Seymour and St. John, for the bus'ness close,
Each twenty horse, and forty foot do bring
More, to nine hundred mounting in the gross,
In those nine ships, and fitly them bestow'd,
Which with the other fall into the road.

From Holland, Zealand, and from Flanders won
By weekly pay, threescore twelve bottoms came,
From fifty upward to five hundred ton,
For ev'ry use a mariner could name,
Whose glittering flags against the radiant Sun,
Show'd as the sea had all been of a flame:
For skiffs, crays, shallops, and the like, why these
From ev'ry small creek cover'd all the seas.

The man whose way from London hap'd to lie,
By those he met might guess the general force;
Daily encounter'd as he passed by,
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horse,
To whom the people still themselves apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meer remorse;
And still the acclamation of the press,
"Saint George for England, to your good success."

There might a man have seen in ev'ry street,
The father bidding farewel to his son;
Small children kneeling at their fathers feet;
The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done;
Brother his brother with adieu to greet;
One friend to take leave of another run;
The maiden, with her best-belov'd to part,
Gave him her hand, who took away her heart.

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courveting coursers mounted fair,
One wore his mistress' garter, one her glove;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
And he her colours whom he most did love.
There was not one but did some favour wear;
And each one took it on his happy speed,
To make it famous by some knightly deed.

The clouds of dust that from the ways arose,
Which in their march the trampling troops do rear;
When as the Sun their thickness doth oppose
In his descending, shining wond'rous clear,
To the beholder, far off standing, shows
Like some besieged town that were on fire:
As though foretelling, e'er they should return,
That many a city, yet secure, must burn.

The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
For this short cut with victual fully stor'd,
The king impatient of their long abode,
Commands his army instantly aboard,
Listing to have each company bestow'd,
As then the time convenience could afford;
The ships appointed wherein they should go,
And boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.

To be embark'd when every band comes down,
Each in their order as they muster'd were,
Or by the difference of their armings known,
Or by their colours; for in ensigns there,
Some wore the arms of their most ancient town,
Others again their own devices bear:
There was not any, but that, more or less,
Something had got, that something should express.

First, in the Kentish streamer was a wood;
Out of whose top an arm that held a sword,
As their right emblem; and to make it good,
They above other only had a word,
Which was, UNCONQUER'D, as that freest had stood.
Sussex, the next that was to come aboard,
Bore a black lion rampant[18], sore that bled,
With a field-arrow darted through the head.

The men of Surry, checky blue and gold,
Which for brave Warren, their first earl, they wore,
In many a field that honour'd was of old.
And Hampshire next, in the same colours bore
Three lions passant, th' arms of Bevis bold,
Who through the world so famous was of yore.
A silver tower, Dorset's red banner bears:
The Cornishmen two wrestlers had for theirs.

The Devonshire band, a beacon set on fire;
Somerset, a virgin bathing in a spring:
Their city's arms the men of Glo'stershire,
In gold three bloody chevernels, do bring.
Wiltshire a crowned pyramid, as nigher
Than any other to march to the king;
Berkshire a stag, under an oak that stood;
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

The muster'd men for Buckingham are gone
Under the swan, the arms of that old town;
The Londoners and Middlesex as one,
Are by the red cross and the dagger known.
The men of Essex, over-match'd by none,
Under queen Helen's[19] image marching down.
Suffolk, a sun half risen from the brake;
Norfolk, a triton on a dolphin's back.

The soldiers sent from Cambridgeshire, a bay
Upon a mountain, water'd with a shower;
Hartford, two harts that in a river play;
Bedford's, an eagle perch'd upon a tower;
And Huntington, a people proud as they,
Nor giving place to any for their power,
A youthful hunter with a chaplet crown'd,
In a py'd lyam leading forth his hound.

Northampton with a castle seated high,
Supported by two lions, thither came;
The men of Rutland, to them marching nigh,
In their rich ensign bear an ermin ram;
And Lel'stershire, that on their strength rely,
A bull and mastiff[20] fighting for the game.
Lincoln a ship most neatly that was limn'd[21],
In all her sails with flags and pennants trimm'd.

[18] An expression of king Harold's death, slain with an arrow in the head at the battle of Hastings, fighting against the Conqueror.

[19] Queen Helen, foundress of the cross, wife to Constantine, and daughter to king Coell, builder of Colchester, in Essex.

[20] A sport more used anciently in that shire than in any other.

[21] For the length it hath upon the German ocean.

Stout Warwickshire, her ancient badge the bear;
Wor'ster, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;
A golden fleece and Hereford doth wear;
Stafford, a hermit [22] in his homely suit;
Shropshire, a falcon tow'ring in the air;
And for the shire whose surface seems most brute,
Derby, an eagle sitting on a root,
A swathed infant holding in her foot.

Old Nottingham, an archer clad in green,
Under a tree with his drawn bow that stood,
Which in a chequer'd flag far off was seen:
It was the picture of old Robin Hood;
And Lancashire, not as the least I ween, [blood:
Thoro' three crowns three arrows smear'd with
Cheshire, a banner very square and broad,
Wherein a man upon a lion rode.

A flaming lance, the Yorkshire men for them;
As those for Durham, near again at hand,
A mitre crowned with a diadem;
An armed man, the men of Cumberland;
So Westmorland, link'd with it in one stem,
A ship that, wrack'd, lay fir'd upon the sand:
Northumberland with these com'n as a brother,
Two lions fighting, tearing one another.

Thus as themselves the Englishmen had show'd
Under the ensign of each sev'ral shire,
The native Welch, who no less honour ow'd
To their own king, nor yet less valiant were,
In one strong reg'ment had themselves bestow'd,
And of the rest resumed had the rear;
To their own quarter marching as the best,
As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the best.

Pembroke, a boat [23], wherein a lady stood,
Rowing herself within a quiet bay;
Those men of South Wales of the mixed blood [24],
Had of the Welch the leading of the way.
Caermarthen in her colours bore a rood,
Whereon an old man lean'd himself to stay,
At a star pointing; which, of great renown,
Was skilful Merlin, namer of that town.

Glamorgan men, a castle great and high,
From which, out of the battlement above,
A flame shot up itself into the sky:
The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love
To that dear country, neighbouring them so nigh)
Next after them in equipage that move,
Three crowns imperial [25], which supported were
With three arm'd arms, in their proud ensign bear.

The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
Upon whose top there sat a watchful cock;
Radnor [26], a mountain of a high ascent,
Thereon a shepherd keeping of his flock;
As Cardigan [27], the next to them that went,
Came with a mermaid sitting on a rock;
And Merioneth bears (as these had done)
Three dancing goats against the rising Sun.

[22] Many hermits formerly lived there, it being all foresty.

[23] Milfordhaven, in Pembrokeshire, one of the bravest harbours in the world, therefore not unaptly so expressed

[24] Partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welch.

[25] To express the king's birth-place and principalities.

[26] The middle of Wales, abounding with sheep on its mountains.

[27] Expressing the maritime situation of that shire.

Those of Montgomery bear a prancing steed;
Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;
Flintshire, a work-maid in her summer's weed,
With sheaf and sickle. With a warlike pace
Those of Caernarvon (not the least in speed,
Tho' marching last in the main army's face)
Three golden eagles in their ensign brought,
Under which oft brave Owen Guyneth fought.

The seas, amazed at the fearful sight,
Of arms and ensigns that aboard were brought,
Of streamers, banners, pennons, ensigns pight
Upon each poop and prow; and at the fraught
So full of terrour, that it hardly might
Into a natural course again be brought,
As the vast navy which at anchor rides,
Proudly presumes to shoulder out the tides.

The fleet then full, and floating on the main,
The numerous masts with their brave topsails spread,
When, as the wind a little doth them strain,
Seem like a forest bearing her proud head
Against some rough flaw, that fore-runs a rain:
So do they look from every lofty sted,
Which with the surges tumbled to and fro,
Seem even to bend, as trees are seen to do.

From every ship when as the ordnance roar,
Of their depart that all might understand;
When as the zealous people from the shore
Again with fires salute them from the land,
For so was order left with them before,
To watch the beacons with a careful hand,
Which being once fir'd, the people, more or less,
Should all to church, and pray for their success.

They shape their course into the mouth of Seine,
That destin'd flood those navies to receive;
Before whose fraught her France had prostrate lain,
As now she must this, that shall never leave,
Until the engines that it doth contain,
Into the air her heighten'd walls shall leave;
Whose stubborn turrets had refus'd to bow
To that brave nation that shall shake them now.

Long-boats with scouts are put to land before,
Upon light nags the country to descry,
(Whilst the brave army setting is on shore)
To view what strength the enemy had nigh;
Pressing the bosom of large France so sore,
That her pale Genius in affright doth fly
To all her towns, and warns them to awake,
And for her safety up their arms to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleance, she calls,
And at their gates with groanings doth complain:
Then cries she out, "O get up to your walls!
The English armies are return'd again,
Which in two battles gave those fatal falls
At Cressy and at Poictiers, where lay slain
Our conquer'd fathers, which with very fear
Quake in their graves to feel them headed here."

The king of France now having understood
Of Henry's entrance (but too well improv'd)
He clearly saw that dear must be the blood
That it must cost, e'er he could be remov'd:
He sends to make his other sea-towns good,
(Never before so much it him behov'd)
In every one a garrison to lay,
Fearing fresh pow'rs from England every day.

To the high'st earth whilst awful Henry gets,
From thence strong Harfleur he might easiest see,
With sprightly words and thus their courage whets:
"In yonder walls be mines of gold," quoth he;
"He's a poor slave that thinks of any debts;
Harfleur shall pay for all, it ours shall be.
This air of France doth like me wond'rous well;
Let's burn our ships, for here we mean to dwell."

But through his host he first of all proclaim'd,
In pain of death, no Englishman should take
From the religious, aged, or the maim'd,
Or women, that could no resistance make:
To gain his own, for that he only aim'd,
Nor would have such to suffer for his sake:
Which in the French, when they the same did hear,
Bred of this brave king a religious fear.

His army rang'd in order fitting war,
Each with some green thing doth his murrian crown,
With his main standard fixt upon the car[28],
Comes the great king before th' entrenched town,
Whilst from the walls the people gazing are,
In all their sights he sets his army down;
And for their shot he careth not a pin,
But seeks where he his battery may begin.

And into three his army doth divide,
His strong approaches on three parts to make;
Himself on th' one, Clarence on th' other side;
To York and Suffolk he the third doth take;
The mines the duke of Glocester doth guide:
Then caus'd his ships the river up to stake,
That store with victual should the town relieve,
Should the sword fail, with famine them to grieve.

From his pavillion, where he sat in state,
Arm'd for the siege, and buckling on his shield,
Brave Henry sends his herald to the gate,
By trumpet's sound, to summon them to yield,
And to accept his mercy, ere too late;
Or else to say, ere he forsook the field,
Harfleur should be but a mere heap of stones,
Her buildings buried with her owners' bones.

France on this sudden put into a fright
With the sad news of Harfleur in distress,
Whose unexpected miserable plight
She on the sudden knew not to redress;
But urg'd to do the utmost that she might,
The peoples fears and clamours to suppress,
Raiseth a power with all the speed she could,
Somewhat thereby to loose king Henry's hold.

The marshal and the constable of France,
Leading those forces levied for the turn,
By which they thought their titles to advance,
And of their country endless praise to earn;
But it with them far otherwise doth chance:
For when they saw the villages to burn,
And high-tower'd Harfleur round engirt with fire,
They with their pow'rs to Cawdebeck retire.

Like as a hind, when she her calf doth see
Lighted by chance into a lion's paws,
From which should she adventure it to free,
She must herself fill his devouring jaws,
And yet her young one still his prey must be,
(She so instructed is by Nature's laws:)
With them so fares it, which must needs go down,
If they would fight, and yet must lose the town.

[28] The king's main standard (for the ponderousness thereof) ever borne upon a carriage.

Now do they mount their ordnance for the day[29],
Their scaling-ladders rearing to the walls;
Their battering-rams against the gates they lay,
Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls,
Baskets of twigs now carry stones and clay,
And to th' assault who furiously not falls?
The spade and pick-ax working are below,
Which then unfelt, yet gave the greatest blow.

Rampiers of earth the painful pioneers raise
With the walls equal, close upon the dyke;
To pass by which the soldier that assays,
On planks thrust over, one him down doth strike:
Him with a mall a second English pays;
A second French transpierc'd him with a pike;
That from the height of th' embattled tow'rs,
Their mixed blood ran down the walls in show'rs.

A Frenchman back into the town doth fall,
With a sheaf-arrow shot into the head;
An Englishman, in scaling of the wall,
From the same place is by a stone struck dead,
Tumbling upon them logs of wood, and all,
That any way for their defence might stead:
The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,
Of shouts without, and fearful shrieks within.

When all at once the Englishmen assail,
The French within all valiantly defend,
And in a first assault, if any fail,
They by a second strive it to amend:
Out of the town come quarries[30] thick as hail;
As thick again their shafts the English send:
The bellowing cannon from both sides doth roar,
With such a noise, as makes the thunder poor.

Now upon one side you should hear a cry,
And all that quarter clouded with a smother;
The like from that against it by and by,
As though the one were echo to the other,
The king and Clarence so their turns can ply;
And valiant Glo'ster shows himself their brother,
Whose mines to the besieg'd more mischief do,
Than, with th' assaults above, the other two.

An old man sitting by the fire side,
Decrepit with extremity of age,
Stilling his little grandchild when it cry'd,
Almost distracted with the batteries rage;
Sometimes doth speak it fair, sometimes doth chide,
As thus he seeks its mourning to assuage,
By chance a bullet doth the chimney hit,
Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping mother sits her down,
To give her little new-born babe the pap,
A luckless quarry, level'd at the town,
Kills the sweet baby sleeping in her lap,
That with the fright she falls into a swoon;
From which awak'd, and mad with the mishap,
As up a rampier shrieking she doth climb,
Comes a great shot, and strikes her limb from limb.

Whilst a soft run confusedly to quench
Some palace burning, or some fired street,
Call'd from where they were fighting in the trench,
They in their way with balls of wild-fire meet,
So plagued are the miserable French,
Not above head, but also under feet;
For the fierce English vow the town to take,
Or of it soon a heap of stones to make.

[29] A description of the siege of Harfleur, in the nineteen following stanzas.

[30] Cross-bow arrows.

Hot is the siege, the English coming on
As men so long to be kept out that scorn,
Careless of wounds, as they were made of stone,
As with their teeth the walls they would have torn:
Into a breach, who quickly is not gone,
Is by the next behind him overborne;
So that they found a place that gave them way,
They never car'd what danger therein lay.

From ev'ry quarter they their course must ply,
As 't pleas'd the king them to th' assault to call:
Now on the duke of York the charge doth lie;
To Kent and Cornwall then the turn doth fall;
Then Huntingdon up to the walls they cry;
Then Suffolk, and then Exeter; which all
In their mean soldiers' habits us'd to go,
Taking such part as those that own'd them do.

The men of Harfleur rough excursions make
Upon the English, watchful in their tent,
Whose courages they to their cost awake,
With many a wound, that often back them sent;
So proud a sally that durst undertake,
And in the chase pell-mell amongst them went;
For on the way such ground of them they win,
That some French are shut out, some English in.

Nor idly sit our men at arms the while,
Four thousand horse that ev'ry day go out,
And of the field are masters many a mile,
By putting the rebellious French to route;
No peasants them with promises beguile,
Another bus'ness they were come about;
For him they take, his ransom must redeem,
Only French crowns the Englishmen esteem.

Whilst English Henry lastly means to try
By three vast mines the walls to overthrow,
The Frenchmen, their approaches that espy,
By countermines do meet with them below;
And as opposed in the works they lie,
Up the besieged the besiegers blow,
That stifled quite with powder, as with dust,
Longer to walls they found it vain to trust.

Till Gaucourt then and Tuttiville, that were
The town's commanders, with much peril find
The resolution that the English bear,
As how their own to yielding were inclin'd,
Summon to parley; off'ring frankly there,
If that aid came not by a day assign'd,
To give the town up, might their lives stand free;
As for their goods, at Henry's will to be.

And having won their conduct to the king,
Those hardy chiefs, on whom the charge had lain,
Thither those well-fed burgesses do bring;
What they had offer'd strongly to maintain
In such a case, although a dang'rous thing;
Yet they so long upon their knees remain,
That five days' respite from his grant they have,
Which was the most they for their lives durst crave.

The time prefixed coming to expire,
And their relief ingloriously delay'd;
Nothing within their sight but sword and fire,
And bloody ensigns ev'ry where display'd;
The English still within themselves entire:
When all these things they seriously had weigh'd,
To Henry's mercy found that they must trust,
For they perceiv'd their own to be unjust.

The ports are open'd, weapons laid aside,
And from the walls th' artillery displac'd;
The arms of England are advanc'd in pride,
The watch-tow'r with St. George's banner grac'd!
"Live England's Henry!" all the people cry'd;
Into the streets their women ran in haste,
Bearing their little children, for whose sake
They hop'd the king would the more mercy take.

The gates thus widen'd with the breath of war,
Their ample entrance to the English gave;
There was no door that then had any bar,
For of their own not any thing they have:
When Henry comes on his imperial car,
To whom they kneel, their lives alone to save;
Strucken with wonder when that face they saw,
Wherein such mercy was, with so much awe.

And first themselves the English to secure,
Doubting what danger might be yet within,
The strongest forts and citadel make sure,
To show that they could keep as well as win;
And though the spoils them wond'rously allure,
To fall to pillage ere they will begin,
They shut each passage, by which any pow'r
Might be brought on to hinder but an hour.

That conqu'ring king, which ent'ring at the gate,
Borne by the press as in the air he swam,
Upon the sudden lays aside his state,
And of a lion is become a lamb:
He is not now what he was but of late,
But on his bare feet to the church he came,
By his example as did all the press,
To give God thanks for his first good success.

And sends his herald to king Charles to say,
That though he was thus settled on his shore,
Yet he his arms was ready down to lay,
His ancient right if so he would restore:
But if the same he wilfully denay,
To stop th' effusion of their subjects' gore,
He frankly off'reth, in a single fight
With the young dauphin, to decide his right.

Eight days at Harfleur he doth stay, to hear
What answer back his herald him would bring:
But when he found that he was ne'er the near,
And that the dauphin meaneth no such thing
As to fight single, nor that any were
To deal for composition from the king;
He casts for Calais to make forth his way,
And take such towns as in his journies lay.

But first his bus'ness he doth so contrive
To curb the townsmen, should they chance to stir;
Of arms and office he doth them deprive,
And to their rooms the English doth prefer:
Out of the ports all vagrants he doth drive,
And therein sets his uncle Exeter:
This done, to march he bids the thund'ring drums,
To scourge proud France, when now her conqueror comes.

The king and dauphin having understood,
How on his way this haughty Henry was
Over the Soame, which is a dangerous flood,
Pluckt down the bridges which might give him pass;
And ev'ry thing, if fit for human food,
Caus'd to be forag'd, to a wond'rous mass;
And more than this, his journies to foreslow,
He scarce one day unskirmish'd with doth go.

"But on his march, in midst of all his foes,
He like a lion keeps them all at bay;
And when they seem him strictly to enclose,
Yet through the thick'st he hews him out a way;
Nor the proud dauphin dare him to oppose,
Though off'ring oft his army to forelay;
Nor all the power the envious French can make,
Force him one foot his path but to forsake.

And each day as his army doth remove,
Marching along upon Soame's marshy side,
His men at arms on their tall horses prove
To find some shallow, over where to ride:
But all in vain, against the stream they strove,
Till by the help of a laborious guide
A ford was found to set his army o'er,
Which never had discover'd been before.

The news divulg'd that he had waded Soame,
And safe to shore his carriages had brought,
Into the dauphin's bosom struck so home,
And on the weakness of king Charles so wrought,
That like the troubled sea when it doth foam,
As in a rage to beat the rocks to nought;
So do they storm, and curse on curse they heapt,
'Gainst those which should the passages have kept.

And at that time both resident in Roan,
Thither for this assembling all the peers,
Whose counsels now must underprop their throne
Against the foe, which not a man but fears;
Yet in a moment confident are grown,
When with fresh hopes each one his fellow cheers,
That ere the English to their Calais got,
Some for this spoil should pay a bloody shot.

Therefore they both in solemn council sat,
With Berry and with Bretagne, their allies;
Now speak they of this course, and then of that,
As to ensnare him how they might devise;
Something they fain would do, but know not what.
At length the duke Alanzon up doth rise,
And, craving silence of the king and lords,
Against the English brake into these words:

"Had this unbridled youth an army led,
That any way were worthy of your fear,
Against our nation that durst turn the head,
Such as the former English forces were,
This care of yours your country then might stead:
To tell you then, who longer can forbear,
That into question you our valour bring,
To call a council for so poor a thing?

"A rout of tatter'd rascals, starved so,
As forced, through extremity of need,
To rake for scraps on dunghills as they go,
And on the berries of the shrubs to feed;
Besides, with fluxes are enfeebled so,
And other foul diseases that they breed,
That they their arms disabled are to sway,
But in their march do leave them on the way.

"And to our people but a handful are,
Scarce thirty thousand when to land they came,
Of which to England daily some repair,
Many from Harfleur carry'd sick and lame,
Fitter for spitals and the surgeons care,
Than with their swords on us to win them fame:
Unshod and without stockings are the best,
And those by winter miserably opprest.

"To let them die upon their march abroad,
And fowls upon their carcases to feed,
The heaps of them upon the common road
A great infection likely were to breed;
For our own safeties see them then bestow'd,
And do for them this charitable deed,
Under our swords together let them fall,
And, on that day they die, be buried all."

This bold invective forc'd against the foe,
Although it most of the assembly seiz'd,
Yet those which better did the English know,
Were but a little with his speeches pleas'd;
And that the duke of Berry meant to show:
Which, when the murmur somewhat was appeas'd,
After awhile their list'ning silence breaks,
And thus in answer of Alanzon speaks:

"My liege," quoth he, "and you, my lords and peers,
Whom this great business chiefly doth concern,
By my experience, now so many years,
To know the English I am not to learn;
Nor I more feeling have of human fears
Than fitteth manhood, nor do hope to earn
Suffrage from any; but by zeal am won
To speak my mind here, as the duke hath done

"Th' events of war are various (as I know)
And say, the loss upon the English light,
Yet may a dying man give such a blow,
As much may hinder his proud conqueror's might;
It is enough our puissant power to show
To the weak English, now upon their flight,
When want and winter strongly spur them on;
You else but stay them, that would fain be gone.

"I like our forces their first course should hold,
To skirmish with them upon every stay,
But fight by no means with them, tho' they would,
Except they find them foraging for prey;
So still you have them shut up in a fold,
And still to Calais keep them in their way;
So Fabius wearied Hanibal, so we
May English Henry, pleased if you be.

"And of the English rid your country clean,
If on their backs but Calais walls they win,
Whose frontier towns you eas'ly may maintain,
With a strong army still to keep them in;
Then let our ships make good the mouth of Sein,
And at your pleasure Harfleur you may win,
Ere with supplies again they can invade,
Spent in the voyage lately hither made.

"That day at Poictiers, in that bloody field,
The sudden turn in that great battle then
Shall ever teach me, whilst I arms can wield,
Never to trust to multitudes of men;
'Twas the first day that e'er I wore a shield,
Oh, let me never see the like agen!
Where their Black Edward such a battle won,
As to behold it might amaze the Sun.

"There did I see our conquer'd fathers fall
Before the English, on that fatal ground,
When as to ours their number was but small,
And with brave spirits France ne'er did more abound:
Yet oft that battle into mind I call,
Whereas of ours, one man seem'd all one wound.
I instance this, yet humbly here submit
Myself to fight, if you shall think it fit."

The marshal and the constable about
To second what this eager duke had said,
The youthful lords into a cry brake out
'Gainst their opinions; so that oversway'd,
Some seeming of their loyalties to doubt,
Alanzon as an oracle obey'd,
And not a French then present, but doth swear
To kill an English, if know there were.

A herald posted presently away,
'The king of England to the field to dare,
To bid him cease his spoil, nor to delay
'Gainst the French pow'r his forces, but prepare:
For that king Charles determin'd to display
His bloody ensigns, and through France declare
The day and place that Henry should set down,
In which their battles should dispose the crown.

This news to Henry by the herald brought,
As one dispassion'd, soberly quoth he,
"Had your king pleas'd, we sooner might have fought;
For now my soldiers much enfeebled be:
Nor day, nor place, for battle shall be sought
By English Henry; but if he seek me,
I to my utmost will myself defend,
And to th' Almighty's pleasure leave the end."

The bruit of this intended battle spread,
The coldness of each sleeping courage warms,
And in the French that daring boldness bred,
Like casting lees, that they arise in swarms,
Thinking the English down so far to tread,
As part that day ne'er more to rise in arms;
T' extirp the name, if possible it were,
At least, not after to be heard of there.

As when you see the envious crow espy
Something that she doth naturally detest,
With open throat how she doth squall and cry,
And from the next grove calleth in the rest,
And they for those beyond them bawling fly,
Till their foul noise do all the air infest:
Thus French, the French to this great battle call,
Upon their swords to see the English fall.

And to the king when seriously one told,
With what an host he should encounter'd be;
Gam, noting well the king did him behold
In the reporting, merrily quoth he,
"My liege, I'll tell you, if I may be bold,
We will divide this army into three;
One part we'll kill, the second pris'ners stay;
And for the third, we'll leave to run away."

But, for the foe came bourly in so fast,
Lest they his army should disorder'd take,
The king, who wisely doth the worst forecast,
His speedy march doth presently forsake,
Into such form and his battalion cast,
That, do their worst, they should not eas'ly shake;
For that his scouts, which forag'd had the coast,
Bade him at hand expect a puissant host.

On which ere long the English vaward light,
Which York, of men the bravest, doth command,
When either of them in the other's sight,
He caus'd the army instantly to stand,
As though preparing for a present fight;
And rideth forth from his couragious band
To view the French, whose numbers overspread
The troubled country, on whose earth they tread.

Now were both armies got upon that ground,
As on a stage, where they their strengths must try,
Whence, from the width of many a gaping wound,
There's many a soul into the air must fly.
Meanwhile the English, that some ease had found
By the advantage of a village nigh,
There sate them down the battle to abide,
When they the place had strongly fortify'd.

Made drunk with pride, the haughty French disdain
Less than their own a multitude to view,
Nor ask of God the victory to gain
Upon the English, want so poor and few,
To stay their slaughter thinking it a pain;
And lastly to that insolence they grew,
Quoits, lots, and dice, for Englishmen to cast,
And swear to pay, the battle being past.

For knots of cord to ev'ry town they send,
The captiv'd English that they caught to bind,
For to perpetual slav'ry they intend
Those that alive they on the field should find:
So much as that they fear'd lest they should spend
Too many English, wherefore they assign'd
Some to keep fast those fain that would be gone,
After the fight to try their arms upon.

One his bright sharp-edg'd scymitar doth show,
Off'ring to lay a thousand crowns (in pride)
That he two naked English at one blow,
Bound back to back, would at the waists divide:
Some bet his sword will do't, some others no,
After the battle and they'll have it try'd.
Another wafts his blade about his head,
And shows them how their ham-strings he will shred.

They part their pris'ners, passing them for debt,
And in their ransom eatably accord:
To a prince of ours, a page of theirs they set,
And a French lacquey to an English lord.
As for our gentry, them to hire they'll let,
And as good cheap as they can them afford,
Branded for slaves, that if they hapt to stray,
Known by the mark, them any one might slay.

And cast to make a chariot for the king,
Painted with antics and ridiculous toys,
In which they mean to Paris him to bring,
To make sport to their madams and their boys,
And will have rascals rhymes of him to sing,
Made in his mock'ry; and in all these joys,
They bid the bells to ring, and people cry
Before the battle, "France and victory!"

And to the king and dauphin sent away,
(Who at that time residing were in Roan)
To be partakers of that glorious day,
Wherein the English should be overthrown;
Lest that of them ensuing times should say,
That for their safety they forsook their own,
When France did that brave victory obtain,
That shall her lasting'st monument remain.

The poor distressed Englishmen the whiles,
Not dar'd by doubt, and less appall'd with dread,
Of their arm'd pikes some sharp'ning are the piles;
The archer grinding his barb'd arrow-head;
Their bills and blades some whetting are with files,
And some their armour strongly riveted;
Some pointing stakes to stick into the ground,
To guard the bow-men, and their horse to wound.

The night fore-running this most dreadful day,
The French that all to jollity incline,
Some fall to dancing, some again to play,
And some are drinking to this great design;
But all in pleasure spend the night away:
The tents with lights, the fields with bonfires shine:
The common soldiers free-men's catches sing;
With shouts and laughter all the camp doth ring.

The wearied English, watchful o'er their foes,
The depth of night then drawing on so fast,
That fain a little would themselves repose,
With thanks to God do take that small repast
Which that poor village willingly bestows;
And having plac'd their sentinels at last,
They fall to prayer, and in their cabins blest,
T'refresh their spirits then took them to their rest.

In his pavillion princely Henry laid,
Whilst all his army round about him slept;
His restless head upon his helmet staid,
For careful thoughts his eyes long waking kept.
"Great God," (quoth he) "withdraw not now thy aid,
Nor let my father Henry's sins be heapt
On my transgressions, up the sum to make,
For which thou may'st me utterly forsake.

"King Richard's wrongs to mind, Lord, do not call,
Nor how for him my father did offend;
From me alone derive not thou his fall,
Whose odious life caus'd his untimely end,
That by our alms be expiated all:
Let not that sin on me his son descend,
When as his body I translated have,
And buried in an honourable grave."

These things thus pond'ring, sorrow-ceasing sleep,
From cares to rescue his much-troubled mind,
Upon his eye-lids stealingly doth creep,
And in soft slumbers every sense both bind,
As undisturbed every one to keep;
When as that angel, to whom God assign'd
The guiding of the English, gliding down,
The silent camp both with fresh courage crown.

His glitt'ring wings he gloriously displays
O'er the host, as every way it lies,
With golden dreams their travail and repays:
This herald from the Rector of the skies
In vision warns them not to use delays,
But to the battle cheerfully to rise,
And be victorious; for that day at hand
He would amongst them for the English stand.

The dawn scarce drew the curtains of the East,
But the late wearied Englishmen awake,
And much refreshed with a little rest,
Themselves soon ready for the battle make:
Not any one but feeleth in his breast
That sprightly fire which courage bids him take;
For ere the Sun next rising went to bed,
The French by them in triumph should be led.

And from their cabins ere the French arose,
(Drowned in the pleasure of the passed night)
The English cast their battels to dispose,
Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:
Forth that brave king, courageous Henry, goes,
An hour before that it was fully light,
To see if there might any place be found
To give his host advantage by the ground.

Where 'twas his hap a quickset hedge to view,
Well grown in height, and for his purpose thin;
Yet by the ditch, upon whose bank it grew,
He found it to be difficult to win,
Especially if those of his were true,
Amongst the shrubs that he should set within;
By which he knew their strength of horse must come,
If they would ever charge his vanguard home.

And of three hundred archers maketh choice,
Some to be taken out of every band,
The strongest bow-men by the general voice,
Such as beside were valiant of their hand,
And to be so employ'd as would rejoice,
Appointing them behind the hedge to stand [unte,
To shrowd themselves from sight, and to be
Until a signal freely bade them shoot.

The gamesome lark now got upon her wing,
As 'twere the English early to awake,
And to wide Heaven her cheerful notes doth sing,
As she for them would intercession make;
Nor all the noise that from below doth spring,
Her airy walk can force her to forsake;
Of some much noted, and of others less,
But yet of all presaging good success.

The lazy French their leisure seem to take,
And in their cabins keep themselves so long,
Till flocks of ravens them with noise awake,
Over the army like a cloud that hung;
Which greater haste enforceth them to make,
When with their croaking all the country rung,
Which boded slaughter, as the most do say,
But by the French it turned was this way:

That this divining fowl well understood
Upon that place much gore was to be spill'd;
And as those birds do much delight in blood,
With human flesh would have their gorges fill'd,
So waited they upon their ensuing food,
To feast upon the English, being kill'd;
Then little thinking that these came indeed
On their own mangled carcases to feed.

When soon the French preparing for the field,
Their armed troops are setting in array,
Whose wond'rous numbers they can hardly wield,
The place too little whereupon they lay;
They therefore to necessity must yield,
And into order put them as they may,
Whose motion sounded like to Nilus' fall,
That the vast air was deafen'd therewithal.

The constable and admiral of France,
With the grand marshal, men of great command;
The dukes of Bourbon and of Orleance,
Some for their place, some for their birth-right stand;
The dauphin of Averney (to advance
His worth and honour) of a puissant hand;
The earl of Ewe, in war that had been bred;
These mighty men the mighty vaward led.

The main brought forward by the duke of Bare,
Nevers, and Beaumont, men of special name;
Alanzon, thought not equall'd in this war:
With them Salines, Rous, and Grandpre came,
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
Whom this expected conquest doth inflame,
Consisting most of cross-bows, and so great,
As France herself it well might seem to threat.

The duke of Brabant of high valour known,
The earls of Marle and Falconbridge the rear;
To Arthur earl of Richmond's self alone
They leave the right wing to be guided there:
Lewes of Bourbon, second yet to none,
Led on the left; with him that mighty peer
The earl of Vendome, who of all her men
Large France entitled her great master then.

The duke of York the English vaward guides,
Of our strong archers that consisted most,
Which with our horse was wing'd on both the sides,
T' affront so great and terrible an host;
There valiant Fanhope, and there Beaumont rides,
With Willoughby, which scower'd had the coast
That morning early, and had seen at large
How the foe came, that then they were to charge.

Henry himself, on the main battle brings,
Nor can these legions of the French affright
This Mars of men, this king of earthly kings:
Who seem'd to be much pleased with the sight,
As one ordain'd t'accomplish mighty things;
Who to the field came in such brav'ry dight,
As to the English bodes successful luck,
Before one stroke on either side was struck.

In warlike state the royal standard borne
Before him, as in splend'rous arms he rode,
Whilst his courveting courser seem'd in scorn
To touch the earth whereon he proudly trod,
Lilies and lions quarterly adorn
His shield, and his caparison do load:
Upon his helm a crown with diamonds deckt,
Which through the field their radiant fires reflect.

The duke of Glo'ster near to him agen,
T'assist his brother in that dreadful day;
Oxford and Suffolk, both true martial men,
Ready to keep the battle in array:
To Exeter there was appointed then
The rear, on which their second succours lay,
Which were the youth, most of the noblest blood,
Under the ensigns of their name that stood.

Then of the stakes he doth the care commend
To certain troops that active were and strong,
Only devis'd the archers to defend,
Pointed with iron, and of five feet long;
To be remov'd still which way they should bend,
Where the French horse should thick'st upon them throng;
Which when the host to charge each other went,
Show'd his great wit that first did them invent.

Both armies fit, and at the point to fight,
The French themselves assuring of the day,
Send to the king of England (as in spite)
To know what he would for his ransom pay.
Who with this answer doth their scorn requite;
"I pray thee, Herald, wish the French to stay,
That ere the day be past, I hope to see,
That for their ransoms they shall send to me."

The French, which found how little Henry makes
Of their vain boasts, as set therewith on fire,
Whilst each one to his ensign him betakes;
The constable to raise their spleen the higher,
Thus speaks: "Brave friends, now for your grandsires' sakes,
Your country, honours, or what may inspire
Your souls with courage, strain up all your
To make this day victoriously ours. [pow'rs

"Forward, stout French, your valours and advance,
By taking vengeance for our fathers slain,
And strongly fix the diadem of France,
Which to this day unsteady doth remain:
Now with your swords their traitors' bosoms lance,
And with their blood wash out that ancient stain,
And make our earth drunk with the English gore,
Which hath of ours oft surfeited before.

"Let not one live in England once to tell,
What of their king or of the rest became;
Nor to the English what in France befell,
But what is bruited by the general fame."
But now the drums began so loud to yell,
As cut off further what he would declaim:
And Henry seeing them on so fast to make,
Thus to his soldiers comfortably spake.

"Think but upon the justness of our cause,
And he's no man their number that will weigh;
Thus our great grandsire purchas'd his applause,
The more they are, the greater is our prey.
We'll hand in hand wade into danger's jaws,
And let report to England this convey,
That it for me no ransom ere shall raise;
Either I'll conquer, or here end my days.

"It were no glory for us to subdue
Them, than our number were the French no more;
When in one battle twice our fathers slew
Three times so many as themselves before.
But to do something that were strange and new,
Wherefore (I ask you) came we to this shore?
Upon these French our fathers won renown,
And with their swords we'll hew you forest down.

"The meanest soldier, if in fight he take
The greatest prince in yonder army known,
Without control shall him his pris'ner make,
And have his ransom freely as his own.
Now, English, lies our honour at the stake,
And now or never be our valous shown:
God and our cause, St. George for England stands, [hands."
Now charge them, English fortune guide your

When hearing one wish all the valiant men
At home in England with them present were;
The king makes answer instantly agen.
"I would not have one man more than is here:
If we subdue, less should our praise be then;
If overcome, less loss shall England bear;
And to our numbers we should give that deed,
Which must from God's own pow'rful hand proceed."

The dreadful charge the drums and trumpets sound,
With hearts exalted, though with humbled eyes,
When as the English kneeling on the ground,
Extend their hands up to the glorious skies;
Then from the earth as though they did rebound,
Active as fire immediately they rise, [sent,
And such a shrill shout from their throats they
As made the French to stagger as they went.

Wherewith they stopt; when Erpingham, which led
The army, saw the shout had made them stand,
Wafting his warder thrice about his head,
He cast it up with his auspicious hand,
Which was the signal through the English spread,
That they should charge: which, as a dread command,
Made them rush on, yet with a second roar,
Fighting the French worse than they did before.

But when they saw the enemy so slow,
Which they expected faster to come on,
Some scattering shot they sent out, as to show,
That their approach they only stood upon:
Which with more fervour made their rage to glow,
So much disgrace that they had undergone;
Which to amend, with ensigns let at large,
Upon the English furiously they charge.

At the full Moon look how th' unwieldy tide,
Slow'd by some tempest that from sea doth rise
At the full height, against the ragged side
Of some rough cliff (of a gigantic size)
Foaming with rage impetuously doth ride;
The angry French (in no less furious wise)
Of men at arms upon their ready horse,
Assail the English to dispierce their force.

When as those archers there in ambush laid,
Having their broad-side as they came along,
With their barb'd arrows the French horses paid,
And in their flanks like cruel hornets stung:
They kick and cry, of late that proudly neigh'd,
And from their seats their armed riders flung;
They ran together, flying from the dike,
And make their riders one another strike.

And whilst the front of the French vanguard makes
Upon the English, thinking them to rout,
Their horses run upon the armed stakes,
And being wounded, turn themselves about:
The bit into his teeth the courser takes,
And from his rank flies with his master out,
Who either hurts, or is hurt of his own,
If in the throng not both together thrown.

Tumbling on heaps, some of their horses cast
With their four feet all up into the air,
Under whose backs their masters breathe their last:
Some break their reins, and thence their riders bear;
Some with their feet stick in the stirrups fast,
By their fierce jades, and trail'd here and there;
Entangled in their bridels, one back draws,
And plucks the bit out of another's jaws.

With show'rs of shafts yet still the English ply
The French so fast, upon the point of flight:
With the main battle yet stood Henry by,
Nor all this while had meddled in the fight;
Upon the horses as in chase they fly,
Arrows so thick in such abundance light,
That their broad buttocks men like butts might
Whereat for pastime bow-men shooting be. [see,

When soon De Linnies and Sureres haste
To aid their friends, put to this shameful foil,
With two light wings of horse, which had been plac'd
Still to supply where any should recoil:
But yet their forces they but vainly waste,
For being light into the general spoil,
Great loss De Linnies shortly doth sustain,
Yet 'scapes himself, but brave Sureres slain.

The king, who sees how well his vanguard sped,
Sends his command that instantly it stay;
Desiring York, so bravely that had led,
To hold his soldiers in their first array;
For it the conflict very much might sted
Somewhat to fall aside, and give him way,
Till full up to him he might bring his pow'r,
And make the conquest complete in an hour.

Which York obeys; and up king Henry comes,
When for his guidance he had got him room;
The dreadful bellowing of whose strait-brac'd drums,
To the French sounded like the dreadful doom;
And them with such stupidity benumbs,
As though the Earth had groaned from her womb;
For the grand slaughter ne'er began till then,
Covering the earth with multitudes of men.

Upon the French what Englishman not falls,
(By the strong bow-men beaten from their steeds)
With battle-axes, halberts, bills, and mauls?
Where, in the slaughter, every one exceeds,
Where every man his fellow forward calls,
And shows him where some great-born Frenchman bleeds;
Whilst scalps about like broken pot sherds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the conqu'ring English cry.

Now waxed horrour to the very height,
And scarce a man but wet-shot went in gore;
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded as one tumbleth o'er,
This Frenchman falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another stricken down before;
As he again so falling, likewise feels
His last breath hasten'd by another's heels.

And whilst the English eagerly pursue
The fearful French, before them still that fly,
The points of bills and halberts they imbrue
In their sick bowels beaten down that ly;
No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can hear those that for their mercy cry:
Ears are damm'd up with howls and hellish sounds,
One fearful noise a fearfuller confounds.

When the couragious constable of France,
Th' unlucky vanguard vallantly that led,
Saw the day turn'd by this disast'rous chance,
And how the French before the English fled;
"O stay," quoth he, "your ensigns yet advance,
Once more upon the enemy make head!
Never let France say we were vanquisht so,
With our backs basely turn'd upon our foe."

Whom the Chattillyon [a] hapen'd to accost,
And seeing thus the constable dismay'd:
"Shift, noble lord," quoth he, "the day is lost,
If the whole world upon the match were laid;
I cannot think but that black Edward's ghost
Assists the English, and our horse hath fray'd;
If not, some devils they have then,
That fight against us in the shapes of men."

"Not I, my Lord," the constable replies;
"By my blest soul, the field I will not quit,
Whilst two brave battles are to bring supplies,
Neither of which one stroke have strucken yet."
"Nay," quoth Dampier, "I do not this advise
More than yourself, that I do fear a whit:
Spur up, my lord, then side to side with me,
And that I fear not you shall quickly see."

They struck their rowels to the bleeding sides
Of their fierce steeds, into the air that sprung;
And as their fury at that instant guides,
They thrust themselves into the murth'ring throng.
Where such bad fortune those brave lords betides,
The admiral from off his horse was flung;
For the stern English down before them bear
All that withstand, the peasant and the peer.

[a] The admiral.

Which when the noble constable with grief
Doth this great lord upon the ground behold,
In his account so absolute a chief, [condol'd;
Whose death through France he knew would be
Like a brave knight, to yield his friend relief,
Doing as much as possibly he could,
Both horse and man is borne into the main,
And from his friend not half a furlong slain.

Now Willoughby, upon his well-arm'd horse,
Into the midst of this battalion brought:
And valiant Fanhope, no whit less in force,
Himself hath hither through the squadrons wrought;
Whereas the English, without all remorse,
(Looking like men that deeply where distraught)
Smoking with sweat, besmear'd with dust and
Cut into cantels all that them withstood. [blood,

Yet whilst thus hotly they hold up the chase
Upon the French, and had so high a hand,
The duke of Bourbon, to make good his place,
Inforc'd his troops (with much ado) to stand:
To whom the earl of Suffolk makes apace,
Bringing a fresh, and yet-unfought-with band
Of valiant bill-men; Oxford with success
Up with his troops doth with the other press:

When in comes Orleance, quite thrust off before
By those rude crowds that from the English ran,
Encouraging stout Bourbon's troops the more,
T' affront the foe that instantly began:
Fain would the duke (if possible) restore
(Doing as much as could be done by man)
Their honour, lost by this their late defeat,
And caused only by their base retreat.

Their men at arms their lances closely lock
One in another, and come up so round,
That, by the strength and horrour of the shock,
They forc'd the English to forsake their ground,
Shrinking no more than they had been a rock,
Tho' by the shafts receiving many a wound;
As they would show, that they were none of those
That turn'd their backs so basely to their foes.

Panting for breath, his morion in his hand,
Woodhouse comes in as back the English bear:
"My lords," quoth he, "what now inforc'd to stand,
When smiling fortune offers us so fair?
The French ly yonder like to wreaks of sand,
And you by this our glory but impair:
Or now, or never, your first fight maintain,
Chatillyon and the constable are slain.

"Hand over head pell-mell upon them run,
If you will prove the masters of the day:
Ferrers and Greystock have so bravely done,
That I envy their glory, and dare say
From all the English they the goal have won;
Kither let's share, or they'll bear all away,"
This spoke, his ax about his head he flings,
And hastes away, as though his heels had wings.

The incitation of this youthful knight,
Besides amends for their retreat to make,
Doth re-enforce their courage, with their might
A second charge with speed to undertake;
Never before were they so mad to fight,
When valiant Fanhope thus the lords bespake:
"Suffolk and Oxford, as brave earls you be,
Once more beat up with Willoughby and me."

"Why now, methinks, I hear brave Fanhope speak,"
Quoth noble Oxford, "thou hast thy desire:
These words of thine shall you battalion break;
And for myself, I never will retire,
Until our teen upon the French we wreak,
Or in this our last enterprise expire."
This spoke, their gauntlets each doth other give,
And to the charge as fast as they could drive;

That slaughter seem'd to have but stay'd for breath,
To make the horrour to ensue the more:
With hands besmear'd with blood, when meager
Looketh more grisely than he did before; [death
So that each body seem'd but as a sheath
To put their swords in to the hilts in gore;
As though that instant were the end of all,
To fell the French, or by the French to fall.

Look how you see a field of standing corn,
When some strong wind in summer haps to blow,
At the full height, and ready to be shorn,
Rising in waves, how it doth come and go
Forward and backward; so the crowds are born,
Or as the eddy turneth in the flow;
And, above all, the bills and axes play
As do the atoms in the sunny ray.

Now with main blows their armours are unbrac'd,
And as the French before the English fled,
With their brown bills their recreant backs they baste,
And from their shoulders their faint arms do shred:
One with a gleave near cut off by the waist,
Another runs to ground with half a head;
Another stumbling falleth in his flight,
Wanting a leg, and on his face doth light.

The dukes, who found their force thus overthrown,
And those few left them ready still to rout,
Having great skill, and no less courage shown,
Yet of their safeties much began to doubt;
For having few about them of their own,
And by the English so impal'd about,
Saw that to some one they themselves must yield,
Or else abide the fury of the field.

They put themselves on those victorious lords,
Who led the vangnard with so good success,
Bespeaking them with honourable words,
Themselves their prisoners freely and confess;
Who by the strength of their commanding swords
Could hardly save them from the slaught'ring press,
By Suffolk's aid till they away were sent,
Who with a guard convey'd them to his tent.

When as their soldiers, to eschew the lack,
'Gainst their own battle bearing in their flight,
By their own French are strongly beaten back,
Lest they their ranks should have disorder'd quite;
So that those men at arms go all to rack, [fight,
'Twixt their own friends and those with whom they
Wherein disorder and destruction seem'd
To strive, which should the pow'rfullest be deem'd.

And whilst the dauphin of Averney cries,
"Stay, men at arms, let fortune do her worst,
And let that villain, from the field that flies,
By babes yet to be born be ever curst:
All under Heav'n that we can hope for lies
On this day's battle; let me be the first
That turn'd ye back upon your desp'rate foes,
To save our honours, though our lives we lose."

To whom comes in the earl of Ewe, which long
Had in the battle ranged here and there,
A thousand bills, a thousand bows among,
And had seen many spectacles of fear;
And finding yet the dauphin's spirit so strong,
By that which he had chanc'd from him to hear,
Upon the shoulder claps him, "Prince," quoth
"Since I must fall, O let me fall with thee." [he,

Scarce had he spoke, but th' English them enclose,
And like to mastiffs fiercely on them flew,
Who with like courage strongly them oppose;
When the lord Beaumont, who their armings knew,
Their present peril to brave Suffolk shows:
Quoth he, "Lo where D' Averney are, and Ewe!
In this small time, who, since the field begun,
Have done as much as can by men be done.

"Now slaughter cease me, if I do not grieve
Two so brave spirits should be untimely slain;
Lies there no way, my lord, them to relieve,
And for their ransoms two such to retain?"
Quoth Suffolk, "Come, we'll hazard their reprieve,
And share our fortunes." In they go amain,
And with such danger thro' the press they wade,
As of their lives but small account they made.

Yet ere they through the cluster'd crowds could
get,
Oft down on those there trod to death that lay,
The valiant dauphin had discharg'd his debt,
Than whom no man had bravelier serv'd that day.
The earl of Ewe, and wond'rous hard beset,
Had left all hope of life to 'scape away,
Till noble Beaumont and brave Suffolk came,
And, as their pris'ner, seiz'd him by his name.

Now the main battle of the French came on,
The vanward vanquish'd, quite the field doth fly,
And other helps besides this they have none,
But that their hopes do on their main rely;
And therefore now it standeth them upon
To fight it bravely, or else yield or die!
For the fierce English charge so home and sore,
As in their hands Jove's thunderbolts they
bore.

The duke of York, who since the fight begun,
Still in the top of all his troops was seen,
And things well-near beyond belief had done,
Which of his fortune made him overween
Himself so far, into the main doth run;
So that the French, which quickly got between
Him and his succours, that great chieftain slew,
Who bravely fought whilst any breath he drew.

The news soon brought to this courageous king,
O'erspread his face with a distemper'd fire;
Though making little show of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes exprest his ire,
More than before the Frenchmen menacing:
And he was heard thus softly to respire:
"Well, of thy blood revenged will I be,
Or, ere one hour be past, I'll follow thee!"

When as the frolic cavalry of France,
That in the head of the main battle came,
Perceiv'd the king of England to advance
To charge in person, it doth them inflame;
Each one well-hoping it might be his chance
To seize upon him, which was all their aim:
Then with the bravest of the English met,
Themselves that there before the king had set.

When the earl of Cornwal, with unusual force,
Encounters Grandpre, next that came to hands,
In strength his equal, blow for blow they scorce,
Wielding their axes as they had been wands,
Till the earl tumbles Grandpre from his horse;
Over whom straight the count Salines stands,
And lendeth Cornwal such a blow withal,
Over the crupper, that he makes him fall.

Cornwal recovers, for his arms were good,
And to Salines maketh up again,
Who chang'd such boist'rous buffets, that the blood
Doth through the joints of their strong armour
strain,
Till count Salines sunk down where he stood.
Blamount, who sees the count Salines slain,
Straight copes with Cornwal, beaten out of breath,
Till Kent comes in, and rescues him from death.

Kent upon Blamount furiously doth fly,
Who at the earl with no less courage struck,
And one the other with such knocks they ply,
That either's ax in th' other's helmet stuck; [thigh;
Whilst they are wrestling, crossing thigh with
Their axes' pikes which soonest out should pluck,
They fall to ground, like in their casks to smother,
With their clutcht gauntlets cuffing one another.

Couragious Cluet[32], grieved at the sight
Of his friend Blamount's unexpected fall,
Makes in to lend him all the aid he might,
Whose coming seem'd the stout lord Scales to call;
Betwixt whom then began a mortal fight,
When instantly fell in sir Philip Hall;
'Guinst him goes Roussy, in then Lovell ran,
Whom next count Morvile chuseth as his man.

Their cuirases are unriveted with blows,
With horrid wounds their breasts and faces flasht;
There drops a cheek, and there falls off a nose,
And in one's face his fellow's brains are dasht:
Yet still the better with the English goes;
The earth of France with her own blood is washt;
They fall so fast, she scarce affords them room,
That one man's trunk becomes another's tomb.

When Suffolk chargeth Huntington with sloth,
Over himself too wary to have been,
And had neglected his fast-plighted troth
Upon the field, the battle to begin,
That where the one was, there they would be both:
When the stout earl of Huntington, to win
Trust with his friends, doth this himself enlarge
To this great earl, who dares him thus to charge.

"My lord," quoth he, "it is not that I fear,
More than yourself, that so I have not gone;
But that I have been forced to be near
The king, whose person I attend upon,
And that I doubt not but to make appear
Now, if occasion shall but call me on;
Look round about, my lord, if you can see,
Some brave adventure worthy you and me."

"See yon proud banner of the duke of Barr's,
Methinks it wafts us, and I hear it say,
'Where's that courageous Englishman that dares
Adventure but to carry me away?'
This were a thing now worthy of our wars."
"Is't true?" quoth Suffolk; "by this blessed day,
On, and we have it."—"Say'st thou so indeed?"
Quoth Huntington; "then fortune be our
speed.

[32] Called Cluet of Brabant.

And through the ranks then rushing in their pride,
They make a lane, about them so they lay;
Foot goes with foot, and side is join'd to side,
They strike down all that stand within their way,
And to direct them have no other guide,
But as they see the multitude to sway;
And as they pass, the French, as to defy, [cry.
" Saint George for England and the king!" they

By their examples, each brave English blood
Upon the Frenchmen for their ensigns run,
Thick there as trees within a well-grown wood,
Where great achievements instantly were done,
Against them toughly whilst that nation stood.
But O! what man his destiny can shun?
That noble Suffolk there is overthrown,
When he much valour sundry ways had shown.

Which the proud English farther doth provoke,
Who to destruction bodily were bent,
That the main battle instantly they broke,
Upon the French so furiously they went;
And not an English but doth scorn a stroke,
If to the ground it not a Frenchman sent,
Who, weak with wounds, their weapons from them threw,
With which the English fearfully them slew.

Alanzon back upon the rearward borne
By those unarm'd that from the English fled,
All farther hopes then utterly forlorn,
His noble heart in his full bosom bled: [sworn?
" What fate," quoth he, " our overthrow hath
Must France a pris'ner be to England led?
Well, if she be so, yet I'll let her see,
She bears my carcase with her, and not me."

And puts his horse upon his full career,
When with the courage of a valiant knight
(As one that knew not, or forgot to fear)
He tow'rds king Henry maketh in the fight,
And all before him as he down doth bear,
Upon the duke of Gloucester doth light,
Which on the youthful chivalry doth bring, [king.
Scarce two pikes' length that came before the

Their staves both strongly riveted with steel,
At the first stroke each other they astound,
That as they stagg'ring from each other reel,
The duke of Glo'ster falleth to the ground;
When as Alanzon round about doth wheel,
Thinking to lend him his last deadly wound,
In comes the king, his brother's life to save,
And to this brave duke a fresh onset gave.

When as themselves like thunderbolts they shot
One at the other, and the light'ning brake
Out of their helmets, and again was not,
Ere of their strokes the ear a sound could take,
Betwixt them two the conflict grew so hot,
Which those about them so amaz'd doth make,
That they stood still, as wond'ring at the sight,
And quite forgot that they themselves must fight.

Upon the king Alanzon prest so sore,
That with a stroke (as he was wond'rous strong)
He cleft the crown that on his helm he wore,
And tore his plume, that to his heels it hung;
Then with a second bruis'd his helm before,
That it his forehead pitifully wrung;
As some that saw it certainly had thought,
The king therewith had to the ground been brought.

But Henry soon, Alanzon's ire to quit,
(As now his valour lay upon the rack)
Upon the face the duke so strongly hit,
As in his saddle laid him on his back;
And once perceiving that he had him split,
Follow'd his blows, redoubling thwack on thwack,
Till he had lost his stirrups, and his head
Hung where his horse was like thereon to tread.

When soon two other seconding their lord,
His kind companions in this glorious prize,
Hoping again the duke to have restor'd,
If to his feet his arms would let him rise;
On the king's helm their height of fury scor'd,
Who like a dragon fiercely on them flies,
And on his body slew them both, whilst he
Recovering was their aid again to be.

The king thus made the master of the fight,
The duke calls to him as he there doth lie:
" Henry, I'll pay my ransom, do me right,
I am the duke Alanzon, it is I."
The king to save him putting all his might,
Yet the rude soldiers, with their shout and cry,
Quite drown'd his voice, his helmet being shut,
And that brave duke into small pieces cut.

Report once spread through the distracted host,
Of their prime hope the duke Alanzon slain,
That flower of France, on whom they trusted most,
They found their valour was but then in vain;
Like men their hearts that utterly had lost,
Who slowly fled before, now ran amain;
Nor could a man be found but that despairs,
Seeing the fate both of themselves and theirs.

The duke Nevers now, in this sad retreat,
By David Gam and Morisby persu'd,
(Who, throughly chaf'd, near melted into sweat,
And with French blood their pole-axes imbru'd)
They seize upon him following the defeat,
Amongst the faint and fearful multitude;
When a contention fell between them twain,
To whom the duke should rightfully pertain.

" I must confess, thou had'st him first in chase,"
Quoth Morisby, " but left'st him in the throng,
Then put I on." Quoth Gam, " Hast thou the face,
Insulting knight, to offer me this wrong?"
Quoth Morisby, " Who shall decide the case?
Let him confess to whom he doth belong."
" Let him," quoth Gam; " but if't be not to me,
For any right you have, he may go free."

With that courageous Morisby grew hot:
" Were not," said he, " his ransom worth a pin,
Now by these arms I wear, thou get'st him not;
Or if thou do'st, thou shalt him hardly win."
Gam, whose Welch blood could hardly brook this blot,
To bend his ax upon him doth begin:
He his at him, till the lord Beaumont came,
Their rash attempt and wisely thus doth blame.

" Are not the French twice trebled to our pow'r,
And fighting still, nay, doubtful yet the day?
Think you not these us fast enough devour,
But that your braves the army must dismay?
If aught but good befall us in this hour,
This be you sure, your lives for it must pay:
Then first the end of this day's battle see,
And then decide whose pris'ner he shall be."

Now Exeter, with his untainted rear,
Came on, which long had labour'd to come in;
And with the king's main battle up doth bear,
Who still kept off till the last hour had been;
He cries and clamours ev'ry way doth hear,
But yet he knew not which the day should win;
Nor asks of any what were fit to do,
But where the French were thick'st, he falleth to.

The earl of Vendome, certainly that thought
The English fury somewhat had been staid,
Weary with slaughter, as men over-wrought,
Nor had been spurr'd on by a second aid,
For his own safety then more fiercely fought,
Hoping the tempest somewhat had been laid;
And he thereby, tho' suff'ring the defeat,
Might keep his rearward whole in his retreat.

On whom the duke of Exeter then fell,
Rear with the rear now for their valours vie;
Ours find the French their lives will dearly sell,
And the English mean as dearly them to buy:
The English follow, should they run through Hell,
And through the same the French must, if they fly;
When to 't they go, deciding it with blows;
With th' one side now, then with th' other 't goes.

But the stern English, with such luck and might,
(As though the fates had sworn to take their parts)
Upon the French prevailing in the fight,
With doubled hands and with redoubled hearts,
The more in peril still the more in plight,
'Gainst them whom fortune miserably thwarts;
Disabled quite before the foe to stand,
But fall like grass before the mower's hand:

That this French earl is beaten on the field,
His fighting soldiers round about him slain;
And when himself a pris'ner he would yield,
And begg'd for life, it was but all in vain;
Their bills the English do so eas'ly wield,
To kill the French, as though it were no pain;
For this to them was their auspicious day,
The more the English fight, the more they may.

When now the marshal Boucequalt, which long
Had through the battle waded ev'ry way,
Oft hazarded the murther'd troops among,
Encouraging them to abide the day;
Finding the army that he thought so strong,
Before the English faintly to dismay,
Brings on the wings which of the rest remain'd,
With which the battle stoutly he maintain'd.

Till old sir Thomas Erpingham at last
With those three hundred archers cometh in,
Which laid in ambush not three hours yet past,
Had the defeat of the French army been;
With these that noble soldier maketh haste,
Lest other from him should the honour win;
Who, as before, now stretch their well-waxt strings
At the French horse, then coming in the wings.

The soil with slaughter ev'ry where they load,
Whilst the French stoutly to the English stood;
The drops from either's empty'd veins that flow'd,
Where it was lately firm, had made a flood:
But Hear'n that day to the brave English ow'd;
The Sun that rose in water, set in blood;
Nothing but horrour to be look'd for there,
And the stout marshal vainly doth but fear.

His horse sore wounded, whilst he went aside
To take another still that doth attend,
A shaft which some too lucky hand doth guide,
Piercing his gorget, brought him to his end;
Which when the proud lord Falconbridge espy'd,
Thinking from thence to bear away his friend,
Struck from his horse with many a mortal wound,
Is by the English nailed to the ground.

The marshal's death so much doth them affright,
That down their weapons instantly they lay,
And better yet to fit them for their flight,
Their weightier arms they wholly cast away;
Their hearts so heavy, makes their heels so light,
That there was no entreating them to stay;
O'er hedge and ditch distractedly they take,
And happiest he that greatest haste could make.

When Vadamont now in the conflict met
With valiant Brabant, whose high valour shewn
That day, did many a blunted courage whet,
Else long before that from the field had flown:
Quoth Vadamont, "See how we are beset,
To death like to be trodden by our own!
My lord of Brabant, what is to be done?
See, how the French before the English run!"

"Why let them run, and never turn the head,"
Quoth the brave duke, "until their hateful breath
Forsake their bodies, and so far have fled,
That France be not disparag'd by their death:
Who trusts to cowards ne'er is better sped.
Be he accurst with such that holdeth faith;
Slaughter consume the recreants as they flie,
Branded with shame, so basely may they die.

Ignoble French, your fainting cow'rdice craves
The dreadful curse of your own mother Earth,
Hard'ning her breast, not to allow you graves,
Be she so much ashamed of your birth:
May he be curst that one of you but saves;
And be in France hereafter such a dearth
Of courage, that men from their wits it fear,
A drum or trumpet when they hap to hear.

"From Burgundy brought I the force I had,
To fight for them that ten from one do flie;
It splits my breast, O that I could be mad!
To vex these slaves, who would not dare to die?
In all this army is there not a lad,
Th' ignoble French for cowards that dare cry?
If scarce one found, then let me be that one,
The English army that oppos'd alone."

This said, he puts his horse upon his speed,
And in like light'ning on the English flew,
Where many a mother's son he made to bleed,
Whilst him with much astonishment they view;
Where having acted many a knight-like deed,
Him and his horse they all to pieces hew:
Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,
Except Alanzon, than did any man.

When as report to great king Henry came,
Of a vast rout which from the battle fled,
(Amongst the French most men of special name)
By the stout English fiercely followed;
Had for their safety (much though to their shame)
Got in their flight into so strong a sted,
So fortify'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
They might not thence, but with much blood, be brought.

An aged rampier with huge ruins heapt,
Which serv'd for shot 'gainst those that should assail,
Whose narrow entrance they with cross-bows kept,
Whose sharpen'd quarries came in show'rs like hail.
Quoth the brave king, "First let the field be swept,
And with the rest we well enough shall deal."
Which tho' some heard, and so shut up their ear,
Yet relish'd not with many soldiers there.

Some that themselves by ransoms would enrich,
To make their prey of peasants yet despise,
Felt, as they thought, their bloody palms to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize;
Others, whom only glory doth bewitch,
Rather than life would to this enterprise;
Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one
Would put himself this great exploit upon.

Which Woodhouse hearing, merrily thus spake,
One that right well knew both his worth and wit:
"A dangerous thing it is to undertake
A fort, where soldiers are defending it;
Perhaps they sleep, and if they should awake,
With stones, or with their shafts, they may us hit,
And in our conquest whilst so well we fare,
It were meer folly; but I see none dare."

Which Gam o'erhearing, being near at hand:
"Not dare!" quoth he, and angerly doth frown;
"I tell thee, Woodhouse, some in presence stand,
Dare prop the Sun, if it were falling down;
Dare grasp the bolt from thunder in his hand,
And through a cannon leap into a town;
I tell thee, a resolved man may do
Things that thy thoughts yet never mounted to."

"I know that resolution may do much,"
Woodhouse replies; "but who could act my thought,
With his proud head, the pole might easily touch.
And Gam," quoth he, "though bravely thou hast fought,
Yet not the fame thou hast attain'd to such,
But that behind as great is to be bought,
And yonder 'tis; then, Gam, come up with me,
Where soon the king our courages shall see."

"Agreed," quoth Gam; and up their troops they call,
Hand over head and on the French they ran,
And to the fight couragiously they fall,
When on both sides the slaughter soon began.
Fortune a while indifferent is to all,
These what they may, and those do what they can;
Woodhouse[1] and Gam upon each other vie,
By arms their manhood desp'ratly to try.

To climb the fort the light-arm'd English strive,
And some by trees there growing to ascend;
The French with flints let at the English drive,
Themselves with shields the Englishmen defend,
And fain the fort down with their hands would rive;
Thus either side their utmost pow'r extend,
Till valiant Gam, sore wounded, drawn aside
By his own soldiers, shortly after dy'd.

[1] For this service done by Woodhouse, there was an addition of honour given him; which was a hand holding a club, with the words, *Frappe fort*, which is born by the family of the Woodhouse of Norfolk to this day.

Then take they up the bodies of the slain,
Which for their targets ours before them bear,
And with a fresh assault come on again;
Scarce in the field yet such a fight as there:
Cross-bows and long-bows at it are amain,
Until the French, their massacre that fear,
Of the fierce English a cessation crave,
Off'ring to yield, so they their lives would save.

Lewis of Bourbon, in the furious heat
Of this great battle, having made some stay,
Who with the left wing suffer'd a defeat
In the beginning of this luckless day,
Finding the English forcing their retreat,
And that much hope upon his valour lay;
Fearing lest he might undergo some shame,
That were unworthy of the Bourbon name,

Hath gather'd up some scatter'd troops of horse,
That in the field stood doubtful what to do,
Though with much toil, which he doth reinforce
With some small pow'r that he doth add thereto,
Proclaiming still the English had the worse;
And now at last, with him if they would go,
He dares assure them victory; if not,
The greatest fame that ever soldiers got.

And being wise, so Bourbon to beguile
The French, preparing instantly to fly,
Procures a soldier, by a secret wile,
To come in swiftly, and to crave supply,
That if with courage they would fight a while,
It certain was the English all should die;
For that the king had offer'd them to yield,
Finding his troops to leave him on the field.

When Arthur earl of Richmount, coming in
With the right wing, that long stay'd out of sight,
Having too lately with the English been;
But finding Bourbon bent again to fight,
His former credit hoping yet to win
(Which at that instant easily he might)
Comes up close with him, and puts on as fast,
Bravely resolv'd to fight it to the last.

And both encourag'd by the news was brought
Of the arriving of the dauphin's power,
Whose speedy van their rear had almost raught
(From Agincourt discover'd from a tower)
Which with the Norman gallantry was fraught,
And on the sudden coming like a shower,
Would bring a deluge on the English host,
Whilst yet they stood their victory to boast.

And on they come, as doth a rolling tide
Forc'd by a wind, that shoves it forth so fast,
Till it choke up some channel side to side,
And the craz'd banks doth down before it cast,
Hoping the English would not them abide,
Or would be so amated at their haste,
That should they fail to rout them at their will,
Yet of their blood the fields should drink their [fill.

When as the English, whose o'er-weary'd arms
Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore,
These unexpected and so fierce alarms
To their first strength do instantly restore,
And like a stove their stiffen'd sinews warms
To act as bravely as they did before;
And the proud French as stoutly to oppose,
Scorning to yield one foot despight of blows.

The fight is fearful; for stout Bourbon brings
His fresher forces on with such a shock,
That they were like to cut the archers' strings,
Ere they their arrows handsomely could nock:
The French, like engines that were made with springs,
Themselves so fast into the English lock,
That th' one was like the other down to bear,
In wanting room to strike, they stood so near.

Till stagg'ring long, they from each other reel'd,
Glad that themselves they so could disengage!
And failing back upon the spacious field
(For this last scene that is the bloody stage)
Where they their weapons liberally could wield,
They with such madness execute their rage,
As though the former fury of the day,
To this encounter had but been a play.

Slaughter is now dissected to the full:
Here from their backs their batter'd armours fall;
Here a sleft shoulder, there a cloven skull;
There hang his eyes, out-beaten with a mall;
Until the edges of their bills grow dull,
Upon each other they so spend their gall.
Wild shouts and clamours all the air do fill:
The French cry "Tue," and the English "Kill."

The duke of Barr, in this vast spoil, by chance
With the lord St. John on the field doth meet,
Tow'rds whom that brave duke doth himself advance,
Who with the like encounter him doth greet:
This English baron and this peer of France,
Grappling together, falling from their feet,
With the rude crowds had both to death been crush'd,
In for their safety had their friends not rush'd.

Both again rais'd, and both their soldiers shift
To save their lives, if any way they could;
But as the French the duke away would lift,
Upon his arms the English taking hold
(Men of that sort, that thought upon their thrift)
Knowing his ransom dearly would be sold,
Drag him away in spite of their defence,
Which to their quarter would have borne him thence.

Mean while brave Bourbon, from his stirring horse
Gall'd with an arrow, to the earth is thrown;
By a mean soldier seized on by force,
Hoping to have him certainly his own;
Which this lord holdeth better so than worse,
Since the French fortune to that ebb is grown;
And he perceives the soldier him doth deem
To be a person of no mean esteem.

Berkeley and Burnell, two brave English lords,
Flush'd with French blood, and in their valour's pride,
Above their arm'd heads brandishing their swords
As they triumphing through the army ride,
Finding what prizes fortune here affords
To every soldier, and more wistly ey'd
This gallant pris'ner; by this arming see
Of the great Bourbon family to be;

And from the soldier they his pris'ner take,
Of which the French lord seemeth wond'rous fain,
Thereby his safety more secure to make:
Which when the soldier finds his hopes in vain,
So rich a booty forced to forsake,
To put himself and pris'ner out of pain,
He on the sudden stabs him, and doth swear,
Would th'ave his ransom, they should take it there.

When Ross and Morley making in amain,
Bring the lord Darcy up with them along,
Whose horse had lately under him been slain,
And they on foot found fighting in the throng,
Those lords his friends remounting him again,
Being a man that valiant was and strong;
They all together with a gen'ral hand
Charge on the French that they could find to stand.

And yet but vainly, as the French suppos'd;
For th' earl of Richmount forth such earth had found,
That on two sides with quick-set was enclos'd,
And the way to it by a rising ground,
By which a while the English were oppos'd,
At every charge; which else came up so round,
As that except the passage put them by,
The French as well might leave their arms, and fly

Upon both parts it furiously is fought,
And with such quickness riseth to that height,
That horrour need no farther to be sought,
If only that might satisfy the sight.
Who would have fame, full dearly here it bought,
For it was sold by measure and by weight:
And at one rate the price still certain stood,
An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood.

When so it hapt, that Dampier in the van
Meets with stout Darcy; but whilst him he press'd,
Over and over cometh horse and man,
Of whom the other soon himself possess'd:
When as Savesses upon Darcy ran
To aid Dampier; but as he him address'd,
A halbert taking hold upon his greaves,
Him from his saddle violently heaves.

When soon five hundred Englishmen at arms,
That to the French had given many a chase,
And when they cover'd all the field with swarms,
Yet oft that day had bravely bid them base;
Now at the last, by raising fresh alarms,
And coming up with an unusual pace,
Made them to know, that they must run or yield;
Never till now the English had the field,

Where Arthur, earl of Richmount, beaten down,
Is left (suppos'd of ev'ry one) for dead;
But afterwards awaking from his swoon,
By some that found him was recovered.
So count Du Marle was likewise overthrown,
As he was turning, meaning to have fled,
Who fights, the cold blade in his bosom feels;
Who flies, still hears it whissing at his heels.

Till all disrank'd, like silly sheep they run,
By threats nor pray'rs to be constrain'd to stay,
For that their hearts were so extremely done,
That fainting, oft they fall upon the way;
Or when they might a present peril shun,
They rush upon it by their much dismay;
That from the English should they safely fly,
Of their own very fear yet they should die.

Some they take pris'ners, other some they kill,
As they affect those upon whom they fall;
For they, as victors, may do what they will,
For who this conqu'ror to account dare call?
In gore the English seem their souls to swill,
And the dejected French must suffer all;
Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the only three,
To which themselves subjected they do see,

A shoeless soldier there a man might meet
Leading his monsieur by the arms fast bound;
Another his had shackled by the fee,
Who like a cripple shuffled on the ground;
Another, three or four before him beat
Like harmful cattle driven to a pound:
They must abide it, so the victor will,
Who at his pleasure may or save or kill.

That brave French gallant, when the fight began
Whose lease of lackies ambled by his side,
Himself a lackey now most basely ran,
Whilst a ragg'd soldier on his horse doth ride;
That rascal is no less than at his man,
Who was but lately to his luggage ty'd;
And the French lord now court'sies to that slave,
Who the last day his alms was like to crave.

And those few English wounded in the fight,
They force the French to bring with them away,
Who when they were depressed with the weight,
Yet dar'd not once their burden down to lay:
Those in the morn whose hopes were at their height,
Are fall'n thus low ere the departing day!
With picks of halberts prickt instead of goads,
Like tired horses lab'ring with their loads.

But as the English from the field return,
Some of those French who when the fight began
Forsook their friends, and hoping yet to earn
Pardon, for that so cowardly they ran,
Assay the English carriages to burn,
Which to defend them scarcely had a man;
For that their keepers to the field were got,
To pick such spoils as chance should them allot.

The captains of this rascal cow'rdly rout,
Were Isambert of Agincourt, at hand;
Riflant of Clunas, a dorp thereabout;
And for the chief in this their base command
Was Robinett of Burniville, throughout
The country known all order to withstand;
These, with five hundred peasants they had
The English tents upon an instant seiz'd. [rais'd,

For setting on those with the luggage left,
A few poor suttlers with the camp that went,
They basely fell to pillage and to theft;
And having rifled every booth and tent,
Some of the silliest they of life bereft;
The fear of which some of the other sent
Into the army with their sudden cries,
Which put the king in fear of fresh supplies.

For that his soldiers tired in the fight,
Their pris'ners more in number than they were,
He thought it for a thing of too much weight
T' oppose fresh forces, and to guard them there.
The dauphin's pow'rs yet standing in their sight,
And Bourbon's forces of the field not clear;
Those yearning cries that from the carriage came,
His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame:

And in his rage he instantly commands
That every English should his pris'ner kill,
Except some few in some great captain's hands,
Whose ransoms might his empty coffers fill.
All's one who's loose, or who is now in bonds,
Both must one way; it is the conqu'ror's will.
Those who late thought small ransoms them might free,
Saw only death their ransoms now must be.

Accursed French, and could it not suffice,
That ye but now bath'd in your native gore,
But ye must thus unfortunately rise,
To draw more plagues upon ye than before?
And 'gainst yourselves more mischief to devise
Than th' English could have? and set wide the door
To utter ruin, and to make an end
Of that yourselves, which others would not spend?

Their utmost rage the English now had breath'd,
And their proud hearts 'gan somewhat to relent;
Their bloody swords they quietly had sheath'd,
And their strong bows already were unbent;
To easeful rest their bodies they bequeath'd,
Nor farther harm at all to you they meant;
And to that pains must ye them needly put,
To draw their knives once more your throats to cut?

That French who lately by the English stood,
And freely ask'd what ransom he should pay,
Who somewhat cool'd and in a calmer mood,
Agreed with him both of the sum and day,
Now finds his flesh must be the present food
For wolves and ravens, for the same that stay;
And sees his blood on th' other's sword to flow,
Ere his quick sense could apprehend the blow.

Whilst one is asking what the bus'ness is,
Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry;
He who detains him pris'ner, answers this,
"Monsieur, the king commands that you must die!
This is plain English." Whilst he's killing his,
He sees another on a Frenchman fly,
And with a pole-ax dasheth out his brains,
Whilst he's demanding what the garboil means.

That tender heart, whose chance it was to have
Some one that day who did much valour show,
Who might perhaps have had him for his slave,
But equal lots had fate pleas'd to bestow;
He who his pris'ner willingly would save,
Lastly constrain'd to give the deadly blow,
That sends him down to everlasting sleep,
Turning his face, full bitterly doth weep.

Ten thousand French, that inwardly were well,
Save some light hurts that any man might heal,
Even at an instant, in a minute fell,
And their own friends their deaths to them do deal.
Yet of so many, very few could tell,
Nor could the English perfectly reveal,
The deep'rate cause of this disast'rous hap,
But ev'n as thunder kill'd them with a c'ap.

How happy were those in the very height
Of this great battle that had bravely dy'd!
When as their boiling bosoms, in the fight,
Felt not the sharp steel thorough them to slide;
But these now in a miserable plight,
Must in cold blood this massacre abide,
Caus'd by those villains (curst alive and dead)
That from the field the passed morning fled.

When as the king to crown this glorious day,
Now bids his soldiers, after all this toil,
(No forces found that more might them dismay)
Of the dead French to take the gen'ral spoil,
Whose heaps had well-near stopt up ev'ry way,
For ev'n as clods they cover'd all the soil:
Commanding none should any one control,
Catch that catch might, but each man to his dole.

They fall to groping busily for gold,
Of which about them the slain French had store;
They find as much as well their hands can hold;
Who had but silver, him they counted poor.
Scarfs, chains, and bracelets, were not to be told;
So rich as these no soldiers were before.
Who got a ring, would scarcely put it on,
Except therein there were some radiant stone.

Out of rich suits the noblest French they strip,
And leave their bodies naked on the ground;
And each one fills his knapsack, or his scrip,
With some rare thing that on the field is found:
About his bus'ness he doth nimbly skip,
That had upon him many a cruel wound: [slain,
And where they found a French not outright
They him a pris'ner constantly retain.

Who scarce a shirt had but the day before,
Nor a whole stocking to keep out the cold,
Hath a whole wardrobe at command in store,
In the French fashion flaunting it in gold;
And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,
Chocking his crowns; and grows thereby so bold,
That proudly he a captain's name assumes,
In his gilt gorget with his tossing plumes.

Waggons and carts are laden till they crackt,
With arms and tents there taken in the field;
For want of carriage, on whose tops are packt
Ensigns, coat-armours, targets, spears, and shields:
Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt,
For all the country to king Henry yields;
And the poor peasant helps along to bear,
What late the goods of his proud landlord were.

A horse well-furnish'd for a present war,
For a French crown might any where be bought;
But if so be that he had any scar,
Thro' ne'er so small, he valu'd was at nought.
With spoils so sated the proud English are,
Amongst the slain that who for pillage sought,
Except some rich caparizon he found,
For a steel saddle would not stoop to ground.

And many a hundred beaten down that were,
Whose wounds were mortal, others wondrous deep.
When as the English over-past'd they hear,
And no man left a watch on them to keep,
Into the bushes and the ditches near
Upon their weak hands and their knees do creep;
But for their hurts took air, and were undrest,
They were found dead, and buried with the rest.

Thus when the king saw that the coast was clear'd,
And of the French who were not slain were fled,
Nor in the field not any then appear'd,
That had the pow'r again so make a head:
This conqueror exceedingly is cheer'd,
Thanking his God that he so well had sped;
And so tow'rds Calais bravely marching on,
Leaveth sad France her losses to bemoan.

THE BARONS' WARS,

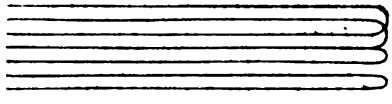
IN THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD II.

IN SIX BOOKS.

PREFACE TO THE READER.

ON THE AUTHOR'S PUBLISHING A SECOND AND IMPROV'D EDITION OF THE BARONS' WARS, WHICH HE HAD BEFORE CALLED MORTIMERIADOS.

That at first I made choice of this subject, I have not as yet repented; for, if the Muse hath not much abused me, it was most worthy to have found a more worthy pen than mine own. For the Barons' Wars (omitting the quality of those arms whereof I have not here to speak) were surely as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloodshed, and multitude of horrid accidents, fit matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore as at first the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more than boldness to venture on so noble a subject without leisure and competent study, either of which travail hardly affords; yet the importunity of friends made me, contrary to mine own judgment, undertake and publish it so as the world hath seen; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing that even as it was, it ought to have passed for better than some would suffer, who can hardly think any thing hath savour but their own, though never so unsavoury) or as if I should seem now to have exceeded myself, and failing in my hopes be kept without excuse. Grammaticasters have quarrel'd at the title of Mortimeriados, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of Mortimer at all, but the same better advice which hath caused me to alter the whole; and where before the stanza was of seven lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth,



the often harmony thereof soften'd the verse more than the majesty of the subject would permit, unless they had all been geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without new-fashioning the whole frame) I chose Ariosto's stanza, of all other the most complete and best proportioned, consisting of eight; six interwoven or alternate, and a couplet in base.

The quadrin doth never double; or, to use a word of heraldry, never bringeth forth gemells: The quinzain too soon. The sestin hath twins in the base, but they detain not the music nor the close, as musicians' term it, long enough for an epic poem. The stanza of seven is touched before; this of eight both holds the tune clean through to the base of the column, which is the couplet at the foot or bottom, and closeth not but with a full satisfaction to the ear for so long detention.

Briefly, this sort of stanza hath in it majesty, perfection, and solidity, resembling the pillar which in architecture is called the Tuscan, whose shaft is of six diameters, and base of two. The other reasons this place will not bear; but generally all stanzas are, in my opinion, but tyrants and torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which sometimes would otherwise scantle it-

self; a fault that great masters in this art strive to avoid.

Concerning the division which I use in this poem, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath used to distinguish works into books, and every one to bear the number of their order. Homer's Iliads and Odysses indeed are distinguished by several letters of the Greek alphabet, as all the world knows, and not by the numeral letters only, which to Iota are digit, and afterwards compound, the Alpha being our unit; for the Greeks had no figures nor cyphers in their arithmetic. Virgil's Æneis, Statius's Thebais, Silius's work of the Carthaginian war, Illyricus's Argonautics, Vida's Christeis, are all divided into books. The Italians use cantos, and so does our first great reformer Spenser. That I assume another name for the sections in this volume cannot be disgracious, nor unavowable.

Lastly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an epistle, I am to entreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himself a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that Spartan prince, who being found by certain ambassadors playing among his children, requested them to forbear to censure till also they had some of their own. To such I give as ample power and privilege as ever jus liberorum could in Rome, craving back again at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart! for great reason there is that they should undergo the license which themselves challenge; and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the most indifferent law of the Talio. Fare you well.

VERSES TO MR. DRAYTON.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

What ornament might I devise to fit
Th' aspiring height of thy admired spirit?
Or what fair garland worthy is to sit
On thy blest brows, that compass in all merit?
Thou shalt not crowned be with common bays,
Because for thee it is a crown too low;
Apollo's tree can yield thee simple praise,
It is too dull a vesture for thy brow:
But with a wreath of stars shalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working temples do sustain,
Will, like the spheres, be ever moving round
After the royal music of thy brain.
Thy skill doth equal Phœbus, not thy birth;
He to Heaven gives music, thou to Earth.

THOMAS GREENE.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Those painful wits, which Nature's depth admire,
And view the causes of unconstant strife,
Do tremble lest the universe expire
Through lasting jars, the enemies of life.
On earthly signs let not such sages look,
Nor on the clear aspects of hopeful stars,
But learn the world's continuance from thy book,
Which frames past Nature's force eternal wars;
Wherein the Muses showing perfect glory,
Adorn it so with graceful harmony,
That all the acts of this lamented story
Seem not perform'd for people's liberty,
Nor through the awe of an imperious king,
But that thy verses their deep wounds might sing.

JOHN BEAUMONT.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

Had I not lov'd thee and thy poesy,
Dear friend, my theme should of thy praises be:
But in weak brains it both suspicion move,
When, who is seen to praise, is known to love.
For tho' that first and virgin birth of thine
Be so articulate, so masculine,
So truly limb'd, so sinewy, so compact,
So sweetly fair, so every way exact,
As may endure the most judicious touch,
And give thy friends just reason to avouch
It, spite of Envy's teeth, a living birth:
Though second, third, fourth, fifth, of equal worth,
Though all be good; yet since affection
In judgment may, as shadow and projection
In landscape, make that which is low seem high,
That's shallow deep, small great, and far that's nigh;
So as it well may just suspicion move,
When, who is seen to praise, is known to love.
Yet thus my censure, this my doom shall be,
I'll always love thee and thy poesy.

E. HEYWARD.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND MICHAEL DRAYTON.

I must admire thee, but to praise were vain,
What every tasting palate so approves,
Thy martial Pyrrhic and thy epic strain,
Digesting wars with heart-uniting loves,
The two first authors of what is compos'd
In this round system all; its ancient lore,
All arts in discords and concents are clos'd.
(And when unwinged souls the fates restore
To th' Earth for reparation of their flights,
The first musicians, scholars, lovers make;
The next rank destinate to Mars his knights;
The following rabble meaner titles take.)
I see thy temples crown'd with Phœbus' rites,
Thy bay's to th' eye with lilly mixt and rose,
As to the ear a diapason close.

J. SELDEN.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The grievous plagues, and the prodigious signs,
That this great war and slaughter do foreshow;
Th' especial cause the baronage combines;
The queen's strong grief, whence many troubles grow;
The time by course unto our fall inclines,
And how each country doth to battle go;
What cause to yield the Mortimers pretend,
And their commitment perfecting the end.

The bloody factions, and rebellious pride,
Of a strong nation, whose unmanag'd might
Them from their natural sovereign did divide,
Their due subjection, and his lawful right,
Whom their light errour loosely doth misguide,
Urg'd by loose minions' tyrannous despight;
Me from the soft lays and tender loves doth bring,
Of dreadful fights and horrid wars to sing.

What hellish fury poison'd your high blood,
Or should bewitch you with accursed charms,
That, by pretending of the general good;
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous arms,
And from the safety wherein late you stood,
Reft of all taste, and feeling of your harms,
That France and Belgia, with affrighted eyes,
Were sad beholders of your miseries?

Th' inveterate rancour in their bosoms bred,
Who for their charter wag'd a former war,
Or through your veins this raging venom spred,
Whose next succeeding nephews now you are,
Or that hot gore your bows in conquest shed,
Having enlarg'd your country's bounds so far,
Ensign to ensign furiously oppose,
With blades of Bilboa dealing English blows.

O! thou, the great Director of my Muse,
On whose free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breast a sacred fire infuse,
Ravish my spirit this great work t' attend;
Let the still night my labour'd lines peruse,
Then, when my poems gain their wished end,
They whose sad eyes shall read this tragic story
In my weak hand, shall see thy might and glory.

What care would plot, dissensions quickly cross,
Which like an earthquake rends the tott'ring state,
By which abroad we bear a public loss,
Betray'd at home by means of private hate;
Whilst us these strange calamities do toss,
(The daily nurse of mutinous debate)
Confusion still our country's peace confounds,
No help at hand, and mortal all our wounds.

Thou Church, then swelling in thy mightiness,
Tending the care and safety of the soul;
O nurse not factions flowing in excess,
That with thy members should'st their grief condole!
In thee rests pow'r this outrage to repress,
Which might thy zeal and sanctity enroll;
Come thou in pureness meekly with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the unhallow'd sword.

Blood-thirsting War, arising first from Hell,
And in progression seizing on this isle,
Where it before near forty years did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which so many a worthy English fell,
By our first Edward banished awhile,
Transfer'd by fortune to the Scottish meer,
To ransack that, as it had ravin'd here.

Where hovering still, with inauspicious wings,
About the verge of these distemper'd climes,
Returning now, new errour hither brings,
To stir us up to these disast'rous crimes,
Weak'neth our power by oft diminishings;
And taking hold on these unsettled times,
Forcing our frailty sensually at length,
Crack'd the stiff nerves that knit our ancient strength.

Whose frightful vision, at the first approach,
With violent madness struck that desp'rate age,
So many sundry miseries abroach,
Giving full speed to their unbridled rage,
That did our ancient liberty encroach,
And in these strong conspiracies engage
The worthiest blood, the subjects' loss to bring,
By unnatural wrongs, unto their natural king.

When in the North, whilst horrour yet was young,
These dangerous seasons swiftly coming on,
Whilst o'er our heads portentous meteors hung,
And in the skies stern comets brightly shone,
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had been unknown,
In bloody issues forth the Earth doth break,
Weeping for us, whose woes it could not speak.

When, by the rankness of contagious air,
A mortal plague invadeth man and beast,
Which soon disperst and raging every where,
In doubt the same too quickly should have ceas'd,
More to confirm the certainty of fear,
By cruel famine haplessly increas'd,
As though the Heavens, in their remissful doom,
Took those best-lov'd from worser days to come.

The level course that we propose to go,
Now to th' intent you may more plainly see,
And that we every circumstance may show,
The state of things, and truly what they be,
And with what skill or project we bestow,
As our occurrents happen in degree;
From these portents we now divert our view,
To bring to birth the horrours that ensue.

The calling back of banish'd Gaveston,
'Gainst which the barons were to Longshanks sworn,
That insolent, lascivious minion,
A sovereign's blemish, and a country's scorn,
The signiories and great promotion,
Him in his lawless courses to suborn,
Stirs up that hateful and outragious strife,
That cost, e'er long, so many an English life.

O worthy Lacy! had'st thou spar'd that breath,
Which shortly after Nature thee deny'd,
To Lancaster deliver'd at thy death,
To whom thy only daughter was affy'd,
That this stern war too quickly publisheth,
To aid the barons 'gainst that minion's pride,
Thy earldoms, lands, and titles of renown,
Had not so soon return'd unto the crown.

The lordships Bruce unto the Spensers past,
Crossing the barons' vehement desire,
As from Jove's hand that fearful lightning cast,
When fifty towns lay spent in envious fire,
Alas! too vain and prodigal a waste,
The strong effects of their conceived ire;
Urging the weak king, with a violent hand,
T' abjure those false lords from the troubled land.

When the fair queen[1], that progressing in Kent,
Lastly deny'd her entrance into Leeds[2],
Whom Badlesmere unkindly doth prevent,
Who 'gainst his sovereign in this course proceeds,
As adding farther to this discontent,
One of the springs which this great mischief feeds,
Heaping on rage and horrour more and more,
To thrust on that which went too fast before.

Which more and more a kingly rage increas'd,
Mov'd with the wrongs of Gaveston degraded,
Which had so long been settled in his breast,
That all his powers it wholly had invaded,
Giving the Spensers an assured rest,
By whom his reasons chiefly are persuaded,
By whose lewd counsels he is only led
To leave his true queen, and his lawful bed.

[1] Isabel. [2] Leeds castle.

That now herself, who, while she stood in grace,
Apply'd her powers these discords to appease,
When yet confusion had not fully place,
Nor former times so dangerous as these,
A party now in their afflicted case,
A willing hand to his destruction lays;
That time, whose soft palm heals the wound of war,
May cure the sore, but never close the scar.

In all this heat, his greatness first began
The serious subject of our sadder vein,
Brave Mortimer, that ever-matchless man,
Of the old heroes' great and godlike strain;
For whom invention doing best it can,
His weight of honour hardly can sustain,
Bearing his name immortaliz'd and high,
When he in earth unnumber'd times shall lie.

That uncle now (whose name this nephew bare,
The only comfort of the woful queen)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was seen,
For this young lord now wisely doth prepare,
Whilst yet this deep heart-goring wound is green,
And on this fair advantage firmly wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

At whose deliberate and unusual birth,
The Heavens were said to council to retire,
And, in aspects of happiness and mirth,
Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t' aspire,
That took no mixture of the pond'rous earth,
But all compress'd of clear ascending fire,
So well made up, that such an one as he,
Jove, in a man, like Mortimer would be.

The temper of that nobler-moving part,
With such rare pureness rectify'd his blood,
Raising the powers of his resolved heart,
Too proud to be lock'd up within a flood,
That no misfortune possibly could thwart,
Which from the native greatness where it stood,
Even by the virtue of a piercing eye,
Show'd that his pitch was boundless as the sky.

Worthy the grandchild of so great a lord,
Who, whilst first Edward fortunately reign'd,
Re-edify'd great Arthur's ancient board,
The seat at goodly Kennelworth ordain'd,
The order of old knighthood there restor'd,
To which an hundred duly appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a court,
As best became that brave and martial sport.

The heart-swoln lords, with fury set on fire,
Who Edward's wrongs to vengeance still provoke,
With Lancaster and Hartford now conspire
No more to bear the Spensers' servile yoke.
And thus, whilst all a mutual change desire,
The ancient bonds of their allegiance broke,
Resolv'd with blood their liberty to buy,
And in this quarrel vow'd to live and die.

"What privilege hath our free birth," say they,
"Or in our blood what virtue doth remain,
To each lascivious minion made a prey,
That us and our nobility disdain,
Whilst they triumphant boast of our decay?
Either those spirits we do not now retain,
That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
Both from their greatness, liberty, and all.

"Honour, dejected from that sovereign state,
From whence at first it challenged a being,
Now prostitute to infamy and hate,
As with itself in all things disagreeing,
So out of order, disproportionate,
From her fair course preposterously flying;
Whilst others as themselves, and only we
Are not held those we would but seem to be.

"Then to what end hath our great conquest serv'd,
Those acts achieved by the Norman sword,
Our charters, patents, or our deeds reserv'd,
Our offices and titles to record,
The crests that on our monuments are carv'd,
If they to us no greater good afford?"
Thus do they murmur ev'ry one apart,
With many a vext soul, many a grieved heart.

This while the queen, to depth of sorrow thrown,
Wherein she wastes her flow'r of youth away,
Beyond belief, to all but Heaven unknown,
This quick'ning spark, where yet it bury'd lay,
By the sharp breath of desp'rate faction blown,
Converts her long night to the wished day,
Her woful winter of misfortune cheering,
As the dark world at the bright Sun's appearing.

Yet ill perplex'd amid these hard extremes,
All means depress'd her safety to prefer,
Depriv'd of those late comfortable beams,
Whose want might make her the more eas'ly err,
Her hopes relinquish'd like deceitful dreams,
Which in her breast such sundry passions stir,
Where struggling which each other should control,
Work strange confusion in her troubled soul.

That now disabled of all sovereign state,
That to her graces rightly did belong,
To be rejected, and repudiate,
So true a lady, goodly, fair, and young,
Which with more fervour still doth intimate
Her too-deep settled and inveterate wrong;
What wisdom would, a woman's will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

When to effect the angry fates pursue
In Heaven's high court, that long time did depend,
When these full mischiefs to a ripeness grew,
And now the harvest hast'ning in the end,
And all these lines into one centre drew,
Which way soe'er they seemingly extend;
All these together in proportion laid,
Each breath of hope a gale of certain aid.

Now is the time when Mortimer doth enter,
Of great employment in this tragic act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venture,
And tell him still how strongly he was back'd;
And at this instant in due season sent her,
When the straight course to her desire is track'd,
(And but upon more certainty doth stay)
By a direct, what though a dangerous way.

This dreadful comet drew her wond'ring eye,
Which now began his golden head to rear,
Whose glorious fixure in so fair a sky
Strikes the beholder with a chilly fear,
And in a region elevate and high,
And by the form wherein it did appear,
As the most skilful seriously divine,
Foreshow'd a kingdom shortly to decline.

Yet still recoiling at the Spensers' power,
As often check'd with their intemp'rate pride,
Th' inconstant barons wavering every hour,
The fierce encounter of this boisterous tide,
That easily might their livelihood devour,
Had she not those that skilfully could guide;
She from suspicion craftily retires,
Careless, in show, of what she most desires.

Dissembling grief, as one that knew not ill,
So can she rule the greatness of her mind,
As a most perfect rectoress of her will,
Above the usual weakness of her kind;
For all this storm, immoveable and still,
Her secret drift the wisest miss to find;
Nor will she know what (yet) these factions meant,
With a pleas'd eye to soothe sad discontent.

The least suspicion cunningly to heal,
Still in her looks humility she bears,
The safest way with mightiness to deal,
So policy religion's habit wears;
'Tis now no time her grievance to reveal,
He's mad who takes a lion by the ears:
This knew the queen, exampled by the wise;
This must they learn who rightly temporize.

The bishop Torleton, learned'st in the land,
Upon a text of politics to preach,
Which he long studying, well did understand,
And by a method could as aptly teach;
He was a prelate of a potent hand,
Wise was the man could go beyond his reach:
This subtile tutor Isabel had taught,
In nicer points than ever England sought.

Rage, which no longer limits can contain,
Lastly breaks forth into a public flame,
Their slipp'd occasion better to regain,
When to their purpose things so fitly frame,
And now discerned visibly and plain,
When treason boldly dare itself proclaim,
Casting aside all secular disguise,
Doth with proud legions furiously arise.

As Severn lately in her ebbs that sank,
Vast and forsaken leaves th' uncover'd sands,
Fetching full tides, luxurious, high and rank,
Seems in her pride t' invade the neighb'ring lands,
Breaking her limits, cov'ring all her banks,
Threat'ning the proud hills with her wat'ry hands,
As though she meant her empery to have,
Where e'en but lately she beheld her grave.

Through all the land, from places far and near,
Led to the field as fortune lots their side
(With th' ancient weapons us'd in war to bear)
As those directed whom they chose their guide;
Or else, perhaps, as they affected were,
Or as by friendship, or by duty, ty'd;
Sway'd by the strength and motion of their blood,
No cause examin'd, be it bad or good.

From Norfolk and the countries of the East,
That with the pike most skilfully could fight;
Then those of Kent, unconquer'd of the rest,
That to this day maintain their ancient right;
For courage no whit second to the best,
The Cornishmen, most active, bold, and light;
Those near the plain, the pole-ax best that wield,
And claim for theirs the vaward of the field.

The noble Welsh, of th' ancient British race;
From Lancashire, men famous for their bows;
The men of Cheshire, chiefest for their place,
Of bone so big, as only made for blows,
Which for their faith are had in special grace,
And have been ever fearful to their foes;
The Northern then in feuds so deadly fell,
That for their spear and horsemanship excel.

All that for use experience could espy,
Such as in fens and marsh-lands us'd to trade,
The doubtful fords and passages to try,
With stilts and lope staves that do aptliest wade,
Most fit for scouts and currers, to descry;
Those from the mines, with pick-ax and with spade,
For pioneers best, that for entrenching are,
Men chiefly needful in the use of war.

O noble nation! furnished with arms,
So full of spirit, as almost match'd by none!
Had Heaven but blest thee to foresee thy harms,
And, as thy valiant nephews did, have gone,
Roan, Orleance, Paris, shaking with alarms,
As the bright Sun thy glory then had shone;
To other realms thou hadst transferr'd this chance, [France.
Nor had your sons been first that conquer'd

And thus on all hands setting up their rest,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to do his best,
When at the stake their lives and fortunes lay,
No cross event their purposes to wrest,
Being now on in so direct a way: [game,
Yet whilst they play this strange and doubtful
The queen stands off, and secretly gives aim.

But Mortimer his foot had scarcely set
Into the road where Fortune had to deal,
But she, dispos'd his forward course to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveal,
Glory to her vain deity to get
By him, whose strange birth bare her ominous seal:
Taking occasion, from that very hour,
In him to prove and manifest her pow'r.

As when we see the early-rising Sun
With his bright beams to emulate our sight;
But when his course yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous fogs deprive us of his light,
Till through the clouds he his clear forehead run,
Climbing the noon-tide in his glorious height:
His clear beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

The king, discreetly that considered
The space of earth whereon the barons stand,
As what the powers to them contributed,
Then being himself but partner of his land;
Of the small strength and army that he led
'Gainst them, which did so great a pow'r command,
Wisely about him doth begin to look:
Great was the task which now he undertook.

And, warn'd by danger to misdoubt the worst,
In equal scales whilst either's fortunes hung,
He must perform the utmost that he durst,
Or undergo intolerable wrong:
As good to stir, as after be enforc'd;
To stop the source whence all these mischiefs sprung,
He with the Marchers thinks best to begin,
Which first must lose, ere he could hope to win.

The Mortimers being men of greatest might,
Whose name was dreadful, and commanded far,
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty spright,
Strongly ally'd, much follow'd, popular,
On whom if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the war:
Which he intendeth speedily to try,
To quit that first which most stood in his eye.

For which he expeditiously provided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided,
Their combination cunningly to let;
Which should they join, would be so strongly sided,
Two mighty hosts together safely met,
The face of war would look so stern and great,
As it might threat to heave him from his seat.

Wherefore the king from London setteth forth
With a full army, furnish'd of the best,
Accompany'd with men of special worth,
Which to this war his promises had prest.
Great Lancaster was lord of all the North,
The Mortimers were masters of the West,
He tow'rds mid England makes the way 'twixt either [gether.
Which they must cross, ere they could come to-

Strongly inveigled with delightful hope,
Stoutly t' affront and shoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a resolved troop,
That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whose stubborn crests if he enforc'd to stoop,
It him behoves to tempt some pow'rful fate,
And thro' stern guards of swords and hostile fire
Make way to peace, or shamefully retire.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,
(Expecting those that them supplies should bring,
Which had too long abus'd them by delay)
Were suddenly encounter'd by the king,
They then perceive that dilatory stay
To be the causer of their ruining,
When at their bosoms black Destruction stood,
With open jaws, prepared for their blood.

And by the shifting of th' unconstant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which even at first so awkwardly they find,
Before they could give sea-room to their fleet,
Clean from their course, and cast so far behind,
And yet in peril every hour to split,
Some unknown harbour suddenly must sound,
Or run their fortunes desp'rately on ground.

The elder peer, grave, politic, and wise,
Which had all dangers absolutely scann'd,
Finding high time his nephew to advise,
Since now their state stood on this desp'rate hand,
And from this mischief many more to rise,
Which his experience made him understand:
"Nephew," saith he, "'tis but in vain to strive,
Counsel must help our safety to contrive.

"The downright peril present in our eye,
Not to be shunn'd, we see what it assures;
Think then what weight upon our fall doth lie,
And what our being this design procures:
As to our friends what good may grow thereby,
Prove, which the test of reason best endures:
For who observes strict policy's true laws,
Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

"To hazard fight with the imperial powers,
Will our small troops undoubtedly appall;
Then this our war us wilfully devours,
Yielding ourselves; yet thus we lose not all,
We leave our friends this smaller force of ours,
Reserv'd for them, though haplessly we fall:
That weakness ever hath a glorious hand,
That falls itself to make the cause to stand.

"'Twixt unexpected and so dang'rous ills,
That's saf'st, wherein we smallest peril see,
Which to make choice of reason justly wills,
And it doth best with policy agree:
The idle vulgar breath it nothing skills,
'Tis sound discretion must our pilot be.
He that doth still the fairest means prefer,
Answers opinion, howsoe'er he err.

"And to the world's eye seeming yet so strong,
By our descending willingly from hence,
'Twill show we were provoked by our wrong,
Not having other sinister pretence:
This force left off that doth to us belong,
Will in opinion lessen our offence:
Men are not ever incident to loss,
When Fortune seems them frowardly to cross.

Nor give we envy absolute excess,
To search so far our subtleties to find;
There's nearer means this mischief to redress,
And make successful what is yet behind.
Let's not ourselves of all hope dispossess,
Fortune is ever variously inclin'd:
A small advantage in th' affairs of kings,
Guides a slight means to compass mighty things."

This speech so caught his nephew's pliant youth,
(Who his grave eam did ever much respect)
Proceeding from integrity and truth:
Well could he counsel, well could he direct,
With strong persuasions, which he still pursu'th;
Which in a short time show'd by the effect,
A wise man's counsel, by a secret fate,
Seeming from reason, yet proves fortunate.

To which the king they gravely do invite,
By the most strict and ceremonious way;
No circumstance omitted, nor no rite,
That might give colour to their new essay,
Or that applause might publicly excite.
To which the king doth willingly obey:
Who, like themselves, in seeing danger near,
Rather accepts a doubt, than certain fear.

Which he receives in presage of his good,
To his success auspiciously apply'd,
Which somewhat cool'd his much-distemper'd blood,
Ere he their force in doubtful arms had try'd;
And whilst they thus in his protection stood,
At his disposing wholly to abide,
He first in safety doth dismiss their power,
Then sends them both his pris'ners to the Tower.

O all-preparing Providence Divine!
In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd?
What sundry helps doth thy great pow'r assign,
To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold?
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold?
It is thy wisdom, strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

This was the means by which the fates dispose
More dreadful plagues upon that age to bring,
Utter confusion on the heads of those
That were before the barons ruining;
With the subversion of the public's foes,
The murther of the miserable king:
And that which 'came catastrophe to all,
Great Mortimer's inevitable fall.

This to these troubles lends a little breath,
As the first pause to hearten this affair,
And for awhile defers oft-threat'ning death,
Whilst each their breach by leisure would repair,
And as a bound their fury limiteth.
But in this manner whilst things strangely fare,
Horrour beyond all wonted bounds doth swell,
As the next canto fearfully shall tell.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

At Burton-bridge the puissant pow'rs are met;
The form and order of the doubtful fight,
Whereas the king the victory doth get,
And the proud barons are enforc'd to flight;
When they again towards Borough forward set,
Where they by him were vanquished outright:
Lastly, the laws do execute their power
On those which there the sword did not devour.

This chance of war, that suddenly had swept
So large a share from their selected store,
Which for their help they carefully had kept,
That to their aid might still have added more,
By this ill luck into their army crept,
Made them much weaker than they were before:
So that the barons reinforc'd their bands,
Finding their hearts to stand in need of hands.

For deadly hate, so long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to hear the name of peace,
So that discretion but a little booted
'Gainst that, thereby which only did increase:
For the least grief by malice was promoted,
Anger set on, beginning to surcease;
So that all counsel much their ears offended,
But what to spoil and sad invasion tended.

All up in action for the public cause,
Scarcely the mean'st, but he a party stood,
Tax'd by the letter of the cens'ring laws
In his estate, if failing in his blood;
And who was free'st, entangled by some clause,
Which to their fury gives continual food;
For where confusion once hath gotten hold,
Till all fall flat, it hardly is controll'd.

And now by night, when as pale leaden sleep
Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,
And step by step on every sense did creep,
Mischief, that black inhabitant of Hell,
Which never fails continual watch to keep,
(Fearful to think, a horrid thing to tell!)
Enter'd the place, whereas those warlike lords
Lay mail'd in armour, girt with ireful swords.

She, with a sharp sight and a meagre look,
Was always prying where she might do ill,
In which the fiend continual pleasure took,
(Her starved body plenty could not fill)
Searching in every corner, every nook;
With winged feet, too swift to work her will,
Furnish'd with deadly instruments she went
Of ev'ry sort, to wound where so she meant.

Having a vial fill'd with baneful wrath,
(Brought from Cocytus by that cursed sprite)
Which in her pale hand purposely she hath,
And drops the poison upon every wight:
For to each one she knew the ready path,
Though in the midst and dead time of the night:
Whose strength too soon invadeth every peer,
Not one escap'd her that she cometh near.

That the next morning breaking in the East,
With a much-troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venom lately did infest,
The strong effect in their swol'n stomachs find;
Now doth the poison boil in every breast,
To sad destruction every one's inclin'd;
Rumours of spoil through ev'ry ear do flie,
And threat'ning fury sits in ev'ry eye.

This done, in haste she to king Edward hies,
Who, late grown proud upon his good success,
His time to feasts and wantonness applies,
And with crown'd cups his sorrows doth suppress,
Upon his fortune wholly that relies;
And in the bosom of his courtly press
Vaunteth the hap of this victorious day,
Whilst the sick land in sorrow pines away.

Thither she comes, and in a minion's shape
She getteth near the person of the king;
And as he tastes the liquor of the grape,
Into the cup her poison she doth wring:
Not the least drop untainted doth escape,
For to that purpose she her store did bring:
Whose strong commixture, as the sequel try'd,
Fill'd his hot veins with arrogance and pride.

That having both such courage and such might,
As to so great a business did belong,
Neither yet think by their unnatural fight
What the republic suffer'd them among:
For misty errour so deludes their sight,
(Which still betwixt them and clear reason hung)
And their opinions in such sort abus'd,
As that their fault can never be excus'd.

Now our Minerva puts on dreadful arms,
Further to wade into this bloody war;
And from her slumber waken'd with alarms,
Riseth to sing of many a massacre,
Of gloomy magics, and benumbing charms,
Of many a deep wound, many a fearful scar:
For that low sock wherein she us'd to tread,
Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head.

Whilst thus vain hope doth these false lords delude,
Who, having drawn their forces to a head,
They their full purpose seriously pursu'd,
By Lancaster and valiant Hertford led,
Their long proceeding lastly to conclude;
Whilst now to meet both armies hotly sped,
The barons taking Burton in their way,
Till they could hear where Edward's army lay.

To which report too suddenly bewray'd
Their manner of encamping, and the place,
Their present strength, and their expected aid,
As what might most avail them in this case.
The speedy march th' imperial power had made,
Had brought them soon within a little space:
For still the king conducted had his force,
Which way he heard the barons beat their course.

Upon the East, from bushy Needwood's side,
There riseth up an easy-climbing hill.
At whose fair foot the silver Trent doth slide,
And the slow air with her soft murmurings fill,
Which with the store of liberal brooks supply'd,
Th' insatiate meads continually doth swill,
Over whose stream a bridge of wond'rous strength
Leads on from Burton to that hill in length.

Upon the mount the king his tentage fixt,
And in the town the barons lay in sight,
When as the Trent was risen so betwixt,
That for a while prolong'd th' unnat'ral fight,
With many waters that itself had mixt,
To stay their fury doing all it might.
Things which presage both good and ill there be,
Which Heav'n foreshows, but will not let us see.

The Heaven ev'n mourning o'er our heads doth sit,
Grieving to see the times so out of course,
Looking on them who never look at it,
And in mere pity melteth with remorse;
Longer from tears that could not stay a whit,
Whose influence on every lower source,
From the swoln fluxure of the clouds, doth
A rank impostume upon every lake. [shake

O warlike nation! hold thy conqu'ring hand,
Ev'n senseless things do warn thee yet to pause;
Thy mother-soil, on whom thou arm'd dost stand,
Which should restrain thee by all natural laws,
Canst thou (unkind!) inviolate that band?
Nay, Heav'n and Earth are angry with the cause:
Yet stay thy foot in Mischief's ugly gate;
Ill comes too soon, repentance oft too late.

Oh! can the clouds weep over thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy doughty eyes?
See'st thou the snare, and wilt not shun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by passed miseries?
'Tis yet but early in this dismal day,
Let late experience learn thee to be wise.
An ill foreseen may easily be prevented; [ed.
But hap'd, unhelp'd, tho' ne'er enough lament-

Cannot the Scot of your late slaughter boast?
And are ye yet scarce healed of the sore?
Is't not enough ye have already lost,
But your own madness must needs make it more?
Will ye seek safety in some foreign coast?
Your wives and children pitied ye before; [imbrue,
But when your own bloods your own swords
Who pities them, who should have pitied you?

The neighb'ring groves are spoiled of their trees,
For botts and timber to assay the flood,
(Where men are lab'ring, as 'twere summer bees,
Some hollowing trunks, some binding heaps of wood; [knees)
Some on their breasts, some working on their
To win the bank whereon the barons stood; [tow,
Which o'er the current they by strength must
To shed that blood which many an age shall rue.

Some sharp their swords, some right their morions
Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet fast; [set,
The archers now their bearded arrows whet,
Whilst every where the clam'rous drums are brac'd;
Some taking view where they sure ground might
Not one, but some advantage doth forecast: [get;
With ranks and files each plain and meadow swarms,
As all the land were clad in angry arms.

The crests and badges of each nobler name,
Against their owners rudely seem to stand,
As angry for th' achievements whence they came,
That to their fathers gave that generous brand.
O ye unworthy of your ancient fame,
Against yourselves to lift your conqu'ring hand,
Since foreign swords your height could not abate,
By your own pride yourselves to ruinate!

Upon his surcoat valiant Nevil bore
A silver saltire upon martial red;
A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore;
Ferrers his taberd with rich verry spread,
Well known in many a warlike match before.
A raven sat on Corbet's armed head;
And Culpepper in silver arms enrail'd,
Base thereupon a bloody head engrail'd.

The noble Piercy, in this dreadful day,
With a bright crescent in his guidon came:
In his white cornet Verdon doth display
A fret of gules, priz'd in this mortal game,
That had been seen in many a doubtful fray,
His lance's penons stained with the same.
The angry horse, chaf'd with the stubborn bit,
With his hard hoof the earth in fury smit.

I could the sum of Stafford's arming show,
What colours Ross and Courtney did unfold;
Great Warren's blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious circumstance have told,
Nam'd every ensign as they stood a-row;
But oh, dear Muse, too soon thou art controll'd!
For in remembrance of their evil speed,
My pen, for ink, warm drops of blood doth shed.

On the king's part, th' imperial standard's pitch'd,
With all the hatchments of the English crown.
Great Lancaster (with no less power enrich'd)
Sets the same leopards in his colours down.
O, if ye be not frantic or bewitch'd,
Yet do but see that on yourselves you frown:
A little note of difference is in all,
How can the same stand, when the same doth fall?

Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,
The badges of your famous ancestries;
Shall those brave marks by their inglorious heirs
Stand thus oppos'd against their families?
More ancient arms no Christian nation bears,
Reliques unworthy of their progenies:
Those beasts ye bear do in their kind agree,
O that than beasts more savage men should be!

And whilst the king doth in sad council sit,
How he might best the other bank recover,
See how misfortune still her time can fit!
Such as were sent the country to discover,
(As up and down from place to place they flit)
Had found a ford to pass their forces over.
Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

When Edward, fearing Lancaster's supplies,
Proud Richmont, Surry, and great Pembroke, sent,
On whose success he mightily relies,
Under whose conduct half his army went,
The nearest way, conducted by the spies;
And he himself, and Edmond earl of Kent,
Upon the hill in sight of Burton lay,
Watching to take advantage of the day.

Stay Surry, stay, thou may'st too soon be gone;
Pause till this heat be somewhat overpast;
Fall little know'st thou whither thou do'st run;
Richmont and Pembroke, never make such haste,
Ye do but strive to bring more horrour on.
Never seek sorrow, for it comes too fast:
Why strive ye thus to pass this fatal flood,
To fetch but woounds, and shed your nearest blood?

Great Lancaster, yet sheath thy angry sword,
On Edward's arms whose edge thou should'st not set,
Thy nat'ral kinsman and thy sov'reign lord,
Both from the loins of our Plantagenet:
Call yet to mind thy once-engaged word:
Canst thou thy oath to Longshanks thus forget;
Men should perform, before all other things,
The serious vows they make to God and kings.

The winds were hush'd, no little breath doth blow,
Which seems sate still, as tho' they list'ning stood;
With trampling crowds the very earth doth bow,
And through the smoke the Sun appear'd like blood.
What with the shout, and with the dreadful show,
The herds of beasts ran bellowing to the wood,
When drums and trumpets to the charge did sound,
As they would shake the gross clouds to the ground.

The earls then charging with their pow'r of horse,
Taking a signal when they should begin,
Being in view of the imperial force,
Which at that time assay'd the bridge to win;
Which made the barons change their former course,
T' avoid the present danger they were in;
Which on the sudden had they not forecast,
Of their last day that hour had been the last.

When from the hill the king's main pow'rs come down,
Which had Aquarius to their valiant guide,
Brave Lancaster and Hartford from the town
Do issue forth upon the other side;
Peer against peer, the crown against the crown,
The king assails, the barons munify'd:
England's red cross upon both sides doth fly;
"St. George," the king; "St. George," the barons cry.

Like as an exhalation hot and dry,
Amongst the air-bred misty vapours thrown,
Spitteth his lightning forth outrageously,
Rending the thick clouds with the thunder stone,
Whose fiery splinters through the thin air fly,
That with the horrour Heaven and Earth doth groan:
With the like clamour and confused Oh,
To the dread shock the desp'rate armies go.

There might men see the famous English bows,
Wherewith our foes we wonted to subdue,
Shoot their sharp arrows in the face of those,
Which oft before victoriously them drew;
Yet shun their aim, and troubled in the loose,
Those well-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,
Slip'd from the bow-string, impotent and slack,
As to the archers they would fain turn back.

Behold the remnant of Troy's ancient stock,
Laying on blows as smiths on anvils strike,
Grappling together in the fearful shock,
Where still the strong encount'reth with the like,
(And each as ruthless as the harden'd rock)
Were't with the spear, the brown bill, or the pike,
Still as the wings or battles came together,
Ere Fortune gave advantage yet to either.

From batter'd helms, with ev'ry envious blow,
The scatter'd plumes fly loosely here and there,
To the beholder like to flakes of snow,
That ev'ry light breath on its wings doth bear,
As they had sense and feeling of our woe:
And thus affrighted with the sudden fear,
Now back, now forward, such strange windings make,
As tho' uncertain which way they should take.

Slaughter alike invadeth either host,
Whilst still the battle strongly doth abide,
Which ev'ry where runs raking through the coast,
As't pleas'd outrageous fury it to guide;
Yet not suffic'd where tyrannizing most:
So that their wounds, like mouths, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for present death,
Had they but tongues, their deepness gives them breath.

Here lies a heap half slain, and partly drown'd,
Gaping for breath amongst the slimy seggs;
And there a sort laid in a deadly swound,
Trod with the press into the mud and dregs;
Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of arms and legs:
One sticks his foe, his scalp another cuts;
One's feet's entangled in another's guts.

One his assailing enemy beguiles,
As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall,
Crush'd with his weight upon the stakes and piles:
Some in their gore upon the pavement sprall;
Our native blood our native earth defiles,
And dire destruction overwhelmeth all.
Such hideous shrieks the bedlam soldiers breathe,
As the damn'd sp'rits had howled from beneath.

The faction still defying Edward's might,
Edmond of Woodstock, with the men of Kent,
Charging afresh, renew the doubtful fight
Upon the barons, languishing and spent,
Bringing new matter for a tragic sight;
Forth against whom their skilful warriors went,
Bravely to end what bravely did begin:
Their noblest sp'rits will quickly lose or win.

As before Troy bright Thetis' godlike son,
Talbot himself in this fierce conflict bare;
Mowbray in fight him matchless honour won;
Clifford for life seem'd little but to care;
Audley and Elmsbridge peril scorn to shun;
Gifford seem'd Danger to her teeth to dare:
Nor Badlesmer gave back to Edward's power,
As tho' they strove whom death should first devour.

I'll not commend thee, Mountfort, nor thee, Teis,
Else your high valour much might justly merit;
Nor, Denvil, dare I whisper of thy praise;
Nor, Willington, will I applaud thy spirit,
Your facts forbid that I your fame should raise:
Nor, Damory, thy due may'st thou inherit;
Your bays must be your well-deserved blame,
For your ill actions quench my sacred flame.

O had you fashion'd your great deeds by them,
Who summon'd Acon with an English drum;
Or theirs before, that to Jerusalem
Went with the gen'ral power of Christendom:
Then had ye caught Fame's richest diadem,
As they who fought to free the Saviour's tomb,
And, like them, had immortaliz'd your names,
Where now my song can be but of your shames.

O age inglorious, arms untimely borne,
When that approved and victorious shield
Must in this civil massacre be torne,
Bruis'd with the blows of many a foreign field!
And mort, in this sad overthrow be worn
By those in flight enforc'd it up to yield!
For which, since then, the stones, for very dread,
Against rough storms cold drops for tears do shed.

When soon king Edward's faint and wav'ring friends,
Which had this while stood doubtfully to pause,
When they perceive that Destiny intends
That his success shall justify his cause,
Each in himself fresh courage apprehends,
(For victory both fear and friendship draws)
And smile on him on whom they late did frown,
All lend their hands to hew the conquer'd down.

That scarce a man, which Edward late did lack
Whilst the proud barons bare an upright face,
But (when they saw that they had turn'd their back)
Joins with the king to prosecute their chase,
The baronage so headlong goes to wrack:
In the just trial of so near a case,
Enforc'd to prove the fortune of the coast,
The day at Burton that had clearly lost.

And to the aid of the victorious king
(Which more and more gave vigour to his hope,
With good success him still encouraging,
And to his actions lent a larger scope)
Sir Andrew Herckley happily doth bring
On their light-horse a valiant northern troop,
Arm'd but too aptly and with too much speed,
Most to do harm, when least thereof was need.

When still the barons, making forth their way
Through places best for their advantage known,
Retain their army bodied as they may,
By their defeat far weaker that was grown:
In their best skill devising day by day
T' offend th' assailant, and defend their own;
Of their mishaps the utmost to endure,
If nothing else their safety might assure.

In their sad flight, with fury follow'd thus,
Tracing the North through many a tiresome streight,
And forc'd through many a passage perilous,
To Borough-bridge, led by their luckless fate:
Bridges should seem to barons ominous,
For there they lastly were precipitate; [bear,
Which place the mark of their mischance doth
For since that time grass never prosper'd there.

Where for new bloodshed they new battles rang'd,
And take new breath, to make destruction new:
Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate un-
Which too directly still doth them pursue; [chang'd,
Nor are they and their miseries estrang'd,
To their estates though they mere strangers grew:
The only hope whereon they do depend,
With courage is to consummate their end.

Like as a herd of over-heated deer,
By hot spurr'd hunters labour'd to be caught,
With hues and bounds recover'd ev'ry where,
When as they find their speed avails them nought,
Upon the toils run headlong without fear,
With noise of hounds and halloos as distraught:
Ev'n so the barons, in this desp'rate case,
Turn upon those which lately did them chase.

Ensign beards ensign, sword 'gainst sword doth shake,
Drum brawls with drum, as rank doth rank oppose,
There's not a man that care of life doth take,
But Death in earnest to his bus'ness goes,
A gen'ral havoc as of all to make,
And with destruction doth them all enclose,
Dealing itself impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

Yet the brave barons, whilst they do respire,
(In spight of Fortune, as they stood prepar'd)
With courage charge, with comeliness retire,
Make good their ground, and then relieve their guard,
Withstand the ent'rer, then pursue the flyer,
New form their battle, shifting ev'ry ward.
As your high skill were but your quarrel good,
O noble spirits, how dear had been your blood!

That well-arm'd band ambitious Herckley led,
Of which the barons never dreamt before,
Then greatly stood king Edward's pow'r in stead,
And in the fight assail'd the enemy sore:
O day most fatal, and most full of dread!
Never can Time thy ruinous waste restore:
Which with his strength though he attempt to do
Well may he strive for, and yet fail of too.

Pale Death beyond his wonted bounds doth swell
Carving proud flesh in cantels out at large;
As leaves in autumn, so the bodies fell,
Under sharp steel, at ev'ry boist'rous charge:
Oh, what sad pen can their destruction tell,
Where scalps lay beaten like the batter'd targe!
And every one he claimeth as his right,
Whose luck it was not to escape by flight.

Those warlike ensigns waving in the field,
Which lately seem'd to brave th' embattel'd foe,
Longer not able their own weight to wield,
Their lofty tops to the base dust do bow;
Here sits a helmet, and there lies a shield;
Oh! ill did Fate those ancient arms bestow,
Which as a quarry on the soil'd earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conquest, as a glorious prey!

Where noble Bohun, that most princely peer,
Hartford much honour'd, and of high desert,
And to this nation none as he so dear,
Passing the bridge with a resolved heart,
To stop his soldiers, which retiring were,
Was 'twixt two planks slain through his lower par
But Lancaster, not destin'd there to die,
Taken, reserv'd to further misery.

Whose tragic scene some Muse vouchsafe to sing
His, of five earldoms, who then liv'd possess'd,
A brother, son, and uncle to a king,
With favour, friends, and with abundance blest
What could man think, or could devise the thing
That but seem'd wanting to his worldly rest?
But on this Earth what's free from Fortune
What an age got, is lost in half an hour! [pow'

Some few themselves in sanctuaries hide,
Which, though they have the mercy of the place,
Yet are their bodies so unsanctify'd,
As that their souls can hardly hope for grace;
Where they in fear and penury abide,
A poor dead life, which length'neth but a space:
Hate stands without, whilst Horrour still within
Prolongs their shame, yet pard'neth not their sin.

Nor was Death then contented with the dead,
Of full revenge as though it were deny'd,
And till it might have that accomplished,
It held itself in nothing satisfy'd;
And with delays no longer to be fed,
An unknown torment further doth provide,
That dead men should in misery remain,
To make the living die with greater pain.

Ye sov'reign cities of this woful isle,
In cypress wreaths, and your most sad attire,
Prepare yourselves to build the funeral-pile,
Lay your pale hands to this exequious fire;
All mirth and comfort from your streets exile,
Fill'd with the groans of men when they expire:
The noblest blood approaching to be shed,
That ever dropt from any of your dead.

When Thomas earl of Lancaster, that late
Th' rebellious barons trait'rously retain'd,
As the chief agent in this great debate,
Was for the same (ere many days) arraign'd,
'Gainst whom at Pomfret they articulate,
(To whom those treasons chiefly appertain'd;)
Whose proofs apparent, so well, nay, ill sped,
As from his shoulders reft his rev'rend head.

Yet, Lancaster, it is not thy lost breath
That can assure the safety of the crown,
Or that can make a covenant with Death,
To warrant Edward what he thinks his own;
But he must pay the forfeit of his faith,
When they shall rise which he hath trodden down.
All's not a man's that is from others rackt,
And other agents other ways do act.

Nor was it long, but in that fatal place,
The way to death where Lancaster had led,
But many other, in the self-same-case,
Him in like manner sadly followed.
London, would thou had'st had thy former grace,
As thou art first, most blood that thou had'st shed,
By other cities not exceeded far,
Whose streets devour the remnant of that war.

O parents ruthful, and heart-renting sight!
To see that son that your soft bosoms fed,
His mother's joy, his father's sole delight,
That with much cost, yet with more care, was bred:
O spectacle, ev'n able to affright
A senseless thing, and terrify the dead!
His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth pour'd,
His quarter'd corse of crows and kites devour'd.

But 'tis not you that here complain alone,
Or to yourselves the fearful portion share;
Here's strange and choice variety of moan,
Poor orphans tears with widows mixed are,
With many friends sigh, many maidens groan:
So innocent, so simply pure and rare,
As Nature, which till then had silence kept,
Must burst with sorrow, bitterly had wept.

O bloody age! had not these things been done,
I had not now, in these more calmer times,
Into the search of those past troubles run;
Nor had my virgin unpolluted rhymes
Alter'd the course wherein they first begun,
To sing these horrid and unnatural crimes:
My lays had still been of Idea's bow'r,
Of my dear Ancor, or her loved Stowre.

Nor other subject than yourself had chose,
Your birth, your virtues, and your high respects;
Whose bounties oft have nourish'd my repose;
You, whom my Muse ingeniously elects,
Denying earth your brave thoughts to enclose,
Maugre the Momists and Satyric sects:
That whilst my verse to after-times is sung,
You may live with me, and be honour'd long.

But greater things my subject hath in store,
Still to her task my armed Muse to keep,
And offers her occasion as before,
Whereon she may in mournful verses weep:
And as a ship being gotten near the shore,
By awkward winds redriven to the deep!
So is the Muse from whence she came of late,
Into the bus'ness of a troubled state.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

By sleepy potions that the queen ordains,
Lord Mortimer escapes out of the Tower;
And by false slights, and many subtle trains,
She gets to France, to raise a foreign power.
The French king leaves his sister: need constrains
The queen to Hainault in a happy hour:
Edward her son to Philip is affy'd,
They for invasion instantly provide.

Scarce had these passed miseries an end,
But other troubles instantly began;
As mischief doth new matter apprehend,
By things that still irregularly ran:
For further yet their fury doth extend,
All was not yielded that king Edward wan;
And some there were in corners that did lie,
Which o'er his actions had a watchful eye.

When as the king, (whilst things thus fairly went)
Who by this happy victory grew strong,
Summon'd at York a solemn parliament
T' uphold his right, and help the Spensers wrong,
(In all affairs t' establish his intent) [sprung,
Whence more and more his minions greatness
Whose counsels still in ev'ry bus'ness crost
Th' inraged queen, in all misfortunes tost.

When as the eld'st, a man extremely hated,
(Whom all that time the king could not prefer,
Until he had the barons pride abated)
That parliament made earl of Winchester,
As Herckley earl of Carlisle he created:
And likewise Baldock he made chancellor;
One whom the king had for his purpose wrought,
A man, as subtle, so corrupt and nought.

When as mishaps (that seldom come alone)
Thick in the necks of one another fell,
The Scot began a new invasion,
And France did thence the English pow'rs expell,
The Irish set the English pale upon,
At home the commons ev'ry day rebell:
Mischief, on mischief, curse doth follow curse;
One ill scarce past, but after comes a worse.

For Mortimer that wind most fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwise might see;
Whilst the wise queen, who all advantage knew,
Was closely casting how to set him free;
And did the plot so seriously pursue,
Till she had found the means how it should be,
Against opinion and imperious might,
To work her own ends through the jaws of spite.

And to that purpose she a potion made,
In operation of that pois'ning power,
That it the spir'ts could presently invade,
And quite dis-sense the senses in an hour,
With such cold numbness as it might perswade,
That very death the patient did devour
For certain hours, and sealed up the eyes
'Gainst all that art could possibly devise.

In which, she plantane and cold lettuce had,
The water-lilly from the marish ground,
With the wan poppy, and the nightshade sad,
And the short moss that on the trees is found,
The pois'ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
With cypress-flowers that with the rest were
pown'd;
The brain of swanes amongst the rest she takes,
Mix'd with the blood of dormice and of snakes.

Thus, like Medea, sate she in her cell,
Which she had circled with her potent charms,
From thence all hind'rance clearly to expell;
Then her with magic instruments she arms,
And to her bus'ness instantly she fell:
A vestal fire she lights, wherewith she warms
The mixed juices, from those simples wrung,
To make the med'cine wonderfully strong.

The sundry fears that from her fact might rise,
Men may suppose, her trembling hand might stay,
Had she consider'd of the enterprise,
To think what peril in th' attempt there lay;
Knowing besides, that there were secret spies
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:
But when that sex leave virtue to esteem,
Those greatly err, which think them what they seem.

Their plighted faith they at their pleasure leave;
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate;
On whom they smile, they surely those deceive,
In their desires they be insatiate;
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave;
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date:
They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim;
They shun not sin, as little weigh they shame.

The elder of the Mortimers this while,
That their sure friend so many sundry ways,
By fight, by execution, by exile,
Had seen cut off, then finished his days:
Which (though with grief) doth somewhat reconcile
The younger's thoughts, and lends his cares some ease:
Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his head,
For the dear safety of his uncle dead.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the foolish world should know:
And why the fates thus hasted on his end,
Thereby intending stranger plagues to show.
Brave lord, in vain thy breath thou didst not spend,
From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;
Which began soon and fruitfully to spring,
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

As heart could wish, when ev'ry thing was fit,
The queen attends her potion's power to prove;
Their stedfast friends their best assisting it,
Their trusty servants seal up all in love:
And Mortimer, his valour and his wit
Then must express, whom most it doth behove:
Each place made sure, where guides and horses lay,
And where the ship that was for his convey.

When as his birth-day he had yearly kept,
And us'd that day those of the Tower to feed;
And on the warders other bounties heapt,
For his advantage he that day decreed:
Which did suspicion clearly intercept,
And much avail'd him at that time of need:
When after cates, their thirst at last to quench
He mix'd their liquor with that sleepy drench.

Which soon each sense doth with dead coldness seize,
When he, which knew the keepers of each ward,
Out of their pockets quickly took the keys,
His oorded ladders readily prepar'd;
And stealing forth through dark and secret ways,
(Not then to learn his compass by the card)
To win the walls couragiously doth go,
Which look'd as scorning to be master'd so.

They soundly sleep, whilst his quick sp'rits awake,
Expos'd to peril in the high'st extremes,
Alcides' labours as to undertake,
O'er walls, o'er gates, thro' watches, and thro' streams,
By which his own way he himself must make;
And let them tell king Edward of their dreams.
For ere they came out of their brain-sick trance,
He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

The sullen night had her black curtain spread,
Low'ring that day had tarried up so long,
And that the morrow might lie long abed,
She all the Heav'n with dusky clouds had hung:
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly-horned head
Away to west, and under Earth she flung,
As she had long'd to certify the Sun,
What in his absence in our world was done.

The lesser lights, like sentinels in war,
Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
As though unseen they subt'ly strove from far,
Of his escape the manner to descry.
Hid was each wand'ring as each fixed star,
As they had held a council in the sky,
And had concluded with that present night,
That not a star should once give any light.

In a slow silence all the shores are husht,
Only the scritch-owl sounded to th' assault,
And Isis with a troubled murmur rush'd,
As if consenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
There was a little whisp'ring in the vault,
Mov'd by his treading, softly as he went,
Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

Whilst that wise queen, whom care yet restlest kept,
For happy speed to Heaven held up her hands,
With worlds of hopes and fears together heapt
In her full bosom, list'ning as she stands,
She sigh'd and pray'd, and sigh'd again and wept,
She sees him how he climbs, how swims, how lands:
Though absent, present in desires they be;
Our soul much farther than our eyes can see.

The small clouds issuing from his lips, she saith,
Lab'ring so fast as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the air of pestilence and death;
And as from Heaven that filch'd Promethean
The sweetness so, and virtue of his breath, [flame,
New creatures in the element should frame:
And to what part it had the hap to stray,
There should it make another milky way.

Attain'd the top, whilst spent, he paus'd to blow,
She saw how round he cast his longing eyes,
The earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was favour'd of the skies:
She saw him mark the way he was to go,
And top'rds her palace how he turn'd his eyes;
From the wall's height, as when he down did slide,
She heard him cry, "Now fortune be my guide."

As he descended, so did she descend,
As she would hold him that he should not fall,
On whom alone her safety did depend:
But when some doubt did her deep thoughts appall,
Distractedly she did her hands extend
For speedy help, and earnestly did call
Softly again, if death to him should hap,
She begg'd of Hear'n his grave might be her lap.

To show him favour she entreats the air,
For him she begg'd the mercy of the wind,
For him she kneel'd before the night with pray'r,
For him herself she to the earth inclin'd:
For him his tides beseeching Thames to spare,
And to command his billows to be kind;
And tells the flood if he her love would quit,
No flood of her should honour'd be but it.

But when she thought she saw him swim along,
Doubting the stream was taken with his love,
She fear'd the drops that on his tresses hung,
And that each wave which most should woo him
To his clear body that so closely clung, [strove,
Which when before him with his breast he drove,
Pallid with grief, she turn'd away her face,
Jealous that he the waters should embrace.

That angry lion having slip'd his chain,
As in a fever, made king Edward quake;
Who knew, before he could be caught again,
Dear was the blood that his strong thirst must slake:
He found much labour had been spent in vain,
And must be forc'd a farther course to take,
Perceiving tempests rising in the wind,
Of which too late too truly he divin'd.

By his escape that adverse part grown proud,
On each hand working for a second war,
And in their councils nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a motive to some jar;
And though their plots were carried in a cloud,
From the discerning of the popular,
The wiser yet, whose judgments farther raught,
Eas'ly perceive how things about were brought.

Those secret fires, by envious faction blown,
Brake out in France which cover'd long had lain;
King Charles from Edward challenging his own,
First Guien, next Pontieu, and then Aquitain,
To each of which he made his title known,
Nor from their seizure longer would abstain:
The cause thereof lay out of most men's view,
Which tho' fools found not, wise men quickly knew.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their purpose prosp'rously had thriv'd,
The base whereon a mighty frame must stand,
By all their cunnings that had been contriv'd;
Finding their actions were so throughly manu'd,
Their fainting hopes were wond'rously reviv'd,
They made no doubt to see in little time
The full of that, which then was in the prime.

The king much troubled with the French affair,
Which as a shapeless and unwieldy mass,
Wholly imploy'd the utmost of his care,
To Charles of France his embassy to pass,
For which it much behov'd him to prepare,
Before the war too deeply settled was:
Which when they found, they likewise cast about
As they would go, to make him send them out.

Which when they came in council to debate,
And to the depth had seriously discust,
Finding how nearly it concern'd the state,
To stay a war both dang'rous and unjust;
That weighty business to negotiate,
They must find one of special worth and trust:
Where ev'ry lord his censure freely past,
Of whom he lik'd, the bishop was the last.

Torlton, whose tongue men's ears in chains could tie,
And like Jove's fearful thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authority did lie,
Than in those words the Sibyls did rehearse,
Whose sentence was so absolute and high,
As had the power a judgment to reverse:
For the wise queen, with all his might did stand,
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

Urging what credit she the cause might bring,
Impartial 'twixt a husband and a brother,
A queen in person betwixt king and king;
And more than that, to show herself a mother,
There for her son his right establishing,
Which did as much concern them as the other:
Which colour serv'd to work in this extreme,
That of which then the king did never dream.

Torlton, was this thy spiritual pretence?
Would God thy thoughts had been spiritual,
Or less persuasive thy great eloquence:
But oh! thy actions were too temporal,
Thy knowledge had too much preheminence,
Thy reason subtle, and sophistical.
But all's not true that supposition saith,
Nor have the mightiest arguments most faith.

Nor did the bishop those his learned lack,
As well of power, as policy and wit,
That were prepar'd his great design to back,
And could amend where aught he did omit:
For with such cunning they had made their pack,
That it went hard, if that they should not hit;
That the fair queen to France with speed must go,
Hard had he ply'd, that had persuaded so.

The precious time no longer they protract,
Nor in suspense their friends at home do hold,
Being abroad so absolutely backt,
They quickly waxed confident and bold,
In their proceeding publishing their act;
Nor did they fear to whom report it told,
But with an armed and erected hand,
T' abet their own did absolutely stand.

And that base bishop then of Exeter,
A man experienc'd in their counsels long,
(Thinking perhaps his falshood might prefer
Him, or else moved with king Edward's wrong;
Or whether that his frailty made him err,
Or other fatal accident among:)
But he from France and them, to England flew,
And knowing all, discover'd all he knew.

Their treasons, long in hatching, thus disclos'd,
And Torlton's drift by circumstances found,
With what conveyance things had been dispos'd,
The cunning us'd in casting of their ground,
The frame as fit in every point compos'd,
When better counsel coldly came to sound,
Awak'd the king to see his weak estate,
When the prevention came a day too late.

Yet her departing whilst she doth adjourn,
Charles, as a brother, by persuasion deals;
Edward with threats would force her to return,
Pope John her with his dreadful curse assails:
But all in vain against her will they spurn,
Persuasion, threat, nor curse with her prevails:
Charles, Edward, John, strive all to do your worst,
The queen fares best when she the most is curst.

Which to the Spensers speedily made seen,
With what clean slight things had been brought about,
And that those here, which well might rul'd have been,
Quickly had found that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their wit, their pow'r and spleen,
Of their own safeties much began to doubt,
And therefore must some present means invent,
T' avoid a danger, else most imminent.

When they, who had the Frenchmen's humours felt,
And knew the bait wherewith they might be caught,
By promise of large pensions with them dealt,
If that king Charles might from her aid be wrought.
What mind so hard that money cannot melt?
Which they to pass in little time had brought;
That Isabel, too eas'ly over-weigh'd
By their great sums, was frustrate of her aid.

Yet could not this amate that mighty queen,
(Whom sad affliction never had controul'd,
Never such courage in that sex was seen,
She was not cast in other women's mould)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high spleen,
Who could endure war, travel, want and cold,
Struggling with Fortune, near by her oppress,
Most cheerful still when she was most distrest.

But then resolv'd to leave ungrateful France,
And in the world her better fate to try,
Changing the air, hopes time may alter chance,
Under her burthen scorning so to lie,
Her weaken'd state still striving to advance,
Her mighty mind flew in a pitch so high:
Yet ere she went, her vex'd heart that did ake,
Somewhat to ease, thus to the king she spake:

"Is this a king's, a brother's part," quoth she,
"And to this end did I my grief unfold?
Came I to heal my wounded heart to thee,
Where slain outright I now the same behold?
Be these thy vows, thy promises to me?
In all his heat art thou become so cold,
To leave me thus forsaken at the worst,
My state at last more wretched than at first?

"Thy wisdom weighing what my wants require,
To thy dear mercy might my tears have ty'd,
Our bloods receiving heat both from one fire;
And we by fortune as by birth ally'd,
My suit supported by my just desire,
Were arguments not to have been deny'd:
The grievous wrongs that in my bosom be,
Should be as near thy care as I to thee.

"Nature too eas'ly working on my sex,
Thus at thy pleasure my poor fortune leaves,
Which being entic'd with hopes of due respects
From thee, my trust dishonestly deceives,
Who me and mine unnaturally neglects,
And of all comfort lastly us bereaves:
What 'twixt thy baseness and thy beastly will,
T' expose thy sister to the worst of ill.

"But for my farewell thus I prophesy:
That from my womb he's sprung, or he shall spring,
Who shall subdue thy next posterity,
And lead a captive thy succeeding king,
The just revenge of thy vile injury:
To fatal France I as a Sibyl sing
Her cities sack, the slaughter of her men,
Of whom one Englishman shall conquer ten."

The earl of Hainault, in that season great,
The wealthy lord of many a warlike tower,
Who, for his friendship, princes did entreat,
As fearing both his policy and power,
Having a brother wond'rously complete,
Call'd John of Beaumont (in a happy hour,
As for the distressed queen did chance)
That time abiding in the court of France.

He, there the while this shuffling that had seen,
Who to her party Isabel had won,
To pass for Hainault humbly prays the queen,
Prompting her still what good might there be done,
To ease the anguish of her tumorous spleen,
Off'ring his fair niece to the prince her son,
The only way to win his brother's might,
Against the king to back her in her right.

Who had an ear, not fill'd with his report,
To whom the soldiers of that time did throng,
The pattern to all other of his sort,
Well learn'd in what to honour did belong,
With that brave queen long trained up in court,
And constantly confirmed in her wrong:
Besides all this, cross'd by the adverse part,
In things that sate too near to his great heart.

Sufficient motives to invite distress,
To apprehend so excellent a mean,
(Against those ills that did so strongly press)
Whereon the queen her weak estate might lean,
And at that season, tho' it were the less,
Yet for a while it might her want sustain;
Until th' approaching of more prosp'rous days,
Her drooping hopes to their first height might raise.

When they at large had leisure to debate,
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleased face,
From those disbonours she received late,
For there she wanted no obsequious grace,
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,
All bounteous offers freely they embrace;
And to conclude, all ceremonies past,
The prince affies fair Philip at the last.

All covenants betwixt them surely seal'd,
Each to the other lastingly to bind,
Nothing but done with equity and zeal,
And suiting well with Hainault's mighty mind,
Which to them all did much content reveal;
The ease the queen was thereby like to find,
The comfort coming to the lovely bride,
Prince Edward pleas'd, and joy on every side.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The queen in Hainault mighty friends doth win,
In Harwich haven safely is arriv'd,
Garboils in England more and more begin,
King Edward of his safety is depriv'd,
Flieth to Wales, at Neath received in,
Whilst many plots against him are contriv'd:
Lastly betray'd, the Spensers and his friends
Are put to death, with which this canto ends.

Now seven times Phœbus had his welked wain
Upon the top of Cancer's tropic set,
And seven times in his descent again
His fiery wheels had with the Fishes wet,
In the occurrents of king Edward's reign,
Since mischief did these miseries beget;
Which through more strange varieties had run,
Than he that while celestial signs had done.

Whilst our ill-thriving in those Scottish broils,
Their strength and courage greatly did advance,
In a small time made wealthy by our spoils;
And we much weaken'd by our wars in France,
Were well-near quite disheartened by our foils:
But at these things the Muse must only glance,
And Herckley's treasons haste to bring to view,
Her serious subject sooner to pursue.

When Robert Bruce with his brave Scottish band,
By other inroads on the borders made,
Had well-near wasted all Northumberland,
Whose towns he level with the earth had laid;
And finding none his pow'r there to withstand,
On the north part of spacious Yorkshire prey'd,
Bearing away with pride his pillage got,
As fate to him did our last fall allot.

For which that Herckley by his sov'reign sent,
T' entreat a needful, though dishonour'd peace,
Under the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the war, in a fair way to cease,
And with king Robert did a course invent,
His homage due to Edward to release:
Besides, their faith they each to other plight,
In peace and war to join with all their might.

Yet more, king Robert (things being carried so)
His sister to that treach'rous earl affy'd,
Which made too plain and evident a show
Of what before his trust did closely hide:
But the cause found from whence this league should grow,
By such as near into their actions pry'd,
Discover'd treasons, which not quickly crost,
Had shed more blood than all the wars had cost.

Whether the king's weak counsels causes are,
That ev'ry thing so badly falleth out,
Or that the earl did of our state despair,
When nothing prosper'd that was gone about,
And therefore careless how the English fare,
I'll not dispute, but leave it as a doubt;
Or some vain title his ambition lackt,
But something hatcht this treasonable act.

Which once revealed to the jealous king,
The apprehension of that trait'rous peer
He left to the lord Lucy's managing,
(One whose prov'd faith he had held ever dear)
By whose brave carriage in so hard a thing,
He did well worthy of his trust appear;
Who in his castle, carelesly defended,
That crafty cearlel closely apprehended.

For which, ere long, to his just trial led
In all the robes befitting his degree,
Where Scroop, chief justice in that dang'rous stead,
Commission had his lawful judge to be;
And on the proofs of his indictment read,
His treasons all so easily might see:
Which soon themselves so plainly did express,
As might assure them of his ill success.

His stile and titles to the king restor'd,
Noted with names of infamy and scorn,
And next disarmed of his knightly sword,
On which before his fealty he had sworn,
Then, by a varlet of his spurs dis-spurr'd,
His coat of arms before him raz'd and torn;
And to the hurdle lastly he was sent
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rously had meant.

Whereon the king a parliament procur'd,
To fix some things, whose fall he else might fear;
Whereby he hop'd the queen to have abjur'd,
His son, and such as their adjutors were:
But those, of whom himself he most assur'd,
What they had seem'd, the same did not appear;
When he soon found he had his purpose mist,
For there were those that durst his power resist.

For Hereford, in parliament accus'd
Of sundry treasons, wherein he was caught
By such his courses strictly as perus'd,
Whereby subversion of the realm was sought,
His holy habit and his trust abus'd;
Who, to his answer when he should be brought,
Was by the clergy (in the king's despite)
Seiz'd under colour of the church's right.

When some, the fav'rers of this fatal war,
Whom this example did more sharply whet,
Those for the cause that then imprison'd were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to set;
Whose purpose frustrate by their enemies' care,
New garboils doth continually beget,
Bidding the king with care to look about,
Those secret fires so hourly breaking out.

And th' earl of Kent, who was by Edward plac'd
As the great gen'ral of his force in Guien,
Was in his absence here at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of supplies and coin,
By such lewd persons to maintain their waste,
As from his treasures ceas'd not to purloin:
Nor could the king be mov'd, so careless still
Both of his own loss and his brother's ill.

Whose discontent too quickly being found,
By such as all advantages did wait,
Who still apply'd strong cor'sives to the wound,
And by their tricks and intricate deceit,
Hinder'd those means that haply might redound
That fast-arising mischief to defeat:
Till Edmund's wrongs were to that ripeness grown,
That they had made him absolute their own.

With all his faithful followers in those wars,
Men well-experienc'd and of worthiest parts,
Who for their pay received only scars,
Whilst the inglorious had their due deserts;
And minions hate of other hope debars,
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,
That to their gen'ral for revenge they cry,
Joining with Beaumont, giving him supply.

These great commanders, and with them combine
The lord Pocelles, Sares, and Boyseers,
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant Hein,
Estotivyle, Comines, and Villeers;
The valiant knights, sir Michael de la Lyne,
Sir Robert Baliol, Roswit, and Semeers;
Men of great skill, whom spoil and glory warms,
Such as, indeed, were dedicate to arms.

Leading three thousand muster'd men in pay,
Of French, Scots, Almain, Swisser, and the Dutch;
Of native English, fled beyond the sea,
Whose number near amounted to as much,
Which long had look'd, nay, waited for that day,
Whom their revenge did but too nearly touch:
Besides, friends ready to receive them in,
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.

Whilst the wise queen, from England, day by day,
Of all those doings that had certain word,
Whose friends much blam'd her over-long delay,
When as the time such fitness did afford,
Doth for her passage presently purvey,
Bearing provision ev'ry hour aboard;
Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,
Fit for invasion, to transport a war.

When she for England fairly setting forth,
Spreading her proud sails on the wat'ry plain,
Steereth her course directly to the North,
With her young Edward, duke of Aquitain,
With other three, of special name and worth,
(The destin'd scourges of king Edward's reign)
Her soldier Beaumont, and the earl of Kent,
With Mortimer, that mighty malcontent.

For Harwich road a fore-wind finely blows,
But blew too fast, to kindle such a fire,
Whilst with full sail and the stiff tide she goes;
It should have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The fleet it drove was fraughted with our woes;
But seas and winds do Edward's wrack conspire:
For when just Heav'n to chastise us is bent,
All things convert to our due punishment.

The coasts were kept with a continual ward,
The beacons watch'd her coming to descry;
Had but the love of subjects been his guard,
'T had been t' effect that he did fortify:
But whilst he stood against his foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by this home-enemy.
Small help by this he was but like to win;
Shutting war out, he lockt destruction in.

When Henry, brother to that luckless prince,
The first great mover of that civil strife;
Thomas, whom law but lately did convince,
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life:
That Henry, in whose bosom ever since
Revenge lay cover'd, watching for relief,
Like fire in some fat min'ral of the earth,
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

And being earl-marshal, great upon that coast,
With bells and bonfires welcomes her ashore;
And by his office gath'ring up an host,
Shew'd the great spleen that he to Edward bore,
Nor of the same abash'd at all to boast;
The clergy's power in readiness before,
And on their friends a tax was freely laid,
To raise munition for their present aid.

And to confusion all their powers expose,
On the rent bosom of the land, which long
War, like the sea, on each side did enclose,
A war from our own home-dissensions sprung,
In little time which to that greatness rose,
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring states among:
But this invasion, that they hither brought,
More mischief far than all the former wrought.

Besides, this innovation in the state
Lent their great action such a violent hand,
When it so boldly durst insinuate
On the cold faintness of th' enfeebled land;
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way so openly to stand
To their intendment, might, if followed well,
Regain that height, from whence they lately fell.

Their strengths together in this mean time met,
All helps and hurts by war's best counsels weigh'd,
As what might further, what their course might let,
As their reliefs conveniently they laid,
As where they hop'd security to get,
Whereon, at worst, their fortunes might be stay'd:
So fully furnish'd, as themselves desir'd,
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

When at St. Edmund's they awhile repose,
To rest themselves and their sea-beaten force,
Better to learn the manner of their foes,
To th' end not idly to direct their course;
And seeing daily how their army grows,
To take a full view of their foot and horse:
With much discretion managing the war,
To let the world know what to do they dare.

When as the king of their proceedings heard,
And of the routs that daily to them run:
But little strength at London then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd most favour to have won:
He left the city to the watchful guard
Of his approv'd, most-trusted Stapleton;
To John of Eltham, his dear son, the Tow'r,
And goes himself tow'rds Wales to raise him pow'r.

Yet whilst his name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaim, in pain of goods and life,
Or who would have a subject's benefit,
Should bend themselves against his son and wife,
And doth all slaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the movers of this strife;
As who could bring in Mortimer's proud head,
Should freely take the revenues of the dead.

Which was encounter'd by the queen's edict,
By publishing the justness of her cause,
That she proceeded in a course so strict,
T' uphold their ancient liberties and laws:
And that on Edward she did nought inflict
For private hate, or popular applause;
Only the Spensers to account to bring,
Whose wicked counsels had abus'd the king.

Which ballasted the multitude, that stood
As a bark beaten betwixt wind and tide,
By winds expos'd, opposed by the flood,
Nought therein left, to land the same to guide:
Thus tossed they in their unconstant mood,
Till that the weakness of king Edward's side
Suffer'd a seisure of itself at last,
Which to the queen a free advantage cast.

Thus Edward left his England to his foes,
Whom danger did to recreant flight debase,
As far from hope, as he was near his woes,
Depriv'd of princely sov'raignty and grace,
Yet still grew less, the farther that he goes,
His safety soon suspecting ev'ry place:
No help at home, nor succour seen abroad,
His mind wants rest, his body safe abode.

One scarce to him his sad discourse hath done,
Of Hainault's pow'r, and what the queen intends;
But whilst he speaks, another hath begun:
A third then takes it, where the second ends,
And tells what rumours thro' the countries run,
Of those new foes, of those revolted friends:
Straight came a fourth, in post that thither sped,
With news of foes come in, of friends out-fled.

What plagues did Edward for himself prepare?
Forsaken king, O whither didst thou fly!
Changing the clime, thou couldst not change thy care;
Thou fledd'st thy foes, but follow'dst misery.
Those evil lucks in numbers many are,
That to thy footsteps do themselves apply;
And still thy conscience, corrosiv'd with grief,
Thou but pursu'st thyself, both robb'd and thief.

Who seeking succour offer'd next at hand,
At last for Wales he takes him to the seas,
And seeing Lundy, that so fair did stand,
Thither would steer, to give his sorrows ease;
That little model of his greater land,
As in a dream, his fancy seem'd to please:
For fain he would be king (yet) of an isle,
Although his empire bounded in a mile.

But when he thought to strike his prosp'rous sail,
As under lee, past danger of the flood,
A sudden storm of mixed sleet and hail
Not suffer'd him to rule that piece of wood.
(What doth his labour, what his toil avail,
That is by the celestial pow'rs withstood?)
And all his hopes him vainly doth delude,
By God and men incessantly pursu'd.

In that black tempest long turmoil'd and tost
Quite from his course, and well he knew not where,
'Mongst rocks and sands, in danger to be lost,
Not in more peril, than he was in fear;
At length, perceiving he was near some coast,
And that the weather somewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas Wales; and, by the mountains tall,
That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.

In Neath, a castle next at hand, and strong,
Where he commandeth entrance with his crew,
The earl of Glo'ster, worker of much wrong,
His chancellor Baldock, which much evil knew,
Reding his marshal, other friends among;
Where closely hid, though not from Envy's view,
The Muse a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great slaughter shapes herself to tell.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone,
Your passion poor yields matter much too slight:
To write those plagues that then were coming on,
Doth ask a pen of ebon and the night.
If there be ghosts, their murther that bemoan,
Let them approach me, and in piteous plight
Howl, and about me with black tapers stand,
To lend a sad light to my sadder hand.

Each line shall lead to some one weeping woe,
And ev'ry cadence as a tortur'd cry,
Till they force tears in such excess to flow,
That they surround the circle of each eye:
Then, whilst these sad calamities I show,
All loose affections stand ye idly by,
Destin'd again to dip my pen in gore,
For the sad'st tale that time did e'er deplore.

New sorts of plagues were threatened to the earth;
The raging ocean past his bounds did rise,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Unheard of sickness and calamities,
More unaccustomed and unlook'd-for dearth,
New sorts of meteors gazing from the skies:
As what before had small or nothing been,
And only then their plagues did but begin.

And whilst the queen did in this course proceed,
The land lay open to all offer'd ill:
The lawless exile did return with speed,
Not to defend his country, but to kill.
Then were the prisons dissolutely freed,
Both field and town with wretchedness to fill:
London, as thou wast author of such shame,
Even so wast thou most plagued with the same.

Whose giddy commons, merciless and rude,
Let loose to mischief on that dismal day,
Their hands in blood of Edward's friends embru'd,
Which in their madness having made away,
Th' implacable, the monstrous multitude,
On his lieutenant Stapleton did prey;
Who, dragg'd by them o'er many a loathsome heap,
Beheaded was before the cross in Cheap.

Here first she read, upon her ruin'd wall,
Her sad destruction, which was but too nigh,
Upon her gates was character'd her fall,
In mangled bodies her anatomy,
Which for her errours did that reck'ning call,
As might have wraught tears from her ruthless eye;
And if the thick air dimn'd her hateful sight,
Her buildings were on fire, to give her light.

Her channels serv'd for ink, her paper stones,
Whereon to write her murther, incest, rape;
And for her pens, a heap of dead men's bones,
To make each letter in some monstrous shape;
And for her accents, sad departing groans:
And that to time no desp'rate act should 'scape,
If she with pride again should be o'ergone,
To take that book, and sadly look thereon.

The tender girl, spoil'd of her virgin shame,
Yet for that sin no ravisher was shent:
Black is my ink, more black was her defame,
None to revenge, scarce any to lament;
Nought could be done to remedy the same,
It was too late those mischiefs to prevent:
Against those horrours she did idly strive,
But saw herself to be devour'd alive.

She wants redress, and ravishment remorse,
None would be found to whom she could complain;
And crying out against th' adult'rer's force,
Her plaints untimely did return in vain;
The more she griev'd, her misery the worse:
Only to her this help there did remain,
She, spoil'd of fame, was prodigal of breath,
And made her life clear by her resolute death.

Then of that world men did the want complain,
When they might have been buried, when they dy'd;
Young children safely in their cradles lain,
The man new-married have enjoy'd his bride,
When in some bounds ill could itself contain;
The son kneel'd by his father's death-bed side,
The living wrong'd, the dead no right could have,
The father saw his son to want a grave.

But 'twas too late those courses to recall,
None have external nor internal fear;
Those deadly sounds, by their continual fall,
Settle confusion in each deafen'd ear.
Of our ill times this was the worst of all,
Only of garbols that did love to hear;
Arms our attire, and wounds were all our good,
Branded the most with rapine and with blood.

Inglorious age, of whom it should be said,
That all these mischiefs should abound in thee!
That all these sins should to thy charge be laid,
From no calumnious nor vile action free!
O let not Time us with those ills upbraid,
Lest fear what hath been, argue what may be,
And fashioning so a habit in the mind,
Make us alone the haters of our kind!

O pow'rful Heav'n! in whose most sov'reign reign,
All thy pure bodies move in harmony,
By thee in an inviolable chain
Together link'd; so ty'd in unity,
That they therein continually remain,
Sway'd in one certain course eternally:
Why his true motion keepeth every star,
Yet, what they govern, so irregular?

But in the course of this unnatural war, [grew,
Muse, say from whence this height of mischief
That in so short time spread itself so far,
From whence so sundry bloodsheds did ensue,
The cause, I pray thee, faithfully declare.
What, men religious, was the fault in you?
Which, resty grown with your much pow'r, withdraw
Your stiffen'd necks from th' yoke of civil awe?

No wonder though the people grew profane,
When churchmen's lives gave laymen leave to fall,
And did their former humbleness disdain;
The shirt of hair turn'd coat of costly pall,
The holy ephod made a cloke for gain:
What done with cunning, was canonical,
And blind promotion shun'd that dang'rous road,
Which the old prophets diligently trode.

Hence 'twas, that God so slightly was ador'd;
That rock remov'd, whereon our faith was grounded,
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
And, being weak, by vain opinions wounded:
Professors lives did little fruit afford,
And in her sects religion lay confounded;
Most sacred things were merchandise become,
None talk'd of texts, but prophesying dumb.

The church then rich, and with such pride possest,
Was like the poison of infectious air,
That having found a way into the breast,
Is not prescrib'd, nor long time stays it there,
But through the organs seizeth on the rest,
The rank contagion spreading ev'ry where;
So, from that evil by the church begun,
The commonwealth was lastly over-run.

When craft crept in, to cancel wholsome laws,
Which fast'ning once on the defective weal,
Where doubts should cease, they rose in ev'ry clause,
And made them hurt, which first were made to heal.
One evil still another forward draws:
For when disorder doth so far prevail,
That conscience is cast off as out of use,
Right is the cloke of wrong, and all abuse.

Meanwhile the king, thus keeping in his hold,
(In that his poor imprison'd liberty,
Living a death in hunger, want, and cold,
Almost beyond imagin'd misery)
By hateful treason secretly was sold,
Through keys deliver'd to the enemy.
For when th' oppress'd is once up to the chin,
Quite over head all help to thrust him in.

The dire disaster of that captiv'd king,
So surely seiz'd on by the adverse part,
(To his few friends sad matter menacing)
Struck with pale terrour ev'ry willing heart,
Their expectation clean discouraging,
Him no evasion left whereby to start;
And the black cloud, which greatliest did them fear,
Rose where their hopes once brightest did appear.

For first, their envy with unusual force
Fell on the Spensers, from whose only hate
The war first sprung; who found their lawless course
Drew to an end, confined by their fate:
Of whom there was not any took remorse,
But as pernicious cankers of the state,
The father, first to Bristol being led,
Was drawn to death, then hang'd and quartered.

When as the heir to Winchester then dead,
The lot ere long to his son Glo'ster fell:
Reding, the marshal, the like way was led,
And after him the earl of Arundel,
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:
Then Muchelden, and with him Daniel;
These following him in his lascivious ways,
Then went before him to his fatal days.

Like some large pillar of a lordly height,
On whose proud top some huge frame doth depend,
By time disabled to uphold the weight,
And that with age his back begins to bend,
Shrinks to his first seat, and in piteous plight
The lesser props with his sad load doth spend;
So far'd it with king Edward, crushing all
That had stood near him, in his violent fall.

The state whereon these princes proudly lean,
Whose high ascent men trembling still behold,
From whence oft times, with insolent disdain,
The kneeling subject hears himself controll'd,
Their earthly weakness truly doth explain,
Promoting whom they please, not whom they should;
When as their fall shows how they foully err'd,
Procur'd by those whom fondly they prefer'd.

For when that men of merit go ungrac'd,
And by her fautors ignorance held in,
And parasites in good men's rooms are plac'd,
Only to soothe the highest in their sin,
From those whose skill and knowledge is debas'd,
There many strange enormities begin.
For great wits forged into factious tools,
Prove great men (oft) to be the greatest fools.

But why so vainly time do I bestow,
The base abuse of this vile world to chide?
Whose blinded judgment ev'ry hour doth show
What folly weak mortality doth guide.
Wise was that man which laugh'd at human woe;
My subject still more sorrow doth provide,
And these designs more matter still do breed,
To hasten that which quickly must succeed.

THE BARONS' WARS,

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' imprison'd king his sceptre doth forsake,
To quit himself of what he was accus'd:
His foes him from the earl of Lei'ster take,
Who their commission fain would have refus'd:
His torturers a mock'ry of him make,
And beastly and reproachfully abus'd,
By secret ways to Berkeley he is led,
And there in prison lastly murthered.

The wretched king, unnaturally betray'd,
By too much trusting to his native land,
From Neath, in Wales, to Kenelworth convey'd
By th' earl of Lei'ster, with a mighty band;
Some few, his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd:
When straight there went a parliament in hand,
To ratify the general intent,
For resignation of his government.

Fall'n through his frailty and intemperate will,
That with his fortune it so weakly far'd,
To undergo that unexpected ill,
For his deserved punishment prepar'd:
Past measure, as those miseries to fill,
To him allotted as his just reward:
All armed with malice, either less or more,
To strike at him, who struck at all before.

It being a thing the commons still did crave,
The barons thereto resolutely bent,
Such happy helps on ev'ry side to have,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect speed to their great action gave,
Established by the general consent:
On Edward that such miseries did bring,
As never were inflicted on a king.

Earls, bishops, barons, and the abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their state,
By heralds placed in the castle hall;
The burgesses for places corporate,
(Whom the great bus'ness at that time did call,)
For the Cinque Ports the barons convocate,
With the shire knights for the whole body sent,
Both for the south and for the north of Trent.

When Edward, clothed mournfully in black,
Was forth before the great assembly brought,
A doleful hearse upon a dead man's back,
Whose heavy looks express'd his heavy thought,
In which there did no part of sorrow lack;
True grief needs not feign'd action to be taught:
His funeral solemnized in his cheer,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the bier.

Torlton, as one select to that intent,
The best experienc'd in that great affair,
A man grave, subtle, stout, and eloquent,
First with fair speech th' assembly doth prepare;
Then, with a grace austere and eminent,
Doth his abuse effectually declare,
Winning each sad eye to a reverend fear,
To due attention drawing every ear.

Urging th' exactions raised by the king,
With whose full plenty he his minions fed,
Him and his subjects still impoverishing;
And the much blood he lavishly had shed,
A desolation on the land to bring:
As under him, how ill all bus'ness sped;
The loss in war, sustained through his blame,
A lasting scandal to the English name.

Withal, proceeding with the future good
That they thereby did happily intend.
And with what upright policy it stood,
No other hopes their fortunes to amend;
The resignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend;
The present want, that will'd it to be so,
Whose imposition they might not foreslow.

Much more he spake; but fain would I be short,
To this intent a speech delivering:
Nor may I be too curious to report
What toucheth the deposing of a king:
Wherefore I warn thee, Muse, not to exhort
The after-times to this forbidden thing,
By reasons for it by the bishops laid,
Or from my feeling what he might have said.

The grave delivery of whose vehement speech,
Grac'd with a dauntless uncontracted brow,
Th' assembly with severity did teach,
Each word of his authentic to allow,
That in the bus'ness there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow:
Which they in public gen'rally protest,
Calling the king to consummate the rest.

Whose fair cheeks, cover'd with pale sheets of shame,
Near in a swoon, he his first scene began,
Wherein his passions did such postures frame,
As ev'ry sense play'd the tragedian,
Truly to show from whence his sorrows came,
Far from the compass of a common man:
As Nature to herself had added art,
To teach despair to act a kingly part.

O Pity! didst thou live, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by such sights have to stone been turn'd)
Or, what men have been, had their seed forgot?
Or, that for one, another never mourn'd?
In what so strangely were ye over-shot,
Against yourselves that your own frailty spurn'd?
Or had tears then abandon'd human eyes,
That there was none to pity miseries?

His passion calm'd, his crown he taketh to him,
With a slight view, as tho' he thought not on it,
As he were senseless that it should forego him;
And then he casts a scornful eye upon it,
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him:
Then snatching at it, loth to have foregone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not so,
He fain would keep what fain he would forego.

In this confused conflict in his mind,
Tears drowning sighs, and sighs repelling tears:
But when in neither that he ease could find,
And to his wrong no remedy appears,
Perceiving none to pity there inclin'd,
Besides, the time to him prefixed wears;
As then his sorrow somewhat 'gan to slake,
From his full bosom thus he them bespake:

"If first my title stedfastly were planted
Upon a true indubitate succession,
Confirm'd by nations, as by nature granted,
Which lawfully deliver'd me possession;
You must think Heav'n sufficiency hath wanted,
And so deny it power, by your oppression,
That into question dare thus boldly bring
The awful right of an anointed king.

"That hallowed unction, by a sacred hand,
Which once was pour'd upon this crowned head,
And of this kingdom gave me the command,
When it about me the rich verdure spread,
Either my right in greater stead should stand,
Or wherefore then was it so vainly shed?
Whose profanation, and unrev'rend touch,
Just Heaven hath often punish'd, always much.

"As from the Sun, when from our sov'reign due,
Whose virtual influence, as the source of right,
Lends safety of our livelihood to you,
As from our fulness taking borrow'd light;
Which to the subject being ever true,
Why thus oppugn you by prepost'rous might?
But what Heaven lent me, wisely to have used,
It gives to him that vainly I abused.

"Then here I do resign it to your king;"
[Pausing thereat, as though his tongue offended,
With griping throws seem'd forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.
O how that sound his grieved heart did wring!
Which he recalling, gladly would have mended.]
"Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,
But griefs that touch the heart are hardly told."

[Which said, his eyes seem'd to dissolve to tears,
After some great storm like a show'r of rain,
As his tongue strove to keep it from his ears,
Or he had spoke it with exceeding pain;
Oh, in his lips how vile that word appears,
Wishing it were within his breast again!]
"Yet," saith he, "say so to the man you bear it,
And thus say to him that you mean shall wear it:

"Let him account his bondage from that day,
That he is with a diadem invested;
(A glittering crown hath made this hair so gray)
Within whose circle he is but arrested,
To true content this is no certain way;
With sweeter cates the mean estate is feasted:
For when his proud feet scorn to touch the mould,
His head's a prisoner in a gaol of gold.

"In numb'ring subjects, he but numbers care;
And when with shouts the people do begin,
Let him suppose, th' applause but prayers are,
That he may 'scape the danger he is in,
Wherein t' adventure he so boldly dares:
The multitude hath multitudes of sin,
And he that first doth cry, 'God save the king!'
Is the first man him evil news doth bring.

"Lost in his own, mis-led in others' ways,
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,
Himself displeasing, wicked men to please;
Obey'd no more than he shall tyrannise,
The least in safety, being most at ease,
With one friend winning many enemies:
And when he sitteth in his greatest state, [hate.
They that behold him most, bear him most

"A king was he but now, that now is none,
Disarm'd of power, and here dejected is;
By whose deposing he enjoys a throne,
Who, were he natural, should not have done this:
I must confess th' inheritance his own;
But, whilst I live, it should be none of his:
But the son climbs, and thrusts the father down,
And thus the crowned goes without a crown."

Thus having play'd his hard constrained part,
His speech, his reign, the day together ended,
His breast shot through with sorrow's deadliest dart,
Car'd for of none, nor look'd on, unattended,
Sadly returning with a heavy heart,
To his straight lodging strictly recommended,
Left to bemoan his miserable plight,
To the deaf walls, and to the darksom night.

Whilst things were thus disast'rously decreed,
Seditious libels every day were spread,
(By such as lik'd not of the violent deed)
That he by force should be delivered:
Whether his wrong remorse in some did breed,
That him (alas!) untimely pitied;
Who knew: or whether but devis'd by some,
To cloke his murther, afterward to come.

And hate at hand, which heark'ning still did lurk,
And still suspicious Edward was not sure,
Fearing that blood with Leicester might work,
Or that him friends his name might yet procure,
Which the queen's faction mightily did irk:
At Kenelworth, that no way could endure
His longer stay, but cast to have him laid,
Where his friends least might hope to lend him aid.

Of which when as they had debated long,
Of Berkeley castle they themselves bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous strong,
And yet far stronger eas'ly might be wrought:
Besides, it stood their chiefest friends among,
And where he was unlikeliest to be sought;
And for their men, to work what they desir'd,
They knew where villains were that might be hir'd.

For though the great, to cover their intent,
Seem not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a devilish instrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will:
Such men these had, to mischief wholly bent,
In villainy notorious for their skill,
Dishonest, desp'rate, merciless, and rude,
That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

Vile Gurney and Maltrevers were the men,
Of this black scene the actors chose to be,
Whose hateful deed pollutes my maiden pen:
But, I beseech you, be not griev'd with me,
Which have these names now, that were famous then,
Some boughs grow crooked from the straightest tree:
Ye are no way partakers of their shame;
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

To Kenelworth they speedily dispatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could desire,
At such a time as few their coming watch'd,
When of their bus'ness none was to inquire:
Well were the men and their commission match'd,
For they had their authority entire,
To take the king, his guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought it fit.

This crew of ribalds, villainous and nought,
With their co-agents in this damned thing,
To noble Lei'ster their commission brought,
Commanding the deliv'ry of the king;
Which (with much grief) they lastly from him wrought;
About the castle closely hovering,
Watching a time, when silence and the night
Could with convenience privilege their flight.

With shameful scoffs, and barbarous disgrace,
Him on a lean ill-favour'd jade they set,
In a vile garment, beggarly and base,
Which (it should seem) they purposely did get;
So carrying him in a most wretched case,
Benumb'd and beaten with the cold and wet,
Depriv'd of all repose and natural rest,
With thirst and hunger grievously oppress'd.

Yet still suspicious that he should be known,
From beard and head they shav'd away the hair,
Which was the last that he could call his own:
Never left Fortune any wight so bare,
Such tyranny on king was never shown,
And till that time with mortals had been rare;
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
But to his death his sorrows did not leave him.

For when they had him far from all resort,
They took him down from his poor weary beast,
And on a mole-hill (for a state in court)
With puddle water him they lewdly drest,
Then with his woful miseries made sport;
And for his bason, fitting with the rest,
A rusty iron skull:—O wretched sight!
Was ever man so miserably dight?

His tears increas'd the water with their fall,
Like a pool rising with a sudden rain,
Which wrestled with the puddle, and withal
A troubled circle made it to retain;
His endless grief which to his mind did call,
His sighs made billows like a little main;
Water and tears contending whether should
The mast'ry have, the hot ones or the cold.

Vile traitors! hold off your unhallow'd hands,
His brow upon it majesty still bears:
Dare you thus keep your sov'reign lord in bands?
And can your eyes behold th' anointed's tears?
Or if your sight all pity thus withstands,
Are not your hearts yet pierced thro' your ears?
The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man;
A king's a king, do Fortune what she can.

Dare man take that which God himself hath giv'n?
Or mortal spill the spir't by him infus'd,
Whose pow'r is subject to the pow'r of Heaven?
Wrongs pass not unreveng'd, although excus'd,
Except that thou set all at six and seven,
Rise, majesty, when thou art thus abus'd:
Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,
When in this sort thou dost thyself forsake?

When, in despite and mock'ry of a crown,
A wreath of grass they for his temples make:
Which when he felt, then coming from a swoon,
And that his spir'ts a little 'gan to wake:
"Fortune," quoth he, "thou dost not always frown;
I see thou giv'st, as well as thou dost take;
That wanting natural covert for my brain,
For that defect thou lend'st me this again.

"To whom, just Heaven, should I my grief complain,
Since it is only thou that workest all? [plain,
How can this body natural strength retain,
To suffer things so much unnatural?
My cogitations labour, but in vain:
'Tis from thy justice that I have my fall,
That when so many miseries do meet,
The change of sorrow makes my torment sweet."

Thus they to Berkeley brought the wretched king,
Which for their purpose was the place fore-thought.
Ye heavenly pow'rs, do ye behold this thing,
And let this deed of horrour to be wrought,
That might the nation into question bring?
But oh! your ways with justice still are fraught:
But he is hap'd into his earthly Hell,
From whence he bade the wicked world farewell.

They lodg'd him in a melancholic room,
Where through straight windows the dull light came
(In which the Sun did at no season come) [far,
Which strengthen'd were with many an iron bar,
Like to a vault under some mighty tomb,
Where night and day wag'd a continual war;
Under whose floor the common sewer pass'd,
Up to the same a loathsome stench that cast.

The ominous raven often he doth hear,
Whose croaking him of following horrour tells,
Begetting strange imaginary fear,
With heavy echoes, like to passing-bells:
The howling dog a doleful part doth bear,
As though they chim'd his last sad burying knells:
Under his cave the buzzing screech-owl sings,
Beating the windows with her fatal wings.

By night affrighted in his fearful dreams,
Of raging fiends and goblins that he meets;
Of falling down from steep rocks into streams;
Of deaths, of burials, and of winding sheets;
Of wand'ring helpless in far foreign realms;
Of strong temptations by seducing sprites:
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow voice doth make himself afraid.

Then came the vision of his bloody reign,
Marching along with Lancaster's stern ghost;
Twenty-eight barons, either hang'd or slain,
Attended with the rueful mangled host,
That unreveng'd did all that while remain,
At Burton-bridge and fatal Borough lost;
Threat'ning with frowns, and quaking ev'ry limb,
As tho' that piece-meal they would torture him.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled skies
The least small star through any chink gave light,
Straightways on heaps the thronging clouds did rise,
As though that Heaven were angry with the night,
That it should lend that comfort to his eyes:
Deformed shadows glimpsing in his sight,
As darkness, that it might more ugly be,
Through the least cranny would not let him see.

When all th' affliction that they could impose
Upon him, to the utmost of their hate,
Above his torments yet his strength so rose,
As though that Nature had conspir'd with Fate;
When as his watchful and too wary foes,
That ceas'd not still his woes to aggravate,
His further helps suspected, to prevent,
To take away his life to Berkeely sent.

And to that end a letter fashioning,
Which in the words a double sense did bear;
Which seem'd to bid them not to kill the king,
Showing withal how vile a thing it were;
But, by the pointing, was another thing,
And to dispatch him bids them not to fear:
Which taught to find, the murth'rers need no more,
Being thereto too ready long before.

When Edward hap'd a chronicle to find,
Of those nine kings which did him there precede,
Which some there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
On which, to pass the hours, he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his mind,
But in his breast that did sore conflicts breed:
For when true sorrow once the fancy seizeth,
Whate'er we see, our misery increaseth.

And to that Norman ent'ring on this isle,
Call'd William Conqueror, first his time he plies;
The fields of Hastings how he did defile
With Saxon blood, and Harold did surprise;
And those which he so could not reconcile,
How over them he long did tyrannise:
Where he read, how the strong o'ercame the strong,
As God oft-times makes wrong to punish wrong.

How Robert then his eldest son abroad,
Rufus his second seiz'd on his estate,
His father's steps apparently that trode,
Depressing those who had been conquer'd late;
But as on them he laid a heavy load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartial fate:
For whilst men's rooms for beasts he did intend,
He in that forest had a beastly end.

Henry, his young'st, his brother William dead,
Taketh the crown from his usurping hand,
Due to the eldest, good duke Robert's head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land:
Whose pow'r was there so much diminished,
That he his foe not able to withstand,
Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes out-done,
For which, the seas left Henry not a son.

To Maud, the empress, he the sceptre leaves,
His only daughter, whom (through false pretext)
Stephen, earl of Bulloin, from the kingdom heaves,
The Conqueror's nephew, in succession next,
By which the land a stranger war receives,
Wherewith it long was miserably vext:
Till Stephen failing, and his issue gone,
The heir of Maud steps up into the throne.

Henry the second, Maud the empress' son,
Of th' English kings Plantagenet the first,
By Stephen's end a glorious reign begun;
But yet his greatness strangely was accurst,
By his son Henry's coronation:
Which to his age much woe and sorrow nurst,
When his, whom he had labour'd to make great,
Abroad his towns, at home usurp'd his seat.

Richard, his son, him worthily succeeds,
Who, not content with what was safely ours,
(A man whose mind sought after glorious deeds)
Into the East transports the English pow'rs;
Where, with his sword while many a pagan bleeds,
Relentless fate doth haste on his last hours,
By one, whose sire he justly there had slain,
With a sharp arrow shot into the brain.

Next follow'd him his faithless brother John,
By Arthur's murther (compass'd by his might)
His brother Geffrey, th' earl of Britain's son;
But he by poison was repay'd his spite:
For whilst he strove to have made all his own,
(For what he got by wrong, he held his right)
And on the clergy tyrannously fed,
Was by a monk of Swinsted poisoned.

Henry, his son, then crowned very young,
For hate the English to the father bare,
The son's here reigning was in question long,
Who thought on France t' have cast the kingdom's care;
With whom the barons, insolent and strong,
For the old charter in commotion were:
Which his long reign did with much care molest,
Yet with much peace went lastly to his rest.

Of him descends a prince, stout, just, and sage,
(In all things happy, but in him, his son)
In whom wise Nature did herself engage,
More than in man, in Edward to have done;
Whose happy reign recur'd the former rage,
By the large bounds he to his empire won:
"O God!" quoth he, "had he my pattern been,
Heav'n had not pour'd these plagues upon my sin."

Turning the leaf, he found, at unawares, [horn;
What day young Edward, prince of Wales, was
Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
Or to despite him they were set in scorn,
Blotting the paper like disfig'ring scars.
"O let that name," quoth he, "from books be torn,
Lest in that place the sad displeased Earth
Doth loath itself, as slander'd with my birth.

" Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
Sunk to a lake, or swallow'd by the sea;
And future ages asking for that child,
Say, 'twas abortive, or 'twas stol'n away:
And lest, O Time! thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day;
Let all be done that pow'r can bring to pass,
To make forgot that such a one there was."

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,
Through which he did upon the letters look,
Made them to seem like roundlets, that arise
By a stone cast into a standing brook,
Appearing to him in such various wise,
And at one time such sundry fashions took,
As like deluding goblins did affright,
And with their foul shapes terrify his sight.

And on his death-bed sits him down at last,
His fainting spirits foreshowing danger nigh,
When the doors forth a fearful howling cast,
To let those in by whom he was to die:
At whose approach, whilst there he lay aghast,
Those ruthless villains did upon him fly;
Who, seeing none to whom to call for aid,
Thus to these cruel regicides he said:

" O be not authors of so vile an act,
My blood on your posterity to bring,
Which after-time with horrour shall distract,
When Fame shall tell it, how you kill'd a king:
And yet more, by the manner of the fact,
Mortality so much astonishing, [sin,
That they should count their wickedness scarce
Compar'd to that which done by you hath been.

" And since you deadly hate me, let me live;
Yea, this advantage angry Heaven hath left,
Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give:
But that revenge from you should not be reft,
Me yet with greater misery to grieve,
Hath still reserv'd this from its former theft;
That this, which might of all these plagues prevent me,
Were I depriv'd it, lasteth to torment me."

Thus spake this woful and distressed lord,
As yet his breath found passage to and fro,
With many a short pant, many a broken word,
Many a sore groan, many a grievous throw,
Whilst him his spirit could any strength afford,
To his last gasp to move them with his woe;
Till over-master'd by their too much strength,
His sickly heart submitted at the length.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd his weary'd corse,
Barely uncovering his most secret part,
And without human pity or remorse,
With a hot spit they thrust him to the heart.
O that my pen had in it but that force,
T' express the pain! but that surpasseth art!
And that the soul must ev'n with trembling do,
For words want weight, nor can they reach thereto.

When those (i' th' depth and dead time of the night)
Poor simple people, that then dwelled near,
Whom that strange noise did wond'rously affright,
That his last shriek did in his parting hear,
As pitying that most miserable wight,
(Betwixt compassion and obedient fear)
Turn'd up their eyes, with heaviness opprest,
Praying to Heaven to give the soul good rest.

Berkley, whose fair seat hath been famous long,
Let thy sad echoes shriek a deadly sound,
To the vast air complain his grievous wrong,
And keep the blood that issued from his wound,
The tears that dropp'd from his dead eyes among,
In their black footsteps printed on the ground,
Thereby that all the ages that succeed,
May call to mind the foulnes of their deed.

When now the Genius of this woful place,
Being the guide to his affrightful ghost,
With hair dishevell'd and a ghastly face,
Shall haunt the prison where his life was lost;
And, as the den of horrour and disgrace,
Let it be fearful unto all the coast,
That those hereafter that do travel near,
Never behold it but with heavy cheer.

THE BARONS' WARS.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lord Mortimer made earl of March; when he
And the fair queen rule all things by their might.
The pomp wherein at Nottingham they be;
The cost wherewith their amorous court is dight,
Envy'd by those their hateful pride that see.
The king attempts the dreadful cave by night;
Ent'ring the castle, taketh him from thence,
And March at London dies for the offence.

ENFORC'D of other accidents to sing,
(Bearing fair shows of promised delight,
Somewhat to slack this melancholy string)
That new occasions to our Muse excite,
To our conceit strange objects fashioning,
Doth our free numbers liberally invite:
Matter of moment much to be respected,
Must by our pen be seriously directed.

And now the time more cunningly redeeming,
These fraudful courses fitly to contrive,
How ill soe'er, to bear the fairest seeming,
For which they now must diligently strive,
Casting all ways to gain the same esteeming,
That to the world it prosp'rously might thrive;
This far gone on, now with the hand of might,
Upon this wrong to build a lasting right.

The pompous synod of these earthly gods
At Sal'sbury selected by their king,
To set all even that had been at odds,
And into fashion their designs to bring,
And strongly now to settle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions spring,
Firmly t' establish what was well begun,
Under which colour mighty things were done.

When Mortimer pursuing his desire,
Whilst ev'ry engine had his temperate heat,
To b' earl of March doth suddenly aspire,
T' increase the honour of his ancient seat,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now, but only Mortimer, is great?
Who knew a kingdom as her lot was thrown,
Which having all, would never starve her own.

Now stand they firm as those celestial poles,
'Twixt which the stars in all their course do move,
Whose strength this frame of government upholds,
An argument their wisdoms to approve,
Which way soe'er the time in motion rolls,
So perfect is the union of their love.
For might is still most absolute alone,
Where pow'r and fortune kindly meet in one.

Whilst Edward's nonage gives a further speed
To th' ancient foe-man to renew the war,
Which to prevent they must have special heed,
Matters so strangely manag'd as they are,
Which otherwise if their neglect should breed,
Nothing yet made, it might not easily mar;
Which with the most, reserving their estate,
Enforc'd to purchase at the dearest rate.

So much t' release the homage as suffic'd,
'Mongst which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of renown,
By which the kings of Scotland had devis'd
Their fealty unto the English crown,
With other reliques that were highly priz'd,
Was that which forc'd the greatest part to frown:
Th' black cross of Scotland men did ominous [deem,
Being a relique of so high esteem.

To colour which, and to confirm the peace,
They make a marriage 'twixt the Scot and us,
To give more strength unto this strange release,
Which unto all men seem'd so dangerous
Whilst Robert's reign, and after his decease,
The league might ever be continued thus;
David the prince the lady Jane should take,
Which 'twixt the realms a lasting bond should make.

When th' earl of Kent, that being one of those
Which in their actions had a pow'rful hand,
Perceiving them of matters to dispose
To the subjection of so great a land,
Finding the inconvenience that grows
Under the guidance of their wilful hand,
To shake their pow'r whilst he strangely doth cast,
His fatal end too violently doth haste.

Which giving out his brother yet to live,
(Long now supposed the deceased king)
Unto his nephew might that scandal give,
As into question might his title bring;
Ill this report began, and worse it thrive,
Being so foul and dangerous a thing,
Which being the motive of intestine strife,
The time not long ere it bereft his life.

Whilst Edward takes what late their pow'r did give,
Whose nonage craves their bountiful protection,
Which know to rule, whilst he must learn to live,
From their experience taking his direction,
Which more and more their doubtful hopes revive,
When born to reign, yet crown'd by their election,
Th' allegiance duly doth to him belong,
Now makes their faction absolutely strong.

Providing for protection of the king,
Men of most power, and noblest of the peers,
That no distaste unto the realm might bring,
For ripen'd judgment, or well-season'd years,
With comeliness all matters managing:
Yet whilst they row, 'tis Mortimer that steers.
Well might we think the man were worse than blind,
That wanted sea-roomth, and could rule the wind.

To smooth the path wherein this course was going,
Which as a test might to their actions stand,
And give more full possession of their own,
In being received from a sovereign hand,
Into their bosoms absolutely thrown,
Both for the good and safety of the land;
When their proceedings colour'd with this care,
To the world's eye so fair an outside bare.

All compliment that appertain'd to state,
By giving greatness every honour'd rite,
To feed those eyes that did their hours await,
And by all means to nourish their delight;
That entertaining love, they welcome hate,
And with free bounty equally invite.
A prince's wealth in spending still doth spread,
Like to a brook with many fountains fed.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious eye,
Which as a pharus guards the goodly soil,
And arm'd by nature danger to defy,
There to repose him safely after toil,
Where treason least advantage might espy,
Closely conveys this great invalued spoil;
That by residing from the public sight,
He might more freely relish his delight.

Nine score in check attending in their court,
Whom honour'd knighthood knits in mutual bands,
Men most select, of special worth and sort;
Much might they do that have so many hands.
Who pays not tribute to this lordly port?
This high-rear'd castle ev'ry way commands:
Thus like those giants, 'gainst great Heav'n they rise,
Which darted rocks at th' empyréal skies.

It seems in him Fame means her pow'r to show,
And 'twixt her wings to bear him thro' the sky,
He might more eas'ly see the things below,
Having above them mounted him so high,
Unto whose will they meekly seem to bow,
Under whose greatness meaner pow'rs do lie:
All things concur with fair successful chance,
To raise that man whom Fortune will advance.

Here, all along the flow'r-enamell'd vales,
The silver Trent on pearly sands doth slide,
And to the meadows telling wanton tales,
Her crystal limbs lasciviously in pride
(As ravished with the enamour'd gales)
With often turnings casts from side to side,
As loth she were the sweet soil to forsake,
And cast herself into the German lake.

Near whom fair Sherwood, wildly bent to rove,
Twines her loose arms about the flatt'ring tow'rs,
By the mild shadows of her scatter'd grove,
Lends Winter shelter, and gives Summer bow'rs,
As with the flood in courtesy it strove;
And by repulsing the sharp northern show'rs,
Courts the proud castle, who by turning to her,
Smiles to behold th' lascivious wood-nymph woo her.

Who being retir'd so strictly to this place,
To this fair sted the princess' person draws,
When Fortune seems their greatness to embrace,
That as a working and especial cause,
Effects each formal ceremonious grace,
As by her just and necessary laws,
That in the town retains his kingly seat,
With March's court the castle is replete.

Occasion'd where, in counsels to debate,
And by the king conveniently is met,
So sovereign and magnificent in state,
As might all eyes upon his greatness set,
Prizing his honour at that costly rate,
As to the same due reverence might beget,
Which as the object sundry passions wrought,
Stirring strange forms in many a wand'ring thought.

Could blind ambition find the meanest stay
His disproportion'd and vain course to guide,
T' assure some safety in that slippery way
Where the most worldly provident do slide,
Feeling the steep-fall threat'ning sure decay,
Besotted in the wantonness of pride,
The mind assuming absoluter pow'rs,
Might check the frail mortality of ours.

But still in pleasure sitting with excess,
His savory junkets tasted with delight,
Ne'er can that glutton appetite suppress,
Where ev'ry dish invites a liqu'rish sight.
Nor having much, is his desire the less,
Till tempted past the compass of his might,
The pamper'd stomach more than well suffic'd,
Casts up the surfeit lately gormandiz'd.

As when some brook from th' over-moisten'd ground
By swelling waters prondly overflow'd,
Stoppeth his current, should'reth down his mound,
And from his course doth quite himself unload,
The bord'ring meadows ev'ry where surround,
Dispersing his own riches all abroad,
Spending the store he was maintained by,
Leaves his first channel desolate and dry.

When now those few that many tears had spent,
And long had wept on murther'd Edward's grave,
Mutt'ring in corners, griev'd and discontent,
And finding some a willing ear that gave,
Still as they durst bewraying what they meant,
Tending his pride and greatness to deprave;
Urging withall what some might justly do,
If things thus borne were rightly look'd into.

Some give it out, that March, by blood to rise,
Had cut off Kent, the man might next succeed,
And his late treasons falsely did surmise
As a meer colour to this lawless deed;
That his ambition only did devise,
In time the royal family to weed,
When in account there was but only one,
That kept him off from stepping to the throne.

And those much busied in the former times,
When credulous that honour was his end,
And by the hate they bare to others' crimes,
Did not his faults so carefully attend,
Perceiving how he dissolutely climbs,
Having thus brought his purpose to an end,
With a severe eye now more strictly look,
Into the course that his ambition took.

All fence the tree that serveth for a shade,
Whose large grown body doth repulse the wind,
Until his wasteful branches do invade
The straighter plants, and them in prison bind,
And as a tyrant to the weaker made;
When, like a foul devourer of his kind,
Unto his root all put their hands to hew,
Whose roomth but hinders other that would grow.

Thus at his ease whilst he securely sate,
And to his will these things assured were
With a well-govern'd and contented fate,
Never so much freed from suspicious fear,
Well fortify'd, and in so good estate,
As not admits of danger to be near.
But still we see, before a sudden show'r,
The Sun shines hott'st, and hath the greatest pow'r.

Within the castle hath the queen devis'd
A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
As in the same she had imparadis'd
Almost what man by industry hath sought;
Where with the curious pencil was compris'd
What could with colours by the art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the castle there,
Which she had nam'd the Tower of Mortimer.

An orbal form with pillars small compos'd,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compass where they were enclos'd,
Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
In whose partitions by the lines dispos'd,
All the clear northern asterisms were
In their corporeal shapes with stars enchased,
As by th' old poets they in Heav'n were placed.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
That as a zone the waist engirdled,
That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
'Twixt things near view and those far over head,
Under the which the painter's curious skill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

Here Phœbus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That should 't be blood or tears no sight could view,
So mix'd together in a little flood,
Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chafing him with balm,
To bring the sweet boy from this deadly qualm.

With the god's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
T' express whose grief Art ev'n her best did show,
The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As still to give new anguish to the wound;
The purple flower sprung from the blood that run,
That op'neth since and closeth with the Sun.

By which the heifer Io, Jove's fair rape,
Gazing her new ta'en figure in a brook,
The water shadow'd to observe the shape
In the same form that she on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
By perspective devis'd beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way 't seem'd a cow.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous toy,
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the perfect life could limn,
Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
As through the drops the fair skin might appear.

And ciffy Cynthus with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crown,
Under whose shadow graze the straggling herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his shaggy beards,
With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock so lively done in ev'ry part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

The naked nymphs, some up and down descending,
Small scatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rending)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among;
Some comb their hair, some making garlands by,
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling thro' the clouds,
Cast by his pulfreys that their reins had broke,
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds, [yoke,
Now through the Heav'n run madding from the
The elements together thrust in crowds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;
Drawn with such life, as some did much desire
To warm themselves, some frighted with the fire.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degrees,
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from their eyes;
The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in showing of the same.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,
Holding just distance to the lineament,
And should the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and grave,
To ev'ry figure a sure colour gave.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton twine,
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whose ripen'd clusters seeming to decline,
Where, as among the naked Cupids sprawl,
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past
In lively pictures neatly handed was;
How he escap'd the Tow'r, in France how grac'd,
With stones embroider'd, of a wond'rous mass;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impressas, hieroglyphics set.

This flatt'ring sun-shine had begot the show'r,
And the black clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with such a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,
Prepost'rously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
That the young king down Mortimer must cast,
If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That urg'd him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping pow'r awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprise effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least suspect.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horrour doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into Hell;
By architects to serve the castle made,
When as the Danes this island did invade.

Now on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the deep,
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been tainted,
Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
To rouse the beast which kept them all at bay.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his cauples in the ocean stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,
Into the West went after him apace,
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving there preheminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have deny'd,
And threaten'd them their journey to foreslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to say,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their back,
Were like to mourners carrying forth their dead,
And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd
At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide;
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things)
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice musician plays and sings,
Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night attire more god-like glittering,
Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her most-lov'd Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleas'd her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go;
But with those banks of beauty set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too base!
Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praising which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot show it,
Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The gods pure scepters and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tiger meek,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lilly for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire, of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As ev'ry thing did to itself assume
The scent from them, and made the same their own:
So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those eyes,
Show how that bird, how well that flow'r was done;
How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,
This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,
The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things:

Looking upon proud Phaëton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire,
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:
"What though," quoth he, "he madly did aspire,
And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall?
Yet in despite, when she her worst had done,
He perish'd in the chariot of the Sun."

"Phœbus," she said, "was overforc'd by art;
Nor could she find how that embrace could be."
But Mortimer then took the painter's part: [he:
"Why thus bright empress, thus and thus," quoth
"That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart;
Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see;
Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;
It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die."

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how mischances suddenly do fall,
And steal upon us, being farth'st from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that had won,
That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
With such discourse as women love to hear;
Charg'd on the sudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lofty cliffs,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rds her preying hour,
Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drives,
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow'r,
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her pow'r: [vault,
Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout the
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

Unarm'd was March (she only in his arms,
Too soft a shield to bear their boist'rous blows),
Who least of all suspected such alarms,
And to be so encounter'd by his foes,
When he was most improvident of harms.
O, had he had but weapons to his woes!
Either his valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her sight dy'd happily esteem'd.

But there, about him looking for the king,
Whom he suppos'd his judgment could not miss;
Which when he found, by his imagining
Of those most perfect lineaments of his:
Quoth he, "The man that to thy crown did bring
Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for this;
And in this place the least of all the rest,
Where only sacred solitude is blest.

"Her presence frees th' offender of this ill,
Whose godlike greatness makes the place divine:
And canst thou, king, thus countermand her will,
Who gave to thee the pow'r that now is thine,
And in her arms in safety kept thee still,
As in a most inviolated shrine?
Yet dar'st thou irreligiously despise,
And thus profane these sacred liberties?"

But ev'n as when old Ilion was surpris'd,
The Grecians issuing from the wooden horse,
Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force,
Putting in act what was before devis'd,
Without all human pity or remorse;
Ev'n so did they, with whose confused sound
Words were not heard, and poor complaints were drown'd.

Dissolv'd to tears, she follow'd him: (O tears,
Elixir-like, turn all to tears you touch;
To weep with her, the hard wall scarce forbears,
The woful words she uttered were such,
Able to wound th' impenetrablest ears,
Her plaints so piercing, and her grief so much:)
And to the king, when she at last doth come,
Thus to him spake, though he to her were dumb.

"Dear son," quoth she, "let not his blood be spilt,
So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown.
In all his life can there be found that guilt?
Think of his love, on which thou once shouldst
'Twas he thy seat that so substantial built, [frown:
Long with his shoulder sav'd from shaking down;
'Twas he the means that first for thee did find,
To pass for France, to exercise thy mind.

"Ev'n for the love thou bear'st to that dear blood,
From which (my son) thou didst receive thy life,
Play not the niggard in so small a good,
With her to whom thy bounties should be rife,
Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast stood:
O, let my up-held hands appease this strife!
Let not the breath, from this sad bosom sent,
Without thy pity be but vainly spent."

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,
Whilst ev'ry one for safety sought about,
And none regarded to maintain the light,
Which being over-wasted, was gone out,
It being then the mid-time of the night,
Ere they could quit the castle of the rout;
The queen alone (at least, if any near,
They were her women, almost dead with fear):

When horrour, darkness, and her inward woe,
Began to work on her afflicted mind,
Upon her weakness tyrannizing so,
As they would do their utmost in their kind;
And as then those, she need no other foe,
Such pow'r her fortune had to them assign'd,
To rack her conscience (by their torture due)
Itself t' accuse of whatsoe'er it knew.

"O God!" "(she thought) is yet an hour scarce past,
Since that my greatness, my command more high,
And eminency wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me respect in ev'ry humble eye?
How am I now abused! how disgrac'd!
Did ever queen in my dejection lie?" [brought
These things she ponder'd, as despair still
Their sundry forms into her troubled thought.

To London thus they March a pris'ner led,
Which there had oft been courted by the queen,
From whom his friends and his late foll'wers fled,
Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,
Of which, there was not one durst show his head,
Much less t' abet his side, that durst be seen;
Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

O Misery! where once thou art possest,
See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,
And, like a Circe, metamorphosest
The man that hath not a most godlike mind:
The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infest!
Whose yielding frailty eas'ly thou canst find,
And by thy vicious presence, with a breath,
Gives him up fetter'd, basely fear'd, to death.

When soon the king a parliament decreed,
(Ne'er till that time sole master of his crown)
And against March doth legally proceed,
Fitted with tools to dig that mountain down,
To which both high and low took special heed:
He ne'er had fawn, but then he had a frown,
King Edward's blood, with both the Spensers,
For vengeance on him, by the voice of all. [call

With dear Kent's death his credit next they blot,
Then on him lay the wards and liveries,
Which he by craft into his hands had got,
The sums then seized to his treasuries:
Then Joan the princess marry'd to the Scot,
The sign at Stanhope to the enemies;
With all things ripp'd from the records of time,
That any way might aggravate his crime.

O dire Revenge! when thou by time art rak'd
Out of the ashes which have hid thee long,
(Wherein thou laidst as thou hadst quite been
slak'd)
And becom'st kindled with the breath of wrong,
How soon thy hideous fury is awak'd! [sprung?
From thy poor sparks what flames are quickly
To waste their tops how soon dost thou aspire,
Whose weight and greatness once repress thy fire!

And what avail'd his answer in that case?
Which the time then did utterly distaste,
And look'd upon him with so stern a face,
As it his actions utterly disgrac'd:
No friendly bosom gave him any place,
Who was clean out of all opinion cast;
Taking his pen, his sorrows to deceive,
Thus of the queen he lastly took his leave.

"Bright empress, yet be pleased to peruse
The swan-like dirges of a dying man,
Altho' not like the raptures of the Muse
In our fresh youth, when our love first began,
Into my breast that did the fire infuse,
That glorious day that I thy rich glove wan,
And in my course a flame of light'ning beat,
Out of proud Hertford's high-plum'd burgonet.

"As for your son, that hast'neth on my death,
Madam, you know I lov'd him as mine own;
And when I could have grasped out his breath,
I set him eas'ly on his father's throne;
Which now his pow'r too quickly witnesseth,
Who to this height in tyranny is grown:
But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,
As after death I wish to be in Heaven.

"And for the sole rule, whereon so he stands,
Came bastard William but himself to shore?
Or had he not our father's valiant hands,
Who in that field our ancient ensign bore,
(Guarded about with our well-order'd bands)
Which then his leopards for their safety wore,
Looking at Hastings like that ominous lake,
From whose black depths our glorious name we take?

"Why fell I not from that my all arm'd horse,
On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,
Before the Belgic and Burgonian force,
There challenging their countries combatant;
Cast from my seat in some robustious course,
That they of me the victory might vaunt?
Why sunk I not under my batter'd shield,
To grace a brave foe, and renown a field?

"Yet never serv'd I Fortune like a slave,
Nor have, through baseness, made her bounties
In me her judgment poorly to deprave, [leas.
Nought hath she lent me that I'll not confess;
Nay, int'rest for her principal I gave.
My mind hath suited with her mightiness;
Her frowns with scorn and Mortimer doth bear,
For nothing can she do that he can fear.

"That ne'er quails me, at which your greatest quake;
Nor aught that's dreadful danger me can show,
Through sword and fire so us'd my way to take:
In death what can be, that I do not know,
That I should fear a covenant to make
With it, which welcom'd, finisheth my woe?
And nothing can th' afflicted conscience grieve,
But he may pardon, who can all forgive.

"And thus, thou most adored in my heart,
The thoughts of whom my humbled spir't doth
Lady most fair, most dear, of most desert, [raise,
Worthy of more than any mortal praise,
Condemned March thus lastly doth depart
From the great'st empress living in her days:
Nor with my dust my honour I inter;
Cæsar thus dy'd, and thus dies Mortimer."

When secretly he sent this letter to her,
Whose superscription was her princely style,
She knew the hand, and thought it came to woo her;
With which conceit she pleas'd herself a while,
Than which no one thing serv'd so to undo her,
By feeding her with flatt'ry and with guile,
To make her still more sensible of pain,
Which her sad heart was shortly to sustain.

Using her fingers to rip up the seal,
Which help'd to hide these ill news from her eyes,
Loth as it were such tidings to reveal,
As might her senses suddenly surprise;
But when her white hand did so hardly deal
With the poor paper, that the wax must rise,
It stuck upon her fingers bloody red,
As to portend some dear blood should be shed.

When by degrees she easily doth begin,
And as a fish plays with a baited hook,
So softly yet she swallow'd sorrow in,
Till she her bane into her bowels took;
And then she sees th' expenses of her sin,
Sadly set down in that black doomsday book,
And the dear sums that were to be defray'd,
Before the debt were absolutely paid.

Whole hosts of sorrows her sick heart assail,
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,
Striving against her which should most prevail,
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart:
Where one word might another's woe bewail,
And with its neighbour seem'd to bear a part,
Each line serv'd for so true a text to her,
As in her woes would no way let her err.

Grief bade her look, yet soon it bade her leave,
Wherewith o'ercharg'd she neither sees nor hears,
Her usefull'st senses soonest her deceive,
The sight shuts up her eyes, the sound her ears,
And of her reading doth her quite bereave,
When for a fescue she doth use her tears:
Which when some line she loosely over-past,
The drops could tell her where she left the last.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her sight,
Deeply she curs'd her sorrow-seeing eye,
And said she was deluded by the light,
Or was abus'd by the orthography,
Or some one had devised it in spite,
Pointing it false her scholarship to try.
Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever, quakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little stir,
Which, she imagines, at her sorrow shakes,
And pities it, which she thinks pities her:
Each small thing somewhat to the greater makes,
And to her humour something doth infer.
Her woe-ty'd tongue but when she once could free, [she,
"Sweet Mortimer, my most-lov'd lord," quoth

"For thy dear ashes be my breast the urn,
Which as a relique I of thee will save,
Mix'd with the tears that I for thee shall mourn,
Which in this bosom shall their burial have;
Out of which place they never shall return,
Nor give the honour to another grave;
But here, as in a temple, be preserv'd,
Wherein thy image is most lively carv'd."

Then breaks she out in cursing of her son,
But Mortimer so runneth in her mind,
As that she ended ere she had begun,
Speaking before what should have come behind:
From that she to another course doth run,
To be reveng'd in some notorious kind,
By stab, or poison; and she'll swear to both,
But for her life she could not find an oath.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the king's cruel dealing to discover;
But soon forgetting what she went about,
Poor queen, she fell to scribling to her lover:
Here she put in, and there she blotted out,
Her passion did so violently move her,
That turning back to read what she had writ,
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

But from her passion being somewhat rais'd,
Like one that lately had been in a swound,
Or felt some strange extremity appeas'd,
That had been taken from some blow or wound,
Yet on that part it had so strongly seiz'd,
That for the same no remedy was found;
But at the very point their life to lose,
As they their goods, she doth her grief dispose.

Quoth she, "King Edward, as thou art my son,
Leaving the world, this legacy I leave thee:
My heart's true love, my Mortimer hath won,
And yet of all he shall not so bereave thee;
But for this mischief to thy mother done,
Take thou my curse, so that it may outlive thee,
That as thy deed doth daily me torment,
So may my curse thee, by my testament.

" And henceforth in this solitary place,
Ever residing from the public sight,
A private life I willingly embrace,
No more rejoycing in the obvious light,
To consummate this too-long-ling'ring space;
Till death enclose me in continual night,
Let never sleep more close my wearied eye,
So, Isabella, lay thee down and die."

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

WITH SOME SHORT ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY TO THE SAME, TO WHICH THE READER IS DIRECTED BY PROPER REFERENCES FROM THE TEXT, CORRESPONDING WITH THOSE IN THE NOTES.

TO THE READER.

SEEING these Epistles are now to the world made public, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine own discharge, lest, being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a just and universal reprehension: for,

——Hæ nugæ seria ducent,
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.

Two points are especially therefore to be explained: first, Why I entitle this work England's Heroical Epistles; secondly, Why I have annexed notes to every epistle's end. For the first, the title (I hope) carrieth reason in itself; for that the most and greatest persons herein were English; or else, that their loves were obtained in England. And tho' heroical be properly understood of demigods, as of Hercules and Æneas, whose parents were said to be, the one celestial, the other mortal; yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatness of mind come near to gods. For to be born of a celestial incubus, is nothing else, but to have a great and mighty spirit, far above the earthly weakness of men; in which sense Ovid (whose imitator I partly profess to be) doth also use heroical. For the second, because the work might in truth be judged brainish, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I have interwoven matters historical, which, unexplained, might defraud the mind of much content: as for example, in Margarite's Epistle to William de la Poole,

My daisy flow'r which once perfum'd the air.

Margarite in French signifies a daizy, which for the allusion to her name this queen gave for her device; and this as others more, have seem'd to me not unworthy the explaining.

Now though no doubt I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially; the rest I overpass, to eschew tedious recital. If they be as harmlessly taken as I meant them, I shall not lastly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle reader. M. DRAYTON.

VERSES TO MR. DRAYTON.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

LONG have I wish'd, and hop'd my weaker Muse,
(In nothing strong but my unhappy love)
Would give me leave my fortune to approve,
And view the world, as named poets use;
But still her fruitless bosom doth refuse
To bless me with indifferency of praise;
Not daring (like to many) to abuse
That title which true worth should only raise:
Thus bankrupt and despairing of mine own,
I set my wish and hope, kind friend, on thee,
Whose fruit approv'd, and better fortune known,
Tells me, thy Muse my love's sole heir must be.
So barren wombs embrace their neighbour's young;
So dumb men speak by them that have a tongue.
THOMAS HASSEL, GENT.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Now I perceive Pythagoras divin'd,
When he that mocked maxim did maintain,
That spirits, once spoil'd, revested were again,
Though chang'd in shape, remaining one in mind.
These love-sick princes' passionate estates,
Who feeling reads, he cannot but allow,
That Ovid's soul revives in Drayton now;
Still learn'd in love, still rich in rare conceits,
This pregnant spirit affecting farther skill,
Oft alt'ring form, from vulgar wits retir'd,
In diverse idioms mightily admir'd,
Did prosecute that sacred study still;
While to a full perfection now attain'd,
He sings so sweetly that himself is stain'd.
W. ALEXANDER KNIGHT, SCOTUS.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

How can he write that broken hath his pen,
Hath rent his paper, thrown his ink away,
Detests the world, and company of men,
Because they grow more hateful day by day?
Yet with these broken reliques, mated mind,
And what a justly-grieved thought can say,
I give the world to know, I ne'er could find
A work more like to live a longer day.
Go, Verse, an object for the proudest eye,
Disdain those which disdain to read thee over;
Tell them, they know not how they should descry
The secret passions of a witty lover:
For they are such as none but those shall know,
Whom beauty schools to hold the blind boy's bow.

Once I had vow, (O, who can all vows keep?)
Henceforth to smother my unlucky Muse;
Yet for thy sake she started out of sleep,
Yet now she dies. Then do as kinsfolks use,
Close up the eyes of my new-dying style,
As I have open'd thy sweet babe's erewhile.
EDMUND SCORY, KNT.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the second keepeth (with much care)
Lord Clifford's daughter, Rosamond the fair;
And whilst his sons do Normandy invade,
He, forc'd to France, with wond'rous cost hath made
A labyrinth in Woodstock, where unseen
His love might lodge safe from his jealous queen:

Yet when he stay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her pensive breast, his darling to unload,
In this epistle doth her grief complain;
And his rescription tells her his again.

If yet thine eyes (great Henry) may endure
These tainted lines, drawn with a hand impure,
(Which fain would blush, but fear keeps blushes back,
And therefore suited in despairing black)
Let me for love's sake their acceptance crave.
But that sweet name vile I profaned have;
Punish my fault, or pity mine estate;
Read them for love, if not for love, for hate.
If with my shame thine eyes thou fain would'st feed,
Here let them surfeit of my shame to read.
This scribled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble me:
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foul offence,
So clear and spotless was mine innocence: [scroul,
Now, like these marks which taint this hateful
Such the black sins which spot my leprous soul.
What by this conquest canst thou hope to win,
Where thy best spoil is but the act of sin?
Why on my name this slander dost thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a king?
"Fame never stoops to things but mean and poor,
The more our greatness, our fault is the more;
Lights on the ground themselves do lessen far;
But in the air each small spark seems a star."
Why on my woman-frailty should'st thou lay
So strong a plot mine honour to betray?
Or thy unlawful pleasure should'st thou buy,
Both with thine own shame and my infamy?
'Twas not my mind consented to this ill,
Then had I been transported by my will;
For what my body was enforc'd to do,
(Heaven knows) my soul yet ne'er consented to:
For through mine eyes had she her liking seen,
Such as my love, such had my lover been.
"True Love is simple, like his mother Truth,
Kindly affection, youth to love with youth;
No greater cor'sive to our blooming years,
Than the cold badge of winter-blasted hairs.
Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy foes,
But cannot keep back age, with time it grows;
Though honour our ambitious sex doth please,
Yet, in that honour, age a foul disease:
Nature hath her free course in all, and then
Age is alike in kings and other men."
Which all the world will to my shame impute,
That I myself did basely prostitute;
And say, that gold was fuel to the fire,
Grey hairs in youth not kindling green desire.
O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree;
That subtle serpent, that seducing devil,
Which bade me taste the fruit of good and evil:
That Circe, by whose magic I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus transform'd:
That vip'rous hag, the foe to her own kind,
That dev'lish spirit, to damn the weaker mind,
Our frailty's plague, our sex's only curse,
Hell's deep'st damnation, the worst evil's worse.
But Henry, how canst thou affect me thus,
T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless name, with Henry's name I found
Cut in the glass with Henry's diamond;
That glass from thence fain would I take away,
But then I fear the air would me betray:
Then do I strive to wash it out with tears,
But then the same more evident appears.
Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,
Which that name's witness doth against me stand:
Once did I sin, which memory doth cherish,
Once I offended, but I for ever perish.
"What grief can be, but time doth make it less?
But infamy time never can suppress."
Sometimes, to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting tow'rs,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,
As through the stones my shame did make them see;
And with such hate the harmless walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.
The married women curse my hateful life,
Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wish I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode do flie.
(1) Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
(2) Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.
As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman past the time away,
'Mongst many pictures which were hanging by,
The silly girl at length hapt to espy
Chaste Lucrece's image, and desires to know
What she should be, her self that murder'd so?
"Why, girl" (quoth I) "this is that Roman
Not able then to tell the rest for shame, [dame—"
My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray;
With that I sent the prattling wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimson tent,
In lovely sanguine sutes the lilly cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting-place doth seek;
And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,
The paleness thence the blush would gladly drive:
Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diversly do vary.
When as the Sun hales tow'rds the western slade,
And the trees' shadows hath much taller made,
Forth go I to a little current near,
Which like a wanton trail creeps here and there,
Where with mine angle casting in my bait,
The little fishes (dreading the deceit)
With fearful nibbling fly th' enticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reasonless thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into groans,
The bubbling spring, which trips upon the stones,
Chides me away, lest sitting but too nigh,
I should pollute that native purity.
(3) "Rose of the world," so doth import my name,
"Shame of the world," my life hath made the same:
And to th' unchaste this name shall given be,
Of Rosamond, deriv'd from sin and me.

The Cliffords take from me that name of theirs,
Which had been famous for so many years:
They blot my birth with hateful bastardy,
That I sprang not from their nobility;
They my alliance utterly refuse,
Nor will a strumpet shall their name abuse.
Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain stands,
With all her nymphs got round about to hide her,
As when Acteon had by chance espy'd her:
This sacred image I no sooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd man pursu'd
By his own hounds, so by my thoughts am I,
Which chase me still, which way soe'er I fly.
Touching the grass, the honey-dropping dew,
Which falls in tears before my limber shoe,
Upon my foot consumes in weeping still,
As it would say, "Why went'st thou to this ill?"
Thus to no place in safety can I go,
But every thing doth give me cause of woe.
In that fair casket of such wond'rous cost,
Thou sent'st the night before mine honour lost;
Amimone was wrought, a harmless maid,
By Neptune that adult'rous god betray'd;
She prostrate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,
Wringing her hands, her eyes swoln up with tears:
This was not an entrapping bait from thee,
But by thy virtue gently warning me,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Lest I therein should ever keep my shame.
And in this casket (ill I see it now)
That Jove's love, Io, turn'd into a cow;
Yet was she kept with Argus' hundred eyes,
So wakeful still be Juno's jealousies:
By this I well might have fore-warned been,
T' have clear'd myself to thy suspecting queen,
Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,
Than had poor Argus single eyes to see.
In this thou rightly imitatest Jove,
Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy love;
Nay, worser far (beyond their beastly kind)
A monster both in body and in mind.
The waxen taper which I burn by night,
With the dull vap'ry dimness mocks my sight,
As though the damp, which hinders the clear flame,
Came from my breath in that night of my shame:
When as it look'd with a dark low'ring eye,
To see the loss of my virginity.
And if a star but by the glass appear,
I straight entreat it not to look in here:
I am already hateful to the light,
And will it too betray me to the night?
Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;
And let it justly to my charge be laid,
That I thy person meant to have betray'd:
Thou shalt not need by circumstance t' accuse me;
If I deny it, let the Heavens refuse me.
My life's a blemish, which doth cloud thy name,
Take it away, and clear shall shine thy fame:
Yield to my suit, if ever pity mov'd thee;
In this show mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me.

In the Cretan labyrinth a monster was enclosed called Minotaur, the history whereof is well known: but the labyrinth was framed by Dedalus with so many intricate ways, that being entered, one could either hardly or never return, being in manner of a maze, save that it was larger, the ways being walled in on every side, out of which Theseus by Ariadne's help (lending him a clue of thread) escaped. Some report that it was a house, having one half beneath the ground, another above; the chamber-doors therein so deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open so many ways, that it was held a matter almost impossible to return.

Some have held it to have been an allegory of man's life: true it is that the comparison will hold; for what liker to a labyrinth than the maze of life? but it is affirmed by antiquity, that there was indeed such a building, though Dedalus, being a name applied to the workman's excellency, make it suspected: for Dedalus is nothing else but ingenious or artificial. Hereupon, it is used among the ancient poets for any thing curiously wrought.

Rosamond's labyrinth, whose ruins, together with her well, being paved with square stone in the bottom, and also her tower, from which the labyrinth did run, are yet remaining, was altogether under ground, being vaults arched and walled with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound one with another; by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and if need be, by secret issues take the air abroad many furlongs round about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated. Thus much for Rosamond's labyrinth.

(2) Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way.

Meander is a river in Lycia, a province of Natolia, or Asia minor, famous for the sinuosity and often returning thereof, rising from certain hills in Meonia: hereupon are intricate turnings, by a transumptive and metonymical kind of speech, called meanders: for this river did so strangely path itself, that the foot seemed to touch the head.

(3) "Rose of the world" so doth import my name;
"Shame of the world," my life hath made the same.

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where this "Rose of the world" was sumptuously interred, a certain bishop, in the visitation of his diocese, caused the monument, which had been erected to her honour, utterly to be demolished; but let that severe chastisement of Rosamond then dead, at this time also be over-passed, lest she should seem to be "the shame of the world."

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

When first the post arrived at my tent,
And brought the letters Rosamond had sent,
Think from his lips but what dear comfort came,
When in mine ear he softly breath'd thy name.
Straight I enjoin'd him of thy health to tell,
Longing to hear my Rosamond did well;
With new inquiries then I cut him short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words half spoke out of his lips:
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To lose no time, whilst I unript the seal.

The more I read, still do I err the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before:
Missing the point, the doubtful sense is broken,
Speaking again what I before had spoken.
Still in a swound, my heart revives and faints;
'Twixt hopes, despairs, 'twixt smiles and deep complaints.
As these sad accents sort in my desires,
Smooth calms, rough storms, sharp frost, and raging fires,
Put on with boldness, and put back with fears,
For oft thy troubles do extort my tears.
Oh, how my heart at that black line did tremble!
That blotted paper should thyself resemble!
Oh, were their paper but near half so white,
The gods thereon their sacred laws would write
With pens of angels' wings; and for their ink,
That heav'nly nectar, their immortal drink!
Majestic courage strives to have suppress
This fearful passion, stirr'd up in my breast;
But still in vain the same I go about,
My heart must break within, or woes break out.
(1) Am *I* at home pursu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?
Is meagre Envy stabbing at my throne,
Treason attending when I walk alone?
(2) And am I branded with the curse of Rome,
And stand condemned by a council's doom?
(3) And by the pride of my rebellious son,
Rich Normandy with armies over-run?
Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,
(4) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife.
Grief, cares, old age, suspicion too torment me,
Nothing on Earth to quiet or content me;
So many woes, so many plagues, to find,
Sickness of body, discontent of mind;
Hopes left, helps reft, life wrong'd, joy interdicted,
Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken, and afflicted.
Of all relief hath Fortune quite bereft me?
Only my love yet to my comfort left me:
And is one beauty thought so great a thing,
To mitigate the sorrows of a king?
Bas'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
Have we, than they, less privilege in love?
Is it a king the woful widow hears?
Is it a king dries up the orphans' tears?
Is it a king regards the client's cry?
Gives life to him, by law condemn'd to die?
Is it his care the commonwealth that keeps,
As doth the nurse her baby whilst it sleeps?
And that poor king of all those hopes prevented,
Unheard, unhelp'd, unpity'd, unlamented?
Yet let me be with poverty oppress,
Of earthly blessings robb'd and dispossest,
Let me be scorn'd, rejected, and revil'd,
And from my kingdom let me live exil'd.
Let the world's curse upon me still remain,
And let the last bring on the first again;
All miseries that wretched man may wound,
Leave for my comfort only Rosamond.
For thee swift Time his speedy course doth stay,
At thy command the Destinies obey;
Pity is dead, that comes not from thine eyes,
And at thy feet ev'n Mercy prostrate lies.
If I were feeble, rheumatic, or cold,
These were true signs that I were waxed old;
But I can march all day in massy steel,
Nor yet my arms unwieldy weight do feel;
Nor wak'd by night with bruise or bloody wound,
The tent my bed, no pillow but the ground:
For very age had I lain bed-rid long,
One smile of thine again could make me young.
Were there in art a power but so divine,
As is in that sweet angel-tongue of thine,
That great enchantress, which once took such pains
To put young blood into old Æson's veins,
And in groves, mountains, and the moorish fen,
Sought out more herbs than had been known to men,
And in the pow'rful potion that she makes,
Put blood of men, of birds, of beasts, and snakes,
Never had needed to have gone so far,
To seek the soils where all those simples are;
One accent from thy lips the blood more warms,
Than all her philters, exorcisms, and charms.
Thy presence hath repaired, in one day,
What many years with sorrows did decay,
And made fresh beauty in her flow'r to spring
Out of the wrinkles of Time's ruining.
Ev'n as the hungry winter-starved Earth,
When she by nature labours tow'rds her birth,
Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,
One blossom forth after another peeps,
Till the small flow'r, whose root at last unbound,
Gets from the frosty prison of the ground,
Spreading the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,
Deck'd in fresh colours smiles upon the Sun.
Never unquiet care lodg'd in that breast,
Where but one thought of Rosamond did rest:
Nor thirst nor travail, which on war attend,
Ere brought the long day to desired end:
Nor yet did pale fear or lean famine live,
Where hope of thee did any comfort give:
Ah! what injustice then is this of thee,
That thus the guiltless dost condemn for me?
When only she (by means of my offence)
Redeems thy pureness and thy innocence:
When to our wills perforce obey they must,
That's just in them, whate'er in us unjust;
Of what we do, not them account we make,
The fault craves pardon for th' offender's sake:
And what to work a prince's will may merit,
Hath deep'st impression in the gentlest spirit.
If 't be my name that doth thee so offend,
No more myself shall be mine own name's friend;
If it be that which thou dost only hate,
That name in my name lastly has his date:
Say, 'tis accurst and fatal, and dispraise it;
If written, blot it; if engraven, raze it:
Say, that of all names 'tis a name of woe
Once a king's name, but now it is not so:
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,
And therefore (sweet) why should I now believe thee?
Nor should'st thou think those eyes with envy [lowre,
Which, passing by thee, gaze up to thy tow'r;
But rather praise thine own, which be so clear,
Which from the turret like two stars appear:
Above, the Sun doth shine; beneath, thine eye,
Mocking the Heav'n, to make another sky.
The little stream which by thy tow'r doth glide,
Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning-tide,
To view thee well, his course would gladly stay,
As loth from thee to part so soon away,
And with salutes thyself would gladly greet,
And offer up some small drops at thy feet;
But finding that the envious banks restrain it,
T' excuse itself, doth in this sort complain it,
And therefore this sad bubbling murmur keeps,
And for thy want within the channel weeps.

And as thou dost into the water look,
The fish, which see thy shadow in the brook,
Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
So daunted with the lustre of thine eye.
And that sweet name which thou so much dost wrong,
In time shall be some famous poet's song;
And with the very sweetness of that name,
Lions and tigers men shall learn to tame.
The careful mother, at her pensive breast,
With Rosamond shall bring her babe to rest;
The little birds (by men's continual sound)
Shall learn to speak and prattle Rosamond;
And when in April they begin to sing,
With Rosamond shall welcome in the spring;
And she in whom all rarities are found,
Shall still be said to be a Rosamond.
The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew,
Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy shoe,
Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do moan,
Only lament, that thou so soon art gone:
For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
That hemlock's made far sweeter than the rose.
Of Jove or Neptune, how they did betray,
Speak not, of Io or Amimone;
When she, for whom Jove once became a bull,
Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny trull;
He a white bull, and she a whiter cow,
Yet he nor she near half so white as thou.
Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for
To lodge thee safe from jealous Eleanor;
The labyrinth's conveyance guides thee so,
(4) (Which only Vaughan, thou, and I, do know)
If she do guard thee with an hundred eyes,
I have an hundred subtle Mercuries,
To watch that Argus which my love doth keep,
Until eye after eye fall all to sleep.
And those stars which look in, but look to see,
(Wond'ring) what star here on the Earth should be;
As oft the Moon, amidst the silent night,
Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
And by the curtain help'd mine eye to see,
What envious night and darkness hid from me;
When I have wish'd that she might ever stay,
And other worlds might still enjoy the day.
What should I say? words, tears, and sighs, be spent,
And want of time doth farther help prevent:
My camp resounds with fearful shocks of war,
Yet in my breast more dang rous conflicts are;
Yet is my signal to the battle's sound,
The blessed name of beauteous Rosamond.
Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy death:
For in one smile or lowre from thy sweet eye
Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond doth rest,
Be blest in her, in whom thy king is blest:
For though in France awhile my body me,
My heart remains (dear paradise) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,
And war comes raging to my palace-gate?

Robert, earl of Leicester, who took part with young king Henry, entered into England with an army of three thousand Flemings, and spoiled the countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being succoured by many of the king's private enemies.

(2) And am I branded with the curse of Rome?

King Henry II. the first Plantagenet, accused for the death of Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury, slain in that cathedral church, was accursed by pope Alexander, although he urged sufficient proof of his innocency in the same, and offered to take upon him any penance, so he might avoid the curse and interdiction of his realm.

(3) And by the pride of my rebellious son,
Rich Normandy with armies over-run.

Henry, the young king, whom king Henry had caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his subjects, which indeed turned to his own sorrow, and the trouble of the realm: for he rebelled against him, and raising a power by the means of Lewis king of France, and William king of Scots (who took part with him) invaded Normandy.

(4) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife.

Never was king more unfortunate than king Henry in the disobedience of his children: first Henry, then Geoffry, then Richard, then John, all at one time or other, first or last, unnaturally rebelled against him; then the jealousy of Eleanor his queen, who suspected his love to Rosamond; which grievous troubles the devout of those times attributed to happen to him justly for refusing to take on him the government of Jerusalem, offered to him by the patriarch there, which country was mightily afflicted by the sultan.

(5) Which only Vaughan, thou, and I, do know.

This Vaughan was a knight, whom the king exceedingly loved, who kept the palace at Woodstock, and much of the king's jewels and treasure, to whom the king committed many of his secrets, and in whom he reposed such trust, that he durst commit his love unto his charge.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

THE ARGUMENT.

King John, enamour'd, by all means assay'd
To win Matilda, a chaste noble maid,
The lord Fitzwater's daughter; and to gain her,
When by his courtship he could not obtain her,
Nor by his gifts, strives (so far being in)
To get by force, what fair means could not win,
And banisheth the nearest of her blood,
Which he could think had his desires withstood:
When she to Dunmow to a nunn'ry flies,
Whither he writeth, and whence she replies.

WHEN these my letters come into thy view,
Think 'em not forc'd, or feign'd, or strange, or new.
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course exempted,
Left now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted.
All rules, regards, all secret helps of art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart,
And in the old world's ceremonies doated,
Good days for love, times, hours, and minutes noted,

And where art left, love teacheth more to find,
By signs in presence to express the mind.
Oft hath mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,
And begg'd but for one look to have reliev'd it;
And still with thine eye's motion mine eye mov'd,
Lab'ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd: [mine;
You blusht, I blusht; your cheek pale, pale was
My red, thy red, my whiteness answer'd thine;
You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one passion prove;
But thy sigh is for hate, my sigh for love.
If a word pass'd that insufficient were,
To help that word mine eye let forth a tear;
And if that tear did dull or senseless prove,
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.
Oft in thy face one favour from the rest
I singled forth, that pleas'd my fancy best;
This likes me most, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both those lik'd before:
Then one, as wonder were derived thence,
Than that, whose rareness passeth excellence.
Whilst I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,
Thy lovely cheek (methinks) stands smiling by,
And tells me those are shadows and supposes,
But bids me thither come and gather roses:
Looking on that, thy brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if wonders I will see:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,
And bids me yet to look upon thy lip,
Lest wond'ring least, the great'st I over-slip:
My gazing eye on this and this doth seize,
Which surfeits, yet cannot desire appease.
Now like I brown (O lovely brown thy hair!)
Only in brownness beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I black, thine eye-ball black as jet,
Which in a globe pure crystalline is set:
Then white; but snow, nor swan, nor ivory, please,
Then are thy teeth more whiter than all these;
In brown, in black, in pureness, and in white,
All love, all sweets, all rareness, all delight:
Thus thou, vile thief, my stol'n heart hence do'st
And now thou fly'st into a sanctuary. [carry,
Fie, peevish girl, ungrateful unto Nature!
Did she to this end frame thee such a creature,
That thou her glory should'st increase thereby,
And thou alone do'st scorn society?
Why, Heav'n made beauty like herself, to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a smokey mew:
A rosy-tincted feature is Heav'n's gold,
Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted, when the world begun,
That so rare beauty should not live a nun:
But if this vow thou needs wilt undertake,
O were mine arms a cloister for thy sake!
Still may his pains for ever be augmented,
This superstition idly that invented:
Ill might he thrive, who brought this custom hither,
That holy people might not live together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liv'd with holy men;
But kings in this yet privileg'd may be;
I'll be a monk, so I may live with thee.
Who would not rise to ring the morning's knell,
When thy sweet lips might be the sacring bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would fast,
That on those lips might feast his lips at last?
Who to his mattins early would not rise,
That might read by the light of thy fair eyes?
On worldly pleasures who would ever look,
That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his book?
Wert thou the cross, to thee who would not creep,
And wish the cross still in his arms to keep?
Sweet girl, I'll take this holy habit on me,
Of mere devotion that is come upon me:
Holy Matilda, thou the saint of mine,
I'll be thy servant, and my bed thy shrine.
When I do offer, be thy breast the altar;
And when I pray, thy mouth shall be my psalter.
The beads that we will bid, shall be sweet kisses,
Which we will number, if one pleasure misses;
And when an ave comes, to say Amen,
We will begin, and tell them o'er again:
Now, all good fortune, give me happy thrift,
As I should joy t' absolve thee after shrift.
But see how much I do myself beguile,
And do mistake thy meaning all this while!
Thou took'st this vow to equal my desire,
Because thou wouldst have me to be a friar,
And that we two should comfort one another,
A holy sister, and a holy brother:
Thou as a vot'ress to my love alone,
"She is most chaste that's but enjoy'd of one."
Yea, now thy true devotion do I find,
And sure, in this I much commend thy mind,
Else here thou do'st but ill example give,
And in a nunn'ry thus thou shouldst not live.
Is 't possible, the house that thou art in,
Should not be touch'd (though with a venial sin?)
When such a she-priest comes her mass to say,
Twenty to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wish they would their hearts amend,
When we be witness that their eyes offend:
All creatures have desires, or else some lie;
Let them think so that will, so will not I.
Do'st thou not think our ancestors were wise,
That these religious cells did first devise,
As hospitals were for the sore and sick,
These for the crook'd, the halt, the stigmatic,
Lest that their seed, mark'd with deformity,
Should be a blemish to posterity?
Would Heav'n her beauty should be hid from sight,
Ne'er would she thus herself adorn with light,
With sparkling lamps, nor would she paint her
But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon: [throne,
And when the golden glorious Sun goes down,
Would she put on her star-bestudded crown,
And in her masking sute, the spangled sky,
Come forth to bride it in her revelry,
And gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should imitate her fashion?
All things that fair, that pure, that glorious been,
Offer themselves of purpose to be seen.
In sinks and vaults the ugly toads do dwell,
The devils, since most ugly, they in Hell.
Our mother (Earth) ne'er glories in her fruit,
Till by the Sun clad in her tinsel sute;
Nor doth she ever smile him in the face,
Till in his glorious arms he her embrace:
Which proves she hath a soul, sense, and delight,
Of generation's feeling appetite.
Well, hypocrite (in faith) wouldst thou confess,
Whate'er thy tongue say, thy heart saith no less.
Note but this one thing (if nought else persuade)
Nature of all things male and female made,
Showing herself in our proportion plain;
For never made she any thing in vain;
For as thou art, should any have been thus,
She would have left ensample unto us.
The turtle, that's so true and chaste in love, [move;
Shows by her mate something the spirit doth

Th' Arabian bird, that never is but one,
Is only chaste, because she is alone:
But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and sparrows do;
And therefore made a martyr in desire,
To do her penance lastly in the fire:
So may they all be roasted quick, that be
Apostatas to Nature, as is she.
Find me but one so young, so fair, so free,
(Woo'd, su'd, and sought by him that now seeks thee)
But of thy mind, and here I undertake
To build a nunn'ry for her only sake.
O, hadst thou tasted of those rare delights,
Ordain'd each-where to please great princes' sights!
To have their beauty and their wits admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your sex desir'd)
Attended by our trains, our pomp, our port,
Like gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in court,
To be saluted with the cheerful cry
Of highness, grace, and sovereign majesty:
"But unto them, that knows not pleasure's price,
All's one, a prison and a paradise."
If in a dungeon clos'd up from the light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the day and night;
"Whose palate never tasted dainty cates,
Thinks homely dishes princely delicates."
Alas, poor girl! I pity thine estate,
That now thus long hast liv'd disconsolate!
Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,
And call thy father back from banishment,
And with those princely honours here invest him,
Of which fond love, not hate, hath dispossest him.
Call from exile thy dear allies and friends,
To whom the fury of my grief extends;
And if thou take my counsel in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt have better grace:
And leave thy Dunmow, that accursed cell,
There let black night and melancholy dwell;
Come to the court, where all joys shall receive thee,
And till that hour, yet with my grief, I leave thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of king John to Matilda is much more poetical than historical, making no mention at all of the occurrents of the time or state, touching only his love to her, and the extremity of his passion, forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the humour of this king, as hath been truly noted by the most authentical writers, whose nature and disposition is truliest discerned in the course of his love: first, jesting at the ceremonies of the services of those times: then going about, by all strong and probable arguments, to reduce her to pleasures and delights: next with promises of honour, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest means, and to have greatest power on her sex, with a promise of calling home her friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

No sooner I receiv'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But sudden fear my bloodless veins doth fill,
As though divining of some future ill;
And in a shiv'ring ecstasy I stood,
A chilly coldness ran through all my blood:
Opening the packet, I shut up my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet breast,
As though thy hard unpitying hand had sent me
Some new-devised torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd I had been now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou rememb'rest not;
And that proud beauty, which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my name been perished together:
"But O! (I see) our hoped good deceives us;
But what we would forego, that seldom leaves us."
Thy blameful lines, bespotted so with sin,
Mine eye would cleanse, ere they to read begin:
But I to wash an Indian go about,
For ill so hard set on is hard got out.
I once determin'd still to have been mute,
Only by silence to refel thy suit;
But this again did alter my intent,
For some will say, that silence doth consent:
"Desire with small encouraging grows bold,
And hope of every little thing takes hold."
I set me down, at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;
For still my passion is so pow'rful o'er me,
That I discern not things that stand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the wax,
These at command, and now invention lacks:
This sentence serves, and that my hand out-strikes;
That pleaseth well, and this as much mislikes.
I write, indite, I point, I rase, I quote,
I interline, I blot, correct, I note:
I hope, despair, take courage, faint, disdain,
I make, allege, I imitate, I fain:
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shame-fac'd, fearless, doubtful, timorous.
My faint hand-writing when my full eye reads,
From ev'ry word strange passion still proceeds.
"O, when the soul is fett'red once in woe,
'Tis strange what humours it doth force us to!"
A tear doth drown a tear, sigh sigh doth smother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th' over-watch'd weakness of the sick conceit
Is that which makes small beauty seem so great;
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, the contrary:
And thus our vain imagination shows it,
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.
(As in a mirrour, if the same be true,
Such as your likeness, justly such are you:
But as you change yourself, it changeth there,
And shows you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your shadow move,
If frown or smile, such the conceit of love.)
Why tell me, is it possible the mind
A form in all deformity should find?
Within the compass of man's face, we see,
How many sorts of several favours be;
And in the chin, the nose, the brow, the eye,
The smallest diff'rence that you can descry,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
Nay, oft destroys the favour of the face:
And in the world scarce two so like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A judging sight doth soon distinguish either.
How woman-like a weakness is it then?
O, what strange madness so possesseth men!
Bereft of sense, such senseless wonders seeing,
Without form, fashion, certainty, or being?

For which so many die to live in anguish,
Yet cannot live, if thus they should not languish:
That comfort yields not, and yet hope denies not,
A life that lives not, and a death that dies not;
That hates us most, when most it speaks us fair,
Both promise all things, always pays with air:
Yet sometime doth our greatest grief appease,
To double sorrow after little ease.
Like that which thy lascivious will doth crave,
Which, if once had, thou never more canst have;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'st waste it,
Taken is lost, and perish'd if thou hast it:
Which if thou gain'st, thou ne'er the more hast won,
I losing nothing, yet am quite undone;
And yet of that if that a king deprave me,
No king restores, though he a kingdom gave me.
(1) Do'st thou of father and of friends deprive me?
And tak'st thou from me all that Heav'n did give me;
What nature claims by blood, allies, or nearness,
Or friendship challenge by regard or dearness,
Mak'st me an orphan ere my father die,
A woful widow in virginity?
Is thy unbridled lust the cause of all?
And now thy flatt'ring tongue bewails my fall.
The dead man's grave with feigned tears to fill,
So the devouring crocodile doth kill:
To harbour hate in show of wholesome things,
So in the rose the poison'd serpent stings:
To lurk far off, yet lodge destruction by,
The basilisk so poisons with the eye:
To call for aid, and then to lie in wait,
So the hyæna murthers by deceit:
By sweet enticement sudden death to bring,
So from the rocks th' alluring mermaids sing:
In greatest wants t' inflict the greatest woe,
Is ev'n the utmost tyranny can do.
But where (I see) the tempest thus prevails,
What use of anchors? or what need we sails?
Above us, blust'ring winds and dreadful thunder,
The waters gape for our destruction under;
Here on this side the furious billows fly,
There rocks, there sands, and dang'rous whirl-pools lie.
Is this the mean that mightiness approves?
And in this sort do princes woo their loves?
Mildness would better suit with majesty,
Than rash revenge and rough severity.
O, in what safety temperance doth rest,
Obtaining harbour in a sovereign breast!
Which if so praiseful in the meanest men,
In pow'rful kings how glorious is it then?
(2) Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus to have mine innocence betray'd?
Is court and country both her enemy,
And no place found to shrowd in chastity?
Each house for lust a harbour and an inn,
And ev'ry city a receipt for sin?
And all do pity beauty in distress;
If beauty chaste, then only pitiless.
Thus is she made the instrument to ill,
And unreliev'd may wander where she will.
Lascivious poets, which abuse the truth,
Which oft teach age to sin, infecting youth;
For the unchaste make trees and stones to mourn,
Or, as they please, to other shapes do turn.
Cinyra's daughter, whose incestuous mind
Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kind,
Long since by them is turn'd into a myrrh,
Whose dropping liquor ever weeps for her:
And in a fountain Biblis doth deplore
Her fault, so vile and monsterous before:
Scylla, which once her father did betray,
Is now a bird (if all be true they say:)
She that with Phœbus did the foul offence,
Now metamorphos'd into frankincense:
Other to flowers, to odours, and to gum,
At least, Jove's leman is a star become:
And more, they feign a thousand fond excuses,
To cloud their 'scapes, and cover their abuses:
The virgin only they obscure and hide,
Whilst the unchaste by them are deify'd;
And if by them a virgin be expresst,
She must be rank'd ignobly with the rest.
I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last,
Time hath those features utterly defac'd,
And all those beauties which sate on my brow,
Thou wouldst not think such ever had been now;
And glad I am that time with me is done,
(3) Vowing myself religiously a nun:
My vestal habit me contenting more,
Than all the robes adorning me before.
Hid Rosamond (a recluse of our sort)
Taken our cloister, left the wanton court,
Shadowing that beauty with a holy vail,
Which she (alas) too loosely set to sale,
She need not, like an ugly minotaur,
Have been lock'd up from jealous Ele'nor,
But been as famous by thy mother's wrongs,
As by thy father subject to all tongues.
" To shadow sin, might can the most pretend;
Kings, but the conscience, all things can defend:
A stronger hand restrains our wilful pow'rs,
A will must rule above this will of ours;
Not following what our vain desires do woo,
For virtue's sake, but what we only do.
And hath my father chose to live exil'd,
Before his eyes should see my youth defil'd?
(4) And, to withstand a tyrant's lewd desire,
Behold his towns spent in revengeful fire,
Yet never touch'd with grief: so only I,
Exempt from shame, might honourably die?
And shall this jewel, which so dearly cost,
Be, after all, by my dishonour lost?
No, no! each rev'rend word, each holy tear,
Of his, in me too deep impression bear;
His latest farewell, at his last depart,
More deeply is engraved in my heart;
Nor shall that blot by me his name shall have,
Bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave:
Better his tears to fall upon my tomb,
Than for my birth to curse my mother's womb.
(5) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.
If all remorseless, no tear-shedding eye,
Myself will moan myself, so live, so die.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle containeth no particular points of history, more than the generality of the argument layeth open: for after the banishment of the lord Robert Fitzwater, and that Matilda was become a recluse at Dunmow, (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the king still earnestly persisting in his suit, Matilda, with this chaste and constant denial, hopes yet at length to find some comfortable remedy, and to rid herself of doubts by taking upon her this monastic habit; and to show that she still beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his lust,

she remembereth him of her father's banishment, and the lawless exile of her allies and friends.

(1) Dost thou of father and of friends deprive me?

Then complaining of her distress, that flying thither, thinking there to find relief, she seeth herself most assaulted, where she hoped to have found most safety.

(2) Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid,
Here thus, &c.

After again standing upon the precise points of conscience, not to cast off this habit she had taken.

(3) Vowing myself religiously a nun.

And at last, laying open more particularly the miseries sustained by her father in England, the burning of his castles and houses, which she proveth to be for her sake; as respecting only her honour more than his native country, and his own fortunes:

(4) And to withstand a tyrant's lewd desires,
Behold his towns spent in revengeful fires.

Knitting up her epistle with a great and constant resolution:

(5) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can give my body burial.

QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Fair Isabel (Edward the second's queen,
Philip of France's daughter) for the spleen
She bare her husband, for that he affected
Lascivious minions, and her love neglected,
Drew to her favour (striving to prefer)
That valiant young lord Roger Mortimer,
Who with the barons rose, but wanting pow'r,
Was taken and imprison'd in the Tow'r;
But by a sleepy drink which she prepar'd,
And at a banquet given to his guard,
He makes escape: to whom to France she sends;
Who thence to her his service recommends.

THO' such sweet comfort comes not now from her,
As England's queen hath sent to Mortimer:
Yet what that wants (may it my pow'r approve,
If lines can bring) this shall supply with love.
Methinks affliction should not fright me so,
Nor should resume those sundry shapes of woe;
But when I fain would find the cause of this,
Thy absence shows me where my errour is.
Oft when I think of thy departing hence,
Sad sorrow then possesseth ev'ry sense:
But finding thy dear blood preserv'd thereby,
And in thy life my long-wish'd liberty,
With that sweet thought myself I only please
Amidst my grief, which sometimes gives me ease:
Thus do extremest ills a joy possess,
And one woe makes another woe seem less.
That blessed night, that mild-aspected hour,
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Tow'r,
Shall consecrated evermore remain;
Some gentle planet in that hour did reign,
And shall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chief lord of the ascendant then.
(1) O how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent
Might yet want pow'r to further thine intent!
Or that some unseen mystery might lurk,
Which, wanting order, kindly should not work!
Oft did I wish those dreadful pois'ned lees,
Which clos'd the ever waking dragon's eyes;
Or I had had those sense-bereaving stalks,
That grow in shady Proserpine's dark walks;
Or those black weeds on Lethe banks below,
Or lunary, that doth on Latmus flow.
Oft did I fear this moist and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not have herbs to help me in this case,
Such as do thrive on India's parched face.
That morrow when the blessed Sun did rise,
And shut the lids of all Heaven's lesser eyes,
Forth from my palace, by a secret stair,
(2) I stole to Thames, as though to take the air;
And ask'd the gentle flood, as it doth glide,
If thou didst pass or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the stream
To lay thee softly on his silver team,
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore,
That with his tears thou might'st have some tears
When suddenly doth rise a rougher gale, [more.
With that (methinks) the troubled waves look pale,
And sighing with that little gust that blows,
With this remembrance seem to knit their brows.
Even as this sudden passion doth affright me,
The cheerful Sun breaks from a cloud to light me;
Then doth the bottom evident appear,
As it would show me that thou wast not there:
When as the water flowing where I stand,
Doth seem to tell me, thou art safe on land.
(3) Did Bulloin once a festival prepare
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?
When France envy'd those buildings (only blest)
Grac'd with the orgies of my bridal feast,
That English Edward should refuse my bed,
For that lascivious, shameless Ganymede?
(4) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston?
Betwixt the feature of my face and his,
My glass assures me no such diff'rence is,
(5) That a foul witch's bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his love than I.
What doth avail us to be princes' heirs,
When we can boast, our birth is only theirs?
When base dissembling flatt'rers shall deceive us
Of all that our great ancestors did leave us;
(6) And of our princely jewels, and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours? [crowns,
When minions' heads must wear our monarchs
To raise up dunghills with our famous towns?
Those beggars-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings imp'd with our eagles plumes,
(7) And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their cravand brood. [hand
Did Longshanks purchase with his conqu'ring
(8) Albania, Gascoine, Cambria, Ireland,
That young Carnarvon (his unhappy son)
(9) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a stranger, proudly bearing down
The brave allies and branches of the crown?
(10) And did great Edward on his death-bed give
This charge to them which afterwards should live,
That that proud Gascoin, banished the land,
No more should tread upon the English sand?

And have these great lords in the quarrel stood,
And seal'd his last will with their dearest blood?
(1) That after all this fearful massacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster,
Another faithless fav'rite should arise,
To cloud the Sun of our nobilities?
(2) And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
That now a Spenser should succeed in all?
And that his ashes should another breed,
Which in his place and empire should succeed?
That wanting one a kingdom's wealth to spend,
Of what that left this now shall make an end?
To waste all that our father won before,
Nor leave our son a sword to conquer more?
Thus, but in vain, we fondly do resist,
"Where pow'r can do (ev'n) all things as it list,
And of our right with tyrants to debate,
Lendeth them means to weaken our estate."
Whilst parliaments must remedy their wrongs,
And we must wait for what to us belongs;
Our wealth but fuel to their food excess,
And all our fasts must feast their wantonness.
Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient are
To move our brother to religious war?
(3) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain,
Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all occur to put back all excuse.
The sister's wrong, join'd with the brother's right,
Methinks might urge him in this cause to fight,
Be all those people senseless of our harms,
Which for our country oft have manag'd arms?
Is the brave Normans courage quite forgot?
Have the bold Britons lost the use of shot?
The big-bon'd Almans, and stout Brabanders,
Their warlike pikes and sharp-edg'd scymeters?
Or do the Picards let their cross-bows lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Thessaly?
Or if a valiant leader be their lack,
Where thou art present, who shall beat them back?
I do conjure thee by what is most dear,
By that great name of famous Mortimer,
(4) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest,
The tombs where all thy famous grandsires rest,
Or if than these what more may thee approve,
By'n by those vows of thy unfeigned love;
In all thou can'st to stir the Christian king,
By foreign arms some comfort yet to bring,
To curb the pow'r of traitors that rebel
Against the right of princely Isabel.
Vain witless woman! why should I desire
To add more heat to thy immortal fire?
To urge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pillars of thine own estate,
When whatsoever we intend to do,
Our most misfortune ever sorteth to;
And nothing else remains for us beside,
But tears and coffins (only) to provide?
(5) When still so long as Borough bears that name,
Time shall not blot out our deserved shame:
And whilst clear Trent her wonted course shall [keep,
For our sad fall she evermore shall weep.
Whilst see our ruin on our backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out are grown.
(6) Torlton, that should our business direct,
The gen'ral foe doth vehemently suspect:
"For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
Whereon so many watchfully attend."
What should I say? My griefs do still renew,
And but begin when I should bid adieu.

Few be my words, but manifold my woe,
And still I stay the more I strive to go.
Then till fair time some greater good affords,
Take my love's payment in these airy words.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) O, how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent,
Might yet want pow'r to further mine intent!

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feast in honour of his birth-day, as he pretended, and inviting thereunto sir Stephen Segrave, constable of the Tower, with the rest of the officers belonging to the same, he gave them a sleepy drink, provided him by the queen, by which means he got liberty for his escape.

(2) I stole to Thames, as though to take the air,
And ask'd the gentle flood as it doth glide.

Mortimer being out of the Tower, swam the river of Thames into Kent, whereof she having intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape, by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost the space of three years.

(3) Did Bulloin once a festival prepare
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?

Edward Carnarvon, the first prince of Wales, of the English blood, married Isabel, daughter of Philip the Fair, at Bulloin, in the presence of the kings of Almain, Navarre and Sicil, with the chief nobility of France and England: which marriage was there solemnized with exceeding pomp and magnificence.

(4) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston.

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonness of Gaveston, the king's minion, his behaviour and attire ever so womanlike, to please the eye of his lascivious master.

(5) That a foul witch's bastard should thereby.

It was urged by the queen and the nobility, in the disgrace of Pierce Gaveston, that his mother was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that Pierce had bewitched the king.

(6) And of our princely jewels and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.

A complaint of the prodigality of king Edward; giving unto Gaveston the jewels and treasure which were left him by the ancient kings of England, and enriching him with the goodly manor of Wallingford, assigned as parcel of the dower to the queens of this famous isle.

(7) And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their crav'nd brood.

Edward II. gave to Pierce Gaveston in marriage the daughter of Gilbert Clare, earl of Gloucester, begot of the king's sister Joan of Acres, married to the said earl of Gloucester.

(8) Albania, Gascoin, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, so called of Albanact, the second son of Brutus; and Cambria, Wales, so called of Camber, the third son. The four realms and countries brought in subjection by Edward Longshanks.

(9) Should give away all that his father won,
To back a stranger, &c.

King Edward offer'd his right in France to Charles his brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland to Robert Bruce, to be aided against the barons in the quarrel of Pierce Gaveston.

(10) And did great Edward on his deathbed give.

Edward Longshanks, on his deathbed at Carlisle, commanded young Edward his son, on his blessing, not to call back Gaveston, who (for the misguiding of the prince's youth) was before banished by the whole council of the land.

(11) That after all this fearful massacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster.

Thomas earl of Lancaster, Guy earl of Warwick, and Henry earl of Lincoln, who had taken their oaths before the deceased king at his death, to withstand his son Edward, if he should call Gaveston from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now seeing Edward to violate his father's commandment, rise in arms against the king, which was the cause of the civil war, and the ruin of so many princes.

(12) And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
That now a Spenser should succeed in all?

The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the son, after the death of Gaveston, became the great favourites of the king, the son being created by him lord chamberlain, and the father earl of Winchester.

(13) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain.

Edward Longshanks did homage for those cities and territories to the French king, which Edward II. neglecting, moved the French king, by the subornation of Mortimer, to seize those countries into his hands.

(14) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest.

Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, was the ancient house of the Mortimers, that noble and courageous family.

(15) When still so long as Borough bears that name.

The queen remembreth the great overthrow given to the barons by Andrew Herkley, earl of Carlisle, at Borough-bridge, after the battle at Burton.

(16) Torlton, that should our business direct.

This was Adam Torlton, bishop of Hereford, that great politician, who so highly favoured the faction of the queen and Mortimer; whose evil counsel afterward wrought the destruction of the king.

MORTIMER TO QUEEN ISABEL.

As thy salutes my sorrows do adjourn,
So back to thee their int'rest I return,
Though not in so great bounty (I confess)
As thy heroic princely lines express:
For how should comfort issue from the breath
(1) Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for death?
From murther's rage thou didst me once reprieve,
Now in exile my hopes thou dost revive:
(2) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'st me twice to live.
This double life of mine, your only due,
You gave to me, I give it back to you.
Ne'er my escape had I adventur'd thus,
As did the sky attempting Dedalus;
And yet to give more safety to my flight,
Did make a night of day, a day of night:
Nor had I backt the proud aspiring wall,
Which held without my hopes, within my fall,
(3) Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazers with much fear to look upon;
But that thy beauty (by a power divine)
Breath'd a new life into this spirit of mine,
Drawn by the sun of thy celestial eyes,
With fiery wings, which bare me through the skies.
The Heav'ns did seem the charge of me to take,
And sea and land befriend me for thy sake;
Thames stopp'd his tide, to make me way to go,
As thou hadst charg'd him that it should be so:
The hollow murm'ring winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the world, while all things slept;
One billow bare me, and another drave me,
This strove to help me, and that strove to save me:
The brisling reeds, mov'd with soft gales, did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me:
The pale-fac'd Night beheld thy heavy chear,
And would not let one little star appear,
But over all her smokey mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled up the world:
And the sad air became so calm and still,
As it had been obedient to my will;
And every thing dispos'd it to my rest,
As on the seas when th' halcyon builds her nest.
When those rough waves, which late with fury rush'd,
Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd:
Nor Neptune lets his surges out so long,
As Nature is in bringing forth her young.
(4) Ne'er let the Spensers glory in my chance,
In that I live an exile here in France,
That I from England banished should be,
But England rather banished from me:
More were her want, France our great blood should bear,
Than England's loss can be to Mortimer.
(5) My grandsire was the first, since Arthur's reign
That the round-table rectify'd again;
To whose great court at Kenelworth did come
The peerless knighthood of all Christendom,
Whose princely order honour'd England more,
Than all the conquests she achiev'd before.
Never durst Scot set foot on English ground,
Nor on his back did English bear a wound,
Whilst Wigmore flourish'd in our princely hopes,
And whilst our ensigns march'd with Edward's troops:
(6) Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in fortune
As sacred reliques to the field were borne:
Nor ever did the valiant English doubt,
Whilst our brave battles guarded them about;
Nor did our wives and woful mothers mourn,
(7) The English blood that stained Banocks-bo
Whilst with his minions sporting in his tent,
Whole days and nights in banqueting were spe
Until the Scots (which under safeguard stood)
Made lavish havoc of the English blood:
Whose batter'd helms lay scatter'd on the sho
Where they in conquest had been borne before

A thousand kingdoms will we seek from far,
As many nations waste with civil war,
Where the dishevell'd ghastly sea-nymph sings,
Or well-rigg'd ships shall stretch their swelling wings,
And drag their anchors through the sandy foam,
About the world in ev'ry clime to roam,
And those unchristen'd countries call our own,
Where scarce the name of England hath been known:
(1) And in the Dead Sea sink our house's fame,
(From whose vast depth we first deriv'd our name)
Before foul black-mouth'd Infamy shall sing,
That Mortimer ere stoop'd unto a king.
And we will turn stern-visag'd Fury back,
To seek his spoil, who sought our utter sack;
And come to beard him in our native isle,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile:
And after all these boist'rous stormy shocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chalky rocks;
Nor will we steal, like pirates or like thieves,
From mountains, forests, or sea-bord'ring cleeves,
But fright the air with terrour (when we come)
Of the stern trumpet, and the bellowing drum:
And in the field advance our plumy crest,
And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast.
And Thames, which once we for our life did swim,
Shaking our dewy tresses on his brim,
Shall bear my navy vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the pow'rful tide:
Which fertile Essex, and fair Kent, shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant Lee,
When on her stemming poop she proudly bears
The famous ensigns of the Belgic peers.
(2) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the pope he stands accursed in,
The canon text shall have a common gloss,
Receipts in parcels shall be paid in gross:
This doctrine preach'd, "who from the church
At least shall treble restitution make." [doth take,
For which Rome sends her curses out from far,
Through the stern throat of terrour-breathing War;
Till to th' unpeopled shores she brings supplies,
(3) Of those industrious Roman colonies;
And for his homage, by the which of old,
Proud Edward, Guien, and Aquitain, doth hold,
(4) Charles by invasive arms again shall take,
And send the English forces o'er the lake.
When Edward's fortune stands upon this chance,
To lose in England, or to forfeit France;
And all those towns great Longshanks left his son,
Now lost, which once he fortunately won,
Within their strong portcullis'd porta shall lie,
And from their walls his sieges shall defy:
And by that firm and undissolved knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring Scot,
Bruce shall bring his Redshanks from the seas,
From th' isled Orcads and the Eubides,
And to his western havens give free pass,
To land the Kern and Irish Galloglass,
Marching from Tweed to swelling Humber's sands,
Wasting along the northern nether-lands.
And wanting those which should his pow'r sustain,
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloody reign,
Our warlike sword shall drive him from his throne,
Where he shall lie for us to tread upon.
(5) And those great lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized amongst the English saints,
And by the superstitious people thought,
That by their reliques miracles are wrought;
And think that flood much virtue doth retain,
Which took the blood of famous Bohun slain;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the people more abhor their king.
Nor shall a Spenser (be he ne'er so great)
Possess our Wigmore, our renowned seat,
To raze the ancient trophies of our race,
With our deserts their monuments to grace:
Nor shall he lead our valiant Marchers forth,
To make the Spensers famous in the North;
Nor be the guardians of the British pales,
Defending England, and preserving Wales.
At first our troubles easily recul'd,
But now grown head-strong, hardly to be rul'd;
"Deliberate counsel needs us to direct,
Where not ev'n plainness frees us from suspect:"
By those mishaps our errours that attend,
Let us our faults ingenuously amend.
Then (dear) repress all pe emptory spleen
Be more than woman, as you are a queen:
Smother those sparks, which quickly else would burn,
Till time produce what now it doth adjourn,
Till when, great queen, I leave you (though awhile)
Live you in rest, nor pity my exile.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Of one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for death.

Roger Mortimer, lord of Wigmore, had stood publicly condemned for his insurrection with Thomas earl of Lancaster, and Bohun earl of Hertford, by the space of three months: and, as the report went, the day of his execution was determined to have been shortly, which he prevented by his escape.

(2) Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst give.

At what time the two Mortimers, this Roger lord of Wigmore, and his uncle Roger Mortimer the elder, were apprehended in the West, the queen, by means of Torlton, bishop of Hereford, and Becke, bishop of Durham and patriarch of Jerusalem, being then both mighty in the state, upon the submission of the Mortimers, somewhat pacified the king: and now secondly she wrought means for his escape.

(3) Leaving the cords to tell where I had gone.

With strong ladders made of cords, provided him for the purpose, he escaped out of the Tower; which when the same were found fastened to the walls in such a desperate attempt, they bred astonishment in the beholders.

(4) Ne'er let the Spensers glory in my chance.

The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the son, then being so highly favoured of the king, knew that their greatest safety came by his exile, whose high and turbulent spirit could never brook any corrival in greatness.

(5) My grandsire was the first since Arthur's reign,
That the round table rectify'd again.

Roger Mortimer, called the great lord Mortimer, grandfather to this Roger, who was afterward the first earl of March, erected again the round table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order of king Arthur's table, with the retinue of an hundred knights and an hundred ladies in his house, for

the entertaining of such adventurers as came thither from all parts of Christendom.

(6) Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in fortune's scorn.)

Edward Longshanks willed at his death, that his body should be boiled the flesh from the bones, and that the bones should be borne to the wars in Scotland, which he was persuaded unto by a prophesy, which told, that the English should still be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones were carried in the field.

(7) The English blood that stained Banocks-bourn.

In the great voyage Edward the second made against the Scots, at the battle of Stirling, near unto the river of Banocks-bourn in Scotland, there was in the English camp such banqueting and excess, such riot and misorder, that the Scots (who in the meantime laboured for advantage) gave to the English a great overthrow.

(8) And in the Dead Sea sink our house's fame,
From whose, &c.

Mortimer, so called of Mare mortuum, and in French Mortimer, in English the Dead Sea, which is said to be where Sodom and Gomorrha once were, before they were destroyed with fire from Heaven.

(9) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the pope he stands accursed in.

Gaustellinus and Lucas, two cardinals, sent into England from pope Clement to appease the ancient hate between the king and Thomas earl of Lancaster; to whose embassy the king seemed to yield, but after their departure he went back from his promises, for the which he was accursed at Rome.

(10) Of those industrious Roman colonies.

A colony is a sort or number of people, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited; whereby he seems here to prophesy of the subversion of the land, the pope joining with the power of other princes against Edward, for the breach of his promise.

(11) Charles by invasive arms again shall take.

Charles the French king, moved by the wrong done unto his sister, seizeth the provinces which belonged to the king of England into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who solicited her cause in France, as is expressed before in the other epistle, in the gloss upon this point.

(12) And those great lords, now after their attaints,
Canonized among the English saints.

After the death of Thomas earl of Lancaster at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles to be done by his reliques; as they did of the body of Bohun earl of Hertford, slain at Borough-bridge.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Count Sal'sbury a grave and prudent lord,
Dispatch'd for France, was scarcely gone aboard,
But the Scots hearing that he was away,
Besieg'd the castle where his lady lay.
Edward the Black Prince, with an army sent
T' remove the foe, beholding from his tent
Her walking on the battlement above,
With the fair countess strangely falls in love.
Her noble husband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he should not be deny'd,
Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her:
She in her answer checks him so to woo her.

Receive (1) these papers from thy woful lord,
With far more woes than they with words are stor'd,
Which if thine eye for rashness do reprove,
They'll say they came from that imperious love.
In ev'ry line well may'st thou understand,
Which love hath sign'd and sealed with his hand;
And where to farther process he refers,
In blots set down to thee for characters.
This cannot blush, altho' you do refuse it,
Nor will reply, however you shall use it:
All's one to this, though you should bid despair,
This still entreats you, this still speaks you fair.
Hast thou a living soul, a human sense,
To like, dislike, prove, order, and dispense?
The depth of reason soundly to advise,
To love things good, things hurtful to despise?
The touch of judgment, which should all things prove,
Hast thou all this, yet not allow'st my love?
Sound moves a sound, voice doth beget a voice,
One echo makes another to rejoice;
One well-tun'd string set truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another strike.
How comes it then, that our affections jar?
What opposition doth beget the war?
I know that Nature frankly to thee gave
That measure of her bounty that I have;
And as to me, she likewise to thee lent
For ev'ry sense a several instrument:
But ev'ry one, because it is thine own,
Doth prize itself unto itself alone.
Thy dainty hand, when it itself doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none such:
When in thy glass thine eye itself doth see,
That thinks there's none like to itself can be;
And ev'ry one doth judge itself divine,
Because that thou dost challenge it for thine:
And each itself, Narcissus like, doth smother,
Loving itself, nor cares for any other.
Fie! be not burn'd thus in thine own desire,
'Tis needless beauty should itself admire:
"The Sun, by which all creatures light'ned be,
And seeth all, itself yet cannot see;
And his own brightness his own foil is made,
And is to us the cause of his own shade."
When first thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,
I saw not then so much to be belov'd;
But when it came a perfect view to take,
Each look of one doth many beauties make:
In little circlets there it doth arise,
Then somewhat larger seeming in mine eyes:
And in this gyring compass as it goes,
So more and more the same in greatness grows;
And as it yet at liberty is let,
The motion still doth other forms beget:
Until at length, look any way I could,
Nothing there was but beauty to behold.

Art thou offended that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cause, th' effect is soon remov'd:
Indent with beauty how far to extend,
Set down desire a limit where to end; [wound,
Then charm thine eyes, that they no more may
And limit love to keep within a bound.
If thou do this, nay, then thou shalt do more,
And bring to pass what never was before:
Make anguish sportive, craving all delight,
Mirth solemn, sullen, and inclin'd to night;
Ambition lowly, envy speaking well,
Love his relief for niggardize to sell.
Our warlike fathers did these forts devise,
As surest holds against our enemies;
Places wherein your sex might safely rest,
"Fear soon is settled in a woman's breast:"
Thy breast is of another temper far,
And than thy castle fitter for the war;
Thou dost not safely in thy castle rest,
Thy castle should be safer in thy breast:
That keeps out foes, but doth our friends enclose,
But thy breast keeps out both thy friends and foes:
That may be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
Or by strait siege, for want of succour, pin'd;
But thy heart is invincible to all,
And more obdurate than thy castle wall.
Of all the shapes that ever Jove did prove,
Wherewith he us'd to entertain his love,
That likes me best, when in a golden show'r,
He rain'd himself on Danae in her tow'r;
Nor did I ever envy his command
Is that he bears the thunder in his hand:
But in that showery shape I cannot be,
And as he came to her, I come to thee.
Thy tow'r with foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are besieg'd without;
One hair of thine more vigour doth retain
To bind thy foe, than any iron chain:
Who might be gyv'd in such a golden string,
Would not be captive, though he were a king.
Hadst thou all India heap'd up in thy fort,
And thou thyself besieged in that sort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee espy,
They'll follow thee, and let the treasure lie.
I cannot think what force thy tow'r should win,
If thou thyself dost guard the same within:
Thine eye retains artillery at will,
To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds men's hearts,
Than they can thee, though with a thousand darts:
For there entrenched little Cupid lies,
And from those turrets all the world defies;
(1) And when thou let'st down that transparent lid,
Of entrance there an army doth forbid.
And as for famine, thou need'st never fear,
Who thinks of want, when thou art present there?
Thy only sight puts spirits into the blood,
And comforts life, without the taste of food.
And as thy soldiers keep their watch and ward,
Thy chastity thy inward breast doth guard:
Thy modest pulse serves as a larum bell,
Which, watched by some wakeful sentinel,
Is stirring still with every little fear,
Warning if any enemy be near.
Thy virtuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
Like careful scouts, pass up and down thy breast.
And still they round about that place do keep,
Whilst all the blessed garrison do sleep.

But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
That thou hast robb'd, and fly'st into this hold:
I thought as much, and didst this fort devise,
That thou in safety here might tyrannize.
Yes, thou hast robb'd the Heaven and Earth of all,
And they against thy lawless theft do call.
Thine eyes, with mine that wage continual wars,
Borrow their brightness of the twinkling stars:
Thy lips, from mine that in thy mask be pent,
Have filch'd the blushing from the orient:
Thy cheek, for which mine all this penance proves,
Steals the pure whiteness both from swans and doves:
Thy breath, for which mine still in sighs consumes,
Hath robb'd all flowers, all odours, and perfumes.
O mighty Love! bring hither all thy pow'r,
And fetch this heavenly thief out of her tow'r:
For if she may be suffer'd in this sort,
Heav'n's store will soon be boarded in this fort.
When I arriv'd before that state of love,
And saw thee on that battlement above,
I thought there was no other Heav'n but there,
And thou an angel didst from thence appear:
But when my reason did reprove mine eye,
That thou wert subject to mortality,
I then excus'd what erst the Scot had done,
No marvel though he would the fort have won;
Perceiving well, those envious walls did hide
More wealth than was in all the world beside.
Against thy foe I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee myself I have betray'd.
He is besieg'd, the siege that came to raise,
There's no assault that not my breast assays.
"Love, grown extreme, doth find unlawful shifts,
The gods take shapes, and do allure with gifts:
Commanding Jove, that by great Styx doth swear,
Forsworn in love, with lovers oaths doth bear;
Love, causeless still, doth aggravate his cause,
It is his law to violate all laws:
His reason is in only wanting reason,
And where untrue, not deeply touch'd with treason:
Unlawful means doth make his lawful gain;
He speaks most true, when he the most doth feign."
Pardon the faults that he escap'd by me,
Against fair virtue, chastity, and thee:
"If gods can their own excellence excel,
It is in pard'ning mortals that rebel."
When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,
And all thy sex made glorious by thy name,
Then I a captive shall be brought hereby
T' adorn the triumph of thy chastity.
I sue not now thy paramour to be,
But as a husband to be link'd to thee:
I am England's heir, I think thou wilt confess,
Wert thou a prince, I hope, I am no less,
But that thy birth doth make thy stock divine,
Else durst I boast my blood as good as thine:
Disdain me not, nor take my love in scorn,
Whose brow a crown hereafter may adorn.
But what I am, I call mine own no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt restore;
Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,
In faithful love all happily may end.
Farewell, sweet lady, so well may'st thou fare,
To equal joy with measure of my care:
Thy virtues more than mortal tongue can tell;
A thousand thousand times farewel, farewel,

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Receive these papers from thy woful lord.

Bandello, by whom this history was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the people's custom in that clime, rather to fail sometimes in the truth of circumstance, than to forego the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the satyrist:

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historia.

thinking it to be a greater trial that a countess should be sued unto by a king, than by the son of a king; and consequently that the honour of her chastity should be the more, hath caused it to be generally taken so; but, as by Polydore, Fabian, and Froisard appears, the contrary is true. Yet may Bandello be very well excused, as being a stranger, whose errours in the truth of our history are not so material, that they should need an invective, lest his wit should be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not less were every part a fiction. Howbeit, lest a common errour should prevail against a truth, these epistles are conceived in those persons who are indeed the actors: to wit, Edward the Black Prince, not so much of his complexion, as of the dismal battles which he fought in France (in like sense as we may say a black day, for some tragical event, though the Sun shine never so bright therein). And Alice, the countess of Salisbury, who (as it is certain) was beloved of prince Edward, so it is as certain, that many points now current in the received story can never hold together with likelihood of such enforcement, had it not been shaded under the title of a king.

(2) And when thou lett'st down that transparent lid.

Not that the lid is transparent; for no part of the skin is transparent; but for that the gem, which that closure is said to contain, is transparent; for otherwise how could the mind understand by the eye, should not the images slide through the same, and replenish the stage of the fancy? But this belongs to optics. The Latins call the eye-lid cilium (I will not say of celando) as the eye-brow supercilium, and the hair on the eye-lids palpebra, perhaps quod palpitet, all which have their distinct and necessary uses.

ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, TO THE BLACK PRINCE.

As one that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
'Twixt hope and fear I doubtfully reply;
A woman's weakness lest I should discover,
Answering a prince, and writing to a lover:
And some say, love with reason doth dispense,
And wrests our plain words to another sense.
Think you not then, poor women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what men should read;
When being silent, but to move awry,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
"Whilst in our hearts our secret thoughts abide,
Th' envenom'd tongue of slander yet is ty'd;
But if once spoke, deliver'd up to fame,
In her report that often is to blame."
About to write, but newly entering in,
Methinks I end, ere I can well begin: [stay,
When I would end, then something makes me
For then methinks I should have more to say,
And some one thing remaineth in my breast
For want of words that cannot be exprest:
What I would say, as said to thee I feign,
Then in thy person I reply again:
And in thy cause urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine honour must respect,
O Lord! what sundry passions do I try,
To set that right, which is so much awry?
Being a prince, I blame you not to prove;
The greater reason to obtain your love.
That greatness, which doth challenge no denial,
The only test that doth allow my trial:
Edward so great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capital.
"To men is granted privilege to tempt,
But in that charter women be exempt:
Men win us not, except we give consent,
Against ourselves unless that we be bent.
Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
You prove not false, except we be untrue;
It is your virtue, being men, to try;
And it is ours, by virtue to deny.
Your fault itself serves for the fault's excuse,
And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.
Beauty a beggar? fie! it is too bad,
When in itself sufficiency is had;
Not made a lure t' entice the wand'ring eye,
But an attire t' adorn our modesty:
If modesty and women once do sever,
We may bid farewell to our fame for ever."
Let John and Henry, Edward's instance be,
Matilda and fair Rosamond for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be won,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the son:
Henry obtaining, did our weakness wound,
And lays the fault on wanton Rosamond.
Matilda chaste, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on John.
"By these we prove men accessary still,
But women only principals of ill.
What praise is ours, but what our virtues get?
If they be lent, so much we be in debt;
Whilst our own honours we ourselves defend,
All force too weak, what ever men pretend:
If all the world else should suborn our fame,
'Tis we ourselves that overthrow the same:
And howsoe'er, altho' by force you win,
Yet on our weakness still returns the sin."
A virtuous prince who doth not Edward call?
And shall I then be guilty of your fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Than such a sin upon my soul should lie.
Where is great Edward? whither is he led,
At whose victorious name whole armies fled?
Is that brave spirit, that conquer'd so in France,
Thus overcome, and vanquish'd with a glance?
Is that great heart, that did aspire so high,
So soon transpierced with a woman's eye?
He that a king at Poictiers battle took,
Himself led captive with a wanton look?
(1) Twice as a bride to church I have been led,
Twice have two lords enjoy'd my bridal bed:
How can that beauty yet be undestroy'd,
That years have wasted, and two men enjoy'd?
Or should be thought fit for a prince's store,
Of which two subjects were possest before?

Let Spain, let France, or Scotland so prefer
Their infant queens for England's dowager,
That blood should be much more than half divine,
That should be equal ev'ry way with thine:
Yet, princely Edward, though I thus reprove you,
As mine own life so dearly do I love you.
My noble husband, which so loved you,
That gentle lord, that reverend Mountague,
Ne'er mother's voice did please her babe so well,
As his did mine, of you to bear him tell:
I have made short the hours that time made long,
And chain'd mine ears to his most pleasing tongue:
My lips have waited on your praise's worth,
And snatcht his words, ere he could get them forth:
When he had spoke, and something by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to say,
I kept in mind where from his tale he fell,
Calling on him the residue to tell.
Oft he would say, "How sweet a prince is he!"
When I have prais'd him but for praising thee;
And to proceed, I would entreat and woo,
And yet to ease him, help to praise thee too.
And must she now exclaim against the wrong
Offer'd by him, whom she hath lov'd so long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durst almost swear,
Edward will blush, when he his fault shall hear.
Judge now, that time doth youth's desire asswage,
And reason mildly quench the fire of rage;
By upright justice let my cause be try'd,
And be thou judge, if I not justly chide.
(1) That not my father's grave and reverend years,
When on his knee he begg'd me with his tears,
By no persuasions possibly could win,
To free himself from prompting me to sin;
The woe for me my mother did abide, [deny'd,
Whose suit (but you) there's none could have
Your lustful rage, your tyranny could stay,
Mine honour's ruin further to delay.
Have I not lov'd you? let the truth be shown,
That still preserv'd your honour with mine own.
Had your fond will, your foul desires prevail'd,
When you by them my chastity assail'd;
(Though this no way could have excus'd my fault,
"True virtue never yielded to assault:")
Besides, the ill of you that had been said,
My parents sin had to your charge been laid;
(2) And I have gain'd my liberty with shame,
To save my life, made shipwrack of my name.
Did Roxborough once vail her tow'ring fanes
To thy brave ensigns on the northern plains?
And thy trumpets sounding from thy tent,
Mine oft again thee hearty welcome sent,
And did recive thee as my sovereign liege,
Coming to aid me, thus me to besiege,
To raise a foe that but for treasure came,
To plant a foe to take my honest name;
Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot, [got?
And would'st have won more than he could have
That did ingirt me, ready still to fly,
But thou laid'st battery to my chastity:
O modesty, didst thou not me restrain,
How could I chide you in this angry vein!
A prince's name (Heav'n knows) I do not crave,
To have those honours Edward's spouse shall have;
Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
In my chaste breast to harbour such a thought,
As to be worthy to be made a bride,
A piece unfit for princely Edward's side;
Of all, the most unworthy of that grace,
To wait on her that should enjoy that place:
But if that love prince Edward doth require
Equal his virtues, and my chaste desire;
If it be such as we may justly vaunt,
A prince may sue for, and a lady grant;
If it be such as may suppress my wrong,
That from your vain unbridled youth hath sprung;
That faith I send, which I from you receive:
(4) The rest unto your princely thoughts I leave.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Twice as a bride I have to church been led.

The two husbands of which she makes mention, objecting bigamy against herself, as being therefore not meet to be married with a batchelor prince, were sir Thomas Holland, knight, and sir William Mountague, afterwards made earl of Salisbury.

(2) That not my father's grave and reverend years.

A thing incredible, that any prince should be so unjust, to use the father's means for the corruption of the daughter's chastity, though so the history importeth; her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular desert: though Polydore would have her thought to be Jane, the daughter of Edmond earl of Kent, uncle to Edward the third, beheaded in the protectorship of Mortimer, that dangerous aspirer.

(3) And I have gain'd my liberty with shame.

Roxborough is a castle in the north, mis-termed by Bandello Salisbury castle, because the king had given it to the earl of Salisbury; in which, her lord being absent, the countess by the Scots was besieged: who, by the coming of the English army, were removed. Here first the prince saw her, whose liberty had been gained by her shame, had she been drawn by dishonest love to satisfy his appetite: but by her most praise-worthy constancy she converted that humour in him to an honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired virtue.

(4) The rest unto your princely thoughts I leave.

Lest any thing be left out which were worth the relation, it shall not be impertinent to annex the opinions that are uttered concerning her, whose name is said to have been Ælips: but that being rejected, as a name unknown among us, Froissard is rather believed, who calleth her Alice. Polydore contrariwise, as before is declared, names her Jane, who by prince Edward had issue, Edward dying young, and Richard the second king of England, though (as he saith) she was divorced afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinity prohibiting to marry. The truth whereof I omit to discuss. Her husband, the lord Mountague, being sent over into Flanders by king Edward, was taken prisoner by the French, and not returning, left his countess a-widow: in whose bed succeeded prince Edward; to whose last and lawful request, the rejoiceful lady sends this loving answer.

QUEEN ISABEL TO KING RICHARD II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Richard the Second, wrongfully depos'd
By Henry duke of Hertford, and enclos'd

In Pomfret castle; Isabel the queen,
To the neglected king; who having seen
His dis-investing, and disast'rous chance,
To Charles her father ship'd again for France,
(Where for her husband griev'd and discontent)
Thence this epistle to king Richard sent,
By which when he her sorrow doth descry,
He to the same as sadly doth reply.

As doth the yearly augure of the spring,
In depth of woe thus I my sorrow sing;
My tunes with sighs yet ever mixt among,
A doleful burthen to a heavy song:
Words issue forth, to find my grief, some way,
Tears overtake them, and do bid them stay;
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.
(1) If fatal Pomfret hath in former time
Nourish'd the grief of that unnatural crime,
Thither I send my sorrows to be fed;
Than where first born, where fitter to be bred?
They unto France be aliens and unknown,
England from her doth challenge these her own.
They say, all mischief cometh from the north;
It is too true, my fall doth set it forth;
But why should I thus limit grief a place,
When all the world is fill'd with our disgrace?
And we in bonds thus striving to contain it,
The more resists, the more we do restrain it.
(2) Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched eyes,
And in my glass oft call them faithless spies!
(Prepar'd for Richard) that unwares did look
Upon that traitor Henry Bullenbrook:
But that excess of joy my sense bereav'd
So much, my sight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd lord was he,
Whom rashly I (sweet Richard) took for thee!
I might have seen, the courser's self did lack
That princely rider to bestride his back;
He that since Nature her great work began,
She only made the mirror of a man,
That when she meant to form some matchless limb,
Still for a pattern took some part of him
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
When she in him had done the best she could.
Oh, let that day be guilty of all sin
That is to come, or heretofore hath been, [stay'd,
(3) Wherein great Norfolk's forward course was
To prove the treasons he to Hertford lay'd,
When (with stern fury) both these dukes enrag'd,
Their warlike gloves at Canterbury engag'd,
When first thou didst repeal thy former grant,
Seal'd to brave Mowbray as thy combatant!
From his unnumber'd hours let Time divide it,
Lest in his minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding planets, by consent,
In it may hold their dreadful parliament:
Be it in Heav'n's decrees enrolled thus,
Black, dismal, fatal, inauspicious.
Proud Hertford then in height of all his pride,
Under great Mowbray's valiant hand had dy'd;
And never had from banishment retir'd,
The fatal brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.
(4) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?
A vagabond and straggling runnagate;
And in his court with grace did entertain
That vagrant exile, that vile bloody Cain,
Who with a thousand mothers curses went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten years banishment?
(5) When thou to Ireland took'st thy last fare-well,
Millions of knees upon the pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding echoes ring
The joyful shouts that did salute a king.
Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorn,
Was vanquish'd quite when as thou didst return;
Who to my lord one look vouchsaf'd to lend?
Then, all too few on Hertford to attend.
"Princes (like suns) be evermore in sight,
All see the clouds betwixt them and their light:
Yet they which lighten all down from their skies,
See not the clouds offending others' eyes,
And deem their noon-tide is desir'd of all,
When all expect clear changes by their fall."
What colour seems to shadow Hertford's claim,
When law and right his father's hopes do maim?
(6) Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear no hate)
That John of Gaunt was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed mother's tongue did spot,
By a base Flemish boor to be begot:
Whom Edward's eaglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sun:
Where lawful right and conquest doth allow
A triple crown on Richard's princely brow;
Three kingly lions bears his bloody field, [shield;
(7) No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring
Never durst he attempt our hapless shore,
Nor set his foot on fatal Ravenspore;
Nor durst his slugging hulks approach the strand,
Nor stoop a top as signal to the land,
Had not the Percies promis'd aid to bring,
Against their oath unto their lawful king,
(8) Against their faith unto our crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinsman Edmond Mortimer.
When I to England came, a world of eyes,
Like stars, attended on my fair arise,
Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And are all set, before my going down.
The smooth-fac'd air did on my coming smile,
But I with storms am driven to exile:
But Bullenbrook devis'd we thus should part,
Fearing two sorrows should possess one heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny
That one poor comfort left our misery.
He had before divorc'd thy crown and thee,
Which might suffice, and not to widow me;
But so to prove the utmost of his hate,
To part us in this miserable state.
(9) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he betray'd
The plot, which once that noble abbot laid!
When he infring'd the oath which he first took,
For thy revenge on perjur'd Bullenbrook,
And been the ransom of our friends dear blood,
Untimely lost, and for the Earth too good!
And we untimely do bewail their state,
They gone too soon, and we remain too late!
And though with tears I from my lord depart,
This curse on Hertford fall, to ease my heart:
If the foul breach of a chaste nuptial bed
May bring a curse, my curse light on his head:
If murther's guilt with blood may deeply stain,
(10) Green, Scroop, and Bushie dye his fault in grain;
If perjury may Heaven's pure gates debar,
(11) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster:
If the deposing of a lawful king,
Thy curse condemn him, if no other thing:
If these dis-join'd, for vengeance cannot call,
Let them united strongly curse him all.

And for the Percies Heav'n may hear my pray'r,
That Bullenbrook, now plac'd in Richard's chair,
Both cause of woe to their proud wives may be,
As those rebellious lords have been to me!
And that coy dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her pomp triumpheth in my fall,
For her great lord may water her sad eyne,
With as salt tears, as I have done for mine:
(12) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,
As I for my dear Mortimer have done;
And as I am, so succourless be sent,
Lastly to taste perpetual banishment!
Then lose thy care, when first thy crown was lost,
Sell it so dearly, for it dearly cost:
And sith it did of liberty deprive thee,
Burying thy hope, let nothing else out-live thee.
But hard (God knows) with sorrow doth it go,
When woe becomes a comforter to woe:
Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could say,
If from my heart some fears were rid away;
Something there is, that danger still doth show,
But what it is, that Heaven alone doth know.
"Grief to itself most dreadful doth appear,
And never yet was sorrow void of fear;"
But yet in death doth sorrow hope the best,
And, Richard, thus I wish thee happy rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) If fatal Pomfret hath in former time.

Pomfret castle, ever a fatal place to the princes of England, and most ominous to the blood of Plantagenet.

(2) Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched eyes,
And in my glass, &c.

When Bullenbrook returned to London from the West, bringing Richard a prisoner, with him; the queen, who little knew of her husband's hard success, stayed to behold his coming in, little thinking to have seen her husband thus led in triumph by his foe: and now seemed to hate her eyes, that so much had graced her mortal enemy.

(3) Wherein great Norfolk's forward course was staid.

She remembreth the meeting of the two dukes of Hertford and Norfolk at Coventry, urging the justness of Mowbray's quarrel against the duke of Hertford, and the faithful assurance of his victory.

(4) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?
A vagabond, &c.

Charles the French king, her father, received the duke of Hertford into his court, and relieved him in France, being so nearly allied as cousin german to king Richard his son-in-law; which he did simply, little thinking that he should after return into England, and dispossess king Richard of the crown.

(5) When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewel.

King Richard made a voyage with his army into Ireland against Onel, and Mackmur, who rebelled: at what time Henry entred here at home and robbed him of all kingly dignity.

(6) Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear
That John of Gaunt was illegitimate. [no hate)
William Wickam in the great quarrel betwixt John of Gaunt and the clergy, of meer spite and malice (as it should seem) reported, that the queen confessed to him on her death-bed, being then her confessor, that John of Gaunt was the son of a Fleming, and that she was brought to bed of a woman-child at Gaunt, which was smothered in the cradle by mischance, and that she obtained this child of a poor woman, making the king believe it was her own, greatly fearing his displeasure. Fox ex Chron. Alban.

(7) No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield.

Showing the true and indubitate birth of Richard, his right unto the crown of England, as carrying the arms without blot or difference.

(8) Against their faith unto the crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinsman, &c.

Edmond Mortimer earl of March, son of earl Roger Mortimer, who was son to lady Phillip, daughter to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son to king Edward the Third; which Edmond (king Richard going into Ireland) was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown; whose aunt, called Ellinor, this lord Piercy had married.

(9) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he betray'd
The plot, which once the noble abbot laid.

The abbot of Westminster had plotted the death of king Henry, to have been done at a tilt at Oxford: of which confederacy there was John Holland duke of Exeter, Thomas Holland duke of Surry, the duke of Aumerle, Mountacute earl of Salisbury, Spenser earl of Glocester, the bishop of Carlile, and sir Thomas Blunt; these all had bound themselves one to another by indenture to perform it, but were all betrayed by the duke of Aumerle.

(10) Scroop, Green, and Bushy dye his fault in grain.

Henry going towards the castle of Flint, where king Richard was, caused Scroop, Green, and Bushy to be executed at Bristol, as vile persons, who had seduced the king to this lascivious and wicked life.

(11) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster,

After Henry's exile, at his return into England, he took his oath at Doncaster upon the sacrament, not to claim the crown or kingdom of England, but only the dukedom of Lancaster, his own proper right, and the right of his wife.

(12) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,
As I for my, &c.

This was the brave couragious Henry Hotspur, that obtained so many victories against the Scots: which after falling out right with the curse of queen Isabel, was slain by Henry at the battle at Shrewsbury.

RICHARD II. TO QUEEN ISABEL.

WHAT can my queen but hope for from this hand,
That it should write, which never could command?
A kingdom's greatness think how he should sway,
That wholesom counsel never could obey:

Ill this rude hand did guide a sceptre then,
Worse now (I fear me) it will rule a pen.
How shall I call my self, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence these letters came?
Not from thy husband, for my hateful life
Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife:
Nor from a king, that title I have lost,
Now of that name proud Bullenbrook may boast.
What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,
No words so woful, as, "I was a king."
This lawless life, which first procur'd my hate;
(1) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal state;
This abject soul of mine, consenting to it;
This hand, that was the instrument to do it;
All these be witness, that I now deny
All princely types, all kingly sov'reignty.
Didst thou for my sake leave thy father's court,
Thy famous country and thy princely port,
And undertook'st to travel dang'rous ways,
Driven by awkward winds and boist'rous seas?
(2) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me,
Who su'd in marriage to be link'd to thee,
Off'ring for dow'r the countries neighb'ring nigh,
Of fruitful Almain and rich Burgundy?
Didst thou all this, that England should receive
To miserable banishment to leave thee? [thee,
And in my downfall and my fortune's wrack,
Thus to thy country to convey thee back?
When quiet sleep (the heavy heart's relief)
Hath rested sorrow, somewhat less'ned grief,
My passed greatness into mind I call,
And think this while I dreamed of my fall:
With this conceit my sorrows I beguile,
That my fair queen is but withdrawn a while,
And my attendants in some chamber by,
As in the height of my prosperity,
Calling aloud, and asking who is there?
The echo answ'ring, tells me, Woe is there:
And when mine arms would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking eyes precisely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.
As many minutes as in the hours there be,
So many hours each minute seems to me;
Each hour a day, morn, noontide, and a set,
Each day a year, with miseries complete;
A winter, spring-time, Summer, and a fall,
All seasons varying, but unseason'd all:
In endless woe my thread of life thus wears,
In minutes, hours, days, months, to ling'ring years.
They praise the summer, that enjoy the South,
Pomfret is closed in the North's cold mouth;
There pleasant Summer dwelleth all the year,
Frost-starved Winter doth inhabit here:
A place wherein despair may fitly dwell,
Sorrow best suiting with a cloudy cell.
(3) When Hertford had his judgment of exile,
Saw I the people's murmuring the while;
Th' uncertain commons touch'd with inward care,
As though his sorrows mutually they bare:
Fond women, and scarce-speaking children mourn,
Bewail his parting, wishing his return:
(4) That I was forc'd t'abridge his banish'd years,
When they bedew'd his foot-steps with their tears;
Yet by example could not learn to know,
To what his greatness by their love might grow.
(5) But Henry boasts of our achievements done,
Bearing the trophies our great fathers won;
And all the story of our famous war,
Must grace the annals of great Lancaster:
(6) Seven goodly scions in their spring did flourish, [nourish,
Which one self-root brought forth, one stock did
(7) Edward, the top-branch of that golden tree,
Nature in him her utmost power did see,
Who from the bud still blossomed so fair,
As all might judge what fruit it meant to bear:
But I his graft, of ev'ry weed o'ergrown,
And from our kind, as refuse forth am thrown.
We from our grandsire stood in one degree,
(8) But after Edward, John the young'st of three.
Might princely Wales beget a son so base,
That to Gaunt's issue should give sovereign place?
(9) He that from France brought John his pris'ner home,
As those great Cæsars did their spoils to Rome,
(10) Whose name, obtained by his fatal hand,
Was ever fearful to that conquer'd land:
His fame increasing, purchas'd in those wars,
Can scarcely now be bounded with the stars;
With him is valour from the base world fled,
(Or here in me it is extinguished)
Who for his virtue, and his conquests' sake,
Posterity a demi-god shall make;
And judge, this vile and abject spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper so divine.
What earthly humour, or what vulgar eye
Can look so low, as on our misery?
When Bullenbrook is mounted to our throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our own:
Into our councils he himself intrudes,
And who but Henry with the multitudes?
His power degrades, his dreadful frown disgraceth,
He throws them down whom our advancement placeth;
As my disable and unworthy hand
Never had power, belonging to command.
He treads our sacred tables in the dust,
(11) And proves our acts of parliament unjust;
As though he hated that it should be said,
That such a law by Richard once was made:
Whilst I deprest before his greatness, lie
Under the weight of hate and infamy.
My back, a foot-stool Bullenbrook to raise,
My looseness mock'd, and hateful by his praise,
Out-live mine honour, bury my estate,
And leave myself nought, but my people's hate.
Sweet queen, I'll take all counsel thou canst give,
So that thou bid'st me neither hope nor live:
"Succour that comes, when ill hath done his worst,
But sharpens grief, to make us more accurst."
Comfort is now unpleasing to mine ear,
Past cure, past care, my bed become my bier:
Since now misfortune humbleth us so long,
Till Heaven be grown unmindful of our wrong;
Yet it forbid my wrongs should ever die,
But still remember'd to posterity:
And let the crown be fatal that he wears,
And ever wet with woful mother's tears.
Thy curse on Piercy angry Heavens prevent,
Who have not one curse left, on him unspent,
To scourge the world, now borrowing of my store,
As rich of woes, as I a king am poor.
Then cease (dear queen) my sorrows to bewail,
My wound's too great for pity now to heal.
Age stealeth on, whilst thou complainest thus,
My griefs be mortal and infectious:
Yet better fortunes thy fair youth may try,
That follow thee, which still from me do fly.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal state.

Richard the Second, at the resignation of the crown to the duke of Hertford in the tower of London, delivering the same with his own hand, there confessed his disability to govern, utterly renouncing all kingly authority.

(2) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me.

Before the princess Isabel was married to the king, Lewis duke of Bourbon sued to have had her in marriage; which was thought he had obtained, if this motion had not fallen out in the mean time. This duke of Bourbon sued again to have received her at her coming into France, after the imprisonment of king Richard; but king Charles her father then crossed him, as before, and gave her to Charles, son to the duke of Orleans.

(3) When Hertford had his judgment of exile.

When the combat should have been at Coventry, betwixt Henry duke of Hertford, and Thomas duke of Norfolk (where Hertford was adjudged to banishment for ten years) the commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

(4) That I was forc'd t'abridge his banish'd years.

When the duke came to take his leave of the king, being then at Eltham, the king, to please the commons, rather than for any love he bare to Hertford, repealed four years of his banishment.

(5) But Henry boasts of our achievements done.

Henry, the eldest son of John duke of Lancaster, at the first earl of Derby, then created duke of Hertford; after the death of the duke, John his father was duke of Lancaster and Hertford, earl of Derby, Leicester, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the crown, was called by the name of Bullenbrook, which is a town in Lincolnshire; as usually all the kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

(6) Seven goodly scions in their spring did flourish.

Edward the Third had seven sons: Edward prince of Wales, after called the Black Prince: William of Hatfield, the second: Lionel duke of Clarence, the third: John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, the fourth; Edmond of Langly, duke of York, the fifth: Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Glocester, the sixth: William of Windsor, the seventh.

(7) Edward, the top-branch of that golden tree.

Truly boasting himself to be the eldest son of Edward the Black Prince.

(8) Yet after Edward, John the young'st of three.

As disabling Henry Bullenbrook, being but the son of the fourth brother: William and Lionel being both before John of Gaunt.

(9) He that from France brought John his pris'ner home.

Edward the Black Prince taking John king of France prisoner at the battle of Poictiers, brought him into England, where at the Savoy he died.

(10) Whose name, achieved by his fatal hand.

Called the Black Prince, not so much of his complexion as of the famous battles he fought; as is showed before in the gloss upon the epistle of Edward to the countess of Salisbury.

(11) And proves our acts of parliament unjust.

In the next parliament after Richard's resignation of the crown, Henry caused to be annihilated all the laws made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, held in the twentieth year of king Richard's reign.

QUEEN CATHARINE TO OWEN TUDOR.

ARGUMENT.

Henry the Fifth, that only man of men,
Too soon deceased; bright queen Cath'rine then,
(Henry the Sixth, her son, of tender years,
Fortune so strangely her affection steers,
That amongst many, call'd one day to dance
Before the king and her) this heir of France,
And England's dowager, her eye taken had
By Owen Tudor, a brave youthful lad,
One of her wardrobe, and from Wales descended:
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this letter doth devise,
Lest that the greatness of the enterprise
Should hap to daunt him; but he, bold by kind,
Show'd her, his love was answ'ring to her mind.

Judge not a princess' worth impeach'd hereby,
That love thus triumphs over majesty;
Nor think less virtue in this royal hand,
That it entreats, and wonted to command:
For in this sort though humbly now it woo,
The day hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd unto.
Nor think that this submission of my state
Proceeds from frailty; rather judge it fate.
Alcides ne'er more fit for war's stern shock,
Than when with women spinning at the rock;
Never less clouds did Phœbus' glory dim,
Than in a clown's shape when he covered him:
Jove's great command was never more obey'd,
Than when a satyr's antic parts he play'd.
He was thy king, who su'd for love to me;
And she is queen, who sues for love to thee.
When Henry was, my love was only his;
But by his death, it Owen Tudor's is.
My love to Owen, him my Henry giveth;
My love to Henry, in my Owen liveth.
Henry woo'd me, whilst wars did yet increase,
I woo my Tudor in sweet calms of peace;
To force affection, he did conquest prove;
I come with gentle arguments of love.
(1) Encamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First saw I Henry clad in princely arms:
At pleasant Windsor, first these eyes of mine
My Tudor judg'd, for wit and shape, divine:
Henry abroad, with puissance and with force;
Tudor at home, with courtship and discourse:
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether,
Did like me best, Plantagenet or Tether;
A march, a measure, battle, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.
His princely bed hath strength'ned my renown,
(2) And on my temples set a double crown,
Which glorious wreath (as Henry's lawful heir)
Henry the Sixth upon his brow doth bear.

(1) At Troy in Champain he did first enjoy
My bridal rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now that honour thou shalt have,
Which once in Champain famous Henry gave.
I seek not wealth, three kingdoms in my power:
If these suffice not, where shall be my dower?
Sad discontent may ever follow her,
Which doth base pelf before true love prefer:
If titles still could our affections tie,
What is so great, but majesty might buy?
As I seek thee, so kings do me desire;
To what they would, thou easily may'st aspire.
That sacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuel fit, the flame is now the more:
And means to quench it I in vain do prove,
"We may hide treasure, but not hide our love:"
And since it is thy fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now restrain it.
(2) Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a king,
Of grandsire, father, husband, son, and brother,
More thou alone to me than all these other.
(3) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancastrian line,
(4) Or make the English blood, the Sun or Moon,
Repine at Lorain, Bourbon, Alanson;
Nor do I think there is such different odds,
They should alone be number'd with the gods:
Of Cadmus' earthly issue reck'ning us,
And they from Jove, Mars, Neptune, Æolus;
Of great Latona's offspring only they,
And we the brats of woful Niobe.
Our famous grandsires (as their own) bestrid
That horse of fame, that god-begotten steed,
Whose bounding hoof plough'd that Beotian spring,
Where those sweet maids of memory do sing.
I claim not all from Henry, but as well
To be the child of Charles and Isabel:
Nor can I think from whence their grief should grow,
That by this match they be disparag'd so.
(5) When John and Longshanks' issue were affy'd,
And to the kings of Wales in wedlock ty'd,
Showing the greatness of your blood thereby,
Your race, and royal consanguinity:
And Wales, as well as haughty England, boasts
(6) Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
To have precedence in Pendragon's race,
At Arthur's table challenging the place.
If by the often conquest of your land,
They boast the spoils of their victorious hand;
If these our ancient chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.
(7) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack,
Twice ent'ring Wales, yet twice was beaten back:
When famous Cambria wash'd her in the flood,
Made by th' effusion of the English blood;
(10) And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From Wor'ster, Her'ford, Chester, Shrewsbury;
Whose pow'r in ev'ry conquest so prevails,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.
Although my beauty made my country's peace,
And at my bridal former broils did cease;
More than his pow'r had not his person been,
I had not come to England as a queen.
Nor took I Henry to supply my want,
Because in France that time my choice was scant,
When it had robb'd all Christendom of men,
And England's flow'r remain'd among us then:
Glo'ster, whose councils (Nestor-like) assist;
Courageous Bedford, that great martialist;
Clarence, for virtue honour'd of his foes;
And York, whose fame yet daily greater grows;
Warwick, the pride of Nevil's haughty race;
Great Sal'sbury, so fear'd in every place;
That valiant Pool, whom no achievement dares;
And Vere, so famous in the Irish wars;
Who, though myself so great a prince were born,
The worst of these my equal need not scorn:
But Henry's rare perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring kingdoms, so he conquer'd hearts;
As chaste was I to him as queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaste love vow'd to thee.
Beauty doth fetch all favour from thy face,
All perfect courtship resteth in thy grace:
If thou discourse, thy lips such accents break,
As Love a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speak.
The British language, which our vowels wants,
And jars so much upon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous tongue,
As do the sweet notes of a well-set song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the pure Tuscan from the Florentine;
Leaving such season'd sweetness in the ear,
That the voice past, yet still the sound is there:
In Nisus' tower, as when Apollo lay,
And on his golden viol us'd to play; [drown'd,
Where senseless stones were with such music
As many years they did retain the sound.
Let not the beams, that greatness doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timorous respect;
Assure thee, Tudor, majesty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'st degree;
And the embraces of a queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by you.
When in our greatness, our affections crave
Those secret joys that other women have:
So I (a queen) be sovereign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the public voice;
Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light, in respect to be belov'd of me?
Let peevish worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leave plaints and pleas to whom they do belong;
Let old men speak of chances and events,
And lawyers talk of titles and descents;
Leave fond reports to such as stories tell,
And covenants to those that buy and sell:
Love, my sweet Tudor, that becomes thee best,
And to our good success refer the rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Encamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First, &c.

Near unto Melans, upon the river of Seyne, was the appointed place of parly between the two kings of England and France; to which place Isabel, the queen of France, and the duke of Burgoin, brought the young princess Catharine, where king Henry first saw her.

(2) And on my temples set a double crown.

Henry the Fifth, and queen Catharine, were taken as king and queen of France; and during the life of Charles the French king, Henry was called king of England, and heir of France: and after the death of Henry the Fifth, Henry the Sixth his son, then being very young, was crowned at Paris, as true and lawful king of England and France.

(3) At Troy in Champain he did first enjoy.

Troy in Champain was the place where that victorious king Henry the Fifth married the princess Catharine, in the presence of the chief nobility of the realms of England and France.

(4) Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, &c.

Few queens of England or France were ever more princely allied than this queen, as it hath been noted by historiographers.

(5) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born, &c.

Noting the descent of Henry her husband from John duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward the Third; which duke John was sirnamed Gaunt, of the city of Gaunt, in Flanders, where he was born.

(6) Or make he English blood, the Sun and Moon,
Repine, &c.

Alluding to the greatness of the English line to Phœbus and Phœbe, feigned to be the children of Latona, whose heavenly kind might scorn to be joined with any earthly progeny: yet with all, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the history of the strife betwixt Juno and the race of Cadmus, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of Heaven. The children of Niobe slain; for which the woful mother became a rock, gushing forth continually a fountain of tears.

(7) When John and Longshanks' issue were affy'd.

Lhewellin or Leolin ap Jorwith, married Joan daughter to king John, a most beautiful lady. Some authors affirm that she was base born. Lhewellin ap Gryfith married Eleanor, daughter to Simon Monfort, earl of Leicester, and cousin to Edward Longshanks; both which Lhewellins were princes of Wales.

(8) Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
To have precedence, &c.

Camilot the ancient palace of king Arthur, to which place all the knights of that famous order yearly repaired at Pentecost, according to the law of the table: and most of the famous home-born knights were of that country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

(9) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack.

Noting the ill success which William Rufus had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chief nobility were slain.

(10) And oft return'd with glorious victory.

Noting the divers and sundry incursions that the Welshmen made into England in the time of Rufus, John, Henry the Second, and Longshanks.

OWEN TUDOR TO QUEEN CATHARINE.

When first mine eyes beheld your princely name,
And found from whence this friendly letter came;
As in excess of joy, I had forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not:
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes proceed,
My dazzled eyes invite my tongue to read,
Which wanting their direction, dully mist it:
My lips, which should have spoke, were dumb, and kist it,
And left the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my senses did amazed stand:
Even as a mother coming to her child,
Which from her presence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle arms his tender neck doth strain,
Now kissing it, now clipping it again;
And yet excessive joy deludes her so,
As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length, awaken'd from this pleasing dream,
When passion somewhat left to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their fair object meet,
Where ev'ry letter's pleasing, each word sweet.
It was not Henry's conquests, nor his court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadful terrour-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came:
For christian Rhodes, and our religion's truth,
To great achievement first had won my youth:
Th' brave adventure did my valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by some poor event,
But by th' eternal destinies' consent;
Whose uncomprised wisdom did foresee,
That you in marriage should be link'd to me.
By our great Merlin was it not foretold,
(Amongst his holy prophesies enroll'd)
When first he did of Tudor's name divine,
That kings and queens should follow in our line?
(1) And that the helm (the Tudors ancient crest)
Should with the golden flow'r-de-luce be drest?
As that the leek (our country's chief renown!)
Should grow with roses in the English crown?
As Charles his daughter, you the lilly wear;
As Henry's queen, the blushing rose you bear;
By France's conquest, and by England's oath,
You are the true-made dowager of both:
Both in your crown, both in your cheek together,
Join Tether's love to yours, and yours to Tether.
Then cast no future doubts, nor fear no hate,
When it so long hath been fore-told by fate;
And by the all-disposing doom of Heav'n,
Before our births, we to one bed were giv'n.
No Pallas here, nor Juno is at all,
When I to Venus yield the golden ball:
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And have not strange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we should be prosperous?
(2) When in your presence I was call'd to dance,
In lofty tricks whilst I myself advance,
And in a turn my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not judge it fortune's greatest grace,
Sith he must fall, to fall in such a place?
His birth from Heav'n, your Tudor not derives,
Nor stands on tip-toes in superlatives,
Although the envious English do devise
A thousand jests of our hyperbolies;
Nor do I claim that plot by ancient deeds,
Where Phœbus pastures his fire-breathing steeds:
Nor do I boast my god-made grandsire's scars,
Nor giants trophies in the Titans wars:
Nor feign my birth (your princely ears to please)
By three nights getting, as was Hercules:

Nor do I forge my long descent to run
From aged Neptune, or the glorious Sun:
(3) And yet in Wales, with them that famous be,
Our learned bards do sing my pedigree;
(4) And boast my birth from great Cadwallader,
(5) From old Caer-Septon, in mount Palador:
(6) And from Eneon's line, the South-Wales king,
By Theodor, the Tudors' name do bring.
My royal mother's princely stock began
(7) From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian,
(8) By true descent from Leolin the great,
As well from North-Wales, as fair Powsland's seat.
Though for our princely genealogy
I do not stand to make apology:
Yet who with judgment's true impartial eyes,
Shall look from whence our name at did first rise,
Shall find, that fortune is to us in debt;
And why not Tudor, as Plantagenet?
(9) Nor that term *Croggen*, nick name of dis-
Us'd as a by-word now in ev'ry place, [grace,
Shall blot our blood, or wrong a Welshman's name,
Which was at first begot with England's shame.
Our valiant swords our right did still maintain,
Against that cruel, proud, usurping Dane,
Buckling besides in many dang'rous fights,
With Norways, Swethens, and with Muscovites;
(10) And kept our native language now thus long,
And to this day yet never chang'd our tongue:
When they which now our nation fain would tame,
Subdu'd, have lost their country and their name.
Nor ever could the Saxons' swords provoke
Our British necks to bear their servile yoke:
Where Cambria's pleasant countries bounded be
With swelling Severn, and the holy Dee:
And since great Brutus first arriv'd, have stood
The only remnant of the Trojan blood.
To every man is not allotted chance,
To boast with Henry, to have conquer'd France:
Yet if my fortune be thus rais'd by thee,
This may presage a farther good to me;
And our Saint David, in the Britons' right,
May join with George, the sainted English knight:
(11) And old Caer-merdin, Merlin's famous town,
Not scorn'd by London, though of such renown.
Ah, would to God that hour my hopes attend,
Were with my wish brought to desired end!
Blame me not, madam, though I thus desire,
Many there be, that after you inquire;
Till now your beauty in night's bosom slept,
What eye durst stir, where awful Henry kept?
Who durst attempt to sail but near the bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great Alcides lay?
Your beauty now is set a royal prize,
And kings repair to cheapen merchandise.
If you but walk to take the breathing air,
Orithia makes me that I Boreas fear:
If to the fire, Jove once in light'ning came,
And fair Egina makes me fear the flame:
If in the Sun, then sad suspicion dreams
Phœbus should spread Lucothoe in his beams:
If in a fountain you do cool your blood,
Neptune, I fear, which once came in a flood:
If with your maids, I dread Apollo's rape,
Who cous'ned Chion in an old wife's shape:
If you do banquet, Bacchus makes me dread,
Who in a grape Erigone did feed:
And if myself your chamber-door should keep,
Yet fear I Hermes coming in a sleep.
Pardon (sweet queen) if I offend in this,
In these delays love most impatient is:
And youth wants pow'r his hot spleen to suppress,
When hope already banquets in excess.
Though Henry's fame in me you shall not find,
Yet that which better shall content your mind;
But only in the title of a king
Was his advantage, in no other thing:
If in his love more pleasure you did take,
Never let queen trust Briton for my sake.
Yet judge me not from modesty exempt,
That I another Phaeton's charge attempt;
My mind, that thus your favours dare aspire,
Shows, that 'tis touch'd with a celestial fire:
If I do fault, the more is beauty's blame,
When she herself is author of the same;
"All men to some one quality incline,"
Only to love is naturally mine.
Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordain'd by Heav'n to cheer the drooping Earth:
Add faithful love unto your greater state,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A king might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by Heav'n) he lov'd not more than I.
And thus I leave, till time my faith approve;
I cease to write, but never cease to love.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) And that the helm, the Tudors ancient crest.

The arms of Tudor was three helmets: whereof he speaketh as a thing prophetically foretold of Merlin.

(2) When in thy presence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor, being a courtly and active gentleman, commanded once to dance before the queen, in a turn (not being able to recover himself) fell into her lap, as she sat upon a little stool with many of her ladies about her.

(3) And yet in Wales with them that famous be,
Our learned bards, &c.

This berdh, as they call it in the British tongue, or as we more properly say, bard, or bardus, be their poets, which kept the records of pedigrees and descents, and sung in odes and measures to their harps, after the old manner of the lyric poets.

(4) And boast my blood from great Cadwallader.

Cadwallader, the last king of the Britons, descended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an angel appear'd, commanding him to go to Rome to pope Sergius, where he ended his life.

(5) From old Caer-Septon in mount Palador.

Caer-Septon, now called Shaftsbury, at whose building it was said an eagle prophesied (or rather, one Aquila) of the fame of that place, and of the recovery of the isle by the Britons, bringing back with them the bones of Cadwallader from Rome.

(6) And from Eneon's line, the South-Wales king,
By Theodor, &c.

This Eneon was slain by the rebels of Gwentland; he was a notable and worthy gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts, and was father to Theodor, or Tudor Maur, of whom descended the princes of South-Wales.

(7) From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian.

Gwenellian, the daughter of Rees ap Griffith

ap Theodore, of South-Wales, married Ednivet Vaughan, ancestor to Owen Tudor.

(8) By true descent from Leolin the great.

This is the Llewellin, called Leolinus Magnus, prince of North-Wales.

(9) Nor that word *Croggen*, nick-name of disgrace.

In the voyage that Henry the Second made against the Welshmen, as his soldiers passed Offa's ditch at Croggen castle, they were overthrown by the Welshmen. Which word Croggen hath since been used to the Welshmens' disgrace, which was first begun with their honour.

(10) And kept our native language now thus long.

The Welshmen be those ancient Britons, which when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons, invaded here, were first driven into those parts, where they have kept their language ever since the first, without commixtion with any other.

(11) And old Caer-merdin, Merlin's famous town.

Caer-merdin, or Merlin's town, so called of Merlin's being found there. This was Ambrose Merlin, whose prophesies we have. There was another of that name, called Merlin Sylvestris, born in Scotland, sirnamed Calidonius, of the forest of Calidon, where he prophesied.

ELENOR COBHAM TO DUKE HUMPHRY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Wise Humphry, duke of Glo'ster, nam'd the Good,
Next to his nephew of the royal blood.
(Henry the Sixth then being very young)
Chosen protector: by ambition strong,
Whose dutchess Elenor, violently led
To think the crown theirs, were young Henry dead,
Convicted was with sorcerers to conspire,
Which practised to hasten her desire:
For which she her thrice-penance was assign'd;
To th' isle of Man, and afterwards confin'd:
From whence she writes this letter to her lord,
Who that sad lady doth the like afford.

METHINKS, not knowing who these lines should
Thou straight turn'st over to the latter end, [send,
Where thou my name no sooner hast espy'd,
But in disdain my letter casts aside:
Why, if thou wilt, I will myself deny,
Nay, I'll affirm and swear, I am not I:
Or if in that thy shame thou dost perceive,
Lo, for thy dear sake, I my name will leave.
And yet, methinks, amaz'd thou shouldst not stand,
Nor seem so much appalled at my hand;
For my misfortunes have inur'd thine eye
(Long before this) to sights of misery.
No, no, read on, 'tis I, the very same,
All thou canst read, is but to read my shame.
Be not dismay'd, nor let my name affright;
The worst it can, is but t' offend thy sight;
It cannot wound, nor do thee deadly harm,
It is no dreadful spell, no magic charm:
If she that sent it, love duke Humphry so,
Is't possible her name should be his foe?
Yes, I am El'nor, I am very she,
Who brought for dower a virgin's bed to thee:
(1) Though envious Beauford slander'd me before,
To be duke Humphry's wanton paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
(2) To magic once I did myself apply,
I won thee not, as there be many think,
With pois'ning philters, and bewitching drink;
Nor on thy person did I ever prove
Those wicked potions, so procuring love.
I cannot boast, to be rich Holland's heir,
Nor of the blood and greatness of Baviere:
(3) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin;
Nor clam'rous husband follow'd me, that fled,
Exclaiming Humphry to defile his bed:
Nor wast thou forc'd, the slander to suppress,
To send me back as an adulteress:
(4) Brabant, nor Burgoin, claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my divorce;
Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The just reward of her unjust desire:
(5) Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,
That princely-issued great Burgonian,
Need stand with me, to move a woman's strife,
To yield the place to the protector's wife;
If Cobham's name my birth can dignify,
Or Stortborough renown my family. [of late,
(6) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court
Where she with Humphry held a princely state?
That pleasant Kent, when I abroad should ride,
That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride?
The Thames, by water when I took the air,
That danc'd my barge, in lanching from the stair?
The anch'ring ships, which when I pass'd the road,
Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad?
How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
To see my pomp, so goddess-like to land,
Should after see me mail'd up in a sheet,
Do shameful penance three times in the street?
Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a beadle's wand;
That little babes, not having use of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along. [mand?
Where then was Humphry? where was his com-
Wast thou not lord protector of the land?
Or for thy justice, who could thee deny
The title of the good duke Humphery?
What blood extract from famous Edward's line,
Could boast itself to be so pure as thine?
Who else, next Henry, should the realm prefer,
If it allow the line of Lancaster?
But Rayner's daughter must from France be fet,
And with a vengeance on our throne be set;
Maims, Main, and Anjou, on that beggar cast,
To bring her home to England in such haste:
And what for Henry thou hast labour'd there,
To join the king with Armiuack's rich heir,
Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had been;
Pool needs must have his darling made a queen:
How should he with our princes else be plac'd,
To have his earlship with a dukedom grac'd,
And raise the offspring of his blood so high,
As lords of us and our posterity?
O! that by sea when he to France was sent,
The ship had sunk wherein the traitor went!
Or, that the sands had swallow'd her, before
She e'er set foot upon the English shore!
But all is well, nay, we have store to give,
What need we more? we by her looks can live.

All that great Henry by his conquests heapt,
And famous Bedford to his glory kept,
Is given back to Rayner all in post;
And by this means rich Normandy is lost.
Those which have come as mistresses of ours,
Have into England brought their goodly dow'rs,
Which to our coffers yearly tribute brings,
The life of subjects, and the strength of kings,
The means whereby fair England ever might
Raise power in France, to back her ancient right:
But she brings ruin here to make abode,
And cancels all our lawful claim abroad;
And she must recapitulate my shame,
And give a thousand by-words to my name,
And call me Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare,
With all despite that may a woman spot. [Trot,
O, that I were a witch but for her sake!
I'faith her queenship little rest should take:
I'd scratch that face that may not feel the air,
And knit whole ropes of witch-knots in her hair:
O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breast sit like a lump of lead,
And like a fairy pinch that dainty skin,
Her wanton blood is now so cocker'd in;
Or take me some such known familiar shape,
As she my vengeance never should escape.
Were I a garment, none should need the more
To sprinkle me with Nessus' pois'ned gore;
It were enough, if she once put me on,
To tear both flesh and sinews from the bone:
Were I a flower, that might her smell delight,
Though I were not the pois'ning aconite,
I would send such a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.
(7) They say, the Druids once liv'd in this isle,
This fatal Man, the place of my exile, [wrought,
Whose powerful charms such dreadful wonders
Which in the Gotish island-tongue were taught:
O! that their spells to me they had resign'd,
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both sea and wind,
And made the Moon pause in her paled sphere,
Whilst her green dragons drew them through the air;
Their hellish power, to kill the ploughman's seed,
Or to forespeak whole flocks as they did feed;
To nurse a damned spirit with human blood,
To carry them through earth, air, fire, and flood!
Had I this skill, that time hath almost lost,
How like a goblin I would haunt her ghost!
O pardon, pardon my misgovern'd tongue,
A woman's strength cannot endure my wrong.
(8) Did not the Heavens her coming in withstand,
As though affrighted when she came to land?
The earth did quake, her coming to abide;
The goodly Thames did twice keep back his tide;
Paul's shook with tempests, and that mounting spire,
With lightning sent from Heaven, was set on fire:
Our stately buildings to the ground were blown,
Her pride by these prodigious signs was shown;
More fearful visions on the English earth,
Then ever were at any death or birth.
Ah, Humphry, Humphry, if I should not speak,
My breast would split, my very heart would break!
I, that was wont so many to command,
Worse now than with a clap-dish in my hand:
A simple mantle covering me withal,
The veriest leper of Care's hospital;
That from my state a presence held in awe,
Glad here to kennel in a pad of straw:
And like an owl, by night to go abroad,
Roosted all day within an ivy tod,
Among the sea-cliffs, in the dampy caves,
In charnel-houses, fit to dwell in graves.
Saw'st thou those eyes, in whose sweet cheerful look
Duke Humphry once such joy and pleasure took?
Sorrow hath so despoil'd them of all grace,
Thou couldst not say, this was my El'nor's face:
Like a foul gorgon, whose dishevel'd hair
With every blast flies glaring in the air;
Some standing up like horns upon my head,
E'en like those women that are in Coos bred:
My lank breasts hang like bladders left unblown,
My skin with loathsome jaundice over-grown;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'st to see
Ruin's true picture, only look on me.
Sometimes, in thinking of what I have had,
I from a sudden ecstasy grow mad:
Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy El'nor runs,
Like one of Bacchus' raging frantic nuns:
Or, like a Tartar, when in strange disguise,
Prepar'd unto a dismal sacrifice.
That prelate Beauford, a foul ill befall him:
Prelate, said I? nay, devil I should call him:
Ah, God forgive me, if I think amiss,
His very name, methinks, my poison is:
Ah that vile Judas, our professed foe,
My curse pursue him wheresoe'er he go;
That to my judgment when I did appear,
Laid to my charge those things that never were:
That I should know of Bullenbrook's intents,
(9) The hallowing of his magic instruments:
That I procured Southwell to assist,
Which was by order consecrate a priest:
That it was I should cover all they did,
Which but for him had to this day been hid.
Ah that vile bastard, that himself dare vaunt,
To be the son of thy great grandsire Gaunt,
Whom he but father'd of mere charity,
To rid his mother of that infamy;
Who, if report of elder times be true,
Yet to this day his father never knew.
He that by murther's black and odious crime,
To Henry's throne attempted once to climb,
Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain,
A fatal hand his sovereign to have slain,
Whom to his chamber closely he convey'd,
And for that purpose fitly there had laid,
Upon whose sword that famous prince had dy'd,
If by a dog he had not been descry'd.
But now the queen, her minion Pool, and he,
As it please them, ev'n so must all things be:
England's no place for any one beside,
All is too little to maintain their pride.
What of a king hath Henry but the name?
And now scarce that, so public his defame!
And I pray God I do not live the day,
To see his ruin and the realm's decay:
And yet as sure as Humphry seems to stand,
He be preserv'd from that vile traitor's hand.
From Glo'ster's seat I would thou wert estrang'd,
Or would to God that dukedom's name were chang'd,
For it portends some after-ill to us,
Ah Humphry, Humphry, it is ominous!
Yet rather than thy hap so hard should be,
I would thou wert here banished with me.
Humphry, adieu, farewell true noble lord,
My wish is all thy El'nor can afford.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Tho' envious Beauford slander'd me before.

Noting the extreme hate that cardinal Beauford had ever borne to her.

(2) To magic once I did myself apply.

Elenor Cobham was accused by some, that ought to withstand, and misliked her marriage with duke Humphry, that she practised to give him philters, and such poisoning potions, to make him love her; as she was slandered by cardinal Beauford, to have lived as the duke's lemman: against the which cardinal, she exclaimeth in this epistle in the verse before.

(3) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin.

This was the chief and only thing that ever touched the reputation of this good duke, that dustingly he married Jacomin, or as some call her, Jaques, daughter and heir to William Bavier, duke of Holland, before married, and lawful wife to John duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is shew'd in this verse following,

(4) Brabant nor Burgoin claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome, to hasten my divorce,

caused great wars, by reason that the duke of Burgoin took part with Brabant against the duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the pope, the lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former husband.

(5) Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,
That princely-issued great Burgonian.

John duke of Bedford, that scourge of France and the glory of the Englishmen, married Ann sister to the duke of Burgundy, a virtuous and beautiful lady: by which marriage, as also by his victories obtained in France, he brought great strength to the English nation.

(6) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court of late?

That fair and goodly palace of Greenwich in Kent was first builded by that famous duke; whose rich and pleasant situation might remain an assured monument of his wisdom, if there were no other memory of the same.

(7) They say, the Druids once liv'd in this isle.

It should seem that there were two islands, both of them called Mona, though now distinguished, the one by the name of Man, the other by the name of Anglesey; both which were full of many infernal ceremonies, as may appear by Agricola's voyage made into the hithermost Man, described by his son-in-law Cornelius Tacitus. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarism and ignorance, so amongst those northerly nations, like as in America, magic was most esteemed.

Druids were the public ministers of their religion, as thoroughly taught in all the rites thereof. Their doctrine concerned the immortality of the soul, the contempt of death, and all other points which may conduce to resolution, fortitude, and magnanimity. Their abode was in groves and woods, whereupon they have their name: their power extended itself to master the souls of men deceased, and to confer with ghosts and spirits about the success of things.

Plutarch, in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the outmost British isles were the prison of I wot not what demigods. But I shall not need to speak any farther of the Druidæ, than that which Lucan doth:

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque sinistrum
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetistis ab armis.

(8) Did not the Heavens her coming in withstand?

Noting the fearful and prodigious signs that were seen in England a little before her coming in: which Elenor expresseth in this epistle, as foreshowing the dangers which should ensue upon this unlucky marriage.

(9) The hallowing of his magic instruments.

The instruments which Bullenbrook used in his conjurations, according to the devilish ceremonies and customs of these unlawful arts, were dedicated at a mass in Harnsey park by Southwell a priest of Westminster.

(10) Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain.

This was one of the articles that duke Humphry urged against the cardinal Beauford, that he conspired the death of Henry the Fifth, by conveying a villain into his chamber, which in the night should have murthered him: but what ground of truth he had for the same, I leave to dispute.

DUKE HUMPHRY TO ELENOR COBHAM.

METHINKS thou should'st not doubt I could forget
Her, whom so many do remember yet;
"No, no, our joys away like shadows slide,
But sorrows firm in memory abide:"
Nay, I durst answer thou dost nothing less,
But into passion urg'd by thy distress.
No El'nor, no, thy woes, thy grief, thy wrong,
Have in my breast been resident too long.
Oh, when report in ev'ry place had spread,
My El'nor was to sanctuary fled
With cursed Onley, and the witch of Eye,
As guilty of their vile conspiracy;
The dreadful spirits when they did invocate,
For the succession, and the realm's estate:
When Henry's image they in wax had wrought,
By which he should have to his death been brought,
That as his picture did consume away,
His person so by sickness should decay:
Grief, that before could ne'er my thoughts control,
That instant took possession of my soul.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine ill!
As for mine own, let that afflict me still;
But that before hath taken too sure hold:
Forget it, said I? would to God I could!
Of any woe if thou hast but one part,
I have the whole remaining in my heart;
I have no need of others cares to borrow,
For all I have is nothing else but sorrow.
No, my sweet Nell, thou took'st not all away,
Tho' thou went'st hence, here still thy woes do stay;
Tho' from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,
Those still remain, they will not leave him so:

No eye bewails my ill, means thy distress,
Our grief's the more, but yet our debt the less:
We owe no tears, no mourning days are kept
For those that yet for us have never wept.
We hold no obiits, no sad exequies,
Upon the death-days of unweeping eyes.
Alas, good Nell, what should thy patience move,
T'upbraid thy kind lord with a foreign love?
Thou might'st have bid all former ills adieu,
Forgot the old, we have such store of new.
Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual grief to answer grief again?
Or think'st thou I unkindly did forbear
To bandy woe for woe, and tear for tear?
Did I forget, or carelessly neglect
Those shows of love that ladies so respect?
In mournful black was I not seen to go,
By outward signs t'express my inward woe?
Did I thy loss not publicly lament,
Nor by my looks bewray'd my discontent?
Is this the cause? if this be it, know then,
"One grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten."
If in my breast those sorrows sometimes were,
And never utter'd, they must still be there;
And if thou know'st they many were before,
By time increasing, they must needs be more.
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her cast up what is receiv'd, what spent:
If I her own, can she from blame be free,
If she but prove a step-mother to me?
That if I should with that proud bastard strive,
To plead for birth-right my prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I should not need to fear it,
For then my true nobility should bear it:
If counsel aid, that France will tell (I know)
Whose towns lie waste before the English foe,
When thrice we gave the conquer'd French the foil,
(1) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile:
If faith avail, these arms did Henry hold,
To claim his crown, yet scarcely nine months old:
If countries care have leave to speak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witness then may be:
If peoples tongues give splendour to my fame:
They add a title to duke Humphry's name:
If toil at home, French treason, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the state;
If foreign travel my success may try,
(2) Then Flanders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundy.
That robe of Rome proud Beauford now doth wear,
In every place such sway should never bear:
(3) The crosier-staff in his imperious hand,
To be the sceptre that controuls the land;
That home to England dispensations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our laws:
And for those sums the wealthy church should pay,
Upon the needy commonalty to lay;
His ghostly counsels only do advise
(4) The means how Langley's progeny may rise,
Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways,
A duke of York from Cambridge house to raise,
Which after may our title undermine,
Grafted since Edward in Gaunt's famous line,
Us of succession falsely to deprive,
Which they from Clarence feignedly derive,
Knowing the will old Cambridge ever bore,
To catch the wreath that famous Henry wore:
With Gray and Scroop when first he laid the plot,
From us and ours the garland to have got;
As from the March-born Mortimer to reign,
Whose title Glendour stoutly did maintain,
When the proud Percies, haughty Mauch, and he,
Had shar'd the land by equal parts in three.
(5) His priesthood now proud Mowbray will restore,
To stir the fire that kindled was before:
Against the Yorkists shall their claim advance,
To steel the point of Norfolk's sturdy lance,
Upon the breast of Hertford's issue bent,
In just revenge of ancient banishment.
He doth advise to let our pris'ner go,
And doth enlarge the faithless Scottish foe,
(6) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs
May bring invasion upon us and ours.
Ambitious Suffolk so the helm doth guide,
With Beauford's damned policies supply'd;
He and the queen in counsel still confer,
How to raise him, who hath advanced her.
But, my dear heart, how vainly do I dream,
And fly from thee, whose sorrows are my theme!
My love to thee and England thus divided,
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to censure I am loth,
So near are you, so dear unto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ungrateful, and my El'nor kind.
But though my country justly I reprove,
Yet I for that neglected have my love;
Nevertheless, thy Humphry's to thee now,
As when fresh beauty triumph'd on thy brow;
As when thy graces I admired most,
Or of thy favours might the frankli'st boast:
Those beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor,
Of which, though time hath taken some again,
I ask no more but what doth yet remain.
Be patient, gentle heart, in thy distress,
Thou art a princess not a whit the less.
Whilst in these breasts we bear about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife.
Cast not thine eye on such as mounted be,
But look on those cast down as low as we;
For some of them which proudly perch so high,
Ere long shall come as low as thou or I.
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,
We shall exchange, when Heav'n will have it so;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn;
Woe past, may once laugh present woe to scorn:
And worse than hath been, we can never taste,
Worse cannot come, than is already past:
"In all extremes, the only depth of ill
Is that which comforts the afflicted still."
Ah, would to God thou could'st thy grief deny,
And on my back let all the burthen lye!
Or if thou canst resign, make them mine own,
Both in one carriage to be undergone,
Till we again our former hopes recover,
And prosp'rous times blow these misfortunes over!
For in the thought of those fore-passed years,
Some new resemblance of old joy appears.
Mutual our care, so mutual be our love,
That our affliction never can remove:
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wishing thee more than I myself can give.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernoile.

The three famous battles fought by the English men in France: Agincourt by Henry the Fift against the whole power of France: Cravant, foug by Montacute earl of Salisbury and the duke

Burgoin, against the Dauphin of France, and William Stuart constable of Scotland: Vernoile, fought by John duke of Bedford, against the duke of Alanson, and with him most of the nobility of France; duke Humphry an especial counsellor in all these expeditions.

(2) Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy.

Here remembring the ancient amity which in his embassies he had concluded betwixt the king of England, and Sigismund emperor of Almain, drawing the duke of Burgoin into the same league, giving himself as an hostage for the duke of Saint Omers, while the duke came to Calais to confirm the league: with his many other employments to foreign kingdoms.

(3) The crosier staff in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford cardinal of Winchester, that proud and haughty prelate, received the cardinal's hat at Calais by the Pope's legate; which dignity, Henry the Fifth, his nephew, forbade him to take upon him, knowing his haughty and malicious spirit unfit for that robe and calling.

(4) The means how Langley's progeny may rise.

As willing to show, the house of Cambridge to be descended of Edmond Langley duke of York, a younger brother to John of Gaunt his grandfather (as much as in him lay) to smother the title the Yorkists made to the crown (from Lionel of Clarence, Gaunt's eldest brother) by the daughter of Mortimer.

(1) His priesthood now stern Mowbray will restore.

Noting the ancient grudge between the house of Lancaster and Norfolk, ever since Mowbray duke of Norfolk was banished, for the accusation of Henry duke of Hertford (after that, king of England, and father to duke Humphry): which accusation, he came as a combatant to have made good, in the lists at Coventry.

(5) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs.

James Stuart king of Scots having been long prisoner in England was released, and took to wife the daughter of John duke of Somerset, sister to John duke of Somerset, niece to the cardinal, and the duke of Exeter, and cousin-german removed to the king: this king broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO QUEEN MARGARET.

THE ARGUMENT.

The duke of Suffolk, William, to advance
A lady long belov'd of him in France,
His mistress Marg'ret, that duke Rayner's child,
Himself who of Jerusalem instil'd
The king: this Pool, his darling to prefer
Betwixt young Henry nam'd the sixth, and her,
Concludes a marriage; and her sire to gain,
Gives up the towns of Meus, Anjou, and Main,
To Rayner for her: for which lawless fact,
The peers him five years banishment enact.
When for his latest farewel of the queen,
These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment:
Five years exile were not an hour to me,
But that so soon I must depart from thee;
Where thou not present, it is ever night;
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.
Those savages which worship the Sun's rise,
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes:
The world's great light, might'st thou be seen abroad,
Would at our noon-stead ever make abode,
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,
Fearing lest he would never more return.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
To live within this sea-inviron'd isle.
Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great queen) thy sov'reignty commandes
(1) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.
We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewise one Heaven incompasseth us all.
"No banishment can be to him assign'd,
Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.
Man in himself a little world doth bear,
His soul the monarch, ever ruling there:
Wherever then his body both remain,
He is a king, that in himself doth reign;
And never feareth fortune's hott'st alarme,
That bears against her patience for his arme."
(2) This was the mean proud Warwick did invent,
To my disgrace, at Lei'ster parliament,
(3) That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should cause the loss of fertile Aquitain,
(4) With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good duke Humphry's name;
And so by treason spotting my pure blood,
Make this a mean to raise the Nevils' brood.
(5) With Sal'sbury his vile ambitious sire,
In York's stern breast kindling long-hidden fire;
By Clarence' title working to supplant
The eagle-airy of great John of Gaunt:
And to this end did my exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascal multitude;
(6) Urg'd by these envious lords to speed their breath,
Crying revenge for the protector's death: [breath,
That since the old decrepit duke is dead,
By me, of force, he must be murthered.
(7) If they would know who robb'd him of his life,
Let them call home dame Elenor his wife,
Who with a taper walked in a sheet,
To light her shame at noon through London street;
And let her bring her necromantic book,
That foul hag Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,
And let them call the spirits from Hell again,
To know how Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.
(8) For twenty years and have I serv'd in France,
(9) Against great Charles and bastard Orleance,
And seen the slaughter of a world of men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?

([10]) And have I seen Vernoila's batful fields,
Strew'd with ten thousand helms, ten thousand shields,
Where famous Bedford did our fortune try,
Or France, or England, for the victory?
The sad investing of so many towns,
Scor'd on my breast in honourable wounds;
When Montacute, and Talbot of much name,
Under my ensign both first won their fame:
In heat and cold all these have I endur'd,
To rouse the French, within their walls immur'd;
Through all my life these perils have I past,
And now to fear a banishment at last?
Thou know'st how I (thy beauty to advance)
For thee refus'd the infanta of France,
Brake the contract duke Humphry first did make
'Twixt Henry and the princess Arminac:
Only that here thy presence I might gain,
I gave duke Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;
Thy peerless beauty for a dower to bring,
As of itself sufficient for a king:
([11]) And from Anmerle withdrew my warlike pow'rs,
([12]) And came myself in person first to Tours,
Th' embassadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:
And to the king, relating of thy story,
My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,
As the report by speaking did indite,
Begetting still more ravishing delight.
And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
My look show'd more, that was angelical;
And when I breath'd again, and paused next,
I left mine eyes dilating on the text:
Then coming of thy modesty to tell,
In music's numbers my voice rose and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious style,
My speech in greater cadences to file,
([13]) By true descent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem,
As from the gods thou didst derive thy birth,
If those of Heaven could mix with these of Earth,
Gracing each title that I did recite,
With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:
Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,
Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.
([14]) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent
In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
And solemnis'd thy marriage in a gown,
Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
And only striving how to honour thee,
Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.
Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,
Who for his love's sake gave away his love.
Had he, which once the prize to Greece did bring,
(Of whom th' old poets long ago did sing)
([15]) Seen thee for England but imbark'd at Diep,
Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,
As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
To pester room with such perfection fraught.
The briny seas, which saw the ship infold thee,
Would vault up to the hatches to behold thee,
And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,
Breaking for grief, envying one another:
When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,
Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing keel,
And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,
Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:
When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,
Jove with Europa rushing from the land,
Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,
And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,
Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,
Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:
All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,
To show their glory in thine eye alone,
Which when it turneth that celestial ball,
A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.
Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,
When only France for my recourse is free?
To view the plains where I have seen so oft
England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;
When this shall be a comfort in my way,
To see the place, where I may boldly say,
Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;
Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
Here with our archers valiant Scales did lye,
Here stood the tents of famous Willoughby;
Here Montacute rang'd his unconquer'd band;
Here march'd we out, and here we made a stand.
What should we sit to mourn and grieve all day,
For that which time doth eas'ly take away?
What fortune hurts, let suff'rance only heal,
"No wisdom with extremities to deal."
To know ourselves to come of human birth,
These sad afflictions cross us here on Earth;
A punishment from the eternal law,
To make us still of Heaven to stand in awe.
"In vain we prize that at so dear a rate,
Whose long'st assurance bears a minute's date,
Why should we idly talk of our intent,
When Heav'n's decree no counsel can prevent?
When our foresight not possibly can shun,
That which the fates determine shall be done."
Henry hath pow'r, and may my life depose,
Mine honour's mine, that none hath power to lose.
Then be as cheerful (beauteous royal queen)
As in the court of France we oft have been;
([16]) As when arriv'd in Porchester's fair road,
(Where, for our coming, Henry made abode)
When in mine arms I brought thee safe to land,
And gave my love to Henry's royal hand:
The happy hours we passed with the king
At fair South-hamton long in banquetting;
With such content as lodg'd in Henry's breast,
When he to London brought thee from the West
Through golden Cheap, when he in pomp did ride
To Westminster, to entertain his bride.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

([1]) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure.

He alludes in these verses to the falcon, which was the ancient device of the Pools, comparing the greatness and haughtiness of his spirit to the nature of this bird.

([2]) This was the mean proud Warwick did invent
To my disgrace, &c.

The commons at this parliament, through Worwick's means, accused Suffolk of treason, and urged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five years.

([3]) That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should be the loss of fertile Aquitain.

The duke of Suffolk being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose duke Rayner's daughter, the lady Margaret, whom he espoused for Henry VI. delivering for her to her father the countries

of Anjou and Main, and the city of Mons. Whereupon the earl of Arminac (whose daughter was before promised to the king) seeing himself to be deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expulsed Aquitain, Gascoine, and Guien.

(⁸) With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the heir of good duke Humphry's name.

This Richard, that was called the great earl of Warwick, when duke Humphry was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the commons.

(⁹) With Sal'sbury, his vile ambitious sire,
In York's stern breast Kindling long-hidden fire,
By Clarence' title working, to supplant
The eagle-airy of great John of Gaunt.

Richard Plantagenet duke of York, in the time of Henry the Sixth, claimed the crown (being assisted by this Richard Nevill earl of Salisbury and father to the great earl of Warwick, who favoured exceedingly the house of York) in open parliament, as heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. making his title by Ann his mother, wife to Richard earl of Cambridge, son to Edmond of Langley duke of York; which Ann was daughter to Roger Mortimer earl of March; which Roger was son and heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of king Edward, to whom the crown, after king Richard the Second's death lineally descended, he dying without issue; and not to the heirs of the duke of Lancaster, that was younger brother to the duke of Clarence. Hall. cap. 1. tit. Yor. & Lanc.

(⁹) Urg'd by these envious lords to spend their breath,
Crying revenge on the protector's death.

Humphry duke of Glocester, and lord protector, in the five and twentieth year of Henry VI. by the means of the queen and the duke of Suffolk, was arrested by the lord Beaumont, at the parliament holden at Bury, and the same night after murthered in his bed.

(⁹) If they wou'd know who robb'd him, &c, to this verse,
To know how Humphry dy'd, and who shall [reign.

In these verses he jests at the protector's wife, who (being accused and convicted of treason, because with John Hun a priest, Roger Bullenbrook a necromancer, and Margery Jordan, called the witch of Eye, she had consulted by sorcery to kill the king) was adjudged to perpetual prison in the isle of Man, and to do penance openly in three public places in London.

(⁹) For twenty years and have I serv'd in France?

In the sixth year of Henry VI. the duke of Bedford being deceased, then lieutenant general and regent of France, this duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the lord Talbot, lord Scales, and the lord Montacute to assist him.

(⁹) Against great Charles and bastard Orleance.

This was Charles VII. who after the death of Henry V. obtained the crown of France, and recovered again much of that his father had lost. Bastard Orleance was son to the duke of Orleance, begotten of the lord Cawny's wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant captain, was a continual enemy to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with divers incursions.

(¹⁰) And have I seen Vernoils's batful fields.

Vernoile is that noted place in France, where the great battle was fought in the beginning of Henry the sixth's reign, where most of the French chivalry were overcome by the duke of Bedford.

(¹¹) And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.

Aumerle is that strong defenced town in France, which the duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great assaults given unto it.

(¹²) And came myself in person first to Tours,
Th' embassadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.

Tours is a city in France built by Brutus as he came into Britain; where, in the one and twentieth year of the reign of Henry VI. was appointed a great diet to be kept, whither came embassadors of the empire, Spain, Hungary, and Denmark, to entreat for a perpetual peace to be made between the two kings of England and France.

(¹³) By true descent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem.

Rayner, duke of Anjou, father to queen Margaret, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, having the title alone of the king of those countries.

(¹⁴) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent.

The duke of Suffolk, after the marriage concluded between king Henry and Margaret daughter to duke Rayner, asked in open parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

(¹⁵) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep.

Diep is a town in France bordering upon the sea, where the duke of Suffolk with queen Margaret took ship for England.

(¹⁶) As when arriv'd in Porchester's fair road.

Porchester, a haven-town in the southwest part of England, near where Portsmouth now stands, which owes its rise to the decay of Port Poris, or Porcester, once a sea-port of great note, till the harbour was almost abandon'd by the sea, and the greatest part of the inhabitants removed into the little island of Portsea, and built the town of Portsmouth at this Porchester, where the king tarried, expecting the queen's arrival, whom from thence he conveyed to Southhampton.

QUEEN MARGARET TO WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

WHAT news (sweet Pool) look'st thou my lines
But like the tolling of the doleful bell, [should tell,
Bidding the deaths-man to prepare the grave?
Expect from me no other news to have.
My breast, which once was mirth's imperial throne,
A vast and desert wilderness is grown:

Like that cold region, from the world remote,
On whose breem seas the icy mountains float;
Where those poor creatures, banish'd from the light,
Do live impris'ned in continual night.
No object greets my soul's internal eyes,
But divinations of sad tragedies;
And care takes up her solitary inn,
Where youth and joy their court did once begin.
As in September, when our year resigns
The glorious Sun to the cold wat'ry signs,
Which through the clouds looks on the Earth in scorn;
The little bird, yet to salute the morn,
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the mossy root,
And there a silly chirriping doth keep,
As though she fain would sing, yet fain would weep,
Praising fair Summer, that too soon is gone,
Or sad for Winter, too fast coming on:
In this strange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.
Now to our aid who stirs the neighb'ring kings?
Or who from France a puissant army brings?
Who moves the Norman to abet our war?
(1) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster?
(2) Who in the North our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefs impart?
Whose breast shall be the closet of my heart?
The ancient heroes' fame thou dost revive,
As from all them thyself thou didst derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in Pool she was too prodigal;
Of so divine and rich a temper wrought,
As Heav'n for thee perfection's depth had sought.
Well knew king Henry what he pleaded for,
When he chose thee to be his orator;
Whose angel eye, by powerful influence,
Doth utter more than human eloquence:
That if again Jove would his sports have try'd,
He in thy shape himself would only hide;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his nymph, his flame, his swan, his show'r.
(3) To that allegiance York was bound by oath,
To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will dispense with Heaven, and will unswear it.
He that's in all the world's black sins forlorn,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworn;
And here of late his title hath set down,
By which he makes his claim unto our crown.
And now I hear his hateful dutchess chats,
And rips up their descent unto her brats,
And blesseth them as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diadem is theirs:
And if such hap her goddess fortune bring,
(4) If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a king.
(5) He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favoured crook-back'd stigmatic,
That like a carcass stol'n out of a tomb,
Came the wrong way out of his mother's womb,
With teeth in's head, his passage to have torn,
As though begot an age ere he was born.
Who now shall curb proud York, when he shall rise?
Or arm our right against his enterprise,
To crop that bastard weed, which daily grows,
(6) To over-shadow our vermilion rose?
(7) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear,
Whose presence strikes our peoples' hearts with fear?
Whilst on his knees this wretched king is down,
To save them labour, reaching at his crown,
Where like a mounting cedar, he should bear
His plumed top aloft into the air;
And let these shrubs sit underneath his shrouds,
Whilst in his arms he doth embrace the clouds.
O, that he should his father's right inherit,
Yet be an alien to that mighty spirit!
How were those pow'rs dispers'd, or whither gone,
Should sympathise in generation?
Or what opposed influence had force,
So much t' abuse and alter nature's course?
"All other creatures follow after kind,
But man alone doth not beget the mind."
(8) My daisy-flow'r, which erst perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground,
And with York's garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:
When now his rising waits on our decline,
And in our setting he begins to shine;
Now in the skies that dreadful comet waves,
(9) And who be stars, but Warwick's bearded staves?
And all those knees, which beaded once so low,
Grow stiff, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, pursue me with despite,
Which most have cry'd, "God save queen Margaret."
When fame shall bruit thy banishment abroad,
The Yorkist's faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our western coast,
O, how that hag, dame Elenor, will boast!
And labour straight, by all the means she can,
To be call'd home out of the isle of Man;
To which I know great Warwick will consent,
To have it done by act of parliament:
That to my teeth my birth she may defy,
(10) Sland'ring duke Rayner with base beggary;
The only way she could devise to grieve me,
Wanting sweet Suffolk, which should most relieve me.
And from that stock doth sprout another bloom,
(11) A Kentish rebel, a base upstart groom:
(12) And this is he the white rose must prefer
By Clarence' daughter, match'd with Mortimer.
Thus by York's means this rascal peasant Cade,
Must in all haste Plantagenet be made:
For that ambitious duke sets all on work,
To sound what friends affect the claim of York,
Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
(13) And makes us weak by strength'ning Ireland:
More his own power still seeking to increase,
Than for king Henry's good or England's peace.
(14) Great Winchester untimely is decess'd,
That more and more my woes should be increas'd.
Beauford, whose shoulders proudly bare up all,
The church's prop, that famous cardinal.
The commons (bent to mischief) never let
(15) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset,
Railing in tumults on his soldiers' loss;
Thus all goes backward, cross comes after cross:
And now of late duke Humphry's old allies,
With banish'd Elenor's base accomplices,
Attending their revenge, grow wond'rous crouse,
And threaten death and vengeance to our house:
And I alone the last poor remnant am,
(16) T' endure these storms with woful Buckingham.
I pray thee, Pool, have care how thou dost pass,
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was:
(17) And one foretold by water thou shouldst die,
(Ah! foul befal that foul tongue's prophesy:)

Yet I by night am troubled in my dreams,
That I do see thee tost'd in dangerous streams;
And oft-times shipwreck'd, cast upon the land,
And lying breathless on the queachy sand:
And oft in visions see thee in the night,
Where thou at sea maintain'st a dangerous fight,
And with thy proved target and thy sword,
Beat'st back the pirate which would come aboard.
Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
"The truest love is most suspicious."
Sorrow doth utter what it still doth grieve:
But hope forbids us sorrow to believe;
And in my counsel yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I think amiss.
Then live in hope, in triumph to return,
When clearer days shall leave in clouds to mourn.
But so hath sorrow girt my soul about,
That that word hope (methinks) comes slowly out:
The reason is, I know it here would rest,
Where it might still behold thee in my breast.
Farewell, sweet Pool, fain more I would indite,
But that my tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster.

Philip, duke of Burgoin, and his son, were always great favourites of the house of Lancaster: howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and York.

(2) Who in the North our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?

The chief lords of the north parts, in the time of Henry the Sixth, withstood the duke of York at his rising, giving him two great overthrows.

(3) To that allegiance York was bound by oath,
To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will with Heav'n dispense, and will unswear it.

The duke of York, at the death of Henry the Fifth, and at this king's coronation, took his oath to be true subject to him and his heirs for ever: but afterwards dispensing therewith, claimed the crown, as his rightful and proper inheritance.

(4) If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a king.

The duke of York had four sons: Edward earl of March, that afterwards was duke of York, and king of England, when he had deposed Henry the fifth; and Edmond earl of Rutland, slain by the lord Clifford at the battle at Wakefield: and George duke of Clarence, that was murdered in the tower; and Richard duke of Gloucester, who was (after he had murdered his brother's sons) king, by the name of Richard the Third.

(5) He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic, &c.
Till this verse, As though begot an age, &c.

This Richard (whom ironically she calls Dick) that by treason, after the murther of his nephews, obtained the crown, was a man low of stature, crook'd-back'd, the left shoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and sour countenance. His mother could not be delivered of him; he was born toothed, and with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

(6) To over-shadow our vermilion rose.

The red rose was the badge of Lancaster, and the white rose of York; which, by the marriage of Henry the Seventh with Elizabeth, indubitate heir of the house of York, were happily united.

(7) Or who will muzzle that unruly bear?

The earl of Warwick, the setter up and puller down of kings, gave for his arms the white bear rampant, and the ragged staff.

(8) My daisy flower, which erst perfum'd the air,
Which for my favour princes deign'd to wear,
Now in the dust lies, &c.

The daisy in French is called Margarite, which was queen Margaret's badge: wherewithal the nobility and chivalry of the land at her first arrival were so delighted, that they wore it in their hats, in token of honour.

(9) And who be stars, but Warwick's bearded staves?

The ragged or bearded staff, was a part of the arms belonging to the earldom of Warwick.

(10) Sland'ring duke Rayner with base beggary.

Rayner, duke of Anjou, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who had neither inheritance, nor received any tribute from those parts; and was not able at the marriage of the queen, at his own charges, to send her into England, though he gave no dower with her: which, by the dutchess of Gloucester, was often in disgrace cast in her teeth.

(22) A Kentish rebel, a base upstart groom.

This was Jack Cade, who caused the Kentish men to rebel in the eight and twentieth year of king Henry the Sixth.

(12) And this is he the white rose must prefer,
By Clarence' daughter match'd to Mortimer.

This Jack Cade, instructed by the duke of York, pretended to be descended from Mortimer, who married lady Philip, daughter to the duke of Clarence.

(14) And makes us weak, by strengthening Ireland.

The duke of York being made deputy of Ireland, first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthening himself by all means possible, that he might at his return into England, by open war claim that which so long before he had privily gone about to obtain.

(15) Great Winchester untimely is decess'd.

Henry Beauford, bishop and cardinal of Winchester, son to John of Gaunt, begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious prelate, favouring mightily the queen and the duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable treasure, in hope to have been pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.

(16) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset.

Edmond, duke of Somerset, in the four-and-twentieth year of Henry the Sixth, was made regent of France, and sent into Normandy to defend the English territories against the French invasions: but in short time he lost all that king Henry

the Fifth won; for which cause, the nobles and commons ever after hated him.

(17) T' endure these storms with woful Buckingham.

Humphry, duke of Buckingham, was a great favourite of the queen's faction in the time of Henry the Sixth.

(18) And one foretold by water thou shouldst die.

The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water: which the queen forewarns him of, as remembering the witch's prophecy: which afterwards came to pass.

EDWARD IV. TO MRS. SHORE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Edward the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report
Of mistress Shore, resounded thro' his court,
Steals to the city in a strange disguise,
To view that beauty, whose transpiercing eyes
Had shot so many: which did so conteut
The amorous king, that instantly he sent
These lines to her, whose graces did allure him;
Whose answer back doth of her love assure him.

To thee, the fair'st that ever breath'd this air,
(1) From English Edward, to thee fairest fair;
Ah, would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of Shore,
To countermand a monarch's high desire,
And bar mine eyes of what they most admire!
O, why should fortune make the city proud,
To give that more, than is the court allow'd?
Where they (like wretches) hoard it up to spare,
And do engross it, as they do their ware.
When fame first blaz'd thy beauty here in court,
Mine ear repuls'd it, as a light report:
But when mine eyes saw what mine ear had heard,
They thought report too niggardly had spar'd;
And strucken dumb with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiving more than it had words to utter.
Then think of what thy husband is possest,
When I malign the wealth wherewith he's blest;
"When much abundance makes the needy mad,
Who having all, yet knows not what is had:
Into fools' bosoms this good fortune creeps,
And sums come in, whilst the base miser sleeps."
If now thy beauty be of such esteem,
Which all of so rare excellency deem;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a kingly state?
Which being now but in so mean a bed,
Is like an uncut diamond in lead,
Ere it be set in some high-prized ring,
Or garnished with rich enamelling;
We see the beauty of the stone is spilt,
Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.
(2) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes,
I came to see thee in a strange disguise.
Passing thy shop, thy husband call'd me back,
Demanding what rare jewel I did lack.
I want, thought I, one that I dare not crave,
And one, I fear, thou wilt not let me have.
He calls for caskets forth, and shows me store;
But yet I knew he had one jewel more,
And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for love or money by it.
O, might I come a diamond to buy,
That had but such a lustre as thine eye,
Would not my treasure serve, my crown should go,
If any jewel could be prized so!
An agat, branched with thy blushing strains;
A saphir, but so azur'd as thy veins;
My kingly sceptre only should redeem it,
At such a price if judgment could esteem it.
How fond and senseless be those strangers then,
Who bring in toys, to please the Englishmen?
I smile to think how fond th' Italians are,
To judge their artificial gardens rare;
When London in thy cheeks can show them here
Roses and lilies growing all the year.
The Portuguese, that only hopes to win,
By bringing stones from farthest India in;
When happy Shore can bring them forth a girl,
Whose lips be rubies, and her teeth be pearl.
(3) How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring us crystal from the frozen main?
When thy clear skin's transparence doth surpass
Their crystal, as the diamond doth glass.
The foolish French, which bring in trash and toys,
To turn our women, men, our girls to boys,
When with what tire thou do'st thyself adorn,
That for a fashion only shall be worn;
Which though it were a garment but of hair,
More rich than robe that ever empress ware.
Methinks, thy husband takes his mark awry,
To set his plate to sale, when thou art by;
When they which do thy angel-locks behold,
As the base dross do but respect his gold,
And wish one hair before that massy heap,
And but one lock, before the wealth of Cheap:
And for no cause else hold we gold so dear,
But that it is so like unto thy hair.
And sure, I think, Shore cannot choose but flout
Such as would find the great elixir out,
And laugh to see the alchymists, that choke
Themselves with fumes, and waste their wealth in smoke;
When if thy hand but touch the grossest mould,
It is converted to refined gold:
When theirs is chaff'red at an easy rate,
Well known to all to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is set,
Than paltry beugle, or light-prized jet.
Let others wear perfumes, for thee unmeet,
If there were none, thou couldst make all things sweet;
Thou comfort'st ev'ry sense with sweet repast,
To hear, to see, to smell, to feel, to taste:
Like a rich ship, whose very refuse ware,
Aromatics and precious odours are.
If thou but please to walk into the Pawn,
To buy the cambric, callico, or lawn,
If thou the whiteness of the same wouldst prove,
From thy far whiter hand pluck off thy glove;
And those which by as the beholders stand,
Will take thy hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand.
A thousand eyes clos'd up by envious night,
Do wish for day, but to enjoy thy sight,
And when they once have blest their eyes with thee,
Scorn ev'ry object else, whate'er they see:
So like a goddess beauty still controls,
And hath such pow'rful working in our souls.

The merchant, which in traffic spends his life,
Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife:
The blunt-spoke cynic, poring on his book,
Sometimes (aside) at beauty loves to look:
The churchman, by whose teaching we are led,
Allows what keeps love in the marriage-bed:
The bloody soldier, spent in dang'rous broils,
With beauty yet content to share his spoils:
The busy lawyer, wrangling in his pleas,
Findeth that beauty gives his labour ease:
The toiling tradesman, and the sweating clown,
Would have his wench fair, though his bread be brown.
So much is beauty pleasing unto all,
That prince and peasant equally doth call;
Nor never yet did any man despise it,
Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.
Unlearn'd is learning, artless be all arts,
If not employ'd to praise thy sev'ral parts:
Poor plodding school-men they are far too low,
Which by probations, rules, and axioms go;
He must be familiar with the skies,
Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes:
And by that skill which measures sea and land,
See beauties all, thy waist, thy foot, thy hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare delights, as are both strange and new:
And other worlds of beauty more and more,
Which never were discovered before:
And to thy rare proportion, to apply
The lines and circles in geometry,
Using alone arithmetic's strong ground,
Numb'ring the virtues that in thee are found:
And when all these have done what they can do,
For thy perfections all too little too.
When from the east the dawn hath gotten out,
And gone to seek thee all the world about,
Within thy chamber hath she fix'd her light,
Where, but that place, the world hath all been night:
Then is it fit that ev'ry vulgar eye
Should see love banquet in her majesty?
"We deem those things our sight doth most frequent,
To be but mean, although most excellent:
For strangers still the streets are swept and strow'd,
Few look on such as daily come abroad: 'em,
Things much restrain'd, do make us much desire
And beauties sel lom seen, make us admire them."
Nor is it fit a city-shop should hide
The world's delight, and Nature's only pride;
But in a prince's sumptuous gallery,
Hung all with tissue, floor'd with tapestry,
Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shall see
The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the diff'rence (if thou list to prove)
Betwixt a vulgar and a kingly love: troth,
And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st, the
Be thou thyself unpartial judge of both.
Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not enjoy?
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy:
Whilst lazy Time his turn by tarriance serves,
Love still grows sickly, and hope daily starves:
Meanwhile, receive that warrant by these lines,
Which princely rule and sov'reignty resigns;
Till when, these papers, by their lord's command,
By me shall kiss thy sweet and dainty hand.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of Edward to mistress Shore, and of hers to him, being of unlawful affection, ministreth small occasion of historical notes; for had he mentioned the many battles betwixt the Lancaster faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to Plautus' boasting soldier, than a kingly courtier. Notwithstanding it shall not be amiss to annex a line or two.

(1) From English Edward to the fairest fair.

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous, and very amorous, applying his sweet amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather: which was so well known to Lewis the French king, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that, as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit: by which means Edward was disappointed of his journeys. And albeit princes, whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the court in those times. For certain it is, that his shape was excellent; his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to seem more delectable: though the smallness of his eyes, full of shining moisture, as it took away some comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of understanding, and cruelty mingled together. And, indeed, George Buchanan (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other princes of those times, with affection of tyranny; as Richard the Third manifestly did.

(2) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes.

Edward's intemperate desires, with which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his offspring were punished, is universally known. A mirror, representing their oversight, that rather leave their children what to possess, than what to imitate.

(3) How silly is the Polander and Dane,
To bring us crystal from the frozen main?

Alluding to their opinions, who imagine crystal to be a kind of ice; and therefore it is likely, they who came from those frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreme cold. Whether crystal be ice, or some other liquor, I omit to dispute: yet by the examples of amber and coral, there may be such an induration! for Solinus out of Pliny mentioneth, that in the northerly region a yellow jelly is taken up out of the sea at low tides, which he calls succinum, we amber. So likewise out of the Ligustic deep, a part of the Mediterranean sea, a greenish stalk is gathered, which, hardened in the air, comes to be coral, either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees; as appears by Martial's epigram:

Et latet & lucet, Phaetontide condita gutta,
Ut videatur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum;
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a bee enclosed in electrum, is not so rare, as that a boy's throat should be cut with the fall of an icicle; the which epigram is excellent, the 18 li. 4. He calls it Phaetontis gutta, because of that fable which Ovid rehearseth concerning the Heliades, or Phaeton's sisters, metamorphosed into those trees whose gum is amber, where flies alighting, are oftentimes translucently imprisoned.

THE EPISTLE OF

MRS. SHORE TO EDWARD IV.

As the weak child, that from the mother's wing
Is taught the lute's delicious fingering,
At ev'ry string's soft touch is mov'd with fear,
Noting his master's curious list'ning ear,
Whose trembling hand at ev'ry strain bewrays,
In what doubt he his new-set lesson plays:
As this poor child, so sit I to indite,
At ev'ry word still quaking as I write.
(1) Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife.
And liv'd with them in country fields that range,
Nor seen the golden Cheap, nor glitt'ring 'Change.
Here, like a comet gaz'd at in the skies,
Subject to all tongues, object to all eyes:
Oft have I heard my beauty prais'd of many,
But never yet so much admir'd of any:
A prince's eagle-eye to find out that,
Which common men do seldom wonder at,
Makes me to think affection flatters sight,
Or in the object something exquisite.
"To housed beauty seldom stoops report,
Fame must attend on that which lives in court."
What swan of bright Apollo's brood doth sing,
To vulgar love, in courtly sonneting?
Or what immortal poet's sugar'd pen
Attends the glory of a citizen?
Oft have I wonder'd what should blind your eye,
Or what so far seduced majesty,
That having choice of beauties so divine,
Amongst the most, to choose this least of mine?
More glorious suns adorn fair London's pride,
Than all rich England's continent beside;
That who t' account their multitudes would wish,
(2) Might number Romney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.
Who doth frequent our temples, walks, and streets,
Noting the sundry beauties that he meets,
That if but some one beauty should incite
Some sacred Muse, some ravish'd spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true Promethean fire,
That after-ages should his lines admire;
Gathering the honey from the choicest flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.
Here, in this garden only, springs the rose,
In ev'ry common hedge the bramble grows:
Nor are we so turn'd Neapolitan,
(3) That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And have just cause to rail upon our sex:
To prank old wrinkles up in new attire,
To alter Nature's course, prove Time a liar,
To abuse Fate, and Heav'n's just doom reverse,
On Beauty's grave to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
To make a glass to seem a diamond:
Nor cannot, without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian dame:
Nor the fantastic French to imitate,
Attir'd half Spanish, half Italianate;
With waist, nor curl, body, nor brow adorn,
That is in Florence or in Genoa born.
But with vain boasts how witless fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own indignity?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to love belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the room,
Cropp'd beauty's flower when it was in the bloom,
And goes away enriched with the store,
Whilst others glean, where he hath reap'd before:
And he dares swear that I am true and just,
And shall I then deceive his honest trust?
Or what strange hope should make you to assail,
Where the strong'st batt'ry never could prevail?
Belike you think, that I repuls'd the rest,
To leave a king the conquest of my breast,
And have thus long preserv'd myself from all,
To have a monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vilest death,
Than live to draw that sin-polluted breath.
But our kind hearts men's tears cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide.
Too well know men what our creation made us,
And nature too well taught them to invade us:
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to speak, to sue, and to forbear;
By signs, by sighs, by motions, and by tears,
When vows should serve, when oaths, when smiles, when pray'rs:
What one delight our humours most doth move,
Only in that you make us nourish love.
If any natural blemish blot our face,
You do protest, it gives our beauty grace;
And what attire we most are us'd to wear,
That, of all other excellent'st, you swear:
And if we walk, or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one deity;
And what you know we take delight to hear,
That you are ever sounding in our ear:
And yet so shameless, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on beauty and on us.
Rome's wanton Ovid did those rules impart,
O, that your nature should be help'd with art!
Who would have thought, a king that cares to reign,
Enforc'd by love, so poet-like should feign? [
To say that Beauty, Time's stern rage to shun,
In my cheeks (lilies) hid her from the Sun;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her east, and here she broke her day:
And that fair summer still is in my sight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As though the fair'st e'er since the world began,
To me, a sun-burnt base Egyptian.
But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
(O, would to God you knew it not too well!)
That women oft their most admirers raise,
Though publicly not flatt'ring their own praise.
Our churlish husbands, which our youth enjoy'd,
Who with our dainties have their stomachs cloy'd,
Do loath our smooth hands with their lips to feel,
T' enrich our favours, by our beds to kneel;
At our command to wait, to send, to go,
As ev'ry hour our am'rous servants do;
Which makes a stol'n kiss often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe:
When he all day torments us with a frown,
Yet sports with Venus in a bed of down;
Whose rude embracement but too ill beseems
Her span-broad waist, her white and dainty limbs:
And yet still preaching abstinence of meat,
When he himself of ev'ry dish will eat.
Blame you our husbands then, if they deny
Our public walking, our loose liberty?
If with exception still they us debar
(4) The circuit of the public theatre:
To hear the poet, in a comic strain,
Able t' infect with his lascivious scene:

And the young wanton wits, when they applaud
The sly persuasion of some subtle bawd;
Or passionate tragedian, in his rage,
Acting a love-sick passion on the stage:
(2) When though abroad restraining us to roam,
They very hardly keep us safe at home;
And oft are touch'd with fear and inward grief,
Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a thief.
What sports have we, whereon our minds to set?
Our dog, our parrot, or our marmozet,
Or once a week to walk into the field;
Small is the pleasure that these toys do yield;
But to this grief a med'cine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet liberty;
And sov'reignty (O that bewitching thing!)
Yet made more great by promise of a king;
And more, that honour which doth most entice
The holiest nun, and she that's ne'er so nice.
Thus still we strive, yet overcome at length,
For men want mercy, and poor women strength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men resist,
When kings once come, they conquer as they list.
Thou art the cause Shore pleaseth not my sight,
That his embraces give me no delight:
Thou art the cause I to myself am strange,
Thy coming is my full, thy set my change.
Long winter nights be minutes, if thou here;
Short minutes, if thou absent, be a year.
And thus by strength thou art become my fate,
And mak'st me love even in the midst of hate.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife.

Two or three poems, written by sundry men, have magnified this woman's beauty; whom, that ornament of England, and London's more particular glory, sir Thomas More, very highly hath praised for her beauty, she being alive in his time, though being poor and aged. Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under one arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's churchyard, commanded that no man should relieve her; which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

(2) May number Rumney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.

Rumney is that famous marsh in Kent, at whose side Rye, a haven-town, doth stand: hereof the excellent English antiquary, Mr. Camden, and Mr. Lambert in his Perambulation, do make mention. And marshes are commonly called those low grounds which abut upon the sea, and from the Latin word are so denominated. Isis is here used for Thamesis, by a synecdochical kind of speech, or by a poetical liberty, in using one for another: for it is said that Thamesis is compounded of Tame and Isis, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a city much more renowned than that water: which being plentiful of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am persuaded, that there is no river in the world beholds more stately buildings on either side, clean thorow, than the Thames. Much is reported of the grand canal in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

(3) That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan.

Mantuan, a pastoral poet, in one of his eclogues, bitterly inveigheth against womankind; some of which, by way of an appendix, might be here inserted, seeing the fantastic and insolent humours of many of that sex deserve much sharper physic, were it not that they are grown wiser than to amend for such an idle poet's speech as Mantuan; yea, or for Euripides himself, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus.

(4) The circuit of the public theatre.

Ovid, a most fit author for so dissolute a sectary, calls that place chastity's shipwrack: for though Shore's wife wantonly plead for liberty, which is the true humour of a courtezan; yet much more is the praise of modesty, than of such liberty. Howbeit, the vestal nuns had seats assigned them in the Roman theatre; whereby it should appear, it was counted no impeachment to modesty, though they offending herein were buried quick: a sharp law for them, who may say, as Shore's wife does,

(5) When though abroad restraining us to roam,
They very hardly keep us safe at home.

MARY, THE FRENCH QUEEN, TO CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Henry the Eighth, firm friendship to unite
With France, bestows the lady Mary bright,
His younger sister, on king Lewis, then
Being lame and aged; but she, of all men,
Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, most affected,
One whom her brother highly had respected,
And had advanc'd: but scarcely had she been
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous queen
Buried the old king; who no sooner dead,
But she in heart determining to wed
Her long-lov'd Brandon, this epistle writes;
Who back to her the answer soon indites.

Such health from Heav'n myself may wish to me,
Such health from France queen Mary sends to thee.
Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brook delay?
If one poor channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind!) what would an ocean do?

Leander had an Hellespont to swim,
Yet this from Hero could not hinder him;
His bark (poor soul!) his breast, his arms his oars,
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous Kent do lie
The pleasant fields of flow'ry Picardy,
Where our fair Calais, walled in her sands,
In kenning of the cliffy Dover stands.
Here is no bedlam nurse to pout nor low'r,
When, wantoning, we revel in my tow'r;
Nor need I top my turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swimm'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half so kind,
Thy sighs should stuff thy sails, tho' wanting wind:
But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighs be slack,
And mine, too stiff, do blow thy broad-sails back.
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood,
Because the wind so full against thee stood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, that thou wast so slow;
For it came not to keep thee in the bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainly lett'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st have wafted hither with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not, Brandon, thou hast broke thy vow;
Yet if I meant to frown, I might be dumb,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come:
Nay come, sweet Charles, have care thy ship to guide;
Come, my sweet heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my brother and his lovely queen,
In sad attire for my depart were seen,
(1) The utmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Dover did depart away,
Thou know'st what woe I suffer'd for thy sake,
How oft I feign'd of thee my leave to take:
God and thou know'st, with what a heavy heart
I took my farewell, when I should depart;
And being shipp'd, gave signal with my hand
Up to the cliff, where I did see thee stand:
Nor could refrain, in all the people's view,
But cry'd to thee, "Sweet Charles, adieu, adieu!"
Look how a little infant, that hath lost
The thing wherewith it was delighted most,
Weary with seeking, to some corner creeps,
And then (poor soul!) it sits it down and weeps;
And when the nurse would fain content the mind,
Yet still it mourns for that it cannot find:
Thus in my careful cabin did I lie,
When as the ship out of the road did fly.
(2) Think'st thou my love was faithful then to thee,
When young Castile to England su'd for me?
Be judge thyself, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an empire for my dower.
To England's court when once report did bring,
How thou in France didst revel with the king,
(3) When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling stand,
To beg for mercy at his conqu'ring hand;
To hear of his endearments, how I joy'd!
But see, this calm was suddenly destroy'd.
(4) When Charles of Castile there to banquet came,
With him his sister, that ambitious dame,
(5) Savoy's proud dutchess, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me;
Fearing my absence might thy vows acquit,
To change thy Mary for a Margaret,
(6) When in king Henry's tent of cloth of gold,
She often did thee in her arms enfold:
Where you were feasted more deliciously,
Than Cleopatra did Mark Antony:
Where sports all day did entertain your sight,
And then in masques you pass'd away the night.
But thou wilt say, 'tis proper unto us,
That we by nature all are jealous.
"I must confess 'tis oft found in our sex,
But who not loves, not any thing suspects:
True love doth look with pale suspicion's eye,
Take away love, if you take jealousy."
Turwin and Tournay when king Henry took,
For this great change who then did ever look?
(7) When Maximilian to those wars addrest,
Wore England's cross on his imperial breast,
(8) And in our army let his eagle fly,
(9) That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye;
Little thought I when Bullen first was won,
Wedlock should end what angry war begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
(10) But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.
To his advice the king gave free consent,
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My virgin's right thy state could not advance,
But now enriched with the dower of France;
Then, but poor Suffolk's dutchess had I been,
Now the great dowager, the most Christian queen.
But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,
Lewis of France had my virginity;
He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what?
Believe me, Brandon, he had scarcely that:
Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,
But age must needs have something that is warm;
"Small drops (Gods knows) do quench that heatless fire,
When all the strength is only in desire."
And I could tell (if modesty might tell)
There's somewhat else that pleaseth lovers well;
To rest his cheek upon my softer cheek,
Was all he had, and more he did not seek;
So might the little baby clip the nurse,
And it content, she never a whit the worse:
Then think this, Brandon, if that make thee frown,
For maiden-head, he on me set a crown.
Who would not change a kingdom for a kiss?
Hard were the heart that would not yield him this;
And time yet half so swiftly doth not pass,
Not yet full five months elder than I was.
When thou to France conducted wast by fame,
With many knights, which from all countries came,
To see me at St. Dennis on my throne,
Where Lewis held my coronation;
(11) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take:
When as the staves upon thy cask did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my sight,
And spake aloud, when I myself forgot,
"'Tis my sweet Charles, my Brandon, hurt him not."
But when I fear'd the king perceived this,
Good silly man, I pleas'd him with a kiss;
And to extol his valiant son began,
That Europe never bred a braver man:
And when (poor king) he simply praised thee,
Of all the rest I ask'd, who thou should'st be?
Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake;
Open confession now amends must make.
Whilst this old king upon a pallet lies,
And only holds a combat with mine eyes;

Mine eyes from his, by thy sight stol'n away,
Which might too well their mistress' thoughts bewray.
But when I saw thy proud unconquer'd lance
To bear the prize from all the flow'r of France,
To see what pleasure did my soul embrace,
Might eas'ly be discerned in my face.
Look as the dew upon a damask rose,
Now through that liquid pearl his blushing shows,
And when the soft air breathes upon his top,
From the sweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheek, distilling from mine eyes,
One tear for joy another's room supplies. [prove,
Before mine eye (like touch) thy shape did
Mine eye condemn'd my too, too partial love;
But since by others I the same do try,
My love condemns my too, too partial eye.
The precious stone most beautiful and rare,
When with itself we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent as that we only see;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our eye,
Which then appears more orient and more bright,
Having a foil whereon to show its light.
Alanson, a fine timb'red man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withall:
Vandome good carriage, and a pleasing eye,
Yet hath not Suffolk's princely majesty:
Courageous Bourbon, a sweet manly face,
Yet in his looks lacks Brandon's courtly grace:
Proud Longavile, suppos'd to have no peer,
A man scarce made was thought, whilst thou wast here:
County Saint-Paul, our best at arms in France,
Would yield himself a 'squire to bear thy lance:
(11) Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their might,
Under thy tow'ring blade have couch'd in fight.
If with our love my brother angry be,
I'll say, to please him, I first fancy'd thee:
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Never to thee had I been half so kind.
Worthy my love, the vulgar judge no man,
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian;
Nor think that my affection should be set,
But in the line of great Plantagenet.
I pass not what the idle commons say,
I pray thee Charles make haste, and come away.
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy absence makes me angry for awhile,
But at thy presence I should gladly smile.
When last of me his leave my Brandon took,
He sware an oath (and made my lips the book)
He would make haste, which now thou do'st deny;
Thou art forsworn; O wilful perjury!
Sooner would I with greater sins dispense,
Than by entreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I think, if I shou'd come to shrive thee,
Great were the fault that I shou'd not forgive thee:
Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,
But it should be with too much loving thee.
Ay, that is all that thou shalt fear to taste;
I pray thee, Brandon, come, sweet Charles, make haste.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) The utmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Dover did depart away.

King Henry VIII. with the queen and nobles, in the sixth year of his reign, in the month of September, brought this lady to Dover, where she took shipping for France.

(2) Think'st thou my love was faithful unto thee,
When young Castile to England su'd for me?

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry VII. and Philip king of Castile, son to Maximilian the emperor, that Charles, eldest son of the said Philip, should marry the lady Mary, daughter to king Henry, when they came to age: which agreement was afterward in the eighth year of Henry VIII. annihilated.

(3) When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy,
Enter'd proud Tournay, which did trembling stand, &c.

Henry VIII. after the long siege of Tournay, which was delivered to him upon composition, entered the city in triumph under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by four of the chief and most noble citizens; the king himself mounted upon a gallant courser barbed with the arms of England, France, and Ireland.

(4) When Charles of Castile to a banquet came,
With him his sister, that ambitious dame,
Savoy's proud dutchess.

The king being at Tournay, there came to him the prince of Castile, and the lady Margaret, dutchess of Savoy, his sister, to whom king Henry gave great entertainment.

(5) Savoy's proud dutchess, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me.

At this time there was talk of a marriage to be concluded between Charles Brandon, then lord Lisle, and the dutchess of Savoy; the lord Lisle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the dutchess.

(6) When in king Henry's tent of cloth of gold.

The king caused a rich tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feasted the prince of Castile and the dutchess, and entertained them with sumptuous masks and banquets during their abode.

(7) When Maximilian to those wars addrest,
Wore England's cross on his imperial breast.

Maximilian the emperor, with all his soldiers who served under king Henry, wore the cross of St. George with the rose on their breasts.

(8) And in our army let his eagle fly.

The black eagle is the badge imperial, which here is used for the displaying of his ensign or standard.

(9) That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye.

Henry VIII. at his wars in France, retained the emperor and all his soldiers in wages, who served under him during those wars.

(10) But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.

Thomas Wolsey, the king's almoner, then bishop of Lincoln, a man of great authority with the king, and afterward cardinal, was the chief cause that this lady Mary was married to the old French king, with whom the French had dealt under-hand to befriend him in that match.

(11) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's sake,
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take.

Francis duke of Valois and dauphin of France, at the marriage of the lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a joust; where he chose the duke of Suffolk and the marquis of Dorset for his aids at all martial exercises.

(12) Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their might.

This County Galeas, at the jousts, ran a course with a spear, which was at the head five inches square on every side, and at the butt nine inches square, whereby he showed his wonderous force and strength. This Bounarme, a gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten spears about him: in each stirrup three, under each thigh one, one under his left arm, and one in his hand; and putting his horse to the career, never stopt him till he had broken every staff. Hall.

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO MARY, THE FRENCH QUEEN.

But that my faith commands me to forbear,
The fault's your own, if I impatient were:
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your loving lines to read.
Here, in the court, camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, only feed on air:
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,
And starve mine ears, to hear of my dispatch.
If Dover were th' Abydos of my rest,
Or pleasant Calais were my Mary's Cest',
You should not need, bright queen, to blame me so:
Did not the distance, to desire say no: [so,
No tedious night from travel should be free,
Till through the seas, with swimming still to thee,
A snowy path I made unto the bay,
So bright as is that nectar-stained way,
The restless Sun by travelling doth wear,
Passing his course to finish up the year.
But Paris locks my love within the main,
And London yet thy Brandon doth detain.
Of thy firm love thou putt'st me still in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.
(1) When Longavile to Mary was affy'd,
And thou by him wast made king Lewis' bride,
How oft I wish'd, that thou a prize might'st be,
That I in arms might combat him for thee!
And in the madness of my love distraught,
A thousand times his murder have fore-thought:
"But that th' all-seeing pow'rs, which sit above,
Regard not madmen's oaths, nor faults in love,
And have confirm'd it by the grant of Heav'n,
That lovers' sins on Earth should be forgiv'n:
For never man is half so much distress'd,
As he that loves, to see his love possess'd."
Coming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where first thou stol'st away my heart)
Methought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorn and desolate;
In whose fair walks thou often hast been seen,
To sport with Kath'rine, Henry's beauteous queen.
Astonishing sad winter with thy sight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the small birds, as in the pleasant spring,
Forgot themselves, and have begun to sing.
So oft as I by Thames go and return,
Methinks for thee the river yet doth mourn,
Whom I have seen to let his stream at large,
Which like a handmaid waited on thy barge;
And if thou happ'st against the flood to row,
Which way it ebb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops upon the labouring oars,
For joy that it had got thee from the shores.
The swans with music that the roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes, came gliding on the lake,
As the swift dolphins by Arion's strings,
Were brought to land with Siren ravishings:
The flocks and herds that pasture near the flood,
To gaze upon thee have forborne their food,
And sat down sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim.
When as the post to England's royal court,
Of thy hard passage brought thee true report,
(2) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou thyself in danger to be lost,
I knew 'twas Venus loath'd that aged bed,
Where beauty so should be disbonoured;
Or fear'd the sea-nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but seen, their goddess should forsake.
And whirling round her dove-drawn coach about,
To view the navy then in lanching out,
Her airy mantle loosely doth unbind,
Which fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
Wafted thy sails with speed unto the land,
And ran thy ships on Bullen's harbouring strand.
How should I joy of thy arrive to hear!
But as a poor sea-faring passenger,
After long travel, tempest-torn and wrack'd,
By some unpitt'ing pirate that is sack'd;
Hears the false robber that hath stol'n his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Enrich'd with the invaluable store,
For which he long had travelled before.
(3) When thou to Abvile held'st th' appointed day,
We heard how Lewis met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring tissue strangely dight,
(4) Appear'dst unto him like the queen of light:
In cloth of silver all thy virgin train,
In beauty sumptuous, as the northern wain;
And thou alone the foremost glorious star,
Which ledd'st the team of that great waggoner.
What could thy thought be, but as I did think,
When thine eyes tasted what mine ears did drink?
(5) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before,
Yet at thy coming crept out of the door:
'Twas well he rid, he had no legs to go,
But this thy beauty forc'd his body to:
For whom a cullice had more fitter been,
Than in a golden bed a gallant queen,
To use thy beauty as the miser gold,
Which hoards it up but only to behold;
Still looking on it with a jealous eye,
Fearing to lend, yet loving usury.
O sacrilege (if beauty be divine)
The profane hand to touch the hallow'd shrine!
To surfeit sickness on the sound man's diet;
To rob content, yet still to live unquiet;
And having all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet still longing like a little child.
(6) When marquis Dorset, and the valiant Grays,
To purchase fame, first cross'd the narrow seas,

With all the knights that my associates went,
In honour of thy nuptial tournament,
Think'st thou I joy'd not in thy beauty's pride,
(1) When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride?
Where all the streets, as thou didst pass along,
With arras, bisse, and tapestry, were hung;
Ten thousand gallant citizens prepar'd,
In rich attire, thy princely self to guard:
Next them, three thousand choice religious men,
In golden vestments follow'd on again;
And in procession as they came along,
With Hymenæus sang thy marriage-song.
(2) Next these, five dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a princely cardinal:
Then thou, on thy imperial chariot set,
Crown'd with a rich impearled coronet;
Whilst the Parisian dames, as thy train past,
Their precious incense in abundance cast.
As Cynthia, from her wave-embattel'd shrouds
Op'ning the west, comes streaming thro' the clouds,
With shining troops of silver-tressed stars,
Attending on her, as her torch-bearers;
And all the lesser lights about her throne
With admiration stand as lookers on;
Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,
The queen of light along her sphere doth glide.
When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,
No other signal had I, but thy name;
Thy voice my trumpet, and my guide thine eyes,
And but thy beauty, I esteem'd no prize.
(3) That large limb'd Almain, of the giants' race,
Which bare strength on his breast, fear in his face,
Whose sinew'd arms with his steel-temper'd blade,
Through plate and male such open passage made;
Upon whose might the Frenchmen's glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day:
Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,
Off'ring his shield a conquer'd spoil to thee.
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No, sacred queen, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chivalry.
One of thy tressed curls there falling down,
As loth to be imprison'd in thy crown,
I saw the soft air sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry forms to make it;
Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twisting it, then it untwist again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,
A sunny candle for a golden fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as tho' a star had shot,
My up-turn'd eye pursu'd it with my sight,
The which again redoubled all my might.
'Tis but in vain of my descent to boast,
When Heav'n's lamp shines, all other lights be lost;
Falcons seem poor, the eagle sitting by,
Whose brood surveys the Sun with open eye;
(4) Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat the tyrant Richard from his horse
On Bosworth plain, whom Richmond chose to wield
His glorious ensign in that conqu'ring field;
And with his sword in his dear sov'reign's sight,
To his last breath stood fast in Henry's right.
Then, beauteous empress, think this safe delay
Shall be the even to a joyful day:
"Foresight doth still on all advantage lie,
Wise men must give place to necessity;
To put back ill, our good we must forbear;
Better first fear, than after still to fear."
'Twere oversight in that, at which we aim,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let us our hopes attend,
And till I come, receive these lines I send.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) When Longavile to Mary was affy'd.

The duke of Longavile, who was prisoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the princess Mary for Lewis the French king his master.

(2) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the queen sailed for France, a mighty storm arose at sea, so that the navy was in great danger, and was severed, some driven upon the coast of Flanders, some on Britain: the ship wherein the queen sail'd was driven into the haven at Bullen, with very great danger.

(3) When thou to Abvile held'st th' appointed day.

King Lewis met her by Abvile, near to the forest of Arders, and brought her into Abvile with great solemnity.

(4) Appear'd'st unto him like the queen of light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the queen and her train, attended by the chief of the nobility of England, with six and thirty ladies, all in cloth of silver, their horses trapped with crimson velvet.

(5) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before.

King Lewis was a man of great years, troubled much with the gout, so that he had long time before little use of his legs.

(6) When marquis Dorset and the valiant Grays.

The duke of Suffolk, when the proclamation came into England, of jousts to be holden in France at Paris; he, for the queen's sake, his mistress, obtained of the king to go thither; with whom went the marquis of Dorset and his four brothers, the lord Clinton, sir Edward Nevill, sir Giles Capell, Thomas Cheney, which all went over with the duke as his assistants.

(7) When thou in triumph didst through Paris ride.

A true description of the queen's entering into Paris, after her coronation performed at St. Dennis.

(8) Next these, five dukes, as did their places fall.

The dukes of Alanson, Bourbon, Vandome, Longaville, Suffolk, with five cardinals.

(9) That large-limb'd Almain of the giants' race.

Francis Valois, the dauphin of France, envying the glory that the Englishmen had obtained at the tilt, brought in an Almain secretly, a man thought almost of incomparable strength, who encounter'd Charles Brandon at the barriers: but the duke grappling with him, so beat him about the head with the pummel of his sword, that the blood came out of the sight of his cask.

(10) Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat, &c.

Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the

earl of Richmond (after Henry VII.) at Bosworth field, a brave and gallant gentleman, who was slain by Richard there; this was father to this Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The earl of Surrey, that renowned lord,
Th' old English glory bravely that restor'd,
That prince and poet (a name more divine)
Falling in love with beauteous Geraldine,
Of the Geraldi, which derive their name
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame,
He travels, and in public jousts maintain'd
Her beauty peerless, which by arms he gain'd:
But staying long, fair Italy to see,
To let her know him constant still to be,
From Tuscany this letter to her writes;
Which her rescription instantly invites.

From (1) learned Florence (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy race, thy noble grandsires came
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heav'nly Geraldine.
Yet let not Tuscan think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue;
That in these harsh-tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so near the Muses' sacred spring;
But rather think itself adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praise of Italy.
Though to the Tuscans I the smoothness grant,
Our dialect no majesty doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a key,
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.
What day I quit the fore-land of fair Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,
Yet think I with how many a heavy look
My leave of England and of thee I took,
And did entreat the tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one sigh back to thee.
Up to the deck a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and down again it slips,
Into the gulph itself it headlong throws,
And as a post to England-ward it goes.
As I sat wond'ring how the rough sea stirr'd,
I might far off perceive a little bird,
Which as she fain from shore to shore would fly,
Had lost herself in the broad vasty sky,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
The seas of life still gaping to bereave her:
Unto the ship she makes, which she discovers,
And there (poor fool!) a while for refuge hovers;
And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
Panting she hangs upon the rattling sails,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on again,
And tost'd with flaws, with storms, with wind, with weather,
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:
Now with the poop, now with the prow doth bear,
Now on this side, now that, now here, now there.
Methinks these storms should be my sad depart,
The silly helpless bird is my poor heart
The ship, to which for succour it repairs,
That is yourself, regardless of my cares.
Of every surge doth fall, or wave doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize.
When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,
Divine Erasmus and our famous More,
Whose happy presence gave me such delight,
As made a minute of a winter's night;
With whom awhile I staid at Roterdame,
Now so renowned by Erasmus' name:
Yet every hour did seem a world of time,
Till I had seen that soul-reviving clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A wat'ry soil to clog a fiery wit.
And as that wealthy Germany I pass'd,
Coming unto the emperor's court at last,
(2) Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art,
Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,
Sick in thy bed; and, for thou could'st not sleep
By a wax taper set the light to keep;
I do remember thou didst read that ode,
Sent back whilst I in Thanet made abode,
Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,
Ev'n in thine eyes I saw how passion strove:
That snowy lawn which covered thy bed,
Methought look'd white, to see thy cheek so red;
Thy rosy cheek oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white:
The little taper which should give thee light,
Methought wax'd dim, to see thy eyes so bright;
Thine eye again supply'd the taper's turn,
And with his beams more brightly made it burn:
The shrugging air about thy temples hurls,
And wrapp'd thy breath in little clouded curls;
And as it did ascend, it straight did seize it,
And as it sunk, it presently did raise it.
Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so,
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go
To make her shift, and for her succour seek
To every rivel'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
"If health preserv'd, thou beauty still dost cherish;
If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish."
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
If live or die, as thou dost, so do I;
If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:
One heart, one love, one joy, one grief, one troth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.
If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely style;
If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
(3) That lion plac'd in our bright silver bend,
Which as a trophy beautifies our shield,
(4) Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field;
When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bare,
As a rich jewel in a lady's hair,
And did fair Bramston's neighbouring vallies choke
With clouds of cannons' fire-disgorged smoke:
Or Surrey's earldom insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee:
Yet I am one of great Apollo's heirs,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By princes my immortal lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
The little children when they learn to go,
By painful mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by sugar'd numbers to rehearse,
And have their sweet lips season'd with my verse.

When Heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd only thus:
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise;
T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second pow'r by death.
When time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted-curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue:
That sacred pow'r, that in my ink remains,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteness dead,
Shall set a white more white, a red more red:
When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,
Nor thy craz'd mirror can discern thine eye;
My verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine eye and glass:
Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.
If Florence once should lose her old renown,
As famous Athens, now a fisher town;
My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,
Which great Apollo ever shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls.
(6) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues
To be the glory of the English court, [report
Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,
If ever Surrey truly were inspir'd.
(4) And famous Wyat, who in numbers sings
To that enchanting Thracian harper's strings,
To whom Phœbus (the poets' god) did drink
A bowl of nectar, fill'd up to the brink;
And sweet-tongu'd Bryan (whom the Muses kept,
And in his cradle rockt him whilst he slept)
In sacred verses (most divinely penn'd)
Upon thy praises ever shall attend.
What time I came into this famous town,
And made the cause of my arrival known,
Great Medices a list for triumphs built;
Within the which upon a tree of gilt,
(Which was with sundry rare devices set)
I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,
To answer those Italian dames' desire,
Which daily came thy beauty to admire:
By which, my lion in his gaping jaws
Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arm assays,
After so many brave triumphant days,
The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,
By herald's voice proclaim'd to be thy share.
The shiver'd staves here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters past at ev'ry shock,
When stormy courses answer'd cuff for cuff,
Dinting proud beavers with the counter-buff,
Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
I sacrific'd, as incense to thy fame:
Where, as the phenix from her spiced fume
Renews herself, in that she doth consume;
So from these sacred ashes live we both,
Liv'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.

When to my chamber I myself retire,
Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
The happy isle where Geraldine remains:
(7) Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine:
(8) Of Hampton-court and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures that in Paradise were found:
Near that fair castle is a little grove,
With hanging rocks all cover'd from above,
Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth stand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
Whose bushy top doth bid the Sun forbear,
And checks his proud beams that would enter there;
Whose leaves still mutt'ring, as the air doth breathe,
With the sweet bubbling of the stream beneath,
Doth rock the senses (whilst the small birds sing)
Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies sport at prison base,
(No doubt there is some pow'r frequents the place)
There the soft poplar and smooth beech do bear
Our names, together carved every where,
And Gordian knots do curiously entwine
The names of Henry and of Geraldine.
O let this grove, in happy times to come,
Be call'd the lovers' bless'd Elysium;
Whither my mistress wonted to resort,
In summer's heat, in those sweet shades to sport:
A thousand sundry names I have it given,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Cover-heav'n,
The roof where Beauty her rich court doth keep,
Under whose compass all the stars do sleep.
There is one tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear these verses carved in the rind:
"When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,
Fan her fair tresses with perfumed air,
Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
To keep the Sun from gazing on my fair:
And when thy spreading branched arms be sunk,
And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,
Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldy trunk
I will renew thee, phenix-like, again,
And from thy dry decayed root will bring
A new-born stem, another Æson's spring,"
I find no cause, nor judge I reason why,
My country should give place to Lombardy.
(9) As goodly flow'rs on Thamesis do grow,
As beautify the banks of wanton Po;
As many nymphs as haunt rich Arnus' strand,
By silver Severn tripping hand in hand:
Our shade's as sweet, though not to us so dear,
Because the Sun hath greater power there.
This distant place doth give me greater woe;
Far off, my sighs the farther have to go.
Ah, absence! why thus should'st thou seem so long?
Or wherefore should'st thou offer time such wrong,
Summer so soon to steal on winter's cold,
Or winter blasts so soon make summer old?
Love did us both with one self-arrow strike,
Our wounds both one, our cure should be the like;
Except thou hast found out some mean by art,
Some pow'rful med'cine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,
It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.
Adieu, adieu! from Florence when I go,
By my next letters Geraldine shall know,
Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect;

Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's desire,
By him that lives thy virtues to admire.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) From learned Florence, long time rich in fame.

Florence, a city of Tuscany, standing upon the river Arnus (celebrated by Dante, Petrarch, and other the most noble wits of Italy) was the original of the family out of which this Geraldine did spring, as Ireland the place of her birth, which is intimated by these verses of the earl of Surrey:

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The Western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.

(2) Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art.

Cornelius Agrippa, a man in his time so famous for magic, (which the books publish'd by him concerning that argument do partly prove) as in this place needs no farther remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomy arts are but illusions, so in the honour of so rare a gentleman as this earl (and therewithal so noble a poet, a quality by which his other titles receive their greatest lustre) invention may make somewhat more bold with Agrippa above the barren truth.

(3) That lion set in our bright silver bend,

The blazon of the Howards' honourable armour was, "Gules between six crosslets fitchy a bend argent," to which afterwards was added by achievement, "In the canton point of the bend an escutcheon or, within the Scottish pressure a demi-lion rampant gules," &c. as Mr. Camden, now Clarencieux, from authority noteth. Never shall time or bitter envy be able to obscure the brightness of so great a victory as that for which this addition was obtained. The historian of Scotland, George Buchanan, reporteth, that the earl of Surrey gave for his badge "a silver lion," (which from antiquity belonged to that name) "tearing in pieces a lion prostrate gules;" and withal, that this, which he terms insolence, was punished in him and his posterity; as if it were fatal to the conqueror to do his sovereign such loyal service, as a thousand such severe censurers were never able to perform.

(4) Since Scotish blood discolour'd Floden field.

The battle was fought at Bramston, near Flodenhill, being a part of the Cheviot, a mountain that exceedeth all the mountains in the North of England for highness; in which the wilful perjury of James V. was punished from Heaven by the earl of Surrey, being left by king Henry VIII. (then in France before Turwin) for the defence of his realm.

(5) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues
To be the glory, &c. [report

Of the beauty of that lady he himself testifies, in an elegy which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorize under a lion and wolf. And of himself he saith:

A lion saw I late, as white as snow.
And of her:
I might perceive a wolf, as white as a whale's bone,
A fairer beast of fresher hue beheld I never none,
But that her looks were coy, and froward was her grace.

(6) And famous Wyat, who in numbers sings.

Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, a most excellent poet, as his poems extant do witness; besides certain encomiums, written by the earl of Surrey upon some of David's Psalms, by him translated:

What holy grave, what worthy sepulchre,
To Wyat's Psalm shall Christians purchase then?

And afterward, upon his death, the said earl writeth thus:

What virtues rare were temper'd in thy breast!
Honour that England such a jewel bred,
And kiss the ground whereas thy corpse did rest.

(7) Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial eyne.

It is manifest by a sonnet written by this noble earl, that the first time he beheld his lady was at Hunsdon:

Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne.

Which sonnet being altogether a description of his love, I do allege in divers places of this gloss as proofs of what I write.

(8) Of Hampton-court and Windsor, where abound
All pleasures, &c.

That he enjoy'd the presence of his fair and virtuous mistress at those two places, by reason of queen Katharine's usual abode there (on whom this lady Geraldine was attending) I prove by these verses of his:

Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
Windsor (alas!) doth chase me from her sight.

And in another sonnet following:

When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearyd arm,
My hand, my chin, to ease my restless head.

And that his delight might draw him to compare Windsor to Paradise, an elegy may prove; where he remembreth his passed pleasures in that place.

With a king's son my childish years I pass'd,
In greater feasts than Priam's son of Troy.

And again in the same elegy:

Those large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes cast up unto the Maidens Tower
With easy sighs, such as men draw in love.

And again in the same:

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of sweet delight.

And for the pleasantness of the place, these verses of his may testify, in the same elegy before cited:

The secret groves which we have made resound,
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth.

(9) As goodly flow'rs on Thamesis do grow, &c.

I had thought in this place not to have spoken of Thames, being so oft remember'd by me before in sundry places on this occasion: but thinking of that excellent epigram, which I judge either to be

done by the said earl or sir Francis Brian, for the worthiness thereof I will here insert: which, as it seems to me, was compiled at the author's being in Spain.

Tagus, farewel, which westward with thy streams
Turn'st up the grains of gold, already try'd;
For I with spur and sail go seek the Thames,
Against the Sun that shows his wealthy pride,
And to the town that Brutus sought by dreams,
Like bended Moon that leans her lusty side,
To seek my country now, for whom I live;
O mighty Jove, for this the winds me give!

THE LADY GERALDINE TO HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

Such greeting as the noble Surrey sends,
The like to thee thy Geraldine commends;
A maiden's thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other terms or compliments to stand,
Which (might my speech be as my heart affords)
Should come attired in far richer words:
But all is one, my faith as firm shall prove,
As her's that makes the greatest show of love.
In Cupid's school I never read those books,
Whose lectures oft we practise in our looks,
Nor ever did suspicious rival eye
Yet lie in wait my favours to espy;
My virgin thoughts are innocent and meek,
As the chaste blushes sitting on my cheek:
As in a fever I do shiver yet,
Since first my pen was to the paper set.
If I do err, you know my sex is weak,
Fear proves a fault where maids are forc'd to speak.
Do I not ill? Ah, soothe me not herein;
O, if I do, reprove me of my sin!
Chide me in faith, or if my fault you hide,
My tongue will teach myself, myself to chide.
Nay, noble Surrey, blot it, if thou wilt,
Then too much boldness should return my guilt:
For that should be ev'n from ourselves conceal'd,
Which is disclos'd, if to our thoughts reveal'd;
For the least motion, more the smallest breath,
That may impeach our modesty, is death.
The page that brought thy letters to my hand,
(Methinks) should marvel at my strange demand:
For till he blush'd, I did not yet espy
The nakedness of my immodesty,
Which in my face he greater might have seen,
But that my fan I quickly put between;
Yet scarcely that my inward guilt could hide,
"Fear seeing all, fears it of all is spy'd."
Like to a taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintain his light,
The blaze ascending, forced by the smoke,
Living by that which seeks the same to choke;
The flame still hanging in the air, doth burn,
Until drawn down, it back again return: [closeth,
Then clear, then dim, then spreadeth, and then
Now getteth strength, and now his brightness
As well the best-discerning eye may doubt, [loseth;
Whether it be yet in, or whether out:
Thus in my cheek my sundry passions show'd,
Now ashy pale, and now again it glow'd.
If in your verse there be a pow'r to move,
It's you alone, who are the cause I love,
It's you bewitch my bosom by mine ear;
Unto that end I did not place you there:
Airs to asswage the bloody soldier's mind,
Poor women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps you'll think, that I these terms enforce,
For that in court this kindness is of course:
Or that it is that honey-steeped gall,
We oft are said to bait our loves withal;
That in one eye we carry strong desire,
In th' other drops, which quickly quench that fire.
Ah! what so false can envy speak of us,
But it shall find some vainly credulous?
I do not so, and to add proof thereto,
I love in faith, in faith, sweet lord, I do:
Nor let the envy of envenom'd tongues,
Which still is grounded on poor ladies' wrongs,
Thy noble breast disasterly possess,
By any doubt to make my love the less.
My house from Florence I do not pretend,
Nor from those Geralds claim I to descend;
Nor hold those honours insufficient are,
That I receive from Desmond, or Kildare:
Nor better air will ever boast to breathe,
Than that of Lemster, Munster, or of Meath:
Nor crave I other foreign far allies,
(1) Than Windsor's, or Fitz-Gerald's families:
It is enough to leave unto my heirs,
If they but please t' acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place ever did the court remove,
But that the house gives matter to my love?
At Windsor still I see thee sit, and walk,
There mount thy courser, there devise, there talk.
The robes, the garter, and the state of kings,
Into my thoughts thy hoped greatness brings:
None-such, the name imports (methinks) so much,
None such as it, nor as my lord, none such:
In Hampton's great magnificence I find
The lively image of thy princely mind:
Fair Richmond's tow'rs like goodly trophies stand,
Rear'd by the power of thy victorious hand:
White-hall's triumphing galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich devices of thy wit:
In Greenwich still, as in a glass, I view,
Where last thou bad'st thy Geraldine adieu.
With ev'ry little perling breath that blows,
How are my thoughts confus'd with joys and woes!
As through a gate, so through my longing ears
Pass to my heart whole multitudes of fears.
O! in a map that I might see thee show
The place where now in danger thou dost go!
Whilst we discourse, to travel with our eye
Romania, Tuscan, and fair Lombardy;
Or with thy pen exactly to set down
The model of that temple, or that town:
And to relate at large where thou hast been,
As there, and there, and what thou there hast seen;
Expressing in a figure, by thy hand,
How Naples lies, how Florence fair doth stand:
Or as the Grecian's finger dipp'd in wine,
Drawing a river in a little line,
And with a drop, a gulf to figure out,
To model Venice moated round about;
Then adding more to counterfeit a sea,
And draw the front of stately Genoa.
These from thy lips were like harmonious tones,
Which now do sound like mandrakes' dreadful groans. [skill,
Some travel hence, t' enrich their minds with
Leave here their good, and bring home others' ill;
Which seem to like all countries but their own,
Affecting most, where they the least are known:

Their leg, their thigh, their back, their neck, their head,
As they had been in sev'ral countries bred;
In their attire, their gesture, and their gait,
Found in each one, all Italianate.
So well in all deformity in fashion,
Borrowing a limb of ev'ry sev'ral nation;
And nothing more than England hold in scorn,
So live as strangers whereas they were born.
But thy return in this I do not read,
Thou art a perfect gentleman indeed:
O God forbid that Howard's noble line,
From ancient virtue should so far decline!
The Muses' train (whereof yourself are chief)
Only to me participate their grief:
To soothe their humours, I do lend them ears.
"He gives a poet, that his verses hears."
Till thy return, by hope they only live;
Yet had they all, they all away would give:
The world and they so ill according be,
That wealth and poets never can agree.
Few live in court that of their good have care,
The Muses' friends are every-where so rare.
Some praise thy worth, (that it did never know)
Only because the better sort do so,
Whose judgment never further doth extend,
Than it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill upon desert doth chance,
When it doth pass by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slack, whilst no man puts his hand
([2]) To raise the mount where Surrey's towers must stand?
Or who the groundsil of that work doth lay,
Whilst like a wand'rer thou abroad dost stray,
Clipp'd in the arms of some lascivious dame,
When thou should'st rear an Ilion to thy name?
When shall the Muses by fair Norwich dwell,
To be the city of the learned well?
Or Phœbus' altars there with incense heap'd,
As once in Cyrrha, or in Thebe kept?
Or when shall that fair hoof-plough'd spring distil
From great Mount-Surrey, out of Leonard's-hill?
Till thou return, the court I will exchange
For some poor cottage, or some country grange,
Where to our distaves, as we sit and spin,
My maid and I will tell what things have been.
Our lutes unstrung shall hang upon the wall,
Our lessons serve to wrap our tow withal,
And pass the night, whiles winter-tales we tell,
Of many things, that long ago befell:
Or tune such homely carrols as were sung
In country sport, when we ourselves were young;
In pretty riddles to bewray our loves,
In questions, purpose, or in drawing gloves.
The noblest spirits, to virtue most inclin'd,
These here in court thy greatest want do find:
Others there be, on which we feed our eye,
([1]) Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry:
Many of us desire queen Cath'rine's state,
But very few her virtues imitate.
Then, as Ulysses' wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thyself to me.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

([1]) Than Windsor's or Fitzgerald's families.

The cost of many kings, which from time to time have adorned the castle at Windsor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble than that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing near the purpose. As for the family of the Fitzgeralds, of whence this lady was lineally descended, the original was English, though the branches did spread themselves into distant places, and names nothing consonant, as in former times it was usual to denominate themselves of their manors, or fore-names, as may partly appear in that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend, Mr. Francis Thinn. Walter of Windsor, the son of Oterus, had to issue William, of whom Henry, now lord Windsor, is descended; and Robert of Windsor, of whom Robert, the now earl of Essex, and Gerald of Windsor, his third son, who married the daughter of Rees, the great prince of Wales, of whom came Nesta, paramour to Henry the first: which Gerald had issue Maurice Fitzgerald, ancestor to Thomas Fitzmaurice, justice of Ireland, buried at Trayly; leaving issue John, his eldest son, first earl of Kildare, ancestor to Geraldine, and Maurice, his second son, first earl of Desmond.

([2]) To raise the mount where Surrey's tow'rs must stand,

Alluding to the sumptuous house which was afterward built by him upon Leonard's-hill, right against Norwich; which, in the rebellion of Norfolk under Ket, in king Edward the Sixth's time, was much defaced by that impure rabble. Betwixt the hill and the city, as Alexander Nevel describes it, the river of Yarmouth runs, having west and south thereof a wood, and a little village called Thorpe; and on the north, the pastures of Mousholl, which contain about six miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately greatness of Mount-Surrey, which was the house's name, the prospect and site thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did that increasing evil of the Norfolk fury unkennel itself then, but there, as it were for a manifest token of their intent to debase all high things, and to profane all holy.

([1]) Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry.

Such was he whom Juvenal taxeth in this manner:

——————Truncoque simillimus Hermæ
Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

Seeming to be born for nothing else but apparel, and the outward appearance, entitled complement: with whom the ridiculous fable of the Ape in Æsop sorteth fitly; who coming into a carver's house, and viewing many marble works, took up the head of a man very cunningly wrought: who greatly in praising did seem to pity it, that having so comely an outside, it had nothing within; like empty figures, walk and talk in every place: at whom noble Geraldine modestly glanceth.

THE LADY JANE GRAY TO THE LORD GILFORD DUDLEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Edward the Sixth, his timeless life bereft,
(Though doubtfully) yet his dominion left,

To his sister Mary: but by Henry Gray,
Then duke of Suffolk, bearing mighty sway,
With the consent, and by the pow'rful hand,
Of John, the stout duke of Northumberland,
His fourth son, Gilford Dudley, they affy'd
To fair Jane Gray, which by the mother's side
Some title claim'd: this marriage them between,
The lady Jane was here proclaimed queen.
But Mary soon prevailing by her pow'r,
Caused those two preserved in the Tow'r,
There to be prison'd; where, their blame to quit,
They each to other these epistles writ.

Mine own dear lord, sith thou art lock'd from me,
In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
Since to renew all loves, all kindness past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.
My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting answers my desire;
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief stops my words, and I but strive in vain:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes, [woes.
When through my lips my heart thrusts forth my
But then the doors, that make a doleful sound,
Drive back my words, that in the noise are drown'd;
Which somewhat hush'd, the echo doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word:
When, like an adverse wind in Ixis' course,
Against the tide bending his boist'rous force;
But when the flood hath wrought itself about,
He following on, doth headlong thrust it out:
Thus strive my sighs with tears ere they begin,
And breaking out, again sighs drive them in.
A thousand forms present my troubled thought,
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought.
"The depth of woe with words we hardly sound,
Sorrow is so insensibly profound."
As tears do fall and rise, sighs come and go,
So do these numbers ebb, so do they flow.
These briny tears do make my ink look pale,
My ink clothes tears in this sad mourning veil;
The letters, mourners, weep with my dim eye,
The paper pale, griev'd at my misery.
Yet miserable ourselves why should we deem,
Sith none are so but in their own esteem?
"Who in distress from resolution flies,
Is rightly said to yield to miseries."
(1) They which begot us, did beget this sin,
They first begun what did our grief begin:
We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebel,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:
They which a crown would to my lord have link'd,
All hope of life and liberty extinct;
A subject born, a sov'reign to have been,
Have made me now nor subject, nor a queen.
Ah, vile Ambition, how dost thou deceive us!
Which show'st us Heav'n, and yet in Hell dost leave us.
"Seldom untouch'd doth innocence escape,
When errour cometh in good counsel's shape;
A lawful title counterchecks proud might;
The weakest things become strong props to right."
Then, my dear lord, although affliction grieve us,
Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.
"Death but an acted passion doth appear,
Where truth gives courage, and the conscience clear."
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I bear part of whatsoe'er is thine;
As when we liv'd untouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces:
(2) At Durham palace, where sweet Hymen sang,
Whose buildings with our nuptial music rang:
When prothalamions prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great Dudley match'd with noble Gray,
When they devis'd to link, by wedlock's band,
The house of Suffolk to Northumberland;
Our fatal dukedom to your dukedom bound,
To frame this building on so weak a ground.
For what avails a lawless usurpation,
Which gives a sceptre, but not rules a nation?
Only the surfeit of a vain opinion: [minion."
"What gives content, gives what exceeds do-
(2) When first mine ears were pierced with the fame
Of Jane, proclaimed by a princess' name,
A sudden fright my trembling heart appals:
"The fear of conscience ent'reth iron walls."
Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wisely had foreseen,
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,
To have escap'd the Heav'n's impetuous wrath.
The true-bred eagle strongly stems the wind,
And not each bird resembling their brave kind;
He, like a king, doth from the clouds command
The fearful fowl, that move but near the land.
Tho' Mary be from mighty kings descended,
My blood not from Plantagenet pretended;
(4) My grandsire Brandon did our house advance,
By princely Mary, dowager of France:
The fruit of that fair stock, which did combine,
And York's sweet branch with Lancaster's entwine,
And in one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermilion rose and purer white;
I, the untimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a diadem.
But oh! forgive me, Lord, it is not I,
Nor do I boast of this, but learn to die:
Whilst we were as ourselves, conjoined then,
Nature to nature, now an alien.
"To gain a kingdom, who spares their next blood?
Nearness contemn'd, if sov'reignty withstood.
A diadem once dazzling the eye,
The day too dark to see affinity;
And where the arm is stretch'd to reach a crown,
Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown down."
(5) For what great Henry most strove to avoid,
The Heav'ns have built, where Earth would have destroy'd.
And seating Edward on his regal throne,
He gives to Mary all that was his own,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawful claim of Henry's lawful heirs.
By mortal laws the bond may be divorc'd,
But Heav'n's decree by no means can be forc'd:
That rules the case, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence, foresaw who should succeed;
For we in vain rely on human laws, [cause.
When Heaven stands forth to plead the righteous
Thus rule the skies in their continual course;
That yields to fate, that doth not yield to force.
"Man's wit doth build for Time but to devour,
But Virtue's free from Time and Fortune's pow'r."
Then, my kind lord, sweet Gilford, be not griev'd,
The soul is heav'nly, and from Heaven reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either:
To thy fair breast take my resolved mind,
Arm'd against black Despair and all her kind:

Into my bosom breathe that soul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:
So shall our faiths as firmly be approved,
As I of thee, or thou of me be loved.
This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my dear husband and my lord before,
But truly learn to die, thou shalt be more.
Now live by pray'r, on Heav'n fix all thy thought,
And surely find whate'er by zeal is sought:
For each good motion that the soul awakes,
A heav'nly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by pow'r of kind
Forms (like itself) an image in the mind,
And in our faith the operations be,
Of that divineness which through that we see;
Which never errs, but accidentally,
By our frail flesh's imbecility;
By each temptation over-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our body's guide:
For as these towers our bodies do enclose,
So our souls' prisons verily are those:
Our bodies stopping that celestial light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight;
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt,
And us at blessed liberty doth set.

Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The strongest fortress of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humility,
By which, to Heav'n ascending by degrees,
Persist in pray'r upon your bended knees:
Whereon if you assuredly be stay'd,
You need in peril not to be dismay'd,
Which still shall keep you that you shall not fall,
For any peril that can you appal:
The key of Heav'n thus with you you shall bear,
And grace your guiding, get you entrance there;
And you of these celestial joys possess,
Which mortal tongue's unable to express.

Then thank the Heav'n, preparing us this room,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdom,
Before the black and dismal days begin,
The days of all idolatry and sin,
Not suff'ring us to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage;
When tyranny new tortures shall invent
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.
Yet Heav'n forbid that Mary's womb should bring
England's fair sceptre to a foreign king;
(4) But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded, shall receive it:
And on her temples having plac'd the crown,
Root out the dregs idolatry hath sown;
And Sion's glory shall again restore,
Laid ruin, waste, and desolate before:
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of stones,
Shall gather up the martyrs' sacred bones;
And shall extirp the pow'r of Rome again,
And cast aside the heavy yoke of Spain.

Farewel, sweet Gilford! know, our end is near,
Heav'n is our home, we are but strangers here:
Let us make haste to go unto the blest,
Which from these weary worldly labours rest.
And with these lines, my dearest lord, I greet thee,
Until in Heav'n thy Jane again shall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) They which begot us, did beget this sin.

Showing the ambition of the two dukes their fathers, whose pride was the cause of the utter overthrow of their children.

(2) At Durham palace, where sweet Hymen sang,
The buildings, &c.

The lord Gilford Dudley, fourth son to John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, married the lady Jane Gray, daughter to the duke of Suffolk, at Durham-house in the Strand.

(3) When first mine ears were pierced with the fame
Of Jane, proclaimed by a princess' name.

Presently upon the death of king Edward, the lady Jane was taken as queen, conveyed by water to the Tower of London for her safety, and after proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as so ordained by king Edward's letters patents and his will.

(4) My grandsire Brandon did our house advance
By princely Mary, dowager of France.

Henry Gray, duke of Suffolk, married Frances, the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, by the French queen; by which Frances he had this lady Jane. This Mary, the French queen, was daughter to king Henry the Seventh, by Elizabeth his queen; which happy marriage conjoined the two noble families of Lancaster and York.

(5) For what great Henry most strove to avoid.

Noting the distrust that king Henry the Eighth ever had in the princess Mary his daughter, fearing she would alter the state of religion in the land, by matching with a stranger, confessing the right that king Henry's issue had to the crown.

(6) But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it.

A prophecy of queen Mary's barrenness, and of the happy and glorious reign of queen Elizabeth; her restoring of religion, the abolishing of the Romish servitude, and casting aside the yoke of Spain.

GILFORD DUDLEY TO THE LADY JANE GRAY.

As the swan singing at his dying hour,
So I reply from my impris'ning tow'r:
O! could there be that pow'r but in my verse,
T' express the grief which my sad heart doth
The very walls, that straitly thee enclose, [pierce!
Would surely weep at reading of my woes;
Let your eyes lend, I'll pay you every tear,
And give you int'rest, if you do forbear;
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needs have loan,
I will repay you frankly two for one.

Perhaps you'll think (your sorrows to appease)
That words of comfort fitter were than these:
True, and in you when such perfection liveth,
As in most grief, me now most comfort giveth.
But think not, Jane, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my sad complaint,
That death so much my courage can control,
At the departing of my living soul.
For if one life a thousand lives could be,
All those too few to consummate with thee,
When thou this cross so patiently dost bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear,

And dost no more this dissolution fly,
Than if long age constrained thee to die.
Yet it is strange, thou art become my foe,
And only now add'st most unto my woe;
Not that I loath what most did me delight,
But that so long deprived of thy sight:
For when I speak, and would complain my wrong,
Straightways thy name possesseth all my tongue,
As thou before me evermore didst lie
The present object to my longing eye.
No ominous star did at thy birthtide shine,
That might of thy sad destiny divine;
'Tis only I that did thy fall persuade,
And thou by me a sacrifice art made,
As in those countries where the loving wives
With their kind husbands end their happy lives,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides' attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire;
And she the worthiest reckon'd is of all,
Whom least the peril seemeth to appal.
I boast not of Northumberland's great name,
(1) (Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame)
When he to Norfolk with his armies sped,
And thence in chains the rebels captive led,
And brought safe peace returning to our doors,
Yet spread his glory on the eastern shores:
(2) Nor of my brothers, from whose natural grace
Virtue may spring to beautify our race;
(3) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee,
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be:
But of thy virtue only do I boast,
That wherein I may justly glory most.
I crav'd no kingdoms, tho' I thee did crave:
It me suffic'd thy only self to have:
Yet let me say, however it befell,
Methinks a crown should have becom'd thee well:
For sure thy wisdom merited, or none, [throne;
(4) To have been heard with wonder from a
When from thy lips the counsel to each deed,
Doth as from some wise oracle proceed.
And more esteem'd thy virtues were to me,
Than all that else might ever come by thee:
So chaste thy love, so innocent thy life,
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife;
So great a gift the Heav'n on me bestow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd:
Such was the good I did possess of late,
Ere worldly care disturb'd our quiet state;
Ere trouble did in ev'ry place abound,
And angry war our former peace did wound.
But to know this, ambition us affords,
"One crown is guarded with a thousand swords:
To mean estates mean sorrows are but shown,
But crowns have cares, whose workings be unknown."
(5) When Dudley led his armies to the East,
Of our whole forces gen'rally possest,
What then was thought his enterprise could let,
(6) Whom a grave council freely did abet,
That had the judgment of the pow'rful laws
In ev'ry point to justify the cause?
The holy church a helping hand that laid,
Who would have thought that these could not have
But what (alas!) can parliaments avail, [sway'd?
Where Mary's right must Edward's acts repeal?
(7) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland;
And they that should our greatness undergo,
Us and our actions only overthrow.
Ere greatness gain'd, we give it all our heart,
But being once come, we wish it would depart,
And indiscreetly follow that so fast,
Which overtaken, punisheth our haste.
If any one do pity our offence,
Let him be sure that he be far from hence:
Here is no place for any one that shall
So much as once commiserate our fall:
And we of mercy vainly should but think,
Our timeless tears th' insatiate Earth doth drink.
All lamentations utterly forlorn,
Dying before they fully can be born.
Mothers, that should their woful children rue;
Fathers, in death to kindly bid adieu;
Friends, their dear farewel lovingly to take;
The faithful servant weeping for our sake;
Brothers and sisters waiting on our bier,
Mourners to tell what we were living here:
But we (alas!) deprived are of all,
So fatal is our miserable fall!
And, where at first for safety we were shut,
Now in dark prison wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious state,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy persuasion thus I then reply,
Hold on thy course, resolved still to die;
And when we shall so happily be gone,
Leave it to Heaven to give the rightful throne;
And with that health regreet I thee again,
Which I of late did gladly entertain.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(1) Nor of Ket conquer'd; adding to our fame.

John, duke of Northumberland, when before he was earl of Warwick, in his expedition against Ket, overthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk, encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolk.

(2) Nor of my brothers, from whose natural grace.

Gilford Dudley, as remembering in this place the towardness of his brothers, which were all likely indeed to have raised that house of the Dudleys, of which he was a fourth brother, if not suppressed by their father's overthrow.

(3) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee.

Noting in this place the alliance of the lady Jane Gray by her mother, which was Frances, the daughter of Charles Brandon, by Mary the French queen, daughter to Henry the Seventh, and sister to Henry the Eighth.

(4) To have been heard with wonder from a throne.

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman endued with such wonderful gifts, as was this lady, both for her wisdom and learning: of whose skill in the tongues, one reporteth by this epigram:

Miraris Janam Graio sermone valere?
Quo primùm nata est tempore Graia fuit.

(5) When Dudley led his army to the East.

The duke of Northumberland prepared his power at London for his expedition against the rebels in Norfolk, and making haste away, appointed the rest of his forces to meet him at Newmarket-heath: of whom this saying is reported, that passing through Shore-ditch, the lord Gray in his company, seeing the people in great numbers come to see him, he said, "The people press to see us, but none bid God speed us."

(*) What a grave council freely did abet.

John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, when he went out against queen Mary, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the army, by the consent of the whole council of the land: insomuch that passing through the council-chamber at his departure, the earl of Arundel wished, that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quarrel.

(*) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.

The Suffolk men were the first that ever resorted to queen Mary in her distress, repairing to her succours whilst she remained both at Keninghall and at Fremingham castle, still increasing her aids, until the duke of Northumberland was left forsaken at Cambridge.

A

CATALOGUE OF THE HEROICAL LOVES.

The world's fair Rose, and Henry's frosty fire,
John's tyranny, and chaste Matilda's wrong,
Th' enraged queen, and furious Mortimer,
The scourge of France, and his chaste love, I sung:
Deposed Richard, Isabel exil'd,
The gallant Tudor, and fair Catharine,
Duke Humphry, and old Cobham's hapless child;
Courageous Pool, and that brave spir'tful queen;
Edward, and the delicious London dame;
Brandon, and that rich dowager of France;
Surrey, with his fair paragon of fame;
Dudley's mishap, and virtuous Gray's mischance:
Their sev'ral loves since I before have shown,
Now give me leave at last to sing mine own.

THE

MISERIES OF QUEEN MARGARET.

I sing a woman, and a pow'rful queen,
Henry the Sixth, the king of England's wife,
The beauteous Marg'ret, whose misgovern'd spleen
So many sorrows brought upon her life,
As upon woman's never yet were seen;
In the beginning of that fatal strife
(Th' unlucky season) when the Yorkists sought
To bring the line of Lancaster to nought.

It was the time of those great stirs in France,
Their ancient right that th' English had regain'd,
But the proud French attributing to chance,
What by mere manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,
Their late-fall'n ensigns labour'd to advance,
The streets with blood of either nation stain'd:
These strive to hold, those to cast off the yoke,
Whilst forts and towns flew up to Heav'n in smoke.

The neighbouring princes, greatly pitying then
The Christian blood in that long quarrel shed,
Which had devour'd such multitudes of men,
That the full Earth could scarcely keep her dead;
Yet for each English, of her natives ten:
In zeal to peace these neighbouring princes led,
At Tours in Touraine set them down a diet,
(Could it be done) these clamorous feuds to quiet.

From th' emperor there ambassadors arrive,
The kings of Denmark, Hungary and Spain;
And that each thing they aptly might contrive,
And both the kings there largely might complain,
The duke of Orleance for the French doth strive
To show his grievance; William Pool again,
The earl of Suffolk, doth for England stand,
Who steer'd the state then with a pow'rful hand.

For eighteen months they ratify a peace
'Twixt these proud realms, which Suffolk doth pursue
With all his pow'rs, with hope still to increase,
The same expir'd, that it should soon renew:
For by his means, if so this war might cease,
He had a plot of which they never knew,
To his intent which if all things went right,
He'll make the dull world to admire his might.

For having seen fair Margaret in France,
(That time's bright'st beauty) being then but young,
Her piercing eyes with many a subtile glance
His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,
As made him think, if that he could advance
This mortal wonder, only that among
His rising fortunes should the greatest prove,
If to his queen he could advance his love.

Her eyes at all points arm'd with those deceits,
That to her sex are natural every way;
Which with more art she, at enticing baits,
For this great lord doth with advantage lay;
As he again, that on her bosom waits,
Had found that there, which could he come to sway,
He would put fair as ever man did yet,
Upon the height of Fortune's wheel to sit.

Love and ambition spur him in such sort,
As that (alone) t'accomplish his desire,
To fall with Phaëton he would think it sport,
Tho' he should set the universe on fire:
Nor recks he what the world of him report,
He must scorn that, who will dare to aspire;
For thro' the air his wings him way shall make,
Tho' in his fall the frame of Heaven he shake.

Reyner, descended from the royal stem
Of France, the duke of Anjou, styled king
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem;
Altho' in them he had not any thing,
But the poor title of a diadem;
Seeing by Suffolk greater hopes to spring,
Puts on his daughter that great lord to please,
Of England's counsels who kept all the keys.

But strange encounters strongly him oppose,
In his first entrance to this great design;
Those men were mighty that against him rose,
And came upon him with a countermine;
That he must now play cunningly, or lose;
Cunning they were against him that combine,
Plot above plot doth strain aloft to tower,
The conflict great, 'twixt policy and power.

For Humphry, duke of Glo'ster, styl'd the Good,
England's protector, sought a match to make
With a fair princess of as royal blood,
The daughter of the earl of Alminake,
And his crown'd nephew: but stout Suffolk stood
Still for his mistress, nor will her forsake,
But make her Henry's queen in spite of all;
Or she shall rise, or Suffolk swears to fall.

By the French faction when she up is cry'd,
Of all angelic excellence the prime,
Who was so dull that her not deify'd,
To be the only master-piece of time?
The praise of her extended is so wide,
As that thereon a man to Heaven might climb:
All tongues and ears enchanted with delight,
When they do talk, or hear of Margarite.

And those whom Pool about his prince had plac'd,
And for his purpose taught the tricks of court;
To this great king, and many a time had grac'd,
To make his ears more apt for their report;
Having the time most diligently trac'd,
And saw these things successfully to sort,
Strike in a hand, and up together bear,
To make fair Marg'ret music in his ear.

Anjou a dutchy, Main a county great,
Of which the English long had been possest;
And Mauns a city of no small receit,
To which the duke pretended interest:
For the conclusion, when they came to treat,
And things by Pool were to the utmost prest,
Are to duke Reyner render'd up to hold:
To buy a Helen, thus a Troy was sold.

When of an earl, a marquess Pool is made,
Then of a marquess is a duke created;
For he at ease in Fortune's lap was laid,
To glorious actions wholly consecrated:
Hard was the thing that he could not persuade,
In the king's favour he was so instated;
Without his Suffolk who could not subsist,
So that he ruled all things as he list.

This with a strong astonishment doth strike
Th' amazed world, which knew not what to say;
What living man but did the act mislike,
If him it did not utterly dismay,
That what with blood was bought at push of pike,
Got in an age, giv'n in an hour away?
Some largely speak, and some again are dumb,
Wond'ring what would of this strange world become.

As when some dreadful comet doth appear,
Athwart the Heaven that throws his threat'ning light,
The peaceful people that at quiet were,
Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the sight;
Some war, some plagues, some famine greatly fear,
Some falls of kingdoms, or of men of might:
The grieved people thus their judgments spend,
Of these strange actions what should be the end.

When Suffolk, procurator for the king,
Is shipp'd for France, t' espouse the beauteous bride,
And fitted to the full of every thing,
Follow'd with England's gallantry and pride;
(As fresh as is the bravery of the spring)
Coming to Tours, there sumptuously affy'd;
This one, whose like no age had seen before,
Whose eyes out-shone the jewels that she wore.

Her reverent parents ready in the place,
As overjoy'd this happy day to see,
The king and queen the nuptials there to grace;
On them three dukes, as their attendants be,
Seven earls, twelve barons in their equipace,
And twenty bishops: whilst that only she,
Like to the rosy morning towards the rise,
Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the skies.

Triumphal arches the glad town doth raise,
And tilts and turneys are perform'd at court,
Conceited masks, rich banquets, witty plays,
Besides amongst them many a pretty sport:
Poets write prothalamions in their praise,
Until mens ears were cloy'd with the report:
Of either sex, and who doth not delight
To wear the daisy for queen Margarite[1]?

The triumphs ended, he to England goes
With this rich gem allotted him to keep,
Still entertained with most sumptuous shows,
In passing through Normandy to Diepe,
Where like the sea the concourse daily flows,
For her departure whilst sad France doth weep;
And that the ships their crooked anchors weigh'd,
By which to England she must be convey'd.

And being fitted both for wind and tide,
Out of the harbour flies this goodly fleet, [ply'd,
And for fair Portsmouth their straight course they
Where the king stay'd his lovely bride to meet:
"Yonder she comes," when as the people cry'd,
Busy with rushes strewing every street,
The brainless vulgar little understand
The horrid plagues that ready were to land.

Which but too soon all-seeing Heaven foretold:
For she was scarcely safely put on shore,
But that the skies (O wond'rous to behold!)
O'erspread with lightning hideously do roar,
The furious winds with one another scold,
Never such tempests had been seen before:
With sudden floods whole villages were drown'd,
Steeples with earthquakes tumbled to the ground.

When to their purpose things to pass were brought,
And these two brave ambitious spirits were met,
The queen and duke now frame their working thought,
Into their hands the sovereignty to get:
For soon they found the king could not be wrought
Up to their ends, nature so low had set
His humble heart; that what they would obtain,
'Tis they must do't, by colour of his reign.

And for they found the grieved commons grutch,
At this which Suffolk desperately had done,
Who for the queen had parted with so much,
Thereby yet nothing to the realm had won,
And those that spurr'd the people on, were such,
As to oppose them openly begun;
Therefore by them some great ones down must go,
Which if they miss'd of, they themselves must so.

York then, which had the regency in France,
They force the king ignobly to displace,
Thereto the duke of Somerset t' advance,
Their friend, and one of the Lancastrian race;
For they betwixt them turn'd the wheel of chance,
'Tis they cry up, 'tis they that do debase:
He's the first man they purpos'd to remove,
The only minion of the people's love.

This open'd wide the public way, whereby
Ruin rush'd in upon the troubled land,
Under whose weight it happen'd long to lie,
Quite overthrown with their ill-guiding hand;
For their ambition, looking over-high,
Could in no measure aptly understand
Upon their heads the danger that they drew,
Whose force, too soon, they and their faction knew.

[1] Margarite in French signifies a daisy.

For whilst this brave prince was imploy'd abroad,
Th' affairs of France his mind up wholly took,
But being thus disburthen'd of that load,
Which gave him leave into himself to look,
The course he ran in evidently show'd,
His late allegiance that he off had shook,
And underhand his title set on foot,
To pluck their rel rose quite up by the root.

Thus having made a regent of their own,
By whom they mean great matters to effect,
For by degrees they will ascend the throne,
And but their own all aid they else neglect,
As with a tempest he to ground is blown,
On whom their rage doth any way reflect:
Which good duke Humphry first of all must taste,
Whose timeless death intemperately they haste.

This Henry's uncle, and his next of blood,
Was both protector of the realm, and king,
Whose meekness had justyled him the Good,
Of most especial trust in every thing;
One to his country constently that stood,
As time should say, "I forth a man will bring,
So plain and honest, as on him I'll rest
The age he liv'd in, as the only best."

This grave protector, who both realms had sway'd,
Whilst the king's nonage his grave counsels crav'd,
In his great wisdom when he throughly weigh'd,
How this French lady here herself behav'd,
To make her game again, how Suffolk play'd,
The realms from ruin hoping to have sav'd,
Lost his dear life within a little space,
Which overthrew the whole Lancastrian race.

This prince, who still dar'd stoutly to oppose
Those whom he saw all but their own to hate,
Then found the league of his inveterate foes
To come upon him with the pow'r of fate;
And things to that extremity still rose,
(The certain sign of the declining state)
As that their faction every day grew strong,
Perceiv'd his virtues like to suffer wrong.

Fierce Margaret's malice propt with mighty men,
Her darling Suffolk, who her forward drew;
Proud Somerset, of France the regent then;
And Buckingham, his pow'r too well that knew;
The cardinal Beaufort, and with him again
York's great arch-prelate to make up the crew;
By accusations doing all their best,
From the good duke all government to wrest.

Who then compel the peaceful king to call
A parliament, their grievances to hear
Against the duke, that, to enforce his fall,
They might have something that might colour bear:
But then they doubt his answer, and withal
The murmuring people they far more do fear,
As their own lives who lov'd him: therefore they
Must cast to make him secretly away.

And therefore with the parliament proceed,
Saint Edmond's Bury the appointed place,
Whereas they meant to do the fatal deed,
Which with much quickness should decide the case,
The cruel manner soon they had decreed,
And to the act they hasten them apace;
On this good prince their purpose to effect,
Then, when the people nothing should suspect.

No sooner was this great assembly met,
But the high-marshal doth the duke arrest,
And on his person such a guard they set,
That they of him were certainly possest;
His servants were from their attendance let,
And either sent to prison or suppress;
So that their lord left in this piteous plight,
Lay'd in his bed, was strangled in the night.

Then give they out that of mere grief he dy'd,
To cover what they cruelly had done.
But this black deed when once the day descry'd,
The frantic people to his lodging run,
Some rail, some curse, yea little children chide,
Which forc'd that faction the fair streets to shun:
Some wish proud Suffolk sunk into the ground,
Some bid a plague the cruel queen confound.

Thus their ambition would not let them see
How by his death they hasten'd their decay,
Nor let them know, that this was only he
Who kept the Yorkists evermore at bay,
But of this man they must the murtherers be,
Upon whose life their safety only lay;
But his dear blood, them nothing could suffice,
When now began queen Margaret's miseries.

In either kingdom all things go to wrack,
Which they had thought they could have made to thrive,
His noble counsels when they came to lack,
Which could them with facility contrive,
Nor could they stay them in their going back,
One mischief still another doth revive;
As Heav'n had sent a host of horrours out,
Which all at once encompass'd them about.

Out fly the Irish, and with sword and fire
Unmercied havoc of the English made;
They, discontented here at home, conspire
To stir the Scot the borders to invade:
The faithless French then having their desire,
To see us thus in seas of troubles wade,
In every place outrageously rebel,
As out of France the English to expel.

The sturdy Normans, with high pride inflam'd,
Shake off the yoke of their subjection quite,
Nor will with patience hear the English nam'd,
Except of those that speak of them in spite,
But as their foes them publicly proclaim'd,
And their allies to open arms excite.
In every place thus England's right goes down,
Nor will they leave the English men a town.

Newcastle, Constance, Maleon, and St. Lo,
With Castle-Galliard, Argenton and Roan,
Ponteu de-Mer, with forts and cities mo,
Than which that country stronger holds had none,
Set ope their gates, and bade the English go,
For that the French should then possess their own.
And to their armies up their forts they yield,
And turn the English out into the field.

And that great earl of Arminack again,
A puissant Peer and mighty in estate,
Upon just cause, who took in high disdain
To have his daughter [2] so repudiate,
(His countries bord'ring upon Aquitain,)
Pursues the English nation with such hate,
As that he enter'd with his armed pow'rs,
And from that dutchy drave all that was ours.

[2] See p. 104. the last stanza.

Th' enraged commons ready are to rise
Upon the regent, to his charge and lay'd,
That from his slackness and base cowardice
These towns were lost, by his neglect of aid;
Then follow Suffolk with confused cries,
With Maine and Anjou and do him upbraid,
And vow his life shall for their losses pay,
Or at their stake their goods and lives to lay.

In th' open session and articulate,
Seven several treasons urg'd against them both,
As most pernicious members of the state,
Which was confirmed by the commons' oath:
So that the king, who saw the people's hate,
(In his own self though he were very loath)
To both the houses lastly doth assent,
To set on Suffolk five years' banishment.

His sovereign lady, Suffolk thus must leave,
And she her servant, to her soul so dear,
Yet must they both conceal what they conceive,
Which they would not if any help there were:
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereave
Her, but this hope her pensive heart doth cheer,
That he in France shall have his most resort,
And live securely in her father's court.

His mighty mind nor can this doom molest,
But kicks the earth with a disdainful scorn:
If any thing do corrosive his breast,
It was, that he was in base England born.
He curs'd the king and kingdom, but he bless'd
The queen; but if in any thing forlorn,
'Twas that he should her happy presence miss,
The endless sum of all his earthly bliss.

His sentence scarce in parliament had past,
But that the rascal multitude arise,
Pluck down his houses, lay his lordships waste,
And search how they his person may surprise;
That he from England instantly must haste,
Cover'd by night, or by some strange disguise,
And to some small port secretly retire,
And there some poor boat for his passage hire.

From Harwich haven and embark'd for France,
As he for Calais his straight course doth steer,
(O here behold a most disastrous chance!)
A man of war [3] the seas that scoured there,
One at his actions that still look'd askance,
And to this duke did deadly hatred bear,
After a long chase took this little cray,
Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.

And from the fisher taking him by force,
He under hatches straightly him bestow'd,
And towards his country steering on his course,
He runs his vessel into Dover road,
Where railing on him without all remorse,
Him from the ship to all the people show'd;
And when no more they could the duke deride,
They cut his head off on the cock-boat side.

Suffolk thus dead, and Somerset disgrac'd,
His title York more freely might prefer;
The commons love when cunningly to taste,
(Lest over-weening he perhaps might err,)
He first suborns a villain that embrac'd
The nobler name of March-born Mortimer,
Which, in the title of the house of York,
Might set the monstrous multitude awork.

His name was Cade, his native country Kent,
Who tho' of birth and in estate but poor,
Yet for his courage he was eminent,
(Which the wise duke well understood before:)
He had a mind was of a large extent,
The sign whereof on his bold brow he bore;
Stern of behaviour, and of body strong;
Witty, well-spoken, cautelous, tho' young.

But for the duke his title [4] must derive
Out of the blood which bare that honour'd name,
Therefore must cast and cunningly contrive
To see how people relished the same;
And if he found it fortuned to thrive,
Then at the mark he had a farther aim,
To show himself his title good to make,
To raise him friends and pow'r, his part to take

All opposition likewise to prevent,
The crafty duke his meaning doth conceal,
And Cade doth rise t'reform the government,
And base abuses of the public weal,
To which he knew the commons would consent,
Which otherwise his treason might reveal;
Which rightly took, for by this colour he
Drew twenty thousand on his part to be.

From Sussex, Surrey, and from Kent that rose,
Whom hope of spoil doth to this act persuade,
Which still increase his army as it goes,
And on Black-heath his rendezvous he made,
Where in short time it to that vastness grows,
As it at once the kingdom would invade,
And he himself the conquest could assure,
Of any pow'r king Henry could procure.

And did in fight that gen'ral force defeat,
Sent by the king that rebel to pursue,
When under colour of a feign'd retreat,
He made as though he from the army flew,
The slaughter of the soldiers must be great,
When he those Staffords miserably slew,
Captains select, and chosen by the queen
To lead the pow'rs that should have wreak'd her teen.

When for a siege he to the city came,
Assaults the bridge with his emboldened pow'r,
And after oft repulsed takes the same,
Makes himself master of the town and tow'r,
Doing such things as might the devil shame,
Destroys records, and virgins doth deflow'r,
Robs, ransacks, spoils, and after all this stir,
Lastly, beheaded the lord treasurer.

These things by York being plotted underhand,
Wise as he was, as one that had not known
Aught of these treasons, hastes to Ireland
To tame those kern [5], rebellious that were grown.
He knew it was not in the barren sand
That he this subtle pois'nous seed had sown,
Which came it on (as very well it might)
It would make room for his pretended right.

[3] By our historians called the Nicholas, and said to belong to the duke of Exeter.

[4] From the heir of Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. married to Edw. Mortimer earl of March.

[5] The vulgar.

Whilst these rebellions are in England broach'd,
As tho' the fates should enviously conspire
Our ruin, which too fast approach'd,
About our ears was Aquitain afire:
Their conquest so upon our towns encroach'd,
That Charles the French king then had his desire,
To see these troubles tire us here within,
That he the whilst in France from us might win.

To add to Margaret's miseries again,
Talbot, in France so bravely that had done,
Who many a year had aw'd proud Aquitain,
And many a fort a famous battle won,
At Chatillon (O endless grief!) was slain,
With the lord Lisle, his over-valiant son;
When all the towns that he had got before,
Yielded, nor would for England be no more.

York, in the nick from Ireland coming in,
Finding the kingdom cumber'd in this wise,
Thinks with himself 'twere time he did begin:
But by no means he 'gainst the king must rise;
(Oh, such a thought in any man were sin!)
But that he would proud Somerset surprise:
Yet wanting strength 'gainst the whole state to stand,
He bears his bus'ness with a moderate hand.

And first to mighty Sal'sbury doth sue,
And his son Warwick, and doth them entreat
With equal eyes they would be pleas'd to view
His rightful title. These two Nevils, great
In pow'r and with the people, whom he knew
Deadly the duke of Somerset to hate,
By his large offers he doth win at last,
In his just quarrel to cleave to him fast.

Thus his ambition having strongly back'd
With these two fatal firebrands of war,
To his desires there very little lack'd,
He and the earls, all three so popular,
T' advance himself he no occasion slack'd,
For nought he sees him from his ends to bar:
'Tis no small tempest that he needs to fear,
Whom two such columns up betwixt them bear.

And by their strengths encourag'd, doth not stick
The other's actions boldly to o'erlook:
And for the season that the king was sick,
Upon himself the regency he took;
For now his hopes upon him came so thick,
His entrance, doors from off the hinges shook.
He with a nod seem'd the world for to direct:
Who's he but bow'd, if this great prince but beck'd?

And in the queen's great chamber doth arrest
Great Somerset, and sendeth him to ward,
And all his followers suddenly suppress'd,
Such was the number of his pow'rful guard!
With the proud queen, this prince as proud contests,
Nor for her frowns one friend of hers he spar'd:
Luck's on his side, while such stand by to bet,
He'll throw at all that any one dare set.

The queen, who saw which way this faction went,
And that these wrongs must still reflect on her,
The duke of York to her destruction bent,
Thought with herself it was full time to stir,
And if his plots she ever would prevent,
Must with the wisest of her friends confer,
Their busy brains and must together beat,
To lessen him, like else to grow too great.

His pride a while yet patiently endure,
The king's recovery only to attend,
Of which themselves they hardly could assure,
Who once they thought had hasten'd to his end;
But when they found his physic to procure
His former health, then doth the queen extend
Her utmost strength, to let the world to know
Queen Margaret yet must not be master'd so.

With smiles and kisses when she woes the king,
That of his place the duke he would discharge;
Which being done, the next especial thing,
She doth the duke of Somerset enlarge,
And him of Calais gives the governing,
Whither his friends she caus'd him to inbarge,
Doubting the love and safeguard of the town,
Thus doth the queen turn all things upside down.

Which so incens'd the angry duke to ire,
With those two earls upon his part that take,
Kindling in all that fierce revengeful fire,
Which the dear blood of Somerset must slake,
That into Wales they instantly retire,
And in the Marches up an army make:
And there by oath were each to other ty'd,
By dint of sword the quarrel to decide.

And whilst these lords are busied in the West,
Of March-men must'ring a rebellious band,
Henry again his southern people press'd,
And settles there, their forces to withstand:
Then bows and bills were only in request,
Such rage and madness doth possess the land:
Set upon spoil on either part they were,
Whilst the weal-public they in pieces tear.

On either part when for this war prepar'd,
Upon their march they at St. Alban's met,
Where drums and ensigns one the other dar'd,
Whilst they in order their battalions set,
And with his fellow every soldier shar'd,
Bravely resolv'd to death to pay his debt:
When if that ever horrour did appear
On th' English earth, it certainly was there.

That day the queen's lov'd Somerset was slain;
There took the stout Northumberland his end:
There Stafford's blood the pavement did distain;
There Clifford fell, king Henry's constant friend:
The earl of Warwick, who brought on the main,
All down before him to pale death doth send.
Antwesel, Babthorp, Zouch, and Corwen, all
King Henry's friends, before the Yorkists fall.

Whilst this distressed miserable king,
Amazed much with fury of the fight,
And peril still his person menacing,
His living friends enforc'd to take their flight;
He, as a needless and neglected thing,
In a poor cottage hides him out of sight:
Who, found by York, was as a pris'ner led,
Tho' with mild words the duke him comforted.

And of his person being thus possest,
They in his name a parliament procure;
For with his regal pow'r they will invest
Themselves, supposing to make all things sure,
That if their violent actions should be press'd
In after-time, they better might endure
The censuring; the worst and so prevent,
To show them done by act of parliament.

And cause the king to take into his hands
What to the crown did anciently pertain,
Besides all honours, offices, and lands,
Granted since the beginning of his reign;
And not a fee, tho' ne'er so little, stands;
All are call'd in, and let who will complain;
And all his friends from council are remov'd,
None must sit there, but those of them belov'd.

The silly king a cypher, set aside,
What was in him that in great York is not?
Amongst themselves all places they divide,
And to be chancellor Sals'bury hath got,
He is the man must take the law to guide;
And Calais falls to warlike Warwick's lot:
And not a man at these must look awry,
They make an act their acts to justify.

This done, the duke had more to do than this;
Something, it seem'd, more secretly to lurk,
In which such pow'r (though from appearance) is,
As yet once more would fret the duke of York,
And let him know he of his ends might miss;
For now the queen doth set her wits to work,
To play the game that must renown her skill,
And show the law that rested in her will.

And from the root of Somerset late slain,
Another stem to stand for her arose,
Henry for Edmond, of his father's strain,
(One of whose life she knew she could dispose)
Of a strong judgment and a working brain.
Great Buckingham and Exeter are those
She means to work by, and by these restore
Her to that height from whence she fell before.

These were the men to whom she trusted most,
To whom that faction much despite had done;
For at St. Alban's Somerset had lost
His loved sire, and Buckingham his son;
And Exeter, pursu'd from coast to coast,
From them enforc'd to sanct'ary to run:
Fetch'd thence by them, and to cold Pomfret sent,
And in a dungeon miserably pent.

Equal in envy as in pride and pow'r,
With ev'ry aid to their designment fraught,
Taking their turns at every fitting hour,
They on the king's much easiness so wrought,
As that they seem'd him wholly to devour,
Until to pass their purposes they brought;
Lifting up still his spirit that was so poor,
Once more to do as he had done before.

For which at Greenwich he a council held,
Where, with th' opinion of those friends supply'd,
Those three which late with glorious titles swell'd,
Are from their sev'ral places put aside;
Yet more, to seek their safety are compell'd,
At this prodigious turning of the tide:
For now the wind was strangely come about,
And brings them in who lately were shut out.

The cruel queen and cunningly had cast,
At Coventry to cause them to appear,
With show to pardon all that had been past,
If they but then would their allegiance swear;
Which had they done, that day had been their last,
For she had plotted to destroy them there:
Of which forewarn'd, immediately they fled,
Which then their safety only promised.

Yet whilst one wrong thus from another rose,
'Twixt them at last a meeting was ordain'd,
All former strife and quarrels to compose,
Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd;
Which to the world though handsomely it shows,
Yet, in plain truth, all was but merely feign'd,
To outward seeming yet are perfect friends:
"But dev'lish folk have still their dev'lish ends."

And in procession solemnly they go,
In general joy, one smiling on the other,
A Yorkist and Lancastrian make up two,
Envy and Malice, brother like to brother,
In mind far sunder'd, although coupled so,
Bloody revenge and in their breasts they smother.
Ill's the procession, and fore-runs much loss,
Wherein men say, "the Devil bears the cross."

These rites of peace religiously perform'd
To all men's thinking, the enraged queen
At Warwick's greatness inwardly yet storm'd,
(Which ev'ry day still more and more was seen)
Against the king who Calais had so arm'd,
As it his own inheritance had been.
Which town, she saw, that if he still should hold,
That she by him must hourly be controll'd.

For which his murther she pursu'd so fast,
As that she soon and secretly had lay'd
Such to assault him as the streets he pass'd,
As, if his brave came had not brought him aid,
He of her vengeance had been sure to taste:
The tragic scene so furiously was play'd,
That he from London was enforc'd to fly;
Like a rough sea her malice wrought so high.

And tow'rds the duke his speedy journey takes,
Who then at Middleham made his most abode,
Which Sal'sbury his habitation makes,
Whereas their time together they bestow'd,
Whose courages the earl of Warwick wakes,
When he to them his sudden danger show'd
With a pale visage, and doth there disclose
Her brands set on him, both in wounds and blows.

This wrong in council when they had discust,
And weigh'd the danger wherein still they were,
Continual treasons shrouded in their trust,
Nor other hopes else likely to appear,
They find that this might make a war seem just,
And give their cause up to the world more clear;
To rise in arms when they resolve at last,
To raise them force, and wisely thus forecast:

To muster up their tenants and their friends,
Not as a war upon the land to bring,
Nor to advance their own sinister ends,
Nor wrong a subject in the smallest thing;
Only to guard them (as their case then stands)
Till they had show'd their grievance to the king,
And give their pow'r to Sal'sbury to guide,
That with the king the bus'ness should decide.

With this direction Sal'sbury is sent,
Warwick to Calais (with what haste he may)
By his much speed a mischief to prevent,
Fearing the town might else be giv'n away:
The duke of York, by general consent,
At Middleham castle they allot to stay,
To raise a second power (if need should be)
To re-enforce them, or to set them free.

The queen, who heard (by such as were her own)
With that false earl how those of Cheshire sided,
As in short time how pow'rful he was grown,
Thinks with herself the shire might be divided,
If that her love to some of them were known;
Which easily might be, were her pleasure guided
By some such person, of whose valour they
Had an opinion, which she thus doth lay.

Causing the king to give a large command
To James lord Audley, pow'rful in those parts,
To raise him force those rebels to withstand;
Such to their sov'reign as had loyal hearts,
And to make captains o'er ev'ry band,
Men of the best blood, as of best deserts:
Which he so labour'd, till that he had brought
That th' half of one house 'gainst the other fought.

So that two men arising from one bed,
Falling to talk, from one another fly;
This wears a white rose, and that wears a red;
And this a York, that Lancaster doth cry:
He wish'd to see that Audley well had sped;
He prays again to prosper Sal'sbury: [take,
And for their farewel when their leaves they
They their sharp swords at one another shake.

This fire in ev'ry family thus set,
Out go the brown bills with the well-strung bows,
Till at Blore-heath these boist'rous soldiers met,
For there it chanc'd the armies then to close,
This must not live, if that he strove to let;
Never such friends yet e'er became such foes:
With downright strokes they at each other lay;
No word for Cheshire was, but kill and slay.

The son (as some report) the father slew,
In opposition as they stoutly stood;
The nephew's seen the uncle to pursue,
Bathing his sword in his own natural blood:
The brother in his brother's gore embrue
His guilty hands, and at this deadly food,
Kinsman kills kinsman, which together fall,
As hellish fury had possess'd them all.

Here noble Tutchet the lord Audley dy'd,
(Whose father wan him such renown in France)
And many a Cheshire gentleman beside,
Fell at this field by war's uncertain chance.
These miseries queen Marg'ret must abide,
Whilst the proud Yorkists do themselves advance:
And poor king Henry on a pallet lay,
And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant Audley at this battle slain,
And all those friends to the Lancastrians lost;
Cheshire by her such damage to sustain,
So much dear blood had this late conflict cost:
Wherefore the grieved queen, with might and
Labours for life to raise a second host: [main,
Nor time therein she meaneth to foreslow,
Either she'll get all, or will all forego.

And whilst their friends them forces gathering were, [ring)
(The neighb'ring realms of this great bus'ness
The duke, and those that to his part adhere,
Proclaimed traitors; pardon promising
To those at Blore that arms did lately bear,
So they would yet cleave to their lawful king;
Which drive in many to their part again,
To make their full, they Yorkists in their wane.

York, who perceiv'd the puissant host prepar'd,
With his dear Nevils counsels what to do;
For it behov'd him to make good his guard
With both their strengths, and all too little too;
And in the marches he no labour spar'd,
To win his friends along with him to go;
With expedition which he could not get,
On the king's side the commons so were set.

And being to meet so absolute a pow'r,
Yet wanting much his party good to make;
And Henry's proclamations ev'ry hour
His soldiers win, their general to forsake;
Besides, the storm which rais'd this sudden show'r,
Them all in sunder likely was to shake;
He saw his safety to consist in flight;
Thus, o'er he wist, o'ermaster'd in his might.

All on the spur for life away they post,
Their homes too hot, nor there they might abide,
The three brave earls[6] soon reach the western coast,
From whence to Calais their straight course they ply'd:
The duke to Wales, being there befriended most;
Yet for more safety he to Ireland hy'd:
So others ship themselves from ev'ry bay,
And happiest he that soon'st could get away.

As when a rout of rav'nous wolves are met,
T' assail some herd the desert past'ring near,
The watchful clowns which over them are set,
Oft taught before their tyranny to fear,
With dogs, with staves, and shouts, together get,
Nor never leave till they their cattle clear:
So the king's pow'r the Yorkists still pursue,
Which like those wolves before those herdsmen flew.

They gone, the king at Coventry begun
A parliament, by good advice; wherein
The duke of York, with th' earl of March his son,
With Sal'sbury and Warwick, who had been
Conspirators, much mischief and had done,
And by whose help he happ'd so much to win,
He there attaints of treason, and bestows
All that was theirs upon his friends, their foes.

When now those earls in Calais still that kept,
The charge whereof proud Warwick on him took,
In their intended bus'ness never slept,
Nor yet their former enterprise forsook;
Int' Henry's councils who had those that crept,
And did each day his actions overlook:
From whom as their advertisements still are,
So they their strengths accordingly prepare.

And in mean time the kingdom to embroil,
That with less noise their friends might raise an host,
They plague the seas with piracy and spoil,
And rob the havens all along the coast;
They ne'er take pity of their native soil,
For that they knew this would avail them most;
That whilst the state was busied there about,
Arms might be rais'd within by those without.

And slaughtering many that were set to ward
Th' especial ports, th' unwieldy anchors weigh'd
Of the king's ships, whose freight as prize they shar'd,
And them to Calais carefully convey'd
With their stol'n fleet, and his great navy dar'd,
As late by land, so now by sea they sway'd:
All in combustion, and their bloody rage,
Nor sea, nor land, can possibly asswage.

[6] Edward, earl of March, eldest son to the duke, the earls of Salisbury and Warwick.

Then have they forces rais'd for them in Kent,
Their next and most convenient place to land,
(Where should the adverse pow'r their hopes
prevent,
In Dover road yet were their ships at hand)
And by their posts still to and fro that went,
They certainly were let to understand,
That Kent was surely theirs, and only stay'd
To rise in arms the Yorkists' pow'r to aid.

When Falconbridge, who second brother was
To Sal'sbury, they send away before,
To see no ships should out of Sandwich pass,
To hinder them in coming to the shore;
There of munition took a wond'rous mass,
Heapt in that town, that with th' abundant store
He armed many at their coming in, [been.
Which of their side would scarcely else have

That they no sooner settled were on land,
But that in arms the rebellious Kentish rose,
And the lord Cobham with a mighty band,
With their Calicians presently doth close,
That now they sway'd all with a powerful hand;
And in small time so great their army grows,
From Sussex, Surrey, and those parts about,
That of her safety London well might doubt.

But yet at last the earls she in doth let,
To whom the clergy coming day by day,
From further shires them greater forces get;
When tow'rds Northampton making forth their
way,
Where the sad king his army down had set,
And for their coming only made his stay,
With all the force his friends could him afford,
And for a fight with all things fitly stor'd:

Who in his march the earl doth oft molest,
(By their vauntcurrers hearing how they came)
In many a strait, and often him distress'd
By stakes and trenches that his horse might lame:
But the stout Yorkists still upon them press'd;
And still so fearful was great Warwick's name,
That being once cry'd on, put them oft to flight,
On the king's army till at length they light.

When th' earl of March, then in the pride of blood,
His virgin valour on that day bestows;
And furious Warwick, like a raging flood,
Bears down before him all that dare oppose;
Old Sal'sbury so to his tackling stood,
And Falconbridge so lays amongst his foes,
That ev'n like leaves the poor Lancastrians fall,
And the proud Yorkists bear away the ball.

There Humphry, duke of Buckingham, expir'd,
King Henry's comfort, and his cause's friend;
There Shrewsbury (even of his foes admir'd
For his high courage) his last breath doth spend;
Brave Beaumont there and Egremont lay tir'd
To death; there Lucy had his fu kless end;
And many a noble gentleman that day,
Welt'ring in gore, on the wild champion lay.

The wretched king, as Fortune's only scorn,
His soldiers slain, and he of all forsaken,
Left in his tent, of men the most forlorn,
The second time a pris'ner there is taken;
The woful queen out of the battle borne
In a deep swoon, and when she doth awaken,
Nothing about her hears but howls and cries.
Was ever queen's like Marg'ret's miseries?

York coming in from Ireland in the end,
And to his hands thus finds the battle won,
By the high prowess of his faithful friend,
Great Warwick, and that valiant March his son,
His present hopes the former so transcend,
That the proud duke immediately begun
By his bold actions to express his thought,
Through so much blood what he so long had
sought.

The king's commandment daring to deny,
His sovereign lord being call'd to wait upon,
And on his fortune bears himself so high,
That he in state presumes t' ascend his throne:
From the king's lodgings puts his servants by,
And placeth in them such as were his own:
So infinitely insolent he grows,
As he the crown at pleasure would dispose.

When he procures a parliament with speed,
In which himself protector he doth make,
And only heir apparent to succeed [take;
The king, when death him from the world should
And what had been at Coventry decreed,
He there annuls, from him and his to shake
The servile yoke of all subjection quite.
Down goes the red rose, and up goes the white.

And he with Fortune that this while doth sport,
Seeing the southern to him still were sure,
Thinks to the north if he should but resort,
He to his part the northern should procure,
Seeking all ways his greatness to support,
Nor would an equal willingly endure:
Down into Yorkshire doth to Sandal ride,
Whose lofty site well suited with his pride.

The vexed queen, whose very soul forgot
That such a thing as patience it had known,
And but she found her friends forsook her not,
As mad as ever Hecuba had grown;
Whilst both her wrongs and her revenge were hot,
Her mighty mind so down could not be thrown,
But that once more the bloody set she'll play
With York, ere so he bear the crown away.

And down to Sandal doth the duke pursue,
With all the pow'r her friends could her provide,
Led by those lords that had been ever true,
And had stood fast upon king Henry's side:
With that most valiant and selected crew,
The brav'st of queens so well her business ply'd,
That coming soon in Sandal's lofty sight,
Into the field she dares him forth to fight.

And for this conflict there came on with her
Her hope, prince Henry, her dear only son,
Stout Somerset, and noble Exeter,
Dukes, that for Marg'ret mighty things had done,
Devon and Wilt, earls using to confer
With this wise queen, when danger she would shun;
Undaunted Clifford, Ross in war up-brought,
Barons as brave as ere in battle fought.

When this stout duke, who in his castle stood,
With Sal'sbury, who beat them all at Blore,
Both which were flesht abundantly with blood,
In those three battles they had won before,
Thought in their pride it would be ever flood,
Nor 'gainst queen Margaret that they needed
more;
For they led Fortune chain'd with them about,
That of their conquest none but fools could doubt.

And for the field soon marshalling their force,
All poor delays they scornfully defy,
Nor will the duke stay for those troops of horse,
With which his son him promis'd to supply;
In spite of fate they'll give their foe the worse,
On their own valour they so much rely;
And with five thousand marshall'd well they come,
Meaning to charge the queen's main battle home.

But in her host she having those that were
Expert in all the stratagems of war,
To fight with him do cause her to forbear,
Till from his castle she had got him far;
Whilst in an ambush she had placed there
Wiltshire and Clifford, with their strengths to bar
Him from his home in off'ring to retire,
Or wound his back ev'n as they would desire.

When to 't they fell upon an easy plain,
At the hill foot, where furiously they fought,
Upon both sides where there were many slain:
But for the queen four to his one had brought,
The duke of York (for all his pride) was fain
Back to recoil, where he was finely caught;
For Wilt and Clifford, that in ambush were,
The van thus routed, overthrew the rear.

Where York himself, who proudly but of late
With no less hope than of a kingdom fed,
Upon this field, before his castle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay dead;
Upon whose body Clifford down him sat,
Stabbing the corpse, and cutting off his head,
Crown'd it with paper, and (to wreak his teen)
Presents it so to the victorious queen.

His bastard uncles, both courageous knights,
Sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, so sped;
Hall, Hastings, Nevill, who in sundry fights
Had show'd their valour, on the field found dead;
And Sal'sbury among these tragic sights,
Who at Blore-heath so much dear blood had shed,
Taken alive, to Pomfret sent with speed,
And for their bloods himself there made to bleed.

Some climb up rocks, through hedges others run,
Their foes so roughly execute their rage:
Where th' earl of Rutland, the duke's eldest son,
Then in his childhood and of tender age,
Coming in hope to see the battle won,
Clifford, whose wrath no rigour could asswage,
Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneel,
In his soft bosom sheaths his sharpen'd steel.

Edward of March, the duke his father slain,
Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly sort,
Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
To aid his father, for he came too short,
Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train
Was coming tow'rds him; touch'd with the report,
His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
To meet the earl, if to approach he dares.

Jasper, by birth half-brother to the king
On bright queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,
Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,
And as from Wales descended, sent him thither,
And of South Wales gave him the governing,
Where in short time he got an host together,
Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,
As an ally to th' house of Lancaster.

Upon their march when as they lastly met,
Near to the cross that Mortimer is nam'd,
Where they in order their battalions set:
The duke and earl with equal rage inflam'd,
With angry eyes they one the other threat,
Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:
And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The earl of Ormond, an associate then
With this young Tudor, for the king that stood,
Came in the vanguard with his Irish men,
With darts and skains; those of the British blood
With shafts and gleaves them seconding again,
And as they fall, still make their places good:
That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
Men so ill arm'd upon their bows so bold.

Now the Welch and Irish so their weapons wield,
As tho' themselves the conq'rors meant to call;
Then are the Marchers masters of the field,
With their brown bills the Welchmen so they maul;
Now th' one, now th' other, likely were to yield;
These like to fly, then those were like to fall:
Until at length (as Fortune pleas'd to guide)
The conquest turn'd upon the Yorkists' side.

Three suns were seen that instant to appear,
Which soon again shut up themselves in one,
Ready to buckle as the armies were,
Which this brave duke took to himself alone,
His drooping hopes which somewhat seem'd to cheer,
By his mishaps near lately overthrown;
So that thereby encouraging his men,
Once more he gets the white rose up again.

Pembroke and Ormond save themselves by flight,
Four thousand soldiers of both armies dead,
But the great loss on the Lancastrians light,
So ill the friends of poor king Henry sped;
Where Owen Tudor taken in the flight,
(This young earl's father by queen Cath'rine's bed)
At Hereford, not far away from thence,
Where others with him dy'd for their offence.

This while the queen, the goal at Sandal gain'd,
Leads on tow'rds London her victorious host,
Whose blades she shows with blood of Yorkists stain'd,
Nor of her conquest can she leave to boast;
But to her side whilst lucky Fortune lean'd,
Come what can come, she means to clear the coast
Of those she knew in York's revenge would rise,
Found she not means their forces to surprise.

And at St. Alban's finding on her way
John duke of Norfolk, and her dev'lish foe,
Fierce Warwick, who there with an army lay;
Which two, deceased York, when he should go
To Sandal, left them as his only kay
To keep king Henry, (which they not foreslow)
Lest by the queen and hers he might be wrought,
T' annul their late past parliament for nought.

For which to council calling up her lords,
Well to consider what was to be done,
Who cheer her up with comfortable words,
And would in no wise she her way should shun,
For they would make her entrance with their swords;
Here what was lost, might here again be won:
Assuring her, their minds them strongly gave,
That of this field the glory she should have.

And soon their army ordering for the ground,
Whereof a view they ev'ry way do take;
When for assault they bid their trumpets sound,
And so their entry on the town they make:
But coming to the market-place, they found
A shower of shafts as from a cloud it brake,
Which back again made them so fast to bear,
As that their van was like to rout their rear.

But thus repuls'd, another way they prove
How in upon their enemy to get; [move,
Which makes their foes that they their force re-
To stop that passage wherein they were set;
That whilst they shafts into each other shove,
For a long while it was an even bet,
Death being thus dealt, and both so deeply in,
Whether proud Warwick or the queen should win.

But by the queen constrained to recoil,
Their ground from them they absolutely won,
When they the Yorkists miserably spoil,
And in with them on their main battle run:
Which being greatly strait'ned by the soil,
They could not do what else they might have done:
Through thick and thin, o'er hedge and ditch they take,
And happiest he that greatest haste could make.

Whilst Warwick cries, "Ye southern cowards, stay,
And once more turn your faces to your foes;
'Tis fear, not danger, doth ye thus dismay:
O prove the former fortune of your bows!
Think but upon the late-won glorious day
Got in this place, the fame whereof you lose
By your base flight."—But he his breath might
He might as well have call'd upon the air. [spare,

Scatter'd like sheep by wolves that had been scar'd,
To run the Yorkists; which when Norfolk saw,
He calls to Warwick, scarcely then prepar'd,
Himself out of this danger to withdraw.
"My lord," quoth he, "you see that all is marr'd;
Fortune hath sworn to keep us in her awe:
Our lives are gone, if longer here we stay;
Lose not yourself, though we have lost the day."

And for they found the foe came on so fast,
The king by them to this lost battle brought,
And under guard in his pavillion plac'd, [thought;
They 're forc'd to leave, which late they little
For there were those which made them make such haste,
They could not stay to have their sovereign sought:
But since the battle had such ill success, [less,
That lost, they thought their loss of him the

The foe thus fled, they quickly found the king,
From whom a speedy messenger is sent,
His wife and son away to him to bring:
Who with their lords arriving at his tent,
Where, after many a fall and many a spring
Of tears of joy upon each other spent,
With strict embraces they each other strain,
No one had need a gladness there to feign.

Like as you see when partridges are flown,
(In falc'ners terms which we the covy call)
By the sharp hawk and into thickets thrown,
There drops down one, there doth another fall:
Yet when they hear the questing spaniels gone,
They in the evening get together all,
With pretty jugging and each other greet,
Glad as it were they once again should meet.

But the fierce queen, her full revenge to take
Of those she thought the Yorkists well that meant,
The stout lord Bonville, for king Henry's sake,
And Thomas Kerril, a brave knight of Kent,
Who the king's guard strove ever strong to make,
All threat'ning peril thereby to prevent,
And for their safeties had his sovereign word,
That cruel woman putteth to the sword.

This well might warn great Warwick not to trust
Too much to Fortune, which so soon reveals
Her whorish likeness, like an averse gust,
And on the sudden makes him strike his sails,
Which when he most believ'd her to be just,
His forward hopes then most of all she fails;
All his accounts and teach him thus to sum,
"None overcomes, but may be overcome."

Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the king into the field he brought;
For with the worse that side went still away,
Which had king Henry with them when they fought,
Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.
The queen was two amongst the loss of many,
Her husband absent; present, never any.

But whilst herself with further hopes she fed,
The queen still watchful, wisely understands,
That Warwick late, who at St. Alban's fled,
(Whereas his heels serv'd better than his hands)
Had met the duke of York, and made a head
Of many fresh and yet unfought-with bands,
At Chipping-norton for more forces stay'd,
From whence tow'rds London they their march had laid.

And for she saw the southern to adhere
Still to the Yorkists, who again rely'd
Much on their aid, as London she doth fear,
A small relief which lately her deny'd,
She can (at all) conceive no comfort there,
With any succours nor to be supply'd;
But to the North her speedy course directs,
From whence fresh aids she every day expects.

Not four days march yet fully on her way,
But York to London with his army comes,
And near the walls his ensigns doth display,
Deaf'ning the city with his clamorous drums:
His title so the multitude doth sway,
That for his soldiers they provide him sums:
And those provisions they queen Marg'ret ow'd,
Taken from her's, they on the duke bestow'd.

The gates set open to receive him in,
They with applause his gracious entrance greet;
His presence so the peoples hearts doth win,
That they come flocking in from every street,
Kneeling before him as he crown'd had been;
And as he rode along, they kiss his feet: [gone,
Whilst good king Henry tow'rds the North is
The poor Lancastrians damn'd by every one.

Whither (at once) doth presently repair
The spiritual lords and temporal, who would have
Him take the crown; who far more ready are
To give, than he their suffrages to crave:
The commons take him so into their care,
Upon his name that dostingly they rave;
And being ask'd who should their sovereign be?
They cry, "King Edward," and no man but he.

Thus to his height this puissant prince they heave,
The seat imperial; where then sitting down,
Their fealty they force him to receive,
Which on his head might firmly fix his crown,
And in his hand the regal sceptre leave:
Edward the Fourth proclaim'd in ev'ry town,
With all the pomp that they could think upon,
They then adorn his coronation.

This news too quickly in queen Marg'ret's ear,
What by the lords at London had been done,
Even at the point to fall into despair,
Ready she was on her own death to run;
With her fair fingers rents her golden hair,
Cursing that hour when first she saw the Sun,
With rage she faints; reviving, and doth call
Upon high Heav'n for vengeance on them all.

To aid her right yet still excites her friends,
By her fair speech enchanted, as by charms,
Scarce any man on any lord depends
That follows her, that riseth not in arms:
The spacious North such plenteous succour sends,
That to her side the soldiers come in swarms.
Thus day by day she addeth more and more
To that full army which she had before.

Not long it was but Edward understood
Of this great pow'r prepared in the North,
When he, to make his coronation good,
Calls to his aid his friends of greatest worth:
With whom, then rising like a raging flood,
This forward king breaks violently forth,
That with the help of tributary flows,
Extends his breadth still onward as he goes.

Nor Henry's army needed to be sought,
For every man could tell him where it lay;
In twelve days' march which Edward eas'ly rought,
Without resistance keeping on his way,
Near fifty thousand in his host he brought,
Whose brandish'd ensigns seem'd to brave the day;
And under Pomfret his proud tents he pight,
Providing hourly for a deadly fight.

Of Henry's host when they who had command,
On whom the queen imposed had the care,
Great Somerset and stout Northumberland,
And Clifford, whom no danger yet could dare:
The walls of York first having throughly mann'd,
There plac'd the king; when quickly they prepare
To range their battle, which consisted then
Of threescore thousand valiant northern men.

From Edward's host the lord Fitzwater went,
And valiant Nevill, Warwick's bastard brother,
At Ferrybridge the passage to prevent,
From coming over Eyre to keep the other:
Gainst whom the adverse the lord Clifford sent,
Who taking night his enterprise to smother,
The dawn yet dusky, passing through a ford,
Puts them and all their soldiers to the sword.

At the shrill noise when Warwick coming in,
And finds his brother and Fitzwater dead,
Even as a man distracted that had been,
Out of his face the lively colour fled:
"Doth cruel Clifford thus," quoth he, "begin?
For ev'ry drop of blood that he hath shed
This day, I'll make an enemy to bleed,
Or never more in battle let me speed."

And to the king returning in this mood:
"My liege," quoth he, "all mercy now defy,
Delay no longer to revenge their blood,
Whose mangled bodies breathless yonder lie;
And let the man that means king Edward's good,
Stand fast to Warwick, who no more shall fly;
Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu."
Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser slew.

This resolution so extremely wrought
Upon king Edward, that he gave command,
That on his side who willingly not fought,
Should have his leave to quit him out of hand;
That ev'ry one should kill the man he caught;
To keep no quarter; and who meant to stand
In his just cause, rewarded he would see:
This day he'll rise, or this day ruin'd be.

When near to Towton, on the spacious plain,
These puissant armies on Palm-Sunday met,
Where downright slaughter angry Heav'n doth rain,
With clouds of rage the element is set:
The winds breathe fury, and the earth again
With the hot gore of her own natives wet,
Sends up a smoke, which makes them all so mad,
Of neither part that mercy could be had.

One horrid sight another doth appal;
One fearful cry another doth confound;
Murthers so thick upon each other fall,
That in one shriek another's shriek is drown'd:
Whilst blood for blood incessantly doth call
From the wide mouth of many a gaping wound,
Slaughter so soon grows big, that com'n to birth,
The monstrous burthen overloads the earth.

This bloody tempest ten long hours doth last,
Whilst neither side could to itself assure
The victory; but as their lot was cast,
With wounds and death they stoutly it endure;
Until the valiant Yorkists at the last,
Altho' in number near ten thousand fewer,
In their long fight their forces manage so,
That they before them lay their conquer'd foe.

Courageous Clifford first here fell to ground,
Into the throat with a blunt arrow struck:
Here Westmoreland receiv'd his deadly wound:
Here dy'd the stout Northumberland, that stuck
Still to his sovereign; Wells and Dacres found
That they had lighted on king Henry's luck:
Trowlup and Horne, two brave commanders,
Whilst Somerset and Exeter were fled. [dead,

Thirty two thousand in this battle slain,
Many in straits lie heap'd up like a wall;
The rest lie scatter'd round about the plain:
And Cock, a river though but small,
Fill'd with those flying, doth so deeply stain
The river Wharf, int' which this Cock doth fall,
As that the fountain which this flood doth feed,
Besides their blood, had seem'd for them to bleed.

King Henry's hopes thus utterly forlorn,
By the late loss of this unlucky day:
He feels the crown even from his temples torn,
On his sword point which Edward bears away:
And since his fall the angry fates had sworn,
He finds no comfort longer here to stay;
But leaving York, he post to Berwick goes,
With's queen and son, true partners in his woes.

The king for Scotland, and for France the queen,
Divided hence, since them thus Fortune thwarts,
Before this time there seldom had been seen
Two to be sever'd with so heavy hearts:
The prince their son then standing them between,
Their song is sorrow, and they bear their parts:
He to the king of Scots, to get supplies;
She to the French king, and her father, flies.

Which well might show a prince's slippery state:
For when she hither at the first came in,
England and France did her congratulate;
Then in two battles she had conqueror been,
Seeming to tread upon the Yorkists' hate,
As from that day she had been born to win;
Now to sail back with miseries far more,
Than were her triumphs landing here before.

This cruel blow to the Lancastrians lent,
At fatal Towton that Palm-Sunday fight,
Where so much blood they prodigally spent,
To France and Scotland as enforc'd their flight,
Lifts up the Yorkists to their large extent;
And Edward now to see his crown sat right,
Proud in his spoils, to London doth repair,
And re-anointed mounts th' imperial chair.

Where he a speedy parliament doth pass,
T' annul those laws which had been made before
'Gainst his succession, and dissolve the mass
Of treasons heap'd on his, them to restore:
Whereby king Henry so much lessen'd was,
As after that he should subsist no more;
Little then thinking Lancaster again,
Now but an exile, over him should reign.

Where he attaints, as traitors to his crown,
John earl of Oxford, and his valiant son,
Aubry De Vere, with whom likewise went down
Montgom'ry, Teril, Tudenham, who were done
To death; so Heav'n on Henry seems to frown:
And Somerset, king Henry's wrath to shun,
Himself submitting, is receiv'd to grace.
Such is queen Marg'ret's miserable case!

Henry in Scotland, the sad queen the while
Is left to France, to Lewis there to sue
To lend her succour: scorning her exile,
In spite of fate she will the war renew;
She will tempt Fortune till again she smile:
In such a pitch her mighty spir't still flew,
That should the world oppose her, yet that strength
She hopes shall work up her desires at length.

And with five thousand valiant volunteers
Of native French, put under her command,
With arms well fitted, she tow'rds Scotland steers;
With which before she possibly could land,
The wrath of Heaven upon this queen appears,
And with fierce tempests strives her to withstand:
The winds make war against her with her foe,
Which, join'd together, work her overthrow.

Her forces thus unfortunately lost,
Which she in Scotland hop'd to have increas'd,
And in this tempest she herself so tost,
As never lady; yet she here not ceas'd:
But since she found her enterprise thus cross'd,
She to the Scottish her fair course address'd;
Nor would desist, till she had rais'd again
Ten thousand valiant well-appointed men.

And in upon Northumberland doth break,
Rousing the sluggish villages from sleep,
Bringing in Henry though a help but weak,
But leaves her son in Berwick safe to keep:
Her rattling drums so rough a language speak,
The ruffling Scots and all the country sweep;
Which rumour ran so fast with through the air,
That Edward thought it shook his very chair.

And Somerset, receiv'd to grace before,
With sir Ralph Percy, from that fatal day
At Towton, found each minute more and more,
How sad a fate on the Lancastrians lay;
Yet hoping now king Henry to restore,
Who, they suppos'd, had new found out the way,
Revolt from Edward, and in Henry's name
Call in their friends, to aid him as he came.

This noise of war arising from the North,
In Edward's ears re-echoing, bids him stir;
And rumour tells him, if he made not forth,
Queen Margaret com'n, he must resign to her;
For they were captains of especial worth,
On whom she did this mighty charge confer:
For that her ensigns she at large display'd;
And as she came, so still came in her aid.

For which his much-lov'd Montacute he sends,
With England's valiant infantry his peers;
To whose wise guidance he this war commends,
His soldiers expert, pickt in sundry shires.
His utmost strength king Edward now extends,
Which he must do, or dragg'd down by the ears
From his late-gotten, scarcely-settled throne,
And on his shoulders she remount thereon.

And Montacute had scarcely march'd away,
But he himself sets forward with an host,
And a strong navy likewise doth purvey,
To scour the seas, and keep the British coast,
Fearing from France fresh succours every day,
To aid queen Marg'ret, which perplex'd him most:
For he perceiv'd his crown sat not so sure,
But might be shak'd, should she her pow'rs procure.

Now is the North fill'd with refulgent arms,
Edward's are English, Scots queen Marg'ret brings.
The North's cold bosom this great concourse warms,
Their quarrel is the right of two great kings,
Which oft before have wrought each other's harms,
And from that root new horrour daily springs;
And tho' much blood they both had spent before,
Yet not so much, but that there must be more.

At Hegly-heath their skirmishes begin,
Where two bold barons, Hungerford and Ross,
With sir Ralph Percy (he who late had been
Leagu'd with king Edward, but then gotten loose,
Strives by all means to expiate that sin.)
To the Lancastrian faction cleaves so close,
That when those barons from that conflict fly,
In Henry's right he bravely dares to die.

Which leads along as tragical an act,
As since the wars had ever yet been play'd:
For Montacute b'ing fortunately backt,
By brave king Edward's coming to his aid:
As of their force king Henry little lack'd,
The plain call'd Livels, where the scene was laid,
Not far from Exham, near to Dowil's flood,
That day discolour'd with Lancastrians' blood;

There struck they battle, bow-men bow-men ply'd,
Northern to southern, slaughter ceaseth all;
Long the fight lasted, ere that either side
Could tell to which the victory would fall:
But to the Yorkists Fortune is so ty'd,
That she must come when they shall please to call;
And in his cradle Henry had the curse,
That where he was, that side had still the worse.

This luckless day by the Lancastrians lost,
Was Somerset surprised in his flight,
And in pursuing of this scatter'd host,
On Mullins, Ross, and Hungerford they light,
Which this day's work ere long full dearly cost;
And with these lords were taken many a knight,
Nor from their hands could Henry hardly shift,
Had not his guide been, as his horse was, swift.

Still must queen Marg'ret's miseries endure,
This mass of sorrow markt out to sustain:
For all the aids this time she should procure,
Are either taken, put to flight, or slain;
Of nothing else she can herself assure,
That she will leave her losses to complain:
For since she sees that still her friends go down,
She will curse Fortune if she do not frown.

Henry to fly to Scotland back is fain,
To get to France the woful queen is glad,
There with her son enforced to remain,
Till other aids might thence again be had:
So them their hard necessities constrain,
To set them down that it doth make me sad:
Never so thick came miseries, I ween,
Upon a poor king and a woful queen.

This done, king Edward his strong army sends
To take those castles which not long before
Had been deliver'd to king Henry's friends,
Which he by sieges makes them to restore;
And on the borders watchfully attends,
To Henry's aid that there should come no more:
But oh! behold, as one ordain'd to ill,
The fate that follows hapless Henry still!

For out of some deep melancholy fit,
Or otherwise, as fall'n into despair,
Or that he was not rightly in his wit,
Being safe in Scotland, and still succour'd there;
Upon the sudden he abandons it,
And into England inly ent'ring, where
He is surpris'd, and (in his enemies' power)
Is by king Edward shut up in the Tower.

This hap had Henry; who, when he was born,
Of Christian kings the greatest then alive,
Now he the crown full forty years had worn,
Doth all his regal sov'reignty survive,
Of all men living and the most forlorn,
So strange a thing can destiny contrive:
So many sundry miseries, as he,
No king before had ever liv'd to see.

To hear all this queen Margaret must endure,
Yet sadly to her father's court confin'd,
And now king Edward held himself secure,
When things fell out so fitly to his mind;
But when of rest he did himself assure,
Upon a sudden rose so rough a wind,
In his strong hand which shook his sceptre more,
Than all the storms that ere had blown before.

For then in mind to league himself with France,
Which he perceiv'd would be the surest way
His question'd title highly to advance;
And at his need should serve him for a key
To open him their polices, whose chance
Was then in casting, and they next to play:
For Marg'ret still the French king Lewis press'd
For second aids, nor would she let him rest.

Wherefore he sends a marriage to entreat
With beauteous Bona (with whose rich report
Fame was oppress'd with, as a task too great)
The French queen's sister, and with her in court,
Warwick the man chose forth to work the feat;
Who is sent thither in most sumptuous sort,
And in short time so well his bus'ness plies,
That she was like to prove an English prize.

In the meanwhile, this youthful king by chance
Coming to Grafton, where the dutchess lay,
Then styl'd of Bedford, his eye bays to glance
On her bright daughter, the fair widow Gray,
Whose beauties did his senses so entrance,
And stole his heart so suddenly away, [woe,
That must he lose his crown, come weal, come
She must be his, though all the world say no.

Her looks (like Lethe) make him to forget
Upon what bus'ness he had Warwick sent;
Upon this lady he his love so set,
That should his crown from off his head be rent,
Or his rebellious people rise, to let
This choice of his, they should it not prevent:
For those pure eyes, his bosom that had pierc'd,
Had writ a law there, not to be revers'd.

"What less amends this lady can I make,
For her dear husband in my quarrel slain,
Than lawful marriage? which for justice sake
I must perform," quoth he, "lest she complain;
For a just prince so me the world shall take."
Soothing himself up in this amorous vein,
With his affections in this sort doth play,
Till he a queen made the fair lady Gray.

This act of Edward's com'n to Warwick's ear,
And that the sequel show'd it to be true,
In his stern eyes it eas'ly might appear
His heart too great for his strait bosom grew,
He his commission doth in peacemeal tear,
Breaks the broad seal, and on the ground it threw;
And prays blest Heav'n may curse him, if that he
For this disgrace revenged would not be.

"Have I," quoth he, "so lifted thee aloft,
That to thy greatness I the scorn am grown?
Have I for thee adventur'd been so oft
In this long war, as to the world is known,
And now by thee thus basely am I scoft,
By this disgrace upon me thou hast thrown?
If these thy wrongs unpunish'd slightly pass,
Hold Warwick base, and fall'n from what he was.

"Know, 'twas the Nevils for thy title stood,
Else long ere this laid lower than the ground;
And in thy cause my father shed his blood,
None of our house for thee but bears some wound;
And now at last to recompense this good,
Only for me this guerdon hast thou found?
From thy proud head this hand shall pluck thy crown,
Or if thou stand, thou needs must Warwick down."

Yet he to England peaceably repairs,
And with a smooth brow smothers his intent,
And to the king relates the French affairs,
And what in court had pass'd there since he went:
His spleen he for a fitter season spares,
Till he the same more liberally might vent:
Calm was his count'nance, and his language fair,
But in his breast a deep revenge he bare.

Meanwhile Queen Marg'ret (a poor exile) hears
How things in England in her absence went,
Her half-burst heart which but a little cheers,
For from her head she felt the crown was rent:
Yet though far off a little glimpse appears,
A seeming hope and though it faintly lent,
It might have said, had not the Fates said no,
These storms at home might her some profit blow.

She hears how Warwick cunningly had wrought
George duke of Clarence[7] from his brother's side;
And that brave youth at Calais having caught,
His eldest daughter had to him affy'd:
How to rebel the northern[8] men were brought;
And who by Warwick 'pointed was their guide;
As on the Welch he had a mighty hand,
By Edward rais'd those rebels to withstand.

Of new rebellions[9] at Northampton rais'd,
And to despite the king what they had done;
How they at Grafton the earl Rivers[10] seiz'd,
And sir John Woodvile, his most hopeful son,
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd;
And of the fame by puissant Warwick won,
Who having taken Edward[11] in his tent,
His king his pris'ner into Yorkshire sent.

Then hears again how Edward had escap'd,
And by his friends a greater pow'r had got;
How he the men of Lincolnshire entrapp'd,
Who near to Stamford pay'd a bloody shot:
And when the earl his course for Calais shap'd,
When England lastly grew for him too hot,
Vaudere, who there his deputy he put,
The ports against his late grand captain shut.

Lastly she hears that he at Diepe arrives,
And lately com'n to Amboise to the court,
Whereas king Lewis to his utmost strives
To entertain him in most princely sort:
When the wise queen her bus'ness so contrives,
That she comes thither; small what tho' her port,
Yet brings along the sweet young prince her son,
To prove what good with Warwick might be done.

When both in court and presence of the king,
Their due respect to both of them that gave,
He will'd them in so pertinent a thing,
That they the like should of each other have:
The tears began from both their eyes to spring,
That each from other pity seem'd to crave;
In graceful manner when the grieved queen
Thus to that great earl gently breathes her spleen.

"Warwick," saith she, "how merciless a foe,
Hast thou been still to my poor child and me!
That villain York which hast advanced so,
Which never could have risen but for thee.
That valour thou on Edward didst bestow,
O hadst thou show'd for him thou here dost see,
Our damask roses had adorn'd thy crest,
And with their wreaths thy ragged staves been drest.

"First at St. Albans, at Northampton then,
And fatal Towton, that most fearful fight,
How many, nay, what multitudes of men,
By thee, fierce Warwick, slain and put to flight!
O if thy sword, that ever stood for ten,
Had but been drawn for Henry, and his right,
He should have built thee trophies every where,
Wrought with our crown, supported with thy bear.

"What glory had it won the Nevil's name,
To have upheld the right-succeeding race
Of that fifth Henry, he that was of Fame
The only minion, whom thou now dost trace!
But Sal'sbury the first against us came,
Then Falconbridge and Montacute: (O base!)
To advance a traitor to his sovereign thus:
But to our crown your name is ominous.

"How many a brave peer, thy too near allies,
(Whose loss the babe that's yet unborn shall rue)
Have made themselves a willing sacrifice
In our just quarrel, who it rightly knew,
Whose blood 'gainst York and his adherents cries,
(Whom many a sad curse ever shall pursue:)
O Warwick, Warwick, expiate this guilt,
By shedding theirs, for whom our blood was spilt."

When in like language this great earl again
Regreets the queen, and woes her to forbear
Of braver grief one thought to entertain:
"Things are not now," quoth he, "as once they were:
To talk of these past help, it is in vain;
What tho' it ease your heart, and please your ear,
This is not it, no, it must be our swords
Must right our wrongs (dear lady) not our words.

"Madam," (quoth he) "by this my vexed heart,
On Edward's head which oft hath wish'd the crown,
Let but queen Marg'ret cleave to Warwick's part,
This hand that heav'd him up shall hew him down;
And if from Henry, Richard Nevile start,
Upon my house let Heav'n for ever frown:
Or back the crown to this young prince I'll bring,
Or not be Warwick, if he be not king."

When they accord, prince Edward should affy
Ann the earl's daughter; to confirm it more,
By sacrament themselves they strictly tie,
By arms again king Henry to restore,
Or in the quarrel they would live and die:
Comprising likewise in the oath they swore,
That th' earl and Clarence should protectors be,
When they king Henry and the prince should free.

When soon great Warwick into England sends,
To warn his friends that they for war prepare,
King Henry's title and to them commends,
That they should take his cause into their care:
Now is the time that he must try his friends,
When he himself 'gainst Edward must declare;
And when much strife amongst the commons rose,
Whom they should aid, or whom they should oppose.

[7] He was second brother to king Edward.

[8] Warwick by his agents stirs up a rebellion in the north, while he remains at Calais to prevent his being suspected.

[9] Headed by one whom they termed Robert of Ridsdale.

[10] Earl Rivers was father to lady Gray, then queen of England.

[11] At Woolney, in Warwickshire, by entering his camp in the night.

Furnish'd with all things well befitting war,
By great king Lewis to queen Marg'ret lent;
Warwick (whose name Fame sounded had so far,
That men with wonder view'd him as he went,
Of all men living the most popular)
Thought ev'ry hour to be but idly spent,
On England's troubled earth until he were,
To view the troops attending for him there.

And in his army took with him along
Oxford and Pembroke, who had been destroy'd
By Edward, sworn now to revenge their wrong,
By Burgoin the French admiral convoy'd,
At whose arrive the shores with people throng;
At sight of Warwick and so overjoy'd,
That ev'ry one a Warwick, Warwick cries:
Well may the red-rose by great Warwick rise.

Like some black cloud, which hovering lately hung,
Thrust on at last by th' wind's impetuous pow'r,
The groves and fields comes raging in among,
As though both fowls and flocks it would devour,
That those abroad make to the shelters strong,
To save themselves from the outrageous show'r:
So fly the Yorkists before Warwick's drums,
Like a stern tempest roaring as he comes.

When Edward late who wore the costly crown,
Himself so high and on his fortunes bore,
Then heard himself in ev'ry place cry'd down,
And made much less than he was great before;
Nor dares he trust himself in any town,
For in the inlands, as along the shore,
Their proclamations him a traitor make,
And each man charg'd against him arms to take.

For which the Washes he is forc'd to wade,
And in much peril lastly gets to Lynn,
(To save himself such shift king Edward made,
For in more danger he had never been;)
Where finding three Dutch hulks which lay for trade,
The greatest of them he hires to take him in,
Richard his brother, Hastings his true friend,
Scarce worth one sword their persons to defend.

When Warwick now the only prince of pow'r,
Edward the fourth out of the kingdom fled,
Commands himself free entrance to the Tow'r,
And sets th' imperial wreath on Henry's head,
Brings him through London to the bishop's bow'r,
By the applauding people followed;
Whose shrill re-echoing shouts resound from far,
"A Warwick, Warwick, long live Lancaster."

And presently a parliament they call,
In which they attaint king Edward in his blood;
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all
That in this quarrel with proud York had stood;
Their friends in their old honours they instal,
Which they had lost, now by an act made good;
Entail the crown on Henry and his heirs;
The next on Clarence, should they fail in theirs.

Whilst Warwick thus king Henry doth advance,
See but the fate still following the sad queen!
Such storms and tempests in that season chance,
Before that time as seldom had been seen;
That twice from sea she was forc'd back to France,
As angry Heav'n had put itself between
Her and her joys, and would a witness be,
That nought but sorrow this sad queen must see.

This might have lent her comfort yet at last,
So many troubles having undergone,
And having through so many perils past,
T' have seen her husband settled on his throne;
Yet still the skies with clouds are overcast:
Well might she hear, but of this sees she none,
Which from far off, as flying news, doth greet her: [meet her,
Nought but mischance, when she comes in, must

But all this while king Edward not dismay'd,
His brother Charles of Burgundy so plies,
That though the subtile duke on both sides play'd,
Edward and Henry both his near allies,
Upon the duke king Edward yet so lay'd,
(Having his sister's furtherance, who was wise,)
That underhand his strength he so restores,
As that he dar'd t' attempt the English shores.

With fourteen ships from th' Easterlings being hir'd,
And four Burgonians, excellently mann'd,
After some time with storms and tempests tir'd,
He near the mouth of Humber haps to land;
Where tho' the beacons at his sight were fir'd,
Yet few or none his entrance do withstand;
For that his friends had giv'n it out before,
He sought the dukedom, and he would no more.

Upon his march when forward as he came,
Resolv'd to try the very worst of war,
He summons York (whereof he bare the name)
To him her duke her gates that doth unbar;
And coming next to rock-rear'd Nottingham,
Montgomery, Borough, Harrington, and Par,
Bring him their pow'r; at Leicester again,
Three thousand came, to Hastings that retain.

To Coventry and keeping on his way,
Sets down his army in the city's sight,
Where at that time the earl of Warwick lay,
To whom he sends to dare him out to fight;
Which still the earl defers from day to day,
Perceiving well that all things went not right;
For with his succours Clarence came not in,
Whom to suspect he greatly doth begin.

And not in vain; for that disloyal lord
Taking those forces he had levy'd, leaves
The earl, and with his brother doth accord;
Which of all hope brave Warwick so bereaves,
That now king Edward hopes to be restor'd,
Which then too late the credulous earl perceives,
Edward towards London with his army sped,
To take the crown once more from Henry's head.

The queen, in France this woful news that heard,
How far through England Edward thus had past;
As how by Clarence (whom she ever fear'd)
Warwick behind-hand mightily was cast;
This most undaunted queen her hopes yet cheer'd,
By those great perils she had lately past,
And from king Lewis doth three thousand press,
To aid her friends in England in distress.

Whilst she is busy gathering up those aids,
(In so short time) as France could her afford;
Courageous Warwick basely thus betray'd,
By Clarence lewdly falsifying his word,
The most courageous earl no whit dismay'd,
But trusting still to his successful sword,
Follows the king, tow'rds London march'd before,
Each day his pow'r increasing more and more.

But Edward by the Londoners let in,
Who in their gates his army took to guard;
Warwick this while that trifling had not been,
But with a pow'r sufficiently prepar'd
T' approach the city, bravely doth begin
To dare the king, who lately him had dar'd;
Who then from London his arm'd forces leads,
Tow'rds where his march ambitious Warwick treads.

From London this, that from Saint Alban's set,
These two grand soldiers should'ring for the crown,
They in the mid-way are at Barnet met,
Where then they set their puissant armies down;
Warwick, as near as ever he could get,
But Edward only taketh up the town;
Betwixt whose tents a heath call'd Gladmoor lies,
Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With drums and trumpets they awake the day,
Muffled in mists her low'ring self that shows,
To stop their madness doing all it may,
Knowing what blood her light was like to lose:
But hope of slaughter bears so great a sway,
That with the Sun their rage still higher grows:
Full were their hands of death, so freely debit
That the most mortal wounds the least were felt.

The adverse ensigns to each other wave,
As 'twere to call them forward to the field,
The king the earl, the earl the king doth brave,
Nor cares he for the leopards in his shield:
And whilst one friend another strives to save,
He's slain himself, if not, enforc'd to yield:
In either army there is not one eye,
But is spectator of some tragedy.

Those wrongs the king had from the earl receiv'd,
Expuls'd the kingdom only by his pow'r,
Ev'n to the height his pow'rful hand up-heav'd
For full revenge in this unhappy hour;
And by the king the earl his hopes bereav'd,
Shelter'd by him from many a bloody show'r,
Spurs up revenge, and with that violent rage,
That scarcely blood their fury could asswage.

Warwick, who sees his soldiers had the worse,
And at a near point to be put to flight,
Throwing himself from off his armed horse,
Thrusts in on foot into the deadliest fight:
Edward again, with an unusual force,
In his own person, in the armies' sight,
Puts for the garland, which if now he lose,
Warwick his crown at pleasure would dispose.

To Edward's side but Fortune doth incline,
Warwick's high valour then was but in vain;
His noble soul there destin'd to resign,
Brave Montacute his valiant brother slain:
Here Somerset (with them that did combine)
Forced to fly; and Exeter is fain
To save himself by sanctuary; this day
Edward's victorious, and bears all away.

Ten fatal field unluckily thus lost,
That very day, so Destiny contrives,
That the griev'd queen at sea turmoil'd and tost
Near twenty days, in Weymouth road arrives;
Where scarcely landed, but post after post
Brings her this ill news, which so far deprives
Her of all comfort, that she curs'd and bann'd
Those plaguy winds that suffer'd her to land.

"Wert thou" (quoth she) "so fortunate in fight,
O noble Warwick, when thou wert our foe?
And now thou stood'st in our undoubted right,
And should'st for Henry thy high valour show,
Thus to be slain; what pow'r in our despite
Watcheth from Heav'n upon our overthrow?
Th' unlucky stars have certainly made laws,
To mark for death the fav'rers of our cause.

"O what infernal brought that Edward back,
So late expell'd by Warwick's pow'rful hand!
Was there no way his rotten ship to wrack?
Was there no rock? was there no swall'wing sand?
And too, the wretched subjects were so slack,
To suffer him so traitorously to land:
Surely whole Heav'n against us have conspir'd,
Or in our troubles they had else been tir'd.

"Was I for this so long detain'd in France
From rageful tempests, and reserv'd till now,
That I should land to meet with this mischance?
It needs must be, the pow'rs have made a vow,
Up to that height my sorrows to advance,
That before mine all miseries shall bow;
That all the sorrow mortals can surmise,
Shall fall far short of Marg'ret's miseries."

These words scarce spoke, her half-slain heart to ease,
But the least breath of comfort to prevent,
The next ill news in rushing after these,
Was, that king Henry to the Tow'r was sent,
(As though itself ev'n Destiny should please,
In wretched Marg'ret's heavy discontent)
Thronging so thick, as like themselves to smother,
Or as one ran to overtake another.

Those scatter'd troops from Barnet that escap'd,
Hearing the queen thus landed with her pow'r,
Though much dismay'd with what had lately hapt
On gore-drown'd Gladmoor in that bloody show'r,
And fearing by the foe to be entrapt;
Through untrod grounds, in many a tedious hour,
Flock to her daily, till that by their aid,
Equal with Edward's they her army made.

When Somerset and Devonshire came in
To the sad queen, and bade her not despair,
Though they of late unfortunate had been,
Yet there was help that ruin to repair;
What they had lost, they hop'd again to win,
And that the way lay open yet and fair;
For that the West would wholly with her rise,
Besides from Wales assur'd her of supplies.

And every day still adding to their force,
As on their host tow'rds Glocester they guide,
When Edward finding their intended course,
Again for battle strongly doth provide:
Both armies they supply with foot and horse,
By both their friends, as they affect the side;
And in their march at Tewksbury they met,
Where they in order their battalions set.

Ill was her choice of this uneven ground,
Luckless the place, unlucky was the hour,
The Heavens upon her so extremely frown'd,
As on her head their plagues at once to pour,
As in a deluge here her hopes were drown'd:
Here sees she death her faithful friends devour,
The earth is fill'd with groans, the air with cries,
Horrour on each side doth enclose her eyes.

Never did death so terrible appear,
Since first their arms the English learnt to wield:
Who would see slaughter, might behold it here
In the true shape upon this fatal field.
In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,
In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,
In vain to fly; for Destiny discust,
By their own hands, or others, die they must.

Here her dear Devonshire, noble Courtney dy'd;
Her faithful friend great Somerset here fell;
Delves, Leuknor, Hamden, Whittingham beside.
O Marg'ret, who thy miseries can tell; [so wide,
Sharp were those swords which made their wounds
Whose blood the soil did with th' abundance swell.
Other her friends, into the town that fled,
Taken, no better than the former sped.

But the amazing misery of all,
As Heaven the great'st until the last had kept,
As it would say, that after this none shall
By mortal eyes be worthy to be wept,
The prince her son, who sees his friends thus fall,
And on each side their carcases lie heapt,
Making away in this most piteous plight,
Is taken pris'ner in his tardy flight:

And forth by Crofts before the conq'ror brought,
His proclamations clearing every doubt
Of the youth's safety, living were he caught,
As a reward to him should bring him out; [sought,
But when they once had found him whom they
Hearing his answers princely, wise, and stout,
Those bloody brothers, Hastings, and the rest,
Sheath'd their sharp poniards in his manly breast.

Queen Marg'ret thus of mortals most forlorn,
Her son now slain, her army overthrown,
Left to the world as Fortune's only scorn,
And not one friend to whom to make her moan,
(To so much woe was never woman born)
This wretched lady wand'ring all alone,
Gets to a homely cell not far away,
If possibly to hide her from the day.

But (wretched woman!) quickly there bewray'd,
She thence is taken, and to prison sent,
Meanly attended, miserably array'd,
The people wond'ring at her as she went:
Of whom the most malicious her upbraid
With good duke Humphry's death, her heart to rent;
Whilst her mild looks and graceful gesture drew
Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue.

Till by duke Rayner ransomed at last,
Her tender father, who a prince but poor,
Borrow'd great sums of Lewis with much waste,
Which for he was not able to restore,
Provence and both the Sicils to him pass'd,
With fruitful Naples, which was all his store:
To bring her back, from earthly joys exil'd,
The undone father helps the undone child.

And though enlarg'd, ere she could leave the land,
Making a long year of each short-liv'd hour,
She hears that by duke Richard's murth'ring hand
The king her husband suffers in the Tow'r:
As though high Heaven had laid a strict command
Upon each star, some plague on her to pour;
And until now that nothing could suffice,
Nor give a period to her miseries.

NYMPHIDIA:

THE COURT OF FAIRY.

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rablais of Pantagruel,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing:
Others the like have labour'd at,
Some of this thing, and some of that,
And many of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

Another sort there be, that will
Be talking of the FAIRIES still,
Nor never can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them:
No tales of them their thirst can slake,
So much delight therein they take,
And some strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the latter, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others' reading;
My active Muse to light shall bring
The court of that proud fairy king,
And tell there of the revelling,
Jove prosper my proceeding.

And thou Nymphidia, gentle fay,
Which meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling:
My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way soe'er it blow it:
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the Moon,
And thence the fairy can as soon
Pass to the Earth below it.

The walls of spiders' legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake)
Descendeth for his pleasure:
And Mab, his merry queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the mare that hight)
With plagues them out of measure.

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes,
To Earth do make their wanton scapes,
As hope of pastime hastes them:
Which maids think on the hearth they see,
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
Just as their fancy casts them.

These make our girls their sluttʼry rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping:
And in their courses make that round,
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so call'd the Fairy-ground,
Of which they have the keeping.

These, when a child haps to be got,
Which after proves an idiot,
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
The fault therein to smother:
Some silly doating brainless calf,
That understands things by the half,
Say, that the fairy left this aulf,
And took away the other.

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well,
In love and arms delighting:
Of Oberon, that jealous grew
Of one of his own fairy crew,
Too well (he fear'd) his queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting.

Pigwiggen was this fairy knight,
One wond'rous gracious in the sight
Of fair queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed:
Which made king Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often check'd,
And could have wish'd him starved.

Pigwiggen gladly would commend
Some token to queen Mab to send,
If sea or land him aught could lend,
Were worthy of her wearing:
At length this lover doth devise,
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing.

And to the queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites
Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him her true servant, where
They might without suspect or fear
Themselves to one another clear,
And have their poor hearts eased.

"At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the queen a fitting bow'r,"
Quoth he, "is that fair cowslip flow'r,
On Hipcat-hill that groweth:
In all your train there's not a fay,
That ever went to gather May,
But she hath made it in her way,
The tallest there that groweth."

When by Tom Thum a fairy page
He sent it, and doth him engage,
By promise of a mighty wage,
It secretly to carry:
Which done, the queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all,
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry.

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stay'd,
For nought must her be letting:
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamere,
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excell;
The fair queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning:
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover (gallantly to see)
The wing of a py'd butterflee,
I trow, 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels compos'd of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones,
With thistle-down they shod it:
For all her maidens much did fear,
If Oberon had chanc'd to hear,
That Mab his queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay for no advice,
Until her maids, that were so nice,
To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone;
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As she had been diswitted.

Hop, and Mop, and Drap so clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their sovereign dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pinck, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill, and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grass-hopper they got,
And what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them.
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow,
Lest any should espy them.

But let us leave queen Mab a while,
Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this while,
Her dear Pigwiggen kissing;
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare,
When he had sought each place with care,
And found his queen was missing.

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes, and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there,
An acorn-cup he getteth;
Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature balk,
But lays on all he meeteth.

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladine of France,
And those more ancient do inhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon:
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye.

And first encount'ring with a wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp,
As tho' his breath he forth would grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking:
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" (quoth he)
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee;
Restore her, or thou dy'st by me."
Whereat the poor wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great fairy king,
Content thee, I am no such thing;
I am a wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the fairy started.
When soon away the wasp doth go,
Poor wretch was never frighted so,
He thought his wings were much too slow,
O'erjoy'd they so were parted.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You must suppose it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil,
And furiously doth her assail
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thrash'd her rough coat with his flail,
The mad king fear'd no evil.

"Oh!" (quoth the glow-worm) "hold thy hand,
Thou puissant king of Fairy-land,
Thy mighty strokes who may withstand?
Hold, or of life despair I."
Together then herself doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She seem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

From thence he ran into a hive,
Amongst the bees he letteth drive,
And down their combs begins to rive,
All likely to have spoiled:
Which with their wax his face besmear'd,
And with their honey daub'd his beard;
It would have made a man affear'd,
To see how he was moiled.

A new adventure him betides:
He met an ant, which he bestrides,
And post thereon away he rides,
Which with his haste doth stumble,
And came full over on her snout,
Her heels so threw the dirt about,
For she by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

And being in this piteous case,
And all beslurried head and face,
On runs he in this wildgoose chase,
As here and there he rambles,
Half blind, against a mole-hill hit,
And for a mountain taking it,
For all he was out of his wit,
Yet to the top he scrambles.

And being gotten to the top,
Yet there himself he could not stop,
But down on th' other side doth chop,
And to the foot came rumbling:
So that the grubs therein that bred,
Hearing such turmoil over head,
Thought surely they had all been dead,
So fearful was the jumbling.

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury it doth somewhat slake,
He calleth for a ferry:
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
As safe as in a wherry.

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishot, and of their change,
Through which he armed oft did range,
Of Sancha Pancha's travel:
But should a man tell every thing,
Done by this frantic fairy king,
And them in lofty numbers sing,
It well his wits might gravel.

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
With words from phrenzy spoken:
"Hoh, hoh," quoth Hob, "God save thy grace,
Who dress'd thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winter's nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
He doth with laughter leave us.

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is gone;
As ere thou lov'st king Oberon,
Let every thing but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her:
Bring her to me alive or dead;
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head;
That villain hath defil'd my bed,
He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,
My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
For first this bus'ness broaching:
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rfull'st charm,
Sat with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
About the room were skipping:
A humble-bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphidia, and doth cry,
"My sovereign, for your safety fly,
For there is danger but too nigh,
I posted to forewarn you:
The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
To seek you all the fields about,
And of your safety you may doubt,
If he but once discern you."

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
'Gainst one another justling:
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind;
For haste some left their masks behind,
Some could not stay their gloves to find;
There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
Lest Hob should hap to find them:
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had:
When quoth this fay, "Dear queen, be glad,
Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
I'll set you safe from peril.

"Come all into this nut," quoth she,
"Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
Each one may here a chooser be,
For room ye need not wrestle,
Nor need ye be together heapt."
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her;
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear;
But finding still the coast was clear,
Nor creature had descry'd her:
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletoe;
And here and there as Puck should go,
With terrour to affright him,
She nightshade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despite him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall:
For she in nothing short would fall,
The fairy was so willing.

Then thrice under a brier doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leapt,
Her magic much availing:
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing.

"By the croaking of the frog;
By the howling of the dog;
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising;
By the evening curfeu-bell;
By the doleful dying knell;
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hinder thy surprising.

"By the mandrakes dreadful groans;
By the Lubricans sad moans;
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling;
By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee this place forsake,
Nor of queen Mab be prattling.

"By the whirlwind's hollow sound,
By the thunder's dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits under ground,
I charge thee not to fear us:
By the scritch-owl's dismal note,
By the black night-raven's throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us."

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him:
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she mark'd his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them.

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin:
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
Alas! his brain was dizzy.

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case
Amongst the briers and brambles.

"Plague upon queen Mab," quoth he,
"And all her maids, where'er they be;
I think the devil guided me,
To seek her, so provoked."
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd queen Mab, who doubted sore
Some treason had been wrought her:
Until Nymphidia told the queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding:
And with Pigwiggen now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
"King Oberon, I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour:
For that she is a queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her."

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced:
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of too inches long:
The pile was of a horsefly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him:
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin:
Quoth he, "Thou manly fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
Then bid him stand upon his guard;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
Let him be ne'er so wary.

"Say to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
Do publicly proclaim him:
Withal, that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down;
Nor we a king should name him."

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd;
But to the fairy court him hy'd,
Full furiously he posted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint;
For Tomalin could do it:
How fair he sat, how sure he rid;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And every thing that I shall need,
By thee I will be guided:
To straight account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
Just as my foe's provided."

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
Betwixt those men so mighty:
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the queen of shades,
To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
Which of much care would ease her.

Awhile there let we Mab alone,
And come we to king Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
For proud Pigwiggen crying:
Who sought the fairy king as fast,
And had so well his journies cast,
That he arrived at the last,
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the king,
Tom Thum doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
To single fights belonging:
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
That either had been either:
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way:
Their staves upon their rests they lay;
Yet ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
No magic them supplied;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man;
The blood out of their helmets span,
So sharp were their encounters:
And tho' they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regain'd their own;
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet:
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet.

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled:
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wond'rously her troubled.

When to th' infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended:
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

Now Proserpine with Mab is gone
Unto the place where Oberon
And proud Pigwiggen, one to one,
Both to be slain were likely:
And there themselves they closely hide,
Because they would not be espy'd;
For Proserpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke,
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother:
So that the knights each other lost,
And stood as still as any post,
Tom Thum nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

But when the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
Proserpina commandeth peace,
And that awhile they should release
Each other of their peril:
"Which here," quoth she, "I do proclaim
To all, in dreadful Pluto's name,
That as ye will eschew his blame,
You let me bear the quarrel.

"But here yourselves you must engage,
Somewhat to cool your spleenish rage,
Your grievous thirst and to asswage,
That first you drink this liquor;
Which shall your understandings clear,
As plainly shall to you appear,
Those things from me that you shall hear,
Conceiving much the quicker."

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think:
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget
That he queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other sought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting:
And to the Fairy-court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent;
And thus I left them feasting.

THE MOON-CALF.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

"HELP! neighbours, help! for God's sake come with speed!
For of your help there never was such need.
Midwives, make haste, and dress ye as ye run;
Either come quickly, or we 're all undone!
The World's in labour, her throws come so thick,
That with the pangs she's waxt stark lunatic."
"But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.
She that call'd thus, doth presently reply,
"Do ye not see, in ev'ry street and place,
The general World now in a piteous case?"
Up got the gossips, and for very haste
Some came without shoes, some came all unlac'd,
As she had first appointed them, and found
The World in labour, dropt into a swound:
Wallowing she lay, like to a boist'rous hulk,
Dropsy'd with riots, and her big-swoln bulk
Stuff'd with infection, rottenness, and stench;
Her blood so fir'd, that nothing might it quench
But the asp's poison, which stood by her still,
That in her drought she often us'd to swill.
Clothed she was in a fool's coat and cap
Of rich embroider'd silks, and in her lap
A sort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,
Trifles scarce good enough for girls and boys,
Which she had dandled, and with them had play'd,
And of this trash her only god had made.
"Out and alas!" quoth one the rest among,
"I doubt me, neighbours, we have stay'd too long!
Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,
Fall to your bus'ness, and that speedily;
Or else I doubt, her spirits consume so fast,
That ere the birth, her strength will quite be past."
But when more wistly they did her behold,
There was not one that once durst be so bold
As to come near her, but stood all amaz'd,
Each upon other silently and gaz'd;
When as her belly they so big do see,
As if a tun within the same should be;
And heard a noise and rumbling in her womb,
As at the instant of the general doom:
Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks
Tumbling down from their sites, like mighty blocks
Roll'd from huge mountains, such a noise they make,
As tho' in sunder Heaven's huge ax-tree brake,
They either poles their heads together pasht,
And all again into the chaos dasht.
Some of slight judgment, that were standing by,
Said, it was nothing but a tympany;
Others said, sure she human help did want,
And had conceived by an elephant;
Or some sea-monster, of a horrid shape,
Committed with her by some violent rape:
Others, more wise, and noting very well
How her huge womb did past all compass swell,
Said, certainly (if that they might confess her)
It would be found some devil did possess her.
Thus while they stood, and knew not what to do,
"Women," quoth one, "why do you trifle so?
I pray you, think but wherefore ye came hither;
Shall womb and burthen perish both together?
Bring forth the birth-stool—no, let it alone—
She is so far beyond all compass grown,
Some other new device us needs must stead,
Or else she never can be brought to bed.
Let one that hath some execrable spell,
Make presently her entrance into Hell,
Call Hecate and the damn'd Furies hither,
And try if they will undertake together
To help the sick World." One is out of hand
Dispatch'd for Hell, who by the dread command
Of pow'rful charms brought Hecate away;
Who knowing her bus'ness, from herself doth lay
That sad aspect she wont to put on there
In that black empire, and doth now appear
As she's Lucina, giving strength and aid
In birth to women; mild as any maid,
Full of sweet hope her brow seem'd, and her eyes
Darting fresh comfort, like the morning skies.
Then came the Furies with their bosoms bare,
Save somewhat cover'd with their snaky hair,
In wreaths contorted, mumbling hellish charms,
Up to the elbows naked were their arms.
Megera, eld'st of these damn'd female fiends,
Gnawing her wrists, biting her fingers' ends,
Enter'd the first; Tisiphone the next,
As to revenge her sister throughly vext,
In one hand bare a whip, and in the other
A long-shape knife; the third, which seem'd to smother
Her manner of revenge, cast such an eye,
As well near turn'd to stone all that stood by,
Her name Alecto, which no plague doth rue,
Nor never leaves them whom she doth pursue.
The women pray the goddess now to stand
Auspicious to them, and to lend her hand
To the sick World; which willingly she granted:
But at the sight, as altogether daunted,
From her clear face the sprightly vigour fled,
And but she saw the women hard bestead,
Out she had gone, nor one glance back had shot,
Till Heav'n or Hell she o'er her head had got;
Yet she herself retires next to the door.
The gossips, worse than e'er they were before,
At their wits' end, know not which way to take;
At length the World beginning to awake
Out of the trance, in which she lay as dead,
And somewhat raising her unwieldy head,
To bright Lucina call'd for help, that she
Now in her travail would propitious be.
The goddess, not from feeling of her woe,
Only to see with what the World might go,
As she is dreaded Hecate, having power
Of all that keep Hell's ugly baleful bower,
Commands the Furies to step in and aid her,
And be the midwives, till they safe had laid her.
To do whose pleasure as they were about,
A sturdy housewife pertly stepping out,
Cries, "Hold a while, and let the queen alone;
It is no matter, let her lie and groan:
Hold her still to 't, we'll do the best we can
To get out of her certainly the man
Which owns the bastard: for there's not a nation
But hath with her committed fornication;

And by her base and common prostitution,
She came by this unnatural pollution.
There is a mean for women thus abus'd,
Which at this time may very well be us'd,
That in this case, when people do desire
To know the truth, yet doubtful of the sire,
When as the woman most of life doth doubt her,
In grievous throws, to those that are about her,
He that is then at the last cast disclos'd,
The natural father is to be suppos'd;
And the just law doth faithfully decide,
That for the nursing he is to provide:
Therefore let's see what in her pangs she'll say,
Lest that this bastard on the land we lay."
They lik'd her counsel, and their help deny'd,
But bade her lie and languish till she dy'd,
Unless to them she truly would confess
Who fill'd her belly with this foul excess.
"Alas!" quoth she, "the Devil dress'd me thus,
Amidst my riot, whilst that incubus
Wrought on my weakness, and, by him beguil'd,
He only is the father of the child:
His instrument, my apish imitation
Of ev'ry monstrous and prodigious fashion,
Abus'd my weakness; women, it was she,
Who was the bawd betwixt the fiend and me:
That this is true, it on my death I take;
Then help me, women, even for pity's sake."
When ominous signs to show themselves began,
That now at hand this monstrous birth fore-ran:
About at noon flew the affrighted owl,
And dogs in corners set them down to howl;
Bitches and wolves, these fatal signs among,
Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious young;
And from his height the earth-refreshing Sun,
Before his hour his golden head doth run
Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye
Should be polluted with this prodigy.
A panic fear upon the people grew,
But yet the cause there was not one that knew,
When they had heard this; a short tale to tell,
The Furies straight upon their bus'ness fell,
And long it was not ere there came to light
The most abhorred, the most fearful sight
That ever eye beheld, a birth so strange,
That at the view, it made their looks to change.
"Women," quoth one, "stand off, and come not near it;
The Devil, if he saw it, sure would fear it:
For by the shape, for aught that I can gather,
The child is able to affright the father."
"Out!" cries another; "now, for God's sake,
It is so ugly, we may not abide it! [hide it,
The birth is double, and grows side to side,
That human hand it never can divide;
And in this wond'rous sort as they be twins,
Like male and female, they be Androgynes:
The man is partly woman, likewise she
Is partly man, and yet in face they be
Full as prodigious as in parts; the twin
That is most man, yet in the face and skin
Is all mere woman: that which most doth take
From weaker woman, nature seems to make
A man in show, thereby as to define,
A feminine man, a woman masculine,
Before bred nor begot; a more strange thing
Than ever Nile yet into light could bring,
Made as creation merely to despite,
Nor man, nor woman, scarce hermaphrodite.
Afric, that's said, mother of monsters is,
Let her but show me such a one as this,
And then I will subscribe (to do her due)
And swear that what is said of her is true,"
Quoth one, "'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit;
And, for a monster, quick let's bury it."
"Nay," quoth another, "rather make provision,
If possibly, to part it by incision,
For were it parted, for aught I can see,
Both man and woman it may seem to be."
"Nay," quoth a third, "that must be done with cost,
And were it done, our labour is but lost:
For when w' have wrought the utmost that we can,
He's too much woman, and she's too much man:
Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
Let it not live here to pollute the earth."
"Gossip," quoth the last, "your reason I deny,
Tis more by law than we can justify;
For sire and dam have certainly decreed,
That they will have more comfort of their seed:
For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,
And out of doubt they will their own prefer.
Therefore, good women, better be advis'd;
For precious things should not be lightly priz'd:
This Moon-Calf, born under a lucky fate,
May pow'rful prove in many a wealthy state;
And, taught the tongues, about some few years hence
(As now we're all tongue, and but little sense)
It may fall out, for any thing you know,
This Moon-Calf may on great employments go;
When learned men, for noble action fit,
Idly at home (unthought of once) may sit;
A bawd, or a projector, he may prove,
And by his purse so purchasing him love,
May be exalted to some thriving room,
Where seldom good men suffer'd are to come.
What will you say, hereafter when you see
The times so graceless and so mad to be,
That men their perfect human shape shall fly,
To imitate this beast's deformity?
Nay, when you see this monster, which you now
Will hardly breath upon the Earth allow;
In his caroche with four white Friezlands drawn,
And he as py'd and garish as the pawn,
With a set face, in which, as in a book, [look,
He thinks the world for grounds of state should
When to some greater one, whose might doth awe him, [him?
He's known a verier jade than those that draw
Nay, at the last, the very killing sight,
To see this Calf (as Virtue to despite)
Above just honest men his head to rear,
Nor to his greatness may they once come near?"
Each ignorant sot to honour seeks to rise;
But as for Virtue, who did first devise
That title, a reward for her to be,
As most contemned and despised she,
Goes unregarded, that they who should own her,
Dare not take notice ever to have known her:
And but that Virtue, when she seemeth thrown
Lower than Hell, hath power to raise her own
Above the World, and this her monstrous birth,
She long ere this had perish'd from the Earth;
Her fautors banish'd by her foes so high,
Which look so big, as they would scale the sky.
But seeing no help, why should I thus complain?
Then to my Moon-Calf I return again,
By his dear dam the World so choicely bred,
To whom there is such greatness promised;

For it might well a perfect man amaze,
To see what means the sire and dam will raise
T' exalt their Moon-Calf, and him so to cherish,
That he shall thrive when virtuous men shall perish.
The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply
Himself to beastly sensuality,
Shall get him many friends, for that there be
Many in every place just such as he.
The evil love them that delight in ill;
Like have cleav'd to their like, and ever will.
But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few;
They that his straight and harder steps pursue,
Are a small number, scarcely known of any;
"God hath few friends, the Devil hath so many."
But to return, that ye may plainly see,
That such a one he likely is to be,
And that my words for truth that ye may try,
Of the World's babe thus do I prophesy:
Mark but the more man of these monstrous twins,
From his first youth, how tow'rdly he begins!
When he should learn, being learn'd to leave the school,
This arrant Moon-Calf, this most beastly fool,
Just to our English proverb shall be seen,
"Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteen:"
And when himself be of his home can free,
He to the city comes, where then if he,
And the familiar butterfly his page,
Can pass the street, the ord'nary, and stage,
It is enough; and he himself thinks then
To be the only absolut'st of men.
Then in his cups you shall not see him shrink,
To the grand devil a carouse to drink.
Next to his whore he doth himself apply;
And to maintain his goatish luxury,
Eats capons cook'd at fifteen crowns a piece,
With their fat bellies stuff'd with ambergrise.
And being to travel, he sticks not to lay
His post-carochies still upon his way:
And in some six days' journey doth consume
Ten pounds in suckets and the Indian fume.
For his attire, then foreign parts are sought,
He holds all vile in England that is wrought;
And into Flanders sendeth for the nonce,
Twelve dozen of shirts providing him at once,
Lay'd in the seams with costly lace, that be
Of the smock fashion, whole below the knee;
Then bathes in milk, in which when he hath been,
He looks like one for the preposterous sin,
Put by the wicked and rebellious Jews
To be a pathic in their male-kind stews.
With the ball of 's foot the ground he may not feel,
But he must tread upon his toe and heel:
Doublet and cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;
Only his head-piece, that is fill'd with wind.
Rags, running horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,
The only things that he doth hold in price:
Yet more than these, naught doth him so delight,
As doth his smooth-chinn'd, plump-thigh'd catamite.
Sodom for her great sin that burning sank,
Which at one draught the pit infernal drank,
Which that just God on Earth could not abide,
Hath she so much the devils terrify'd,
As from their seat them well near to exile,
Hath Hell new spew'd her up after this while?
Is she new risen, and her sin agen
Embrac'd by beastly and outrageous men?
Nay, more, he jests at incest, as therein
There were no fault, counts sacrilege no sin:
His blasphemies he useth for his grace,
Wherewith he truth doth oftentimes outface:
He tormeth virtue madness, or mere folly;
He hates all high things, and profanes all holy.
Where is thy thunder, God, art thou asleep?
Or to what suffering hand giv'st thou to keep
Thy wrath and vengeance? where is now the strength
Of thy almighty arm, fails it at length?
Turn all the stars to comets, to out-stare
The Sun at noon-tide, that he shall not dare
To look but like a glow-worm, for that he
Can without melting these damnations see.
But this I'll leave, lest I my pen defile:
Yet to my Moon-Calf keep I close the while,
Who by some knave persuaded he hath wit,
When like a brave fool, he to utter it,
Dare with a desperate boldness roughly pass
His censure on those books, which the poor ass
Can never reach to, things from darkness sought,
That to the light with blood and sweat were brought:
And takes upon him those things to control,
Which should the brainless idiot sell his soul,
All his dull race, and he, can never buy,
With their base pelf, his glorious industry.
Knowledge with him is idle, if it strain
Above the compass of his yesty brain:
Now knows men's worths but by a second hand,
For he himself doth nothing understand; [not:
He would have something, but what 'tis he shows
What he would speak, nay, what to think, he knows not:
He nothing more than truth and knowledge loaths,
And nothing he admires of man, but clothes.
Now for that I thy dotage dare mislike,
And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;
Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:
Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,
Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,
I hate thy vice more than I do a toad.
Poor is the spirit that fawns on thy applause,
Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.
Misfortune light on him, that aught doth weigh,
Ye sons of Belial, what ye think or say:
Who would have thought, whilst wit sought to advance
Itself so high, damn'd beastly ignorance,
Under the cloke of knowledge, should creep in,
And from desert should so much credit win?
But all this poisonous froth Hell hath let fly,
In these last days, at noble Poesy,
That which hath had both in all times and places,
For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces;
The language which the spheres and angels speak,
In which their mind they to poor mortals break,
By God's great power, into rich souls infus'd,
By every Moon-Calf lately thus abus'd:
Should all Hell's black inhabitants conspire,
And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,
Such as high Heav'n were able to affright,
And on the noonstead bring a double night,
Than they have done, they could not more disgrace her,
As from the Earth (ev'n) utterly to raze her:
What princes lov'd, by peasants now made hateful
In this our age, so damnably ungrateful:
And to give open passage to her fall,
It is devis'd to blemish her withal,
That th' hideous braying of each barb'rous ass,
In printed letters freely now must pass,

In accents so untuneable and vile,
With other nations as might damn our isle,
If so our tongue they truly understood, [mud.
And make them think our brains were merely
To make her vile and ugly to appear,
Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,
That on the stationer's stall who pasting looks,
To see the multiplicity of books
That poster it, may well believe the press,
Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess:
Which breedeth such a dulness through the land,
'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,
Which, did they read those sinewy poems writ,
That are material, relishing of wit,
Wise policy, morality, or story,
Well pourtraying th' ancients and their glory,
These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,
Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
In little time would grow to be asham'd;
And blush to hear those lousy pamphlets nam'd,
Which now they study, naught but folly learning,
Which is the cause that they have no discerning,
The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.
Whofer this hateful trash should I condemn,
They that do utter, or authorise them?
O that the ancients should so careful be
Of what they did impress, and only we
Loosely at random should let all things fly,
Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemy!
But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,
All is but foolish that they can devise;
For when contempt of Poesy is prondest,
Then have the Muses ever sung the loudest.
But to my Calf; who, to be counted prime,
According to the fashion of the time,
Him to associate some buffoon doth get,
Whose brains he still with much expense must whet,
And ever bear about him as his guest,
Who coming out with some ridiculous jest,
Of one perhaps a god that well might be,
If but compar'd with such an ass as he,
His patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,
"Take him away, or presently I die!" [know,
Whilst that knave-fool, which well himself doth
Smiles at the coxcomb, which admires him so;
His time and wealth thus lewdly that doth spend,
As it were lent him to no other end:
Until this Moon-Calf, this most drunken puff,
Ev'n like a candle burnt into the snuff,
Fir'd with surfeit, in his own grease fries,
Sparkles a little, and then stinking dies.
The wealth his father by extortion won,
Thus in the spending helps to damn the son,
And so falls out indifferently to either,
Whereby in Hell they justly meet together;
And yet the World much joys in her behalf,
And takes no little pleasure in her Calf.
Had this declining time the freedom now,
Which the brave Romans once it did allow,
With wire and whipcord ye should see her pay'd,
Till the luxurious whore should be afraid
Of prostitution; and such lashes given,
To make her blood spirt in the face of Heaven,
That man, by looking upwards as they go,
Should see the plagues lay'd on her here below.
But now proceed we with the other twin,
Which is most woman, who shall soon begin
To show herself. No sooner got the teens,
But her own natural beauty she disdains;
With oils and broths most venomous and base
She plasters over her well-favour'd face;
And those sweet veins by Nature rightly plac'd,
Wherewith she seem'd that white skin to have
lac'd,
She soon doth alter; and with fading blue
Blanching her bosom, she makes others new,
Blotting the curious workmanship of Nature;
That ere she be arriv'd at her full stature,
Ere she be drest, she seemeth aged grown,
And to have nothing on her of her own.
Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,
Naturally lovely, she doth scorn to wear;
It must be white, to make it fresh to show,
And with compounded meal she makes it so,
With fumes and powd'rings raising such a smoke,
That a whole region able were to choke:
Whose stench might fright a dragon from his den;
The Sun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,
Such pestilentious vapours as arise [curies,
From their French powd'rings, and their mer-
Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,
Of thine own power to drive out thy Tyrone,
By heaping up a mass of coin together,
Shear thy old wolves, and send their fleeces hither.
Thy white goats' hair, Wales, dearer will be sold
Than silk of Naples, or than thread of gold.
Our water-dogs and islands here are shorn,
White hair of women here so much is worn.
Nay, more than this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean;
To help their pride they nothing will disdain.
Then in attiring her, and in her sleep,
The day's three parts she exercis'd doth keep;
And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
The other fourth part, to no other end
But to take note how such a lady lies,
And to glean from her some deformities,
Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
She thinks herself to be but counterfeit.
Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either Ind,
Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind;
Nor Nature's perfect'st patterns can suffice
The curious draughts for her embroideries.
She thinks her honour utterly is lost,
Except those things do infinitely cost
Which she doth wear; nor thinks they can her
dress,
Except she have them in most strange excess.
And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
In ev'ry thing she must be monsterous.
Her pibcadil above her crown up-bears;
Her fardingale is set above her ears,
Which like a bread sail with the wind doth swell,
To drive this fair hulk headlong into Hell.
After again note, and you shall her see
Shorn like a man; and for that she will be
Like him in all, her congies she will make
With the man's courtesy, and her hat off take,
Of the French fashion; and wear by her side
Her sharp stiletto in a riband ty'd;
Then gird herself close to the paps she shall,
Shap'd breast and buttock, but no waist at all.
But of this She-Calf now to cease all strife,
I'll by example limn her to the life:
Not long ago it was my chance to meet
With such a fury, such a female sprite,
As never man saw yet, except 'twere she,
And such a one as I may never see

Again, I pray; but where I will not name,
For that the place might so partake her shame:
But when I saw her rampant to transcend
All womanhood, I thought her (sure) some fiend;
And to myself my thoughts suggested thus,
That she was gotten by some incubus;
And so remembring an old woman's tale,
As she sat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,
That on a time she did the devil meet,
And knew him only by his cloven feet;
So did I look at her's where she did go,
To see if her feet were not cloven so.
Ten long-tongu'd tapsters in a common inn,
When as the guests to flock apace begin,
When up-stair one, down-stair another hies,
With squeaking clamours and confused cries,
Never did yet make such a noise as she;
That I dare boldly justify, that he
Who but one hour her loud clack can endure,
May undisturbed, safely, and secure
Sleep under any bells, and never hear
Tho' they were rung, the clappers at his ear;
And the long'st night with one sweet sleep beguile,
As tho' he dreamt of music all the while.
The very sight of her, when she doth roar,
Is able to strike dumb the boldest whore
That ever traded: she'll not stick to tell,
All in her life that ever her befell;
How she hath lain with all degrees and ages,
Her ploughboys, scullions, lackies, and some pages;
And swear, when we have said all that we can,
That there is nothing worth a pin in man;
And that there's nothing doth so please her mind,
As to see mares and horses do their kind:
And when she's tipsy, howsoe'er 't offend,
Then all her speech to bawdry doth intend;
In women's secrets, and she'll name ye all
Read to the midwives at the Surgeons-hall.
Were the poor coxcomb her dull husband dead,
He that durst then this female Moon-Calf wed,
Should quite put down the Roman, which once
Into the burning gulf, thereby to keep [leapt
His country from devouring with the flame:
Thus leave we her, of all her sex the shame.

Amongst the rest at the World's labour, there
Four good old women most especial were,
Which had been jolly wenches in their days,
Through all the parish and had borne the praise
For merry tales; one, mother Redcap hight,
And mother Owlet, somewhat ill of sight,
For she had hurt her eyes with watching late,
Then mother Bumby, a mad jocund mate
As ever gossipp'd; and with her there came
Old gammer Gurton, a right pleasant dame.
As the best of them: being thus together,
The bus'ness done for which they had come thither,
Quoth jolly mother Redcap at the last,
"I see the night is quickly like to waste;
And since the World so kindly now is laid,
And the child safe, which made us all afraid,
Let's have a night on 't, wenches; hang up sorrow,
And what sleep wants now, take it up to-morrow.
Stir up the fire, and let us have our ale,
And o'er our cups let each one tell her tale:
My honest gossips, and to put you in,
I'll break the ice, and thus doth mine begin.
"There was a certain prophesy of old,
Which to an isle had anciently been told,
That after many years were com'n and gone,
Which then came out, and the set time came on;
Nay, more, it told the very day and hour,
Wherein should fall so violent a show'r,
That it new rivers in the earth should wear,
And dorps and bridges quite away should bear:
But where this isle is, that I cannot show,
Let them inquire that have desire to know:
The story leaves out that; let it alone,
And, gossips, with my tale I will go on.
Yet what was worse, the prophecy this spake,
(As to warn men defence for it to make)
That upon whom one drop should chance to light,
They should of reason be deprived quite.
This prophecy had many an age been heard,
But not a man did it one pin regard;
For all to folly did themselves dispose,
(On verier calves the Sun yet never rose)
And of their laughter made it all the theme,
By turning it, the drunken wizard's dream.
There was one honest man, amongst the rest,
That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast,
And to himself his private hours had kept,
To talk with God, whilst others drank or slept,
Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal'd
That which in justice he had long conceal'd
From the rude herd, but let them still run on
The ready way to their destruction.
This honest man the prophecy that noted,
And things therein more curiously had quoted,
Found all those signs were truly come to pass,
That should foreshow this rain, and that it was
Nearly at hand; and from his depth of skill
Had many a time forewarn'd them of their ill,
And preach'd to them this deluge (for their good)
As to th' old world Noe did before the flood,
But lost his labour; and since 'twas in vain
To talk more to those idiots of the rain,
He let them rest, and silent sought about
Where he might find some place of safety out,
To shroud himself in; for right well he knew,
That from this show'r, which then began to brew,
No roof of tile or thatch he could come in
Could serve him from being wet to the bare skin.
At length this man bethought him of a cave
In a huge rock, which likely was to save
Him from the show'r, upon a hill so steep,
As up the same a man could hardly creep;
So that, except Noe's flood should come again,
He never could be raught by any rain:
Thither at length, tho' with much toil he clomb,
List'ning to hear what would thereof become.
It was not long ere he perceiv'd the skies
Settled to rain, and a black cloud arise,
Whose foggy grossness so oppress'd the light,
As it would turn the noonsted into night.
When the wind came about with all his pow'r,
Into the tail of this approaching show'r,
And it to lighten presently began,
Quicker than thought from east to west that ran;
The thunder following did so fiercely rave,
And through the thick clouds with such fury drave,
As Hell had been set open for the space,
And all the devils heard to roar at once:
And soon the tempest so outrageous grew,
That it whole hedge-rows by the roots pathers
So wond'rously prodigious was the weather,
As Heaven and Earth had meant to go together.
And down the show'r impetuously doth fall,
Like that which upon the hurricane call,
As the grand deluge had been come again,
And all the world should perish by the rain.

And long it lasted; all which time this man,
Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment scan
What of this inundation would ensue,
For he knew well the prophecy was true:
And when the show'r was somewhat overpast,
And that the skies began to clear at last,
To the cave's mouth he softly put his ear,
To listen if he any thing could hear,
What harm this storm had done, and what became
Of those that had been soused in the same.
No sooner he that nimble organ lent
To the cave's mouth, but that incontinent
There was a noise, as if the garden bears,
And all the dogs together by the ears,
And those of Bedlam had enlarged been,
And to behold the baiting had come in.
Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas!)
That what had been foretold, was come to pass;
Within himself, good man, he reason'd thus:
'*'Tis* for our sins this plague is fall'n on us.
Of all the rest, tho' in my wits I be,
(I thank my Maker) yet it grieveth me
To see my country in this piteous case;
Woe's me that ever they so wanted grace!
But when as man once casts off virtue quite,
And doth in sin and beastliness delight,
We see how soon God turns him to a sot.
To show myself yet a true patriot,
I'll in amongst them, and if so that they
Be not accurst of God, yet, yet I may,
By wholesome counsel (if they can but hear)
Make them as perfect as at first they were.'
And thus resolv'd, goes this good poor man down;
When at the entrance of the neighbouring town
He meets a woman with her buttocks bare,
Got up astride upon a wall-ey'd mare,
To run a horse-race, and was like to ride
Over the good man; but he stept aside:
And after her, another that bestrode
A horse of service, with a lance she rode
Arm'd, and behind her on a pillion sat
Her frantic husband, in a broad-brimm'd hat,
A mask and safeguard; and had in his hand
His mad wife's distaff for a riding-wand.
Scarce from these mad folk had he gone so far,
As a strong man will eas'ly pitch a bar,
But that he found a youth in tissue brave,
(A daintier than one would not wish to have)
Was courting of a loathsome mealed cow,
And, in his judgment, swore he must allow
Hers the prime beauty that he ever saw.
Thus was she su'd to (by that prating daw)
Whom a dunghill in the loathsome gore
Had farrowed ten pigs scarce an hour before.
At which this man in melancholy deep,
Burst into laughter, like before to weep.
Another fool, to fit him for the weather, [feather,
Had arm'd his heels with cork, his head with
And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
Than in the rain-bow ever can be had;
Stalk'd through the streets, preparing him to fly
Up to the Moon upon an embassy.
Another seeing his drunken wife disgorge
Her pamper'd stomach, got her to a forge,
And in her throat the feverous heat to quench,
With the smith's horn was giving her a drench.
One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,
So frantic, that he took him for a horse,
And to a pond was leading him to drink.
It went beyond the wit of man to think,
The sundry frenzies that he there might see.
One man would to another married be;
And for a curate taking the town bull,
Would have him knit the knot. Another gull
Had found an ape was chained to a stall,
Which he to worship on his knees doth fall;
To do the like and doth his neighbours get,
Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monkey set,
And on their shoulder lifting him on high,
They in procession bear him with a cry;
And him a lord will have at least, if not
A greater man. Another sort had got
About a pedlar, who had lately heard
How with the mad-men of this isle it far'd;
And having nothing in his pack but toys,
Which none except meer madmen and fond boys
Would ever touch, thought verily that he
Amongst these Bedlams would a gainer be,
Or else lose all; scarce had he pitch'd his pack,
Ere he could scarcely say, 'What do ye lack?'
But that they throng'd about him with their money,
As thick as flies about a pot of honey.
Some of these lunatics, these frantic asses,
Gave him spur-rials for his farthing glasses:
There should you see another of these cattle
Give him a pound of silver for a rattle;
And there another, that would needaly scorse
A costly jewel for a hobby-horse.
For bells and babies, such as children small
Are ever us'd to solace them withal,
Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
That it was able to subvert a state.
Which when this wise and sober man beheld,
For very grief his eyes with tears were swell'd.
'Alas, that ere I saw this day!' quoth he,
'That I my native countrymen should see
In this estate!' When out of very zeal
Both to his native earth and common-weal,
He thrust amongst them, and thus frames his speech:
"'Dear countrymen, I humbly ye beseech,
Hear me a little, and but mark me well.
Alas! it is not long since first ye fell
Into this frenzy, these outrageous fits;
Be not, I pray you, so out of your wits,
But call to mind th' inevitable ill
Must fall on ye, if ye continue still
Thus mad and frantic; therefore be not worse
Than your brute beasts, to bring thereby a curse
Upon your nephews, so to taint their blood,
That twenty generations shall be woo'd;
And this brave land, for wit that hath been fam'd,
The Isle of Idiots after shall be nam'd:
Your brains are not so craz'd, but leave this riot,
And 'tis no question, but with temp'rate diet,
And counsel of wise men, when they shall see
The desperate estate wherein you be,
But with such med'cines as they will apply,
They'll quickly cure your grievous malady.'
And as he would proceed with his oration,
One of the chiefest of this Bedlam nation
Lays hold on him, and asks who he should be:
'Thou fellow,' quoth this lord, 'where had we thee?
Com'st thou to preach to us that be so wise?
What! wilt thou take upon thee to advise
Us, of whom all now underneath the sky
May well be seen to learn frugality?
Why surely, honest fellow, thou art mad.'
Another standing by, swore that he had
Seen him in Bedlam fourteen years ago.
'O,' quoth a third, 'this fellow do I know.

This is an arrant coxcomb, a meer dizard:
If ye remember, this is the same wizzard,
Which took upon him wisely to foretel
The show'r, so many years before it fell;
Whose strong effects being so strange and rare,
Have made us such brave creatures as we are.'
When of this nation all the frantic rout
Fell into laughter the poor man about:
Some made mouths at him, others, as in scorn,
With their forkt-fingers pointed him the horn:
They call'd him ass and dolt, and bade him go
Amongst such fools as he himself was, who
Could not teach them. At which this honest man,
Finding that nought but hate and scorn he wan
Amongst these idiots and their beastly kind,
The poor small remnant of his life behind,
Determineth to solitude to give,
And a true hermit afterward to live."

The tale thus ended, "Gossip, by your leave,"
Quoth mother Bumby, "I do well perceive
The moral of your story, which is this
(Correct me, dame, if I do judge amiss:)
But first I'll tell you, by this honest ale,
In my conceit this is a pretty tale;
And if some handsome players would it take,
It (sure) a pretty interlude would make.
But to the moral: this same mighty shower
Is a plague sent by supernatural power
Upon the wicked. For when God intends
To lay a curse on men's ungodly ends,
Of understanding he doth them deprive;
Which taken from them, up themselves they give
To beastliness; nor will he let them see
The miserable estate wherein they be.
The rock, to which this man for safety climbs,
The contemplation is of the sad times
Of the declining world. His counsels told
To the mad rout, to spoil and baseness sold,
Shows, that from such no goodness can proceed;
Who counsels fools, shall seldom better speed."

Quoth mother Redcap, "You have hit it right."
Quoth she, "I know it, gossip; and to quit
Your tale, another you of me shall have,
Therefore a while your patience let me crave.

"Out in the north tow'rds Greenland, far away,
There was a witch, (as ancient stories say)
As in those parts there many witches be;
Yet in her craft above all other she
Was the most expert, dwelling in an isle,
Which was in compass scarce an English mile;
Which by her cunning she could make to float
Whither she list, as though it were a boat;
And where again she meant to have it stay,
There could she fix it in the deepest sea.
She could sell winds to any one that would
Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
What time she listed, tie them in a thread,
Which ever as the seafarer undid,
They rose or scantled, as his sails would drive,
To the same port whereas he would arrive.
She by her spells could make the Moon to stay,
And from the east she could keep back the day,
Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the light,
And with the noonsted she could mix the night.
Upon this isle whereas she had abode,
Nature (God knows) but little cost bestow'd;
Yet in the same some bastard creatures were,
Seldom yet seen in any place but there;
Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,
Such as we satyrs pourtray'd out do find;
Another sort of a most ugly shape,
A bear in body, and in face an ape;
Other, like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls,
That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls;
Besides, there were of sundry other sorts,
But we'll not stand too long on these reports.
Of all the rest that most resembles man,
Was an o'er-worn ill-favour'd Babian;
Which of all other (for that only he
Was full of tricks, as they are us'd to be)
Him in her craft so seriously she taught,
As that in little time she had him brought,
That nothing could afore this ape be set,
That presently he could not counterfeit:
She learnt him med'cines instantly to make;
Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take;
And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
She sent him for intelligence abroad.
Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
He went to practise all the world about.
He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
All kind of gibb'rish he had learnt to know,
And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,
Would show the people tricks at fast and loose;
Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out
By sly inquiry as he went about,
What chance this one he, or that she had prov'd,
Whom they most hated, or whom most they lov'd,
And looking in their hands, as there he knew it,
Out of his skill would counterfeit to show it.
Sometimes he for a mountebank would pass,
And show you in a crucible or glass
Some rare extraction, presently and run
Through all the cures that he therewith had done.
An aspic still he carry'd in a poke,
Which he to bite him often would provoke,
And with an oil, when it began to swell,
The deadly poison quickly could expel:
And many times a juggler he would be,
(A craftier knave there never was than he)
And by a mist deceiving of the sight,
(As knavery ever falsifies the light)
He by his active nimbleness of hand
Into a serpent would transform a wand,
As those Egyptians, which by magic thought
Far beyond Moses wonders to have wrought.
There never was a subtilty devis'd,
In which this villain was not exercis'd.
Now from this region where they dwelt, not far,
There was a wise and learn'd astronomer,
Who skilful in the planetary hours,
The working know of the celestial powers,
And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
Men in their actions wisely could direct;
And in the black and gloomy arts so skill'd,
That he e'en Hell in his subjection held;
He could command the spirits up from below,
And bind them strongly, till they let him know
All the dread secrets that belong'd them to,
And what those did, with whom they had to do.
This wizard in his knowledge most profound,
Sitting one day the depth of things to sound;
For that the world was brought to such pass,
That it well-near in a confusion was;
For things set right, ran quickly out of frame,
And those awry to rare perfection came:
And matters in such sort about were brought,
That states were puzzled almost beyond thought,
Which made him think (as he might very well)
There were more devils than he knew in Hell:

And thus resolves, that he would cast about
In his best skill to find the engine out
That wrought all this, and put himself therein.
When in this bus'ness long he had not been,
But by the spirits which he had sent abroad,
And in this work had every way bestow'd,
He came to know this foul witch, and her factor,
The one the plotter, and the other th' actor
Of all these stirs, which many a state had spoil'd,
Whereby the world so long had been turmoil'd;
Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,
Out of the way this couple to remove,
Or (out of question) half the world a're long
Would be divided, here and his among.
When turning over his most mystic books,
Into the secrets of his art he looks;
And th' earth and th' air doth with such magics fill,
That ev'ry place was troubled by his skill;
Whilst in his mind he many a thing revolves,
Till at the last he with himself resolves,
One spirit of his should take the witch's shape,
Another in the person of the ape
Should be join'd with him, so to prove by this,
Whether their pow'r were less, or more than his;
Which he performs, and to their task them sets,
When soon that spirit, the witch that counterfeits,
Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,
Into the place then of her home gets he:
And when the Babian came the news to bring
What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing
Which he had plotted, how their bus'ness went,
And in the rest to know her dread intent,
Where she was wont to call him her dear son,
Her little play-fere, and her pretty bun;
Hug him, and swear he was her only joy,
Her very Hermes, her most dainty boy;
O most strange thing; she chang'd her wonted
And doth to him most terrible appear; [cheer,
And in most fearful shapes she doth him threaten
With eager looks, as him she would have eaten,
That from her presence he was forc'd to fly,
As from his death, or deadly enemy.
When now the second, which the shape doth take
Of the baboon, determining to make
The like sport with him, his best time doth watch,
When he alone the cursed witch might catch;
And when her factor farthest was remote,
Then he began to change his former note;
And where he went to tell her pleasing stories
Full of their conquests, triumphs, and their glories,
He turns his tale, and to the witch relates
The strange revolts of tributary states,
Things gotten back, which late they had for prize,
With new discoveries of their policies;
Disgusts and dangers that had cross'd their cunning,
With sad portents, their ruin still forerunning:
That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv'd
Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav'd,
As in despair do bid the world adieu.
When as the ape, which weak and sickly grew,
On the cold earth his scurvy carrion lays,
And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days:
The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,
Into the north past Thule takes her flight,
And in those deeps, past which no land is found,
Her wretched self she miserably drown'd."

The tale thus ended, mother Owl doth take
Her turn, and thus to mother Bumby spake:
"The tale our gossip Redcap told before,
Was so well riddled, that there can no more
Be said of it; and therefore as your due,
What you have done for her, I'll do for you.

"And thus it is: That same notorious witch,
Is the ambition men have to be rich
And great; for which all faith aside they lay,
And to the devil give themselves away.
The floating isle, where she is said to won,
The various courses are through which they run
To get their ends. And by the ape is meant
Those damned villains, made the instrument
To their designs. That wond'rous man of skill,
Sound counsel is; or rather, if you will,
The divine justice, which doth bring to light
Their wicked plots, not caught by common sight?
For tho' they never have so closely wrought,
Yet to confusion lastly they are brought."

"Gossip, indeed you have hit it to a hair;
And surely your morality is rare,"
Quoth mother Bumby. Mother Owl reply'd,
"Come, come, I know I was not very wide:
Wherefore, to quit your tales, and make 'em three,
My honest gossips, listen now to me.

"There was a man not long since dead, but he
Rather a devil might accounted be:
For Judgment, at her best, could hardly scan,
Whether he were more devil, or more man:
And as he was, he did himself apply
T' all kind of witchcraft and black sorcery;
And for his humour naturally stood
To theft, to rapine, and to shedding blood,
By those damn'd hags, with whom he was in grace,
And us'd to meet in many a secret place,
He learnt an herb of such a wond'rous pow'r,
That were it gather'd at a certain hour,
(For nature for the same did so provide,
As tho' from knowledge gladly it to hide,
For at sun-set itself it did disclose,
And shut itself up as the morning rose)
That with thrice saying a strange magic spell,
Which, but to him, to no man they would tell,
When as soe'er that simple he would take,
It him a war-wolf instantly would make;
Which put in practice, he most certain prov'd,
When to a forest he himself remov'd,
Thro' which there lay a plain and common road,
Which he the place chose for his chief abode,
And there this monster sat him down to thieve,
Nothing but stol'n goods might this fiend relieve.
No silly woman by that way could pass,
But by this wolf she surely ravish'd was;
And if he found her flesh were soft and good,
What serv'd for lust, must also serve for food.
Into a village he sometime would get,
And watching there (as for the purpose set)
For little children when they came to play,
The fatt'st he ever bore with him away:
And as the people oft were wont to rise,
Following with hubbubs and confused cries,
Yet was he so well-breath'ed, and so light,
That he would still outstrip them by his flight;
And making straight to the tall forest near,
Of the sweet flesh would have his junkets there.
And let the shepherds do the best they could,
Yet would he venture oft upon the fold;
And taking the fatt'st sheep he there could find,
Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.
Nor could men keep so much as pig or lamb,
But if no sooner could drop from the dam,
By hook or crook but he would surely catch,
Tho' with their weapons all the town should watch.

Amongst the rest there was a silly ass,
That on the way by fortune chanc'd to pass,
Yet (it was true) he in his time had been
A very perfect man in shape and skin;
But by a witch (envying his estate)
That had borne to him a most deadly hate,
Into this shape he was transform'd, and so
From place to place he wander'd to and fro,
And oftentimes was taken for a stray,
And in the pinfold many a time he lay;
Yet held he still the reason that he had
When he was man, altho' he thus was clad
In a poor ass's shape, wherein he goes,
And must indure what Fortune will impose.
Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,
His present prey determining to make.
He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people hear;
But it fell out, no creature being near,
The silly ass, when he had done his best,
Must walk the common way amongst the rest;
When tow'rds his den the cruel wolf him tugs,
And by the ears most terribly him lugs:
But as God would, he had no list to feed,
Wherefore to keep him still he should have need.
The silly creature utterly forlorn,
He brings into a brake of briers and thorn,
And so entangles by the mane and tail,
That he might pluck and struggle there, and hale,
Till his breath left him, unless by great chance
Some one might come for his deliverance.
At length the people grievously annoy'd
By this vile wolf, so many that destroy'd,
Determined a hunting they would make,
To see if they by any means could take
This rav'nous war-wolf: and with them they bring
Mastiffs and mongrels, all that in a string
Could be got out, or could but lug a hog;
Ball, Ratell, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.
Bills, bats, and clubs the angry men do bear;
The women, eager as their husbands were,
With spits and fireforks, sware if they could catch him,
It should go hard but they would soon dispatch him.
This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard
What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
And, by the noise, that they were near at hand,
Thinking this ass did nothing understand,
Goes down into a spring that was hard by,
Which the ass noted, and immediately
He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape left,
In which so long he had committed theft.
The silly ass so wistly then did view him,
And in his fancy so exactly drew him,
That he was sure to own this thief again,
If he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.
This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth shroud
In a near thicket, till the hoist'rous crowd
Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
Upon the rear, not any of them all
Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be
More diligent to find the wolf than he.
They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the ground,
But yet the war-wolf was not to be found;
But a poor ass entangled in the briers,
In such strange sort, as ev'ry one desires
To see the manner, and each one doth gather
How he was fasten'd so, how he came thither.
The silly ass yet being still in hold,
Makes all the means that possibly he could
To be let loose; he hums, he kneels, and cries,
Shaketh his head, and turneth up his eyes
To move their pity; that some said, 'twas sure
This ass had sense of what he did endure:
And at the last amongst themselves decreed
To let him loose. The ass no sooner freed,
But out he goes the company among,
And where he saw the people thick'st to throng,
There he thrusts in, and looketh round about;
Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out;
That he was likely to have thrown to ground
Those in his way: which when the people found,
Tho' the poor ass they seemed to disdain,
Follow'd him yet, to find what he should mean,
Until by chance that he this villain met,
When he upon him furiously doth set,
Fast'ning his teeth upon him with such strength,
That he could not be loos'd, till at the length
Railing them in, the people make a ring,
Struck with the wonder of so strange a thing;
Whilst they are cag'd, contending whether can
Conquer, the ass some cry, some cry the man:
Yet the ass dragg'd him, and still forward drew
Tow'rds the strange spring, which yet they never knew;
Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to sway,
The people made a lane, and gave them way.
At length the ass had tugg'd him near thereto,
The people wond'ring what he meant to do;
He seem'd to show them with his foot the well,
Then with an ass-like noise he seem'd to tell
The story, now by pointing to the men,
Then to the thief, then to the spring again:
At length wax angry, growing into passion
Because they could not find his demonstration,
T' express it more, he leaps into the spring,
When on the sudden (O most wond'rous thing!)
To change his shape he presently began,
And at an instant became perfect man,
Recov'ring speech; and coming forth, accus'd
The bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd
The honest people, and such harm had done;
Before them all and presently begun,
To show them in what danger he had been,
And of this wolf the cruelty and sin,
How he came chang'd again, as he had prov'd.
Whereat the people being strangely mov'd,
Some on the head, some on the back do clap him,
And in their arms with shouts and kisses hap him;
Then all at once upon the war-wolf flew,
And up and down him on the earth they drew;
Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,
And on their weapon's points in triumph put;
Returning back with a victorious song,
Bearing the man aloft with them along.

Quoth gammer Gurton, "On my honest word,
You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,
Good neighbour Owlet, and as ye have done
Each one for other since our tales begun,
And since our stand of ale so well endures,
As you have moral'd Bumby's, I will yours.
The fable of the war-wolf I apply
To a man given to blood and cruelty,
And upon spoil doth only set his rest;
Which by a wolf's shape livelier is expreet.
The spring, by which he gets his former shape,
Is the evasion after every rape
He hath to start by. And the silly ass,
Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,

Is some just scut, who though the world disdain,
Yet he by God is strangely made the mean
To bring his damned practices to light."
Quoth mother Owlet, "You have hit the white."
"I thought as much," (quoth gammer Gurton:)
"then
My turn comes next, have with you once again.
"A mighty waste there in a country was,
Yet not so great as it was poor of grass.
'Twas said of old, a saint once curst the soil,
So barren and so hungry, that no toil
Could ever make it any thing to bear,
Nor would aught prosper that was planted there.
Upon the earth the spring was seldom seen,
'Twas winter there, when each place else was green;
When summer did her most abundance yield,
That lay still brown as any fallow field;
Upon the same some few trees scattering stood,
But it was autumn ere they us'd to bud;
And they were crookt and knotty, and the leaves
The niggard sap so utterly deceives,
That sprouting forth, they drooping hung the
head,
And were near wither'd ere yet fully spread.
No mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,
Nor could be won to stay upon that place;
Only the night-crow sometimes you might see,
Croaking, to sit upon some raspick-tree,
Which was but very seldom too, and then
It boded great mortality to men.
As were the trees, which on that common grew,
So were the cattle, starvelings; and a few
Asses and mules, and they were us'd to gnaw
The very earth to fill the hungry maw;
When they far'd best, they fed on fern and brack,
Their lean shrunk bellies cleav'd up to their back.
Of all the rest in that great waste that went,
Of those quick carrions the most eminent
Was a poor mule, upon that common bred,
And from his foaling farther never fed;
The summer well-near ev'ry year was past,
Ere he his ragged winter coat could cast;
And then the jade would get him to a tree
That had a rough bark, purposely, where he
Rubbing his buttocks and his either side,
Would get the old hair from his starved hide;
And tho' he were as naked as my nail,
Yet he would whinny then, and wag the tail.
In this short pasture one day as he stood
Ready to faint amongst the rest for food;
Yet the poor beast (according to his kind)
Bearing his nostrils up into the wind,
A sweet fresh feeding thought that he did vent,
(Nothing, as hunger, sharpeneth so the scent;)
For that not far there was a goodly ground,
Which with sweet grass so greatly did abound,
That the fat soil seem'd to be over-fraught,
Nor could bestow the burthen that he brought;
Besides that bounteous Nature did it stick
With sundry sorts of fragrant flow'rs so thick,
That when the warm and balmy south-wind blew,
The luscious smells o'er all the region flew.
Led by his sense, at length this poor jade found
This pasture (fenc'd tho' with a mighty mound,
A pale and quickset circling it about,
That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)
And with himself thus wittily doth cast:
'Well, I have found good pasture yet at last,
If by some means accomplish'd it might be;'
Round with the ditch immediately walks he;
And long tho' 'twas, (good luck ne'er comes too
It was his chance to light upon a gate [late)
That led into it: tho' his hap were good,
Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
And every bar that did to it belong
Was so well jointed, and so wond'rous strong,
Besides a great lock with a double ward,
That he thereby of entrance was debarr'd,
And thereby hard beset; yet thought at length,
'Twas done by sleight, that was not done by
strength.
Fast in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
Then his hard buttocks to the gate he set,
And thrust, and shook, and labour'd, till at last,
The two great posts, that held the same so fast,
Began to loosen; when again he takes
Fresh foot-hold, and afresh he shakes and shakes,
Till the great hinges to fly off he feels,
And heard the gate fall clatt'ring at his heels;
Then neighs and brays with such an open throat,
That all the waste resounded with his note.
The rest, that did his language understand,
Knew well there was some good to them in hand,
And tag and rag thro' thick and thin came running,
Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor bushes shunning;
And so desirous to see their good hap,
That with their thronging they stack in the gap.
Now they bestir their teeth, and do devour
More sweetness in the compass of one hour,
Than twice so many could in twice the time,
For now the spring was in the very prime;
Till prickt with plenty, ens'd of all their lacks,
Their pamper'd bellies swoln above their backs,
They tread and waddle all the goodly grass,
That in the field there scarce a corner was
Left free by them; and what they had not
swallow'd, [wallow'd.
There they had dung'd, and laid 'em down and
One with another they would lie and play,
And in the deep fog batten all the day.
Thus a long while this merry life they led,
Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd sides were fed.
But on a time the weather being fair,
And season fit to take the pleasant air,
To view his pasture the rich owner went,
And see what grass the fruitful year had sent:
Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd
To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd,
He in a rage upon them sets his cur,
But for his bawling not a beast would stir;
Then whoops and shouts, and claps his hands;
but he
Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,
As once but stir them: when all would not do,
Last with his goad amongst them he doth go,
And some of them he grindeth in the haunches,
Some in the flanks, that prickt their very paunches:
But when they felt that they began to smart,
Upon a sudden they together start,
And drive at him as fast as they could ding,
They flirt, they yerk, they backward fluce and
fling,
As though the devil in their heels had been,
That to escape the danger he was in,
He back and back into a quagmire by,
Though with much peril, forced was to fly:
But lightly treading thereupon, doth shift,
Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,
When they the peril that do not forecast,
In the stiff mud are quickly stabled fast:

When to the town he presently doth fly,
Raising the neighbours with a sudden cry,
With cords and halters that came all at once,
For now the jades were fitted for the nonce:
For by that time th' had sunk themselves so deep,
That scarce their heads above ground they could keep,
When presently they by the necks them bound,
And so they led them to the common pound."
Quoth mother Redcap, "Right well have you done,
Good gammer Gurton; and as we begun,
So you conclude: 'tis time we parted now;
But first of my morality allow.
The common that you speak of here, say I,
Is nothing else but want and beggary,
In the world common; and the beasts that go
Upon the same, which oft are famish'd so,
Are the poor, bred in scarcity. The mule,
The other cattle that doth seem to rule,
Some crafty fellow that hath slily found
A way to thrive by. And the fruitful ground
Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win;
In his possession which not long hath been,
But he with riot and excess doth waste,
For goods ill-gotten do consume as fast;
And with the law they lastly do contend,
Till at the last the prison is the end."
Quoth gammer Gurton "Well yourself you quit."
By this the dawn usurp'd upon the night,
And at the window biddeth them good day,
When they departed each their several way.

THE LEGEND OF ROBERT DUKE OF NORMANDY.

What time soft night had silently begun
To steal by minutes on the long-liv'd days,
The furious dog-star following the bright Sun,
With noisome heat infests his cheerful rays,
Filling the Earth with many a sad disease;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate fires,
Herself in light habiliments attires.

And the rathe morning newly but awake,
Was with fresh beauty burnishing her brows,
Herself beholding in the gen'ral lake,
To which she pays her never-ceasing vows,
With the new day me willingly to rouse,
Down to fair Thames I gently took my way,
With whom the winds continually do play,

Striving to fancy his chaste breast to move,
Whereas all pleasures plentifully flow,
When him along the wanton tide doth shove,
And to keep back, they easily do blow,
Or else force forward, thinking him too slow;
Who with his waves would check the winds' embrace,
Whilst they fan air upon his crystal face.

Still forward sallying from his bounteous source,
Along the shores lasciviously doth strain,
Making such strange meandres in his course,
As to his fountain he would back again,
Or turn'd about to look upon his train;
Whose sundry soils with coy regard he greets,
Till with clear Medway happily he meets.

Steering my compass by this wand'ring stream,
Whose sight preach'd to me time's swift-posting hours,
Delighted thus, as with some pretty dream,
Where pleasure wholly had possess'd my pow'rs,
And looking back on London's stately tow'rs;
So Troy, thought I, her stately head did rear,
Whose crazed ribs the furrowing plough doth eyre.

Weary, at length a willow tree I found,
Which on the bank of this brave river stood,
Whose root with rich grass greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the swelling flood,
Ordain'd (it seem'd) to sport his nymphish brood;
Whose curled top envy'd the Heav'n's great eye
Should view the stock it was maintained by.

The lark, that holds observance to the Sun,
Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,
And on the river's murmuring base did run,
Whilst the pleas'd Heav'n her fairest liv'ry ware,
The place such pleasure gently did prepare;
The flow'rs my smell, the flood my taste to steep,
And the much softness lulled me asleep.

When in a vision as it seem'd to me,
Triumphal music from the flood arose,
As when the sov'reign we embarged see,
And by fair London for his pleasure rows,
Whose tender welcome the glad city shows:
The people swarming on the pester'd shores,
And the curl'd waters over-spread with oars,

A troop of nymphs came suddenly on land,
In the full end of this triumphal sound,
And me incompass'd, taking hand in hand,
Casting themselves about me in a round,
And so down set them on the easy ground,
Bending their clear eyes with a modest grace
Upon my swart and melancholy face.

Next, 'twixt two ladies, came a goodly knight,
As newly brought from some distressful place,
To me who seemed some right worthy wight,
Though his attire were miserably base,
And time had worn deep furrows in his face;
Yet, though cold age had frosted his fair hairs,
It rather seem'd with sorrow than with years.

The one a lady of a princely port,
Leading this sad lord, scarcely that could stand;
The other fleering in disdainful sort,
With scornful gestures drew him by the hand,
Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a band;
When I perceived nearer as they came,
This fool was Fortune, and the braver Fame.

Fame had the right hand in a robe of gold,
(Whose train old Time obsequiously did bear)
Whereon in rich embroid'ry was enroll'd
The names of all that worthies ever were,
Which all might read depainted lively there,
Set down in lofty well-composed verse,
Fitt'st the great deeds of heroes to rehearse.

On her fair breast she two broad tablets wore,
Of crystal one, the other ebony;
On which engraven were all names of yore
In the clear tomb of living memory,
Or the black book of endless obloquy:
The first with poets and with conqu'rors pil'd,
That with base worldlings ev'ry where defil'd,

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
Her present force and after daring might,
Which softly spoke, far off were heard to thunder
About the world, that quickly took their flight,
And brought the most obscurest things to light;
That still the farther off, the greater still
Did make our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blind as he whom she did lead,
Changing her feature often in an hour,
Fantastically carrying her head,
Soon would she smile, and suddenly would lour,
And with one breath her words were sweet and sour:
Upon stark fools she amorously would glance,
And upon wise men coyly look ascance.

About her neck, in manner of a chain,
Torn diadems and broken sceptres hung;
If any on her stedfastly did lean,
Them to the ground despitefully she flung:
And in this posture as she pass'd along,
She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,
Which she to sots and arrant ideots threw.

A dusky veil did hide her sightless eyes,
Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives,
Wherein were pourtray'd direful tragedies,
Fools wearing crowns, and wise men clogg'd in gyves;
How all things she preposterously contrives,
Which, as a map, her regency discovers
In camps, in courts, and in the way of lovers.

An easy bank near to this place there was,
A seat fair Flora us'd to sit upon,
Curling her clear locks in this liquid glass,
Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
Fitter than this about us there was none:
Where they set down that poor distressed man,
Where to the purpose Fortune thus began.

"Behold this duke of Normandy," quoth she,
"The heir of William conqueror of this isle,
Appealing to be justify'd by thee,
(Whose tragedy this poet must compile)
He whom I have ever esteemed vile,
Marking his birth with an unlucky brand;
And yet for him thou com'st prepar'd to stand.

"What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,
A bubble, blown up by deceitful breath?
Which never yet exactly were defin'd,
In whom no wise man e'er reposed faith,
Speaking of few well, until after death,
That from loose humour hast thy timeless birth,
Unknown to Heaven, not much esteem'd on Earth.

"First, by opinion had'st thou thy creation,
On whom thou still dost servilely attend,
And like whom, long thou keep'st not any fashion;
But with the world uncertainly do'st wend,
Which as a post thee up and down doth send:
Without profane tongues thou canst never rise,
Nor be upholden, be it not with lies.

"In ev'ry corner paying like a thief,
And through each cranny like the wind dost creep,
Apt to report, as easy of belief:
What's he, whose counsel thou dost ever keep?
Yet into closets saucily dar'st peep,
Telling for truth what thou canst but suppose,
Divulging that which thou should'st not disclose.

"With extreme toil and labour thou art sought,
Death is the way which leadeth to thy cell,
Only with blood thy favour must be bought,
And who will have thee, fetcheth thee from Hell,
Where thou impal'd with fire and sword do'st dwell;
And when thou art in all this peril found,
What art thou? only but a tinkling sound.

"Such as the world doth hold to be but base,
Of human creatures and the most doth scorn,
That amongst men sit in the servil'st place,
These for the most part thou dost most suborn,
Those follow Fame, whose weeds are nearly worn:
Yet those poor wretches cannot come to thee,
Unless preferr'd and dignify'd by me.

"Thy trumpet such supposed to advance,
Is but as those fantastically deem,
Whom folly, youth, or frenzy doth intrance;
Nor doth it sound, but only so doth seem,
(Which the wise sort a dotage but esteem)
Only thereby the humorous abusing,
Fondly their errour and thy fault excusing.

"Except in peril thou dost not appear;
Yet scarcely then, but with entreats and wooing,
Flying far off when as thou should'st be near,
At hand diminish'd, and augmented going,
Upon slight toys the greatest cost bestowing,
Oft promising men's losses to repair,
Yet the performance but a little air.

"On baleful herses (as the fittest grounds)
Written with blood thy sad memorials lie,
Whose letters are immedicable wounds,
Only fit objects for the weeping eye;
Thou from the dust men's worths dost only try,
And what before thou falsely didst deprave,
Thou dost acknowledge only in the grave.

"The world itself is witness of my pow'r,
O'er whom I reign with the eternal Fates,
With whom I sit in council every hour,
On th' alterations of all times and states,
Setting them down their changes and their dates,
In fore-appointing ev'ry thing to come,
Until the great and universal doom.

"The stars to me an everlasting book,
In that eternal register, the sky,
Whose mighty volumes I oft overlook,
Still turning o'er the leaves of Destiny,
Which man I too inviolate deny,
And his frail will thereby I see control'd,
By such strong clauses as are there enroll'd.

"Predestination giving me a being,
Whose depth man's wisdom never yet could sound,
Into whose secrets only I have seeing,
Wherein wise reason doth herself confound,
Searching where doubts do more thereby abound;
For sacred texts unlock the way to me,
To lighten those that will my glory see.

"Those names th' old poets to their gods did give
Were only figures to express my might,
To show the virtues that in Fortune live,
And my much pow'r in this all-moving wight,
Who all their altars to my godhead dight;
Which alterations upon Earth do bring,
And give them matter still whereon to sing.

"What though uncertain, varying in my course,
I make my changes aim one certain end,
Crossing man's forecast, to make known my force,
Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend?
To him least hoping, soonest I do send,
That all should find, I worthily bestow,
And 'tis a reason, that I think it so.

"Forth off my lap I pour abundant bliss,
All good proceeds from my all-giving hand,
By me, man happy or unhappy is,
For whom I stick, or whom I do withstand,
And it is I am friendship's only band;
And upon me all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, all worldly love grows cold."

Pausing she frown'd, when suddenly withal
A fearful noise ariseth from the flood,
As when a tempest furiously doth fall
Within the thick waste of some ancient wood;
That in amazement ev'ry mortal stood,
As though her words such pow'rfulness did bear,
That each thing seem'd her menaces to fear.

When Fame yet smiling, mildly thus replies:
"Alas," (quoth she) "what labour thou hast lost!
What wond'rous mists thou cast'st before our eyes!
Yet will the gain not countervail the cost.
What would'st thou say, if thou hadst cause to boast,
Which sett'st thy state out in such wond'rous sort,
Which, but thy self, none ever could report?

"For what is Fortune only, but event
Breeding in some a transitory terrour?
A what men will, that falls by accident,
And only named to excuse their errour.
What else is Fortune? or who doth prefer her?
Or who to her so foolish is to lean,
Which weak tradition only doth maintain?

"A toy, whereon the doating world doth dream,
First soothed by uncertain observation,
Of men's attempts that being the extreme,
Fast'neth thereby on weak imagination;
Yet notwithstanding all this usurpation,
Must to thyself be incidently loathing,
Most when thou would'st be, that art rightly nothing.

"And with the world insinuating thus,
And under so allowable pretence,
Closely incroachest on man's genius,
In good and evil taking residence:
And having got this small preheminence,
When to thyself a being thou would'st frame,
Art in conclusion only but a name.

"Those ignorant, which made a god of Nature,
And Nature's God divinely never knew,
Were those to Fortune that first built a stature,
From whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
Which being ador'd foolishly by few,
Grounded thy loose and uncertain laws
Upon so weak and indigent a cause.

"First Sloth did hatch thee in her sleepy cell,
And thee with Ease dishonourably fed,
Deliv'ring thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with base thoughts continually thee bred;
By Superstition idly being led,
It an imposture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddess fools do only take.

"Nor never dost thou any thing forecast,
But as thou art improvident, so light;
And this most wicked property thou hast,
That against Virtue thou bend'st all thy might,
With whom thou wagest a continual fight;
The yielding spirit in fetters thou dost bind,
But art a mere slave to the constant mind.

"Such is thy froward and malignant kind,
That what thou do'st, thou still do'st in despite,
And art enamour'd of the barbarous hind,
Whom thou dost make thy only favourite:
None but the base in baseness do delight;
For wert thou heavenly, thou in love would'st be
With that which nearest doth resemble thee.

"But I alone the herald am of Heaven,
Whose spacious kingdom stretcheth far and wide,
Through ev'ry coast upon the lightning driven,
As on the sun-beams gloriously I ride,
By them I mount, and down by them I slide,
I register the world's long during hours,
And know the high will of th' immortal pow'rs.

"Men to the stars me guiding them do climb,
That all dimensions perfectly express,
I am alone the vanquisher of Time,
Bearing those sweets which cure death's bitterness:
I all good labours plentifully bless,
Yea, all abstruse profundities impart,
Leading men through the tedious ways of art.

"My palace placed betwixt Earth and skies,
Which many a tower ambitiously up bears,
Whereof the windows are all glaz'd with eyes,
The walls as neatly builded are of ears,
Where ev'ry thing in Heaven and Earth appears;
Nothing so softly whisper'd in the round,
But through my palace presently doth sound.

"And under foot floor'd all about with drums,
The rafters trumpets admirably clear,
Sounding aloud each name that thither comes,
The crannies tongues, and talking ev'ry where,
And all things past in memory do bear:
The doors unlock with ev'ry little breath,
Nay, open wide with each word which man saith,

"And hung about with arms and conquer'd spoils;
The posts whereon the goodly roof doth stand,
Are pillars graven with Herculean toils:
Th' achievements great of many a warlike hand,
As well in christ'ned, as in heathen land,
Done by those nobles that are most renown'd,
That there by me immortally are crown'd.

"Here, in the body's likeness whilst it lives,
Appear the thoughts proceeding from the mind,
To which the place a glorious habit gives,
When once to me they freely are resign'd,
To be preserv'd here: and are so refin'd,
That when the corpse by death doth lastly perish,
Then doth this place the mind's true image cherish.

"My beauty never fades, but still new-born,
As years increase, so ever waxing young,
My strength is not diminished, nor worn,
Time weak'ning all things, only makes me strong,
Nor am I subject to base worldly wrong:
The power of kings I utterly defy,
Nor am I aw'd by all their tyranny.

"The brow of Heav'n my monuments contain,
(And is the mighty register of Fame)
Which there in fiery characters remain,
The gorgeous cieling of th' immortal frame,
The constellations publishing my name,
Where my memorials evermore abide,
So by th' old poets was I glorify'd."

Fame having ended, Fortune soon began
Further to urge what she before had said;
"When lo;" quoth she, "duke Robert is the man,
Which, as my prisoner, I in bonds do lead,
For whom thou com'st against me here to plead,
Who I alone deprived of his crown;
Who can raise him, that Fortune will have down?"

"A fitter instance" (Fame replying) "none
Than is duke Robert; Fortune, do thy worst,
Greater on man thy might was never shown,
Doing to him all that thou could'st or durst:
And since thy turn allotted is the first,
Proceed, see which the Norman duke shall have,
After so long being laid up in his grave."

Quoth Fortune. "Then I found th' unstedfast star,
Whose luckless working limited his fate,
That mark'd his sad nativity with war,
And brothers' most unnatural debate,
As to be punish'd by his parents hate:
For that the kingdom, which the conqu'ror won,
Should be the wrack of him, his first-born son.

"By that which Nature did on him bestow,
In him her best that strained her to try,
Thereby himself I made him overthrow,
In human birth so powerful am I;
Marking his breast too openly to lie,
From both his brothers different too far,
Too mild for peace, too merciful for war.

"And yet the courage that he did inherit,
And from the greatness of his blood did take,
Though shrouded in so peaceable a spirit,
When once his wrongs came roughly to awake,
Forth with so strange and violent fury brake,
As made the world apparently to see
All human actions managed by me.

"That till revenge was wholly him bereft,
(In ev'ry thing opposed by my pow'r)
For him to lean to, nothing being left,
And danger him most threat'ned to devour,
To the last period of the utmost hour,
Oft by vain hopes that he might get my love,
There was no peril but I made him prove.

"For whilst his father with the Norman sword,
His prosp'rous entrance upon England made,
I laid the project, that this youthful lord
In the meantime did Normandy invade,
Upon his sire and made him draw his blade;
The mean whereby he thought he could not miss,
That which he else might fail of to make his.

"That Robert daily in disgrace might run
With the great Conqu'ror, as he still did grow
Nearer his death; who vexed by his son,
(His pride which but too openly did show)
His state devised wisely to bestow
Upon his second, that his days to close,
Himself he might more quietly repose.

"And then, lest time might chance to cool his blood,
That luckless war by ling'ring I supply'd,
That while duke Robert justly censur'd stood,
For disobedience and unnat'ral pride;
In heat of this the Conq'ror William dy'd,
Setting young Rufus upon England's throne,
Leaving his eldest struggling for his own.

"Which in short time so many mischiefs bred,
(As sundry plagues on William's offspring sent)
Which soon rose to so violent a head,
That policy them no way could prevent,
When to destruction all things headlong went;
And in the end, as consummating all,
Duke Robert's irrecoverable fall.

"Whom then I did auspiciously persuade,
Once more with war to fright the English fields,
His brother (then king William) to invade,
To make him know the diff'rence of their shields;
Where though his arms he ne'er so wisely wields,
And though by him the kingdom were not taken,
His sceptre should be violently shaken.

"These sundry soils, in both of which was sown
(By so approv'd and fortunate a hand)
Seed, which to both might prosp'rously have grown,
Had they remain'd in friendship's sacred band:
In opposition when they came to stand,
Far wider wounds to either of them lent,
Than all the pow'r that Europe could have sent.

"Thus did I win king William in his life,
His conquer'd realm on Rufus to bestow;
What he had got by strength, to leave in strife,
Those to molest that from his stock should grow:
Which by my cunning I contrived so,
To plague his issue with a general ill,
Yet the extreme to fall on Robert still.

"That prelate Odo (that with William held)
To bishop Lanfrank for his deadly spite,
That William lov'd, against the king rebell'd,
With all his power abetting Robert's right,
Aided by Mortain's and Montgom'ry's might,
Upon this land to bring a second war,
Of her late conquest whilst she bear the scar.

"And when he was in so direct a way,
Great friends at hand his enterprise to back,
Ready before him when his entrance lay,
Nor could he think of aught that he did lack,
Yet won I him his enterprise to slack,
Stopping the course which rightly he had run,
All to undo that he before had done.

"Thus did I first provoke him to that rage,
Which had so far prevail'd upon his blood,
And at my pleasure did the same asswage,
When this brave heat in stead might him have stood,
So to my humour alter'd I his mood,
By taking arms, his cost and coin to lose,
And leaving them to animate his foes.

"That by concluding this untimely peace,
I might thereby a ling'ring war begin,
That whilst these tumults for a while did cease,
William on Robert might advantage win:
Thus let I treason secretly in,
Giving deceitful policy the key,
Into the closet where his counsels lay.

" Thus, in the habit of a faithful friend,
I drew into him a most dang'rous foe,
His wit that used to no other end,
But to clothe treason in a virtuous show,
Which he for current so contriv'd to go,
As he in secret hart duke Robert more
By this soft peace, than in the war before.

" And to thee, Fame, I then my pow'r address'd,
Nay, thee mine only instrument I made,
That whilst these brothers at this point did rest,
Robert to war I won thee to persuade,
With those that went the Soldan to invade,
With great duke Godfrey's pressing forth his bands,
From his proud pow'r to free the Holy Lands.

" Thus by thee, Fame, did I his humour feed,
The only way to draw this duke abroad,
That whilst at home his presence most should need
In foreign parts to fasten his abode,
Him in this manner wisely I bestow'd;
That William dying, Robert being gone,
Henry might seat him on the English throne.

" His ear so seas'ning with the sound of arms,
As in aught else no music it could find,
Neither had any feeling of his harms,
On Palestine so placed he his mind,
(Clearly that show'd the greatness of his kind)
And him so high and with such force did bear,
As when he had most cause, he least did fear.

" Thus was he thrown into his endless thrall,
Which though the mean devised was by me,
And ev'ry thing was fitted to his fall,
Which none could hinder, tho' the most foresee,
Yet here I made an instrument of thee:
For where destruction I do once pretend,
All that man doth, still sorteth to that end.

" He gone, and Rufus being robb'd of breath,
And Henry Beauclerk coveting to reign,
Offer'd so fairly by king William's death,
Whilst Robert doth in Palestine remain,
Whereby a kingdom he might eas'ly gain;
What by his pow'r and science to persuade,
Himself a monarch absolutely made.

" Whilst this great duke embraced was by thee,
Which thou as thine dost absolutely claim,
But finds mere shadows, only missing me,
And idle castles in the air doth frame;
Lo, such a mighty monarchess is Fame,
That what she gives, so easy is to bear,
As none therefore needs violence to fear.

" Till Robert safely from the holy wars
Returning, honour'd by the Pagans' flight,
From foreign battles into civil jars,
From getting others, for his own to fight,
Enforc'd to use the utmost of his might,
With that brave sword, in Pagan blood imbru'd,
To save himself, by his own friends pursu'd.

" When wanting sums, the sinews of a force,
(Which his high spirit too quickly came to find,
Ere he could put himself into his course)
Most strangely seem'd to mollify his mind;
And on the sudden Henry seeming kind,
Offer'd his love at any rate to buy,
So that fast to him he the duke might tie.

" Thus of duke Robert wisely did he win,
Not then so well establish'd as he would,
Till he by craft had closely crepen in,
Setting himself substantially to hold,
Off'ring him great sums of bewitching gold,
As yearly tribute from this realm to rise,
Quite to blot out all former injuries.

" Which to the poor duke yielding much relief,
Henry to pass his purposes so brought,
Whilst Robert yet suspected not that thief,
Which under-hand so cunningly him caught:
Of whom, the least when princely Robert thought,
Ev'n in a moment did annoy him more,
Than all those ills that happ'd to him before.

" Which to this lord (believing well) unknown,
And he not finding eas'ly could not fly,
For it a bait into his way was thrown,
Which to avoid, duke Robert look'd too high:
(Into good minds craft can eas'liest pry:)
For in his pliant nature, as a mould,
Well could I cast what form soe'er I would.

" For by this tribute cutting off the claim,
Which he, the elder, to his England made;
His former hopes he forcibly did maim,
Which for a while by Henry being paid,
But after by him fraudulently stay'd,
As from a fountain, plenteously did spring
Th' efficient cause of Robert's ruining.

" When as his friends, so well to him that meant,
To take his part and did their force prepare,
Finding him thus their purpose to prevent,
And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare;
Upon king Henry planted all their care,
Giving their pow'rs, their peace with him to make,
Gather'd at first the Norman part to take.

" And I, that friendly evermore had been
To the stout Normans, which by me had won,
To prove myself the Earth's imperious queen,
And show the world by me what can be done,
To spite this Robert, William Conq'ror's son,
With England against Normandy do stand,
Conquer'd but lately by the Norman hand.

" Their issue, which were conqu'rors of this isle,
At Hastings which the Englishmen did tame,
Here natives, graced with the English stile,
To their first country carry back their claim,
Conquest returning whence it lately came;
That once as England felt Nuestria's stroke,
To make Nuestria to bear England's yoke.

" These angry brothers in the field of arms,
Than whom there were not two more deadly foes,
Each seeking other in the hott'st alarms,
And at their meeting changing deadly blows,
Quickly that meant to win, or soon to lose:
Robert would fain release himself of thrall;
Henry again doth hotly put for all.

" On him, which late in Palestine I smil'd,
Return'd, at fatal Tenchebray I frown,
And from his dukedom him that day exil'd,
Which had he won it, might have worn a crown:
And to be sure him in mishap to drown,
Lastly himself he in the fight did lose,
Taken a prisoner by his trait'rous foes,

" Which bound to England basely did him bring,
Baselier abus'd and mockt at of his own,
A captive where he should have been a king;
Such was the lot by me upon him thrown:
There to lament his misery alone,
Prescrib'd to one poor solitary place,
Who should have progress'd all a kingdom's space.

" Could human knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or reason sound the depth of things divine,
The world amazed at duke Robert's state,
Might think no pow'r to be compar'd to mine,
And wish the gods would all to me resign:
In this man's fall apparently might see,
Above the stars what might there rests in me.

" That blade on him, in battle which had pow'r,
Was too much blunted to abridge his days;
Time, that so fast from all away doth scour,
Defers his end with dilatory stays,
Whilst he his brother's tyranny obeys,
That he in life a thousand deaths might die.
Where I will plague, so tyrannous am I.

" The while in Cardiff he a captive lies,
Whose windows were but niggards of their light,
I wrought, this Henry's rage not to suffice,
But that he robb'd duke Robert of his sight,
To turn this little piece of day to night;
As though that sense, whose want should be the last
To all things living, he the first should taste.

" That Robert so unfortunately blind,
No outward object might disperse his care,
The better to illuminate his mind,
To see his sorrows throughly what they were,
To do so much to this great prince I dare.
By taking from him that which serv'd him best,
To his affliction to turn all the rest.

" And when he was bereaved of his ease,
With the remembrance of so heinous wrong,
Upon his breast so strongly that did seize,
And his sad heart so violently stung;
Yet made I nature in that prince so strong,
That grief, which many doth of life deprive,
Seem'd to preserve and keep him still alive.

" Him I forbade that any foe should kill,
Nor by his own hand suffer'd him to die,
That life to Robert should be loathsome still,
And that death from him evermore should fly,
Making them both to him an enemy;
Willing to die, by life him doubly killing;
Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

" So many years as he had worn a crown,
So many years as he had hop'd to rise,
So many years upon him did I frown,
So many years he liv'd without his eyes,
So many years in dying, ere he dies;
So many years shut up in prison strong,
Tho' sorrow make the shortest time seem long.

" Thus sway I in the course of earthly things,
To make time work him everlasting spite,
To show how I can tyrannize on kings,
And in the fall of great ones do delight,
In finite things my working infinite:
All worldly changes at my will disposed,
For that in me all wonder is neglected."

At Fortune's speech amazed whilst they stand,
And Fame herself much wonder'd at his woe,
When from duke Robert, Fortune took her hand,
Whose misery she thus had let them know:
When now to answer her despiteful foe,
Fame from deep silence seeming to awake,
For her dear client modestly thus spake.

" What time I held my residence in Rome,
Striving myself o'er Europe to advance,
To win her princes to regain the tomb,
Which had been lost by their misgovernance,
Awaking England, Germany, and France;
All which were woo'd, and bravely won by me,
From the proud Pagans Palestine to free.

" Peter, that holy hermit putting on,
T' all Christian princes to preach out the loss,
And stirring brave duke Godfrey to be gone,
Under the banner of the bloody cross,
And whilst in so fair forwardness it was,
And every ear attentive seem'd to stand,
To hear what pow'r brave Bulloyn should command:

" Thither did I all happy spirits exhort,
As to that bus'ness luckily to bring,
Allured by the confident report,
That from so great an enterprise did spring,
T' adventure in so popular a thing,
And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
That was found backward in this great design.

" What time this duke, great William Conq'ror's
That in his native Normandy did rest:
For of what else his valiant father won,
His brother William Rufus was possest,
Which, whilst he striveth from his hands to wrest,
This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
By my shrill trumpet sounded through the north.

" Which having got free entrance to his ear,
Such entertainment happen'd there to find,
As suffer'd no persuasion to be there,
From that high purpose to divert his mind:
For being most religiously inclin'd,
Woo'd with this offer, wisely did prepare
Himself to furnish for this great affair.

" That kingdom he doth carelessly neglect,
Which William Rufus wrongfully did keep,
And only that doth constantly respect,
Where he once in his sepulchre did sleep,
At whose dear death the very rocks did weep:
His crown of gold this Christian prince doth scorn,
So much he lov'd him that was crown'd with thorn.

" And though his wants him grievously oppress'd,
Of those great sums which lately he had spent
In levying pow'r, which him should have possess'd
Of England, and much hinder'd his intent;
Yet his brave purpose it could not prevent,
Although a while it seem'd delay to make
Of that, which he resolv'd to undertake.

" Wherefore this noble and clear-spirited lord,
Whilst the great bus'ness standeth at this stay;
And since his state no better could afford,
In gage to William Normandy doth lay,
Providing first his soldiers how to pay:
And of the two, yet rather chose to leave
His crown, than he that army would deceive,

" To his victorious ensign came from far
Th' inisled Redshanks, touch'd with no remorse;
The nimble Irish, that with darts do war;
The Scot, that is so cunning on his horse;
The English archer, of a lion's force;
The valiant Norman, not the least among;
The Camber-Briton, hardy, big and strong.

" Which long enclos'd within these colder climes,
He to the blessed sepulchre did bring,
And taught them how they should redeem the times,
Whence their eternal memory might spring,
To see the place whereas their heav'nly king
Their dear redemption happily began;
Living on Earth that was both god and man.

" Ye islanders, bound in the Ocean's chain,
Lock'd up like pris'ners from the cheerful day,
Your brave commander brought ye to the main,
Which to my court show'd ye the open way,
And his victorious hand became the key
To let ye in to my rich treasure, where
None ever come, but those that I hold dear.

" And did thereto so zealously proceed,
That those fair locks, whose curls did him adorn,
Till he had seen the holy city freed,
He deeply vow'd he never would have shorn;
Which, for they so religiously were worn,
In every eye did beautify him more;
Than did the crown of Normandy before.

" No threats his hand could cause him to withhold,
As I the sequel briefly shall relate,
Yet bare himself right wisely as he could,
And best became his dignity and state;
Teaching how his themselves should moderate,
Not following life, so with his chance content,
Nor flying death, so truly valiant.

" So did he all his faculties bestow,
That every thing exactly might be done,
That true foresight before the act might go,
Others gross errours happily to shun,
Wisely to finish well what was begun,
Justly directed in the course of things,
By the straight rule which sound experience brings.

" Idle regards of greatness he did scorn,
Careless of pomp, magnificent to be,
That man reputing to be noblest born,
Which was the most magnanimous and free,
In honour so impartial was he,
Esteeming titles meritless and nought,
Unless with danger absolutely bought.

" Giving the soldier comfortable words,
And oft imbalm'd his well-received wound,
And in his need him maintenance affords,
To brave attempts encouraging the sound,
Never dismay'd in any danger found:
His tent a seat of justice to the griev'd;
And 'twas a court, when want should be reliev'd.

" So perfectly celestial was that fire,
Bestow'd in the composure of his mind,
To that high pitch as raised his desire
Above the usual compass of his kind,
And from all dross so clearly him refin'd,
As did him wholly consecrate to glory,
And made him a fit subject for a story.

" Who on ambassage to the emperor sent,
Passing along through Macedon and Thrace,
Ne'er came in bed, nor slept out of his tent,
Till he review'd duke Godfrey's rev'rend face;
Nor till he came into that hallow'd place,
Above three hours by night he never slept:
Such were the cares his troubled brain that kept.

" O wherefore thou great singer of thy days,
Renowned Tasso, in thy noble story,
Wert thou so slack in this great worthy's praise,
And yet so much should'st set forth others glory?
Methinks; for this thou canst not but be sorry,
That thou should'st leave another to recite
That, which so much thou didst neglect to write.

" There was not found in all the Christian host,
Any, then he more forward to the field;
Nor could the army of another boast,
To bear himself more bravely with his shield;
So well his arms this noble duke could wield,
As such a one he properly should be,
That I did mean to consecrate to me.

" Of so approved and deliver force,
Handling his lance, or brandishing his blade:
For oft he had the leading of their horse,
That where he charg'd, he slaughter ever made;
At all assays so happy to invade,
That were he absent when they gave the chase,
It was suppos'd the day did lose the grace.

" In doubtful fights, where danger happ'd to fall,
He would be present ever by his will;
And where the Christians for supplies did call,
Thither through peril Robert pressed still,
To help by courage, or relieve by skill:
To every place so providently seeing,
As power in him had absolutely being.

" When in the morn his courser he bestrid,
He seem'd compos'd essentially of fire,
But from the field he ever drooping rid,
As he were vanquish'd, only to retire;
Nearest his rest, the farth'st from his desire:
And in the spoils his soldiers shar'd the crowns;
They rich in gold, he only rich in wounds.

" And when they had the holy city won,
And king thereof they gladly would him make,
All sovereign titles he so much did shun,
As he refus'd the charge on him to take,
He the vain world so clearly did forsake;
So far it was from his religious mind,
To mix vile things with those of heav'nly kind.

" He would that him no triumph should adorn,
But his high praise for sinful man that dy'd;
By him no mark of victory was worn,
But the red cross, to tell him crucify'd;
All other glories he himself deny'd:
A holy life but willingly he leads,
In dealing alms, and bidding of his beads.

" And as a pilgrim he return'd again;
For glitt'ring arms, in palmers homely gray,
Leaving his lords to lead his warlike train,
Whilst he alone came sadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd prey;
A hermit's staff his careful hand did hold,
That with a lance the heathen foe control'd.

" But now to end this long-continued strife,
Henceforth thy malice takes no further place;
Thy hate began and ended with his life;
By thee his spirit can suffer no disgrace,
Now in mine arms his virtues I embrace;
His body thine, his crosses witness be;
But mine his mind, that from thy pow'r is free.

" Thou gav'st up rule, when he gave up his breath,
And where thou endedst, there did I begin,
Thy strength was buried in his timeless death,
And as thy conq'ror lastly come I in;
And all thou got'st, from thee again I win:
To me thy right I call thee to resign,
And make thy glory absolutely mine.

" To the base world then, Fortune, get thee back,
The Earth with dreary tragedies to fill;
Empires and kingdoms bring thou there to wrack,
And on weak mortals only work thy will:
And since thou only dost delight in ill,
Hear his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,
Can lend thee sight, which art as blind as he."

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,
The prince, which look'd most fearfully and grim,
Bearing his eyes in his distressful hand,
Whose places stood with blood up to the brim;
And as in anguish quaking ev'ry limb,
After deep sighs and lamentable throws,
Thus to the world disburthened his woes,

" Dear eyes, adieu, by envy thus put out,
Where in your places buried is my joy,
With endless darkness compassed about,
Which death would scarce have dared to destroy;
To breed my more perpetual annoy,
That even that sense I only should forego,
That could alone give comfort to my woe.

" Ye which beheld fair Palestine restor'd,
From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,
The sepulchre of that most glorious Lord,
And seen that place where his dear wounds did bleed,
Which with the sight my zealous soul did feed,
Sith from your functious night doth you dissever,
Seclude me now from worldly joys for ever.

" Ye saw no sun, nor did ye view the day;
Except a candle, ye beheld no light;
The thick stone walls those blessings kept away.
What could be fear'd? ye could not hurt the night,
For then tears wholly hinder'd ye of sight;
O then, from whence should Henry's hate arise,
That I saw nothing, yet that I had eyes?

" The wretched'st thing, the most despised beast,
Enjoys that sense as gen'rally as we,
The very gnat, or what than that is least,
Of sight by nature kindly is made free.
What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to see?
O that a tyrant then should me deprave,
Of that, which else all living creatures have!

" Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moan,
Tears found a mean to sound my sorrows deep,
But now (oh me!) that comfort being gone,
By wanting eyes wherewith I erst did weep,
My cares alone concealed I must keep.
O God, that blindness, dark'ning all delight,
Should above all things give my sorrow sight!

" Where sometime stood the beauty of this face,
Lamps clearly lighted as the Vestal flame,
Is now a dungeon, a distressful place,
A harbour fit for infamy and shame;
Which but with horrour one can scarcely name:
Out of whose dark grates misery and grief,
Starved for vengeance, daily beg relief.

" The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,
Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay,
Th' one I o'ertake not though it still be nigh;
The other coming, vanisheth away.
But what availeth either night or day?
All's one to me, still day, or ever night;
My light is darkness, and my darkness light.

" O ye, wherewith I did my comfort view,
Th' all-covering Heaven, and glory that it bears,
No more that sight shall ere be seen of you!
The blessed Sun, that every mortal cheers,
Eclips'd to me eternally appears;
Robert, betake thee to the darksome cell,
And bid the world eternally farewel."

His speech thus ending, Fortune discontent,
Turned herself as she away would fly,
Playing with fools and babes incontinent,
As never touch'd with human misery;
As what she was, herself to verify,
And straight forgetting what she had to tell,
To other speech and girlish laughter fell.

When graceful Fame conveying thence her charge,
(As first with him she thither did resort)
Gave me this book, wherein was writ at large
His life, set out though in this legend short,
T' amaze the world with this so true report:
But Fortune, angry with her foe therefore,
Gave me the gift that I should still be poor.

THE LEGEND OF MATILDA THE FAIR.

Is yet a Muse there happily remain,
That is by truth so diligently taught,
As caring not on foolish things to fain,
Will speak but what with modesty she ought;
If this be such, which I so long have sought,
By her I crave my life may be reveal'd,
Which black oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if such favour I might hap to find,
Here on this Earth but once to speak again,
And to disburthen my oppressed mind,
By the endeavour of a powerful pen,
In these my sorrows happy were I then:
Four hundred years by all men overpast,
Finding one friend to pity me at last.

O you, of him so happily elect,
Whom I entreat to prosecute my story,
Lady most dear, most worthy of respect,
The world's rar'st jewel, and your sex's glory,
It shall suffice, if you for me be sorry,
Reading my legend builded by his verse,
Which must hereafter serve me for a herse.

Be you the pattern, by whose perfect view,
Like your fair self he wisely may me make,
For sure alive none fitter is than you,
Whose form unspotted Chastity may take:
Be you propitious, for whose only sake,
For me, I know, he'll gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright Rosamond exceedingly is graced,
Enrolled in the register of Fame,
Nay, in our sainted calendar is placed,
By him who strives to stellify her name,
Yet will the modest say, she was to blame:
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rhyme,
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

The wife of Shore wins general applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise.
Elstred reviv'd to plead her pitied cause,
After the envy of so many days;
And happy's he their glory high'st can raise.
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many:
Vice still finds friends, but Virtue seldom any.

To vaunt of my nobility were vain,
Which were, I know, not better'd of the best,
Nor would beseem an honourable strain,
And me a maiden fits not of the rest:
All transitory titles I detest,
A virtuous life I mean to boast alone;
Our birth's our sires, our virtues be our own.

Thou that dost fetch thy long descent from kings,
If from the gods derived thou could'st be,
And show'st th' achievements of those wond'rous things,
Which thou thyself then lived'st not to see,
These were their own, and not belong to thee,
If thou dost stain that honour which was theirs,
Who could not leave their virtues to their heirs.

Heaven pour'd down more abundance on my birth,
Than it before had usually bestow'd,
And was in me so bountiful to Earth,
As though her very utmost she had show'd,
Her graces so immeasurably flow'd,
That such a shape, with such a spirit inspir'd,
Even of the wisest made me most admir'd.

Upon my brow sat Beauty in her pride,
To her beholders minist'ring her law,
And to them all her bounties so divide,
As did to her their due attention draw;
And yet mine eye did keep her so in awe,
As that which only could true virtues measure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preserve her treasure.

My carriage such, as did content the wise;
My tongue did that sweet decency retain,
As of the younger was not deem'd precise,
Nor of the aged was accounted vain,
So well instructed to observe the mean,
As if in Nature there were scarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In me so did she her perfections vary,
As that the least allow'd not of compare,
And yet so well did teach me them to carry;
Than they could be, as made them seem more rare,
Or in my portion would have none to share;
Or in her grace would none should be but I,
Which she had made the minion of the sky.

Whence Fame began my beauty first to blaze,
And soon became too lavish in the same:
For she so stuff'd her trumpet with my praise,
That every place was fill'd up with my name,
For which, Report, thou too wert much to blame:
But to thy doom is Beauty subject still,
Which hath been cause of many ladies' ill.

This tattling gossip hath a thousand eyes,
Her airy body hath as many wings;
Now about Earth, now up to Heav'n she flies,
And here and there with every breath she flings,
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings;
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,
So doth she credit every thing she heareth.

And princes' ears stand open to report,
All strive to blaze a beauty to a king,
Which is the only subject of a court,
Whither Fame carries, and whence she doth bring,
And which of either she doth loudly ring;
Thither (ah!) me unhappily she brought,
Where I my bane unfortunately caught.

There stood my beauty boldly for the prize,
Where the most clear and perfect judgments be;
And of the same the most judicial eyes
Did give the goal impartially to me:
So did I stand unparallel'd and free;
And, as a comet in the evening sky,
Strook with amazement every wond'ring eye.

Which soon possess'd me of imperial John,
And of my sov'reign, him my subject made;
By this his freedom was quite overthrown,
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,
From this no reason could the king dissuade;
This taught his eyes their due attendance still,
This held the reins which overrul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in court,
And by his blood thought equal to the best,
Having his ear oft struck with this report,
Which, as ill news, it hardly could digest;
And on my good since all his hopes did rest,
He soon pursu'd it by those secret spies,
Which still in court attend the prince's eyes.

And to the world although he seem'd to sleep,
Yet sought he then the king's intent to sound,
And to himself as secrets he did keep,
What his foresight had providently found;
So well this wise lord could conceal his wound:
Yet wiselier cast how dang'rous it might prove,
To cross the course of this impatient love.

For as he found how violent a flame
My youth had kindled in this lustful king;
So found he too, if he should stop the same,
Upon us both what mischief it might bring:
Which known to him so dangerous a thing,
He thought to prove how he could me persuade,
Ere for my safety further means he made.

"Dear girl," quoth he, "thou seest who doth await
T' entrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,
That is so fair and delicate a bait,
As every eye itself would here bestow,
Whose pow'r the king too sensibly doth know:
Of his desire that what the end may be,
Thy youth may fear, my knowledge doth foresee.

"Think how thou liv'st here publicly in court,
Whose privilege doth every mean protect,
Where the ensample of the greater sort
Doth more than opportunity effect,
None thriving here that stand upon respect;
Being a lottery whereat few do win,
And yet those seldom neither, but by sin.

"Here every day thou hast to tempt thy sight,
All that thy youth to pleasure may provoke,
That still at hand, wherein thou tak'st delight,
Which with thy sex doth strike too great a stroke,
Having withal imperious power thy cloke,
With such strong reasons on his part propounded,
As may leave Virtue seemingly confounded.

"Many the ways that lead thee to thy fall,
But to thy safety few or none to guide thee,
And when thy danger is the great'st of all,
Er'n then thy succour is the most deny'd thee:
Sundry the means from Virtue to divide thee,
Having withal mortality about thee,
Frailty within, temptation near without thee.

"The lecher's tongue is never void of guile,
Nor wants he tears, when he would win his prey;
The subtil'st tempter hath the smoothest style,
Sirens sing sweetliest when they would betray:
Lust of itself had never any stay,
Nor to contain it, bounds could have devised,
But most when fill'd, is least of all sufficed.

"And to avail his pleasure is there aught,
That such a prince hath not within his power?
And then be sure he'll leave no means unsought,
Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen tow'r,
Watching th' advantage of each fitting hour,
Where every minute serves to do amiss,
Thy baneful poison spiced with thy bliss.

"And when this lustful and unbridled rage,
Which in him now doth violently reign,
Time shall by much satiety assuage,
Then shall thy fault apparent be and plain,
To after-ages ever to remain:
Sin in a chain leads on her sister Shame,
And both in gyves are fetter'd to Defame.

"Kings use their loves as garments they have worn,
Or as the meat whereon they full have fed:
The saint once gone, who doth the shrine adorn?
Or what is nectar, on the ground if shed?
What prince's wealth redeems thy maidenhead,
Which should be held as precious as thy breath,
Whose dissolution consummates thy death?

"The stately eagle from his highest stand,
Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth smite,
Yet scorns to touch it lying on the land,
When he hath felt the sweet of his delight,
But leaves the same a prey to every kite.
With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor,
The wretched Indian scorns the golden ore."

When every period pointing with a tear,
He in my bosom made so wide a breach,
As it each precept firmly fixed there,
His counsel as continually to preach,
My father so effectually could teach;
So that his words I ever after found,
As grav'd on an inviolable ground.

The king, whose love deluded was the while,
Yet in his bosom bare this quenchless fire,
Finding his hopes like flatt'rers to beguile,
And not one jot to further his desire,
But gone thus far, he meant not to retire;
And thinks, if fitly he could find but place,
His words had power to purchase him my grace.

For since all former practices did fail,
Nor to his mind aught kindly took effect,
He with himself resolv'd me to assail,
And other means doth utterly neglect:
In spite what fear could any way object,
His courage doth all hindrances confute,
And, me accosting, thus commenc'd his suit:

"Know, girl," quoth he, "that Nature thee ordained, [bring,
(As her brav'st piece, when she to light would
Wherein her former workmanship she stained)
Only a gift to gratify a king,
And from all other, as a seld-seen thing,
Seal'd thee a charter dated at thy birth,
To be the fair'st that e'er was made of earth.

"Hoard not thy beauty, when thou hast such store:
Wer't not great pity it should thus lie dead,
Which by thy lending might be made much more?
(For by the use should every thing be fed)
Yea, and to him so hard for thee bestead,
Yet no more less'ned than the Sun, whose sight,
Though it light all things, loseth not his light.

"From those two stars such streams of lightning glide,
As through men's eyes do pierce the flintiest heart,
Which thou by closing striv'st in vain to hide,
For through their lids their subtle rays do dart,
Such power wise Nature did to them impart;
Those two bright planets, clearer than the seven,
That with their splendour light the world to Heaven.

"Were Art so curious in herself to know
Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,
In beauty thy divinity to show,
Oh! it were able to transport the mind,
Beyond the bounds by Heaven to it assign'd:
But oh! in thee their excellence is such,
As thought cannot ascend to, once to touch.

"He is thy king, who is become thy subject;
Sometime thy lord, now servant to thy love;
Thy angel beauties be his only object,
Who for thy sake a thousand deaths dares prove.
A prince's pray'r should much compassion move:
Let wolves and bears be cruel in their kinds,
But women meek, and have relenting minds.

"Vouchsafe to look upon these brimful eyes,
With tides of tears continually frequented,
Where Love without food hunger-starven lies,
Which to betray me traitorously consented,
And for the fact being lawfully convented,
Is in these waters judg'd to have his being,
For his presumption thro' these eyes thee seeing.

"Sit thou commanding under mine estate,
Having thy temples honour'd with my crown,
A beauty destin'd for no meaner fate,
And make the proud'st to tremble with a frown,
Raise whom thou wilt, cast whom it please thee down;
Be thou alone the rect'ress of this isle,
With all the titles I can thee enstile.

"What if my queen, repining at our bliss,
Thee, as did Juno Jove's dear darling, keep?
Mine I'll preserve, as that great god did his;
Wise Mercury lull'd Argus' eyes to sleep:
Love ever laughs, when Jealousy doth weep.
When most she stirs, my pow'r shall keep her under,
She may raise storms, but I do rule the thunder."

Thus having made an entrance for his love,
Which he believ'd assuredly in time
Of better news the messenger might prove,
By which he after to his joys might climb,
Hoping a fair full to ensue this prime, [me,
Leaves me, not knowing well which way to turn
Warm'd with the fire that unawares might burn me.

Upon my weakness which so strongly wrought,
That in my breast a mutiny arose,
Fear and Desire a doubtful combat fought,
Like two most eager and ambitious foes,
Th' one fain would win, the other would not lose;
By this oft cleared, and by that accused,
Whilst still I fear'd by both to be abused.

And in myself, myself suspected treason,
Knowing who watch'd to win me for his prey,
And in so fit and dangerous a season,
When youth and beauty bare so great a sway,
And where he battery still to me might lay,
Who girt so strongly every way about,
Well might I fear I could not long hold out.

But setting all these sundry doubts aside,
From court resolv'd I secretly to go,
And to what place my happy stars should guide,
There I my self determin'd to bestow,
Until time might this passion overblow;
Or if at least it wrought not, the extrusion
Might strengthen me yet in my resolution.

When my brave sire, that never me forsook,
But many a sweet sleep for my safety brake,
Much being pleased with the course I took,
As one that truly suffer'd for my sake,
Did his abode at Baynard's-castle make,
Whom since I thus had left the court, to leave me
To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all those sorrows seem'd to me exil'd,
Wherein my life I long before did waste,
The present time and happily begull'd,
To think what peril I had lately past,
There in my freedom fortunately plac'd,
Even as a bird escap'd the fowler's snare,
Which former danger warned to beware.

When the proud king, whose purposes were crost,
Which this my flight had happen'd to prevent,
And that those means to which he trusted most,
Were those, which most had hinder'd his intent,
Finding his suit preposterously went,
Another course bethinks himself to run,
Else farther off than when he first begun.

And thenceforth plotteth to disperse the mass,
Which lay so full betwixt him and the light,
That in his suit the only hindrance was,
And (least expected) wrought him most despite,
Finding the cause why matters went not right,
He must forecast my father to remove,
Or he was like to walk without his love.

Thus scarcely cur'd of this late sickly qualm,
And that my heart sat happily at ease,
But as a ship, that in a quiet calm
Floats up and down on the unsurging seas,
By some rough gust, which some ill star doth raise,
Is driven back into the troubled main;
E'en so was I, that safely else had lain.

For this great king, whom thus I did reject,
First seeks in court my father to disgrace,
Thereby to give the people to suspect,
To fault in something sitting near his place,
Them by all means it urging to embrace:
To which, if clearly he could find the way,
He made no doubt but once to have a day.

And for his purpose to promove his hate,
Into the plot he his court-devils drew,
Cunning in all the stratagems of state,
Which he suborn'd my father to pursue;
By whose devices he soon overthrew
That noble lord, which succour should have given
To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their clear and far-discerning sight,
Into the quarrel that did throughly look,
Nor our allies, that to their utmost might
'Gainst his proceedings on our part that stuck,
And at our need us never once forsook,
Of the king's malice could th' effect prevent,
But to exile my father must be sent.

Not all his service to his sovereign done,
In war courageous, and in counsel sound,
Which from king John compassion might have won
To him, who faithful evermore was found:
Ingratitude, how deeply dost thou wound!
Sure, first devised to no other end,
But to grieve those whom nothing could offend.

Forlorn and hopeless, left before my foe,
By my ill fortune basely thus betray'd,
Never poor maiden was besieged so,
And all depressed that should lend me aid;
Such weight the Heaven upon my birth had laid!
But yet herself true Virtue never loseth,
'Gainst her fair course tho' Hell itself opposeth.

Embark'd for France, his sad dejected eyes
Swoln up with tears in most abundant store,
His ill luck threaten'd by the low'ring skies,
Fear him behind, and sorrow him before;
He under sail, from sight of either shore,
Wasteth withal his sad laments in vain,
To the rude waters only to complain.

When like a deer before the hounds embost,
When him his strength beginneth to forsake,
Leaves the smooth lawns, to which he trusted most,
And to the covert doth himself betake,
Doubling, and creeps from brake again to brake:
Thus still I shift me from the prince's face,
Who had me then continually in chase.

The coast thus clear'd, suspicion laid to rest,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleasure quieted his breast,
That every thing so prosperously went;
And if the rest successively consent,
Of former aid I being quite forsaken,
He hopes the fort might in short time be taken.

A prince's arms are stretch'd from shore to shore;
Kings sleeping, see with eyes of other men.
Craft finds a key to open any door,
Little it boots myself in walls to pen;
The lamb was closed in the lion's den,
Whose watchful eyes too easily descry'd me,
And found me soon'st, where sur'st I thought to hide me.

My paths by spies he diligently noted;
O'er me he held so vigilant a watch,
And on my beauty he so fondly doated,
That at each look he enviously did catch,
And ready still attending at my latch
He had those, that continually did ward,
Treason my handmaid, Falsehood was my guard.

And since with me it fell so crossly out,
That to my shifts so hardly he me drave,
For some new course I thought to cast about,
Where safer harbour happily to have:
For this was not sufficient me to save,
His power so spacious every way did lie,
That still I stood in his ambitious eye.

And fear, which taught me every mean to prove,
And with myself of many to debate,
Me at the last it pleas'd the pow'rs to move,
To take upon me a religious state,
(The holy cloister none might violate)
Where after all these storms I did endure,
There I at last might hope to live secure.

Wherefore to Dunmow I myself convey'd,
Into an abbey, happily begun
By Juga, of our ancestry, a maid,
At whose sole charge that monast'ry was done,
Wherein she after did become a nun,
And kept her order strictly with the rest,
Which in that place virginity profess'd.

Where I my self did secretly bestow
From the vain world, which I too long had try'd,
Me my affliction taught myself to know,
My youth and beauty gently that did chide;
And by instruction, as a skilful guide,
Printed withal such coldness in my blood,
That it might so perpetuate my good.

The king, who heard me safely thus to be
Set in my cloister, strongly discontent,
That me from thence he had not power to free,
Which his sad breast seem'd strongly to torment:
But since that I so wilfully was bent,
And he past hope then ever to enjoy me,
Resolv'd by some means lastly to destroy me.

And finding one most fit for such a fact,
To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
One, for his king, that any thing would act,
And for the purpose wanted not his art,
That had a strong hand and relentless heart,
On him the king (with me, poor maid, enrag'd)
Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haste the fatal deed to do,
Thither repairs, but not as from the king:
For well he knew what did belong thereto,
Nor therein needed any tutoring;
But as one sent upon some needful thing,
With a smooth count'nance and a settled brow,
Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
(As one to him a willing ear that lent)
Himself to me he but too soon disclos'd,
And who it was that hither had him sent,
From point to point relating his intent;
Who, whilst I stood struck dumb with this invasion,
He thus pursues me strongly with persuasion:

"Hear but," saith he, "how blindly thou dost err,
Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,
When as the king thee highly will prefer,
Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;
So indiscreetly sort not thy election,
To shut that in a melancholy cell,
Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

"Yet further think, how dang'rous is his offer,
If thy neglect do carelessly abuse it:
Art thou not mad, that thus dost see a coffer
Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuse it?
So far, that thou want'st reason to excuse it,
Thyself condemning in thine own good hap,
Spilling the treasure cast into thy lap.

"Wrong not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive
Of these rare parts which Nature hath thee lent,
'Twere pity thou by niggardise should'st thrive,
Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent;
For which, thou of the wisest shalt be shent,
Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,
Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

"What is this vain and idle reputation,
Which to the show you seemingly respect?
Only the weakness of imagination,
Which, in conclusion, worketh no effect,
And lesser can the worshipers protect;
That only standeth upon fading breath,
And hath at once the being and the death.

"A fear that grew from doating superstition,
To which your weak credulity is prone,
And only since maintained by tradition,
Into our ears impertinently blown,
By folly gathered, as by errour sown;
Which us still threatening, hind'reth our desires,
Yet all it shows us be but painted fires.

"Persuade thyself this monast'ry to leave,
Which youth and beauty justly may forsake;
Do not thy prince of those high joys bereave,
Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
Who sends me else thy life away to take:
For dead to him if needsly thou wilt prove,
Die to thyself, be bury'd with his love."

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,
Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill;
The horrour of the solitary place,
Being so fit wherein to work his will,
And at the instant he my life to spill;
All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,
By fear dissuaded, menaced by murther.

In this so great and peremptory trial,
With strong temptations sundry ways afflicted,
With many a yielding, many a denial,
Oft-times acquitted, often times convicted,
Terrour before me lively stood depicted;
When as it was, that but a little breath
Gave me my life, or sent me to my death.

But soon my soul had gather'd up her pow'rs,
Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,
The resolution of so many hours,
Whereon herself she confidently stay'd
In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,
Making the state which she maintained good,
Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally enlarge,
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,
Most bravely there mine honour to maintain,
Check'd his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,
And for my answer only did abide;
Having a poison murd'ring by the scent,
If to the organ of that sense apply'd,
Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'd,
Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,
Which in an instant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude touch my veil disorder'd then,
My face discovering, my delicious cheek
Tincted with crimson, faded soon again,
With such a sweetness as made death seem meek,
And was to him beholding it most like
A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,
That glows again ere suddenly it die.

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,
Wherein he then such excellency saw,
Ruing the spoil done by his fatal hand,
What naught before, him this at last could awe,
From his stern eyes as though it tears would draw,
Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as dead,
Grieving for me that they had none to shed.

When life grown faint, hies lastly to my heart,
The only fort to which she had to take,
Feeling cold death to seize on every part,
A strong invasion instantly to make:
Yet ere she should me utterly forsake,
To him who sadly stood me to behold,
Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold:

"Is this the gift the king on me bestows,
Which in this sort he sends thee to present me?
I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
If this in token of his love he sent me?
But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me:
Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,
The gift king John bestow'd upon his love.

"When all that race in memory are set,
And by their statues their achievements done,
Which won abroad, and which at home did get,
From son to sire, from sire again to son,
Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously they won:
Oh! that of him it only should be said,
'This, was king John, the murth'rer of a maid!'

"Oh! keep it safely from the mouth of Fame,
That none do hear of his unhallow'd deed;
Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,
Lest after-ages hap the same to read,
And that the letters showing it do bleed!
Oh! let the grave mine innocency hold,
Before of him this tyranny be told!"

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,
The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,
The poison then that in my brain did rage,
His deadly vigour forcibly express'd,
Not suff'ring me to stand upon the rest,
Longer for him it was no time to stay;
And death call'd on, to hasten me away.

Thus in my closet being left alone,
Upon the floor uncomfortably lying,
The fact committed, and the murth'rer gone,
Arrived at the utmost point of dying,
Some of the sisters me by chance espying,
Call'd all the rest, that in most woful plight,
Came to behold that miserable sight.

Thus like a rose by some unkindly blast,
'Mongst many buds that round about it grow,
The with'ring leaves improsp'rously doth cast,
Whilst all the rest their sovereign beauties show:
Amidst this goodly sisterhood even so,
Nipt with cold death untimely did I fade,
Whilst they about me piteous wailing made.

And my sad soul, upon her sudden flight,
So soon forsaken of each several sense,
With all the horrour death could her affright,
Strongly disturbed at her parting hence,
All comfort fled her; for her last defence,
Doth to her spotless innocence betake her,
Which left her not, when all the rest forsake her.

To show our pleasures are but children's toys,
And as mere shadows, or like bubbles pass,
As years increase, so waning are our joys,
Forgotten as our favours in a glass,
A very tale of that which never was:
Ev'n so, death us and our delights can sever,
Virtue alone abandoneth us never.

My spirit thus from imprisonment enlarg'd,
Glad to have got out of her earthly room,
My debt to nature faithfully discharg'd,
And at the hour appointed on my tomb:
Such was the Heaven's inevitable doom,
Me Baynard's castle to the world did bring,
Dunmow again my place of burying.

And scarcely was my breathless body cold,
But ev'ry where my tragedy was spread,
For tattling Fame in ev'ry place had told
My resolution, being lately dead,
Ruing my blood so prodigally shed;
And to my father flies with this mischance,
That time remaining in the court of France.

His loss too great to be bewailed with tears,
It was not words that could express his woe,
Grief had herself so settled in his ears,
No more might enter, nothing out might go;
Scarce since man was, was man perplexed so:
Enough of sorrow is already shown,
And telling his, were to renew mine own.

Let it suffice me, that I here relate,
And bear myself the burthen of my ill,
If to the life I have express'd my fate,
It's all I ask, and I obtain my will.
For that true sorrow needs not others' skill;
Enough's that present bitterness we taste,
Without remembring of that which is past.

Some say, the king repentant for this deed,
When his remorse to think thereof him drave,
Poorly disguised in a pilgrim's weed,
Offered his tears on my untimely grave,
For which, no doubt, but Heaven his sin forgave;
And my blood calling for revenge appeas'd,
He from the sin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my story, I my love devise
To you, dear madam, fitt'st with you to rest,
Which all my virtues daily exercise,
That be imprinted in your patient breast,
By whom alone I rightliest am expreat;
For whom my praise, it grieves me, is too scant;
Whose happy name an epithet shall want.

Then, most sweet lady, for a maiden's sake,
To shed one tear if gently you but deign,
For all my wrongs it full amends shall make,
And be my pass to the Elysian plain.
In your chaste eyes such pow'r there doth remain,
As can th' afflicted prosp'rously deliver;
Happy be they, who look upon them ever.

THE LEGEND OF PIERCE GAVESTON.

From gloomy shadows of eternal night,
Shut up in darkness endlessly to dwell,
Oh! here behold me, miserable wight,
Awhile releas'd, my tragedy to tell;
Let me have leave my sorrows to impart,
Somewhat to ease my sad afflicted heart.

Goddess of arms and arts, Pallas divine,
Let thy bright fauchion lend me cypress boughs,
Be thou assisting to this poet of mine,
With funeral wreaths engarlanding his brows;
Pitying my woes, when none would hear me weep,
That for my sorrows lays his own to sleep.

Thou mournfull'st maiden of the sacred Nine,
That baleful sounds immoveably dost breathe,
With thy swoln visage and thy blubber'd eine,
Let me to thee my sad complaints bequeath:
Ne'er to thyself canst thou win greater glory,
Than in exactly setting forth my story.

Tell how the Fates my giddy course did guide,
Th' inconstant turns of ev'ry changing hour,
By many a low ebb, many a lusty tide,
Many a smooth calm, many a sousing show'r,
The height whereto I lastly did ascend,
Bend my beginning to my fatal end.

When our first Edward sat on England's throne,
Longshanks, who long victoriously did reign,
First of that name, and second yet to none,
In what to knighthood ever did pertain;
My life began, a life so full of bliss,
Then in his days, those happy days of his.

Virtue did then men's hearts so much inflame,
That no promotion could be got with gold:
For in his days he that desired fame,
Bought it of him that it full dearly sold;
Hateful excess did not so much devour,
Law had less force, and honesty more pow'r.

And since swift Time so violently preys
Upon those ages that ev'n holiest be;
Let me remember those so happy days,
In these sad hours which my vex'd eyes do see,
With greater grief to make me to deplore
These, when I think of those that were of yore.

Then, Muse, lo! I obsequiously appeal
To thee, (my life since I intend to show)
That thou of me wilt faithfully reveal
Even what the most inquisitive would know,
Whilst here my soul embodied did abide [pride.
In this vain world, which pamper'd me with

By birth a Gascoigne, of a fair descent,
And of our house, the heir my father born,
In all his wars that with king Edward went,
To him his liegeman, and a soldier sworn,
And in our country left his whole estate,
To follow him, who seem'd to govern fate.

Whose trust that great king highly did employ,
And near his person had him for the same,
Who with myself, then but a little boy,
Into the court of famous England came,
Whereas the king, for service by him done,
Made me a page to the brave prince his son.

All men in shape I did so far excel,
(The parts in me such harmony did bear)
As in my model Nature seem'd to tell,
That her perfection she had placed here,
As from each age reserving the rar'st feature,
To make me up her excellentest creature.

My looks so powerful, adamants to love,
And had such virtue to attract the sight,
That they could fix it, or could make it move,
As though it follow'd some celestial light;
That where my thoughts intended to surprise,
I at my pleasure conquer'd with mine eyes.

As if some great Apelles in his art
Would that the world his masterpiece should know,
Imagination doing then her part;
When he had done the utmost he could do,
For that rare picture to fit out a mind,
This one was I, the wonder of my kind.

This dainty bait I laid for Edward's love,
Which soon upon him got so sure a tie,
As no misfortune e'er could it remove,
When she the utmost of her force did try;
Nor death itself had after power to sunder;
O seld-seen friendship, in the world a wonder!

Love, on this Earth the only mean thou art,
Whereby we hold intelligence with Heav'n,
And it is thou that only dost impart
The good that to mortality is given.
O sacred bond, by time that art not broken!
O thing divine, by angels to be spoken!

Thus with young Edward bath'd in worldly bliss,
Whilst tutors' care his wand'ring years did guide,
I liv'd, enjoying whatsoe'er was his,
Who ne'er my pleasure any thing deny'd:
Whose watchful eye so duely me attended,
As on my safety if his life depended.

But whether it my rare perfections were,
That won my youth such favour in his eye,
Or it pleas'd Heav'n (to show it held me dear)
To show'r on me this blessing from the sky,
I know not; but it rightly could direct,
That could produce so pow'rful an effect.

O thou dread book, where our fates are enroll'd,
Who hath so clear eyes as to look into thee?
What is that man, by whom thou art controll'd,
Or hath the key of reason to undo thee?
When none but Heaven thy dark decrees can know,
Whose depth we sound not which dwell here below.

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy
(By sympathy, to her by Heav'n assign'd)
Through her clear windows, the well-seeing eye,
Which doth convey the image to the mind,
Without advisement, and can apprehend
That, whose true cause man's knowledge doth transcend.

This Edward in the April of his age,
Whilst yet the crown sat on his father's head,
Like sportful Jove with his rapt Phrygian page,
Me with ambrosial delicacies fed:
He might command, who was the sov'reign's son,
But my direction only must be done.

My will a law authentically pass'd;
My yea by him was never cross'd with no;
In his affection chain'd to me so fast,
That as my shadow still be seem'd to go;
To me this prince so pliant was in all,
Still as an Echo answ'ring to my call.

My smiles, his life; so joy'd he in my sight,
That his delight was led by my desire,
From my clear eyes so borrowing all his light,
As pale-fac'd Cynthia from her brother's fire.
He made my cheek the pillow for his head,
My brow his book, my bosom was his bed.

Like fair Idalia, bent to amorous sport
With young Adonis in the pleasant shade,
Expressing their affections in that sort,
As though her utmost passion should persuade
The one of us the other still to move
To all the tender dalliances of love.

The table thus of our delight was lay'd,
Serv'd with what dainties pleasure could devise,
And many a Siren sweetly to us play'd,
But youth had not us therewith to suffice:
For we on that insatiately did feed,
Which our confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spurr'd up his untam'd desire,
Then sitting in the chariot of the Sun;
My blandishments were fuel to that fire
Wherein he fry'd: I for his flight begun
To wax his wings, and taught him art to fly,
Who on his back might bear me through the sky.

Whilst the vain world so cunningly could win
Us, her false flatteries who too long did trust,
Till having lost the clue which led us in,
We wander'd in the labyrinth of lust.
For when the soul is nuzzled once in vice,
The sweet of sin makes Hell a paradise.

Who to the full thy vileness, World, e'er told?
What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?
A loathsome shop, where poison's only sold,
Whose very entrance instantly doth kill;
Nothing in thee but villainy doth dwell,
And all thy ways lead headlong into Hell.

The king, whose trust I lewdly had betray'd,
His son, like Phaeton, vent'ring on the skies,
Perceiv'd his course was per'lous to be stay'd,
For he was grave, and wonderfully wise,
And if with skill he curb'd not his desire,
Edward might eas'ly set his throne on fire.

This was a cor'sive to old Edward's days,
And without ceasing fed upon his bones,
That in the day bereav'd him of his ease,
Breaking his night's sleep with continual moans;
This more depress'd and sadlier weigh'd him down,
Than the care else belonging to his crown,

And though he had judicially descry'd
The cause from whence this malady first grew,
It was no cure, unless he could provide
Means to prevent the danger to ensue;
Wherefore he for his purpose made them way,
Against my courses that had aught to say.

When those in court my opposites that were,
This fair advantage and could finely take,
And for my fall what did to them appear
So fitly for their purposes to make,
Thereon their forces instantly to ground,
Me to the world perpetually to wound.

What thing so false, but taken was for truth,
So that on me a scandal it might bring,
By such as stuck not to accuse my youth,
To sin in the unnaturallest thing,
And all forepassed outrages awake,
Me to mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore the prince more straitly was bestow'd,
In foreign realms and I adjudg'd to roam,
And sharply censur'd to be held abroad,
Who had betray'd my hopeful trust at home;
Adjudg'd to die, were I by any found,
After my set day, on the English ground.

That, as astounded with a mighty blow,
I stood awhile insensible of pain,
Till somewhat waken'd by my colder woe,
I felt the wound by which my joys were slain,
By which I fainted hourly more and more,
Nor could I think what cure could me restore.

But as a turtle for her loved make,
Whose youth her dear virginity enjoy'd,
Sits shrouded in some solitary brake,
With melancholy pensiveness annoy'd:
Thus without comfort sat I all alone,
From the sweet presence of prince Edward gone.

My beauty, that disdain'd the summer's sight,
Now foully beaten with bleak winter's storms;
My limbs were put to travel day and night,
So often hugg'd in princely Edward's arms;
Those eyes oft viewing pleasure in her pride,
Saw fearful objects on their either side.

Whilst in these tempests I was strangely tost,
Myself confining in my native France,
By many a sad calamity still crost,
Inseparables to my sore mischance;
Others, that stemm'd the current of the time,
Whence I had fall'n, strove suddenly to climb.

Like the chamæleon, whilst Time turns the hue,
And with false Proteus puts on sundry shapes,
This change scarce gone, a second doth ensue,
One fill'd, another for promotion gapes:
Thus do they swarm like flies about the brim,
Some drown'd, and some do with much danger swim.

And some, on whom the Sun shone wond'rous fair,
Yet of the season little seem'd to vaunt,
For there were clouds hung in the troubled air,
Threat'ning that they of their desires might want;
Which made them flag, prepared else to fly,
Whilst with their falls they fading honour buy.

When posting Time, that never turns again,
Whose winged feet fly swiftly with the Sun,
By the fleet hours attending on his train,
His revolution fatally begun,
And in his course brought suddenly about
That, which before the wiser sort did doubt;

For whilst king Edward only doth attend
A happy voyage to the Holy Land,
For which the laity mighty sums did lend,
E'en whilst this business hotly was in hand,
See but to me what fortune there can fall,
This conqueror's death hath quickly alter'd all!

Should I presume his praises to report,
Thinking thereby to grace his so great name,
My mean endeavours would fall far too short,
And I too much should but impair his fame;
I'll leave that to some sacred Muse to tell,
Upon whose life a poet's pen might dwell.

Scarce was his body lapp'd up in the lead,
Before his doleful obsequies were done,
When England's crown was set on Edward's head,
With whom too soon my joyful days begun,
As the black night at the approaching day,
My former sorrows vanished away.

Edward Carnarvon calls me from exile,
Whom Edward Longhanks banish'd to his death;
I, whom the father held most base and vile,
Was to the son as precious as his breath:
What th' old king writ, the young king forth did blot,
Th' alive's remember'd, dead men's words forgot.

The fair wind wafts me to that wish'd-for place,
And sets me safely on that blessed shore,
From whence I seem'd but banish'd for a space,
That my return might honour'd be the more,
There to my lov'd lord happily to leave me,
Whose arms were cast wide open to receive me.

Who would have seen that noble Roman dame,
O'ercome with joy, give up her vital breath,
Her son returning sounded in by Fame,
When thankful Rome had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her personated right,
At my approach to my dear Edward's sight.

My Jove now lord of the ascendant is,
In an aspect to promise happy speed,
And such on me that influence of his,
As prais'd the course wherein we did proceed;
Yet most prodigious it to some appears,
Telling the troubles of ensuing years.

When, like to Midas, all I touch'd was gold,
Upon me show'r'd, as into Danae's lap,
For I obtained any thing I would,
So well had Fortune lotted out my hap:
For princes' treasures like to oceans are,
To whom all rivers naturally repair.

The Isle of Man the first to me he gave,
He could not stay, until I would demand;
And to be sure to give ere I could crave,
I next received from his bounteous hand
Fair Wallingford, which many years had been
The wealthy dow'r of Elenor the queen.

Those sums his father had been levying long
By impositions for the war abroad,
Others his princely benefits among,
At once on me he liberally bestow'd,
When some that saw how much on me he cast,
Perceiv'd his wealth could not maintain his waste.

He gave me then his secretary's place,
Thereby to train me in affairs of state;
Me in those rooms, that I was in, to grace,
And earl of Cornwal frankly did create;
Besides, in court more freely to partake me,
Of England he high chamberlain did make me.

And to the royal blood me to ally,
(Which did but back my humour of ambition)
In bands of wedlock did to me affy
A lady of an excellent condition,
Which Joan of Arches his dear sister bare
To th' earl of Glo'ster, that right noble Clare.

O blessed bounty, giving all content!
The only fautress of all noble arts,
That lend'st success to every good intent,
A grace that rests in the most godlike hearts,
By Heaven to none but happy souls infused,
Pity it is that e'er thou wast abused.

When those here first that my exile procur'd,
Which in my heart still hated did abide,
As they before by no means me endur'd,
So were they now impatient of my pride:
For emulation ever did attend
Upon the great, and shall so to the end.

To cross whom, into favour I wrought those,
That from mean places lifted up by me,
Being factious spirits, were fittest to oppose
Them, that perhaps too powerful else might be,
That against envy raised by my hand,
Must uphold me, to make themselves to stand.

Having my frame so cunningly contriv'd,
To bolster me in my ambitious ways,
I show'd the king my hate to be deriv'd
From those high honours that he on me lays,
Drawing him on (my courses to partake)
Still to maintain what he himself did make.

Thus did my youth but exercise extremes,
My heed was rashness to forerun my fall,
My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreams,
My counsel serv'd myself but to enthral,
Abusing me but with a vain illusion,
And all together hasting my confusion.

When as king Edward hast'neth his repair,
T' espouse the princess Isabel of France,
Daughter to Philip that was call'd the Fair,
By which he thought his strength much to advance;
And here at home to perfect my command,
He left me the protection of the land.

Giving me power so absolute withal,
That I drank pleasure in a plenteous cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my hands so freely render'd up,
That Heav'n on me no greater bliss could bring,
Except to make me greater than my king.

Thus being got as high as I could climb,
With this abundance beyond measure blest,
I thought t' embrace the benefit of time,
Fully to take what freely I possess'd;
Holding for truth that he is worse than mad,
Fondly to spare, a prince's wealth that had.

Their counsel then continually I cross'd,
As scorning their authority and blood,
And those things that concern'd their honours most,
In those against them evermore I stood,
And things for public, privately did spend
To feed my riot, that could find no end.

Until false Fortune, like a treacherous foe,
Which had so long attended on my fall,
In the plain path wherein I was to go,
Lay'd many a bait to train me on withal,
Till by her skill she cunningly had brought me
Into the trap where she at pleasure caught me.

For when the barons hotly went in hand,
With tilts and tourneys for the king's return,
To show the French the glory of the land,
The fixed day I labour'd to adjourn,
Till all their charge was lastly overthrown,
Who could abide no glory but mine own.

Thus sought my fate me forward still to set,
As though some engine seiz'd me with a slight:
One mischief soon a second doth beget,
The second brings a third but on too right,
And every one itself employeth wholly
In their just course to prosecute my folly.

For when the barons found me to retain
Th' ambitious course wherein I first began,
And deeply felt, that under my disdain,
Into contempt continually they ran,
They took up arms to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold spirits had suffer'd but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuse the king,
A wasteful spender of his wealth and treasure,
A secret thief of many a sacred thing,
And that I led him to unlawful pleasure;
Who never did in any thing delight,
But what might please my bestial appetite.

That like a sickness on the land was sent,
Whose hateful courses the chief cause had been
The commonwealth thus totter'd was and rent,
And worse and worse yet every day foreseen.
Thus was I scandal'd publicly of many,
Who pitied none, nor pity'd was of any.

And since I thus was match'd by men of might,
The king, my danger that discreetly weigh'd,
Seeing them to pursue me with such spite,
Me into Ireland secretly convey'd,
Till with my peers my peace he might procure,
Or might my safety otherwise assure.

Like one, whose house remedilessly burning,
Seeing his goods long heap'd together lost,
The mischief no whit lessen'd by his mourning,
Taketh some one thing that he loveth most,
And to some sure place doth with that retire,
Leaving the rest to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too dear for me did deem,
So it might serve to cover my disgrace,
To make my absence otherwise to seem,
And to the world to bear a fairer face,
Lest my exile, suggested by their hate,
In England here perhaps might wound my state:

By their wise counsel that were him about,
Of Ireland he me deputy doth make,
And caus'd it each-where to be given out,
My journey therefore thither I did take,
To stop their mouths, that gladly would embrace
The least thing that might sound to my disgrace.

Whereas he set me in that princely sort,
As in my place might purchase me renown,
With no less bounty to maintain a court,
Than hourly crav'd th' revenues of a crown,
Thither his bounty so much did me bring,
That though he reigu'd, yet there was I a king.

There were few weeks, but some the Channel cross'd
With sundry presents of a wond'rous price,
Some jewel that him infinitely cost,
Or some rich robe of excellent device,
That they which saw what he upon me threw,
Well might discern some change must needs ensue.

And since the flow one follow'd in this wise,
The fulness I as amply entertain,
It had been folly to have seem'd precise,
To take that which fell on me like the rain,
Such as before no age had ever seen,
And since he was, I think, hath seldom been.

So that, when the bold barony had found
The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,
That shifted me but to a surer ground,
On which they vainly had bestow'd their might,
Perceiv'd far off that greater peril rose,
Than they could find how fitly to dispose.

Like those that strive to stop some swelling source,
(Whose plenty none can comprehend in bounds)
Which climbs above th' opposers of his course,
And that which should encircle it surrounds,
That so innated in itself is blest,
That 'tis the more, the more it is deprest.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,
Who knew the way the Irish hearts to win,
They thought me better here to be bestow'd,
And for the state more safely far therein,
Where tho' my spoil they hop'd not to prevent,
Yet could they see the giddy course I went.

Of which they scarcely had conceiv'd the thought,
And did thereto but seemingly descend,
But that the king immediately it caught,
Nor car'd he by it what they did intend. [me,
Plot what they could, so he thereby might gain
Once in his court again to entertain me.

What is so hard, but majesty commands,
Yea, and severely humbleth with the eye?
Whose very nod acts with a thousand hands,
In it such virtue secretly doth lie,
Having t' uphold it the high power of fate,
It is imperious both o'er love and hate.

This king, who no occasion could neglect,
That aught me to my happiness might win,
Did with such care my bus'ness effect,
And ever was so fortunate therein,
That he to pass in little time did bring,
What most men thought to be a doubtful thing.

When posts away with their full packets went,
Me out of Ireland instantly to call,
Allow'd of by the general consent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all;
Yet 'twas sufficient that it freedom gave me,
But to be here where he desir'd to have me.

My proud sails swelling with a prosp'rous wind,
The boist'rous seas did homage to mine eyes,
And much above their usual course were kind,
All low'ring clouds abandoning the skies,
Nothing discern'd in any star to fear me,
Fortune herself sat at the helm to steer me.

What time the king a progress needs would make
Into North-Wales, his native place to see,
Which was indeed but only for my sake,
Who at West-Chester knew to meet with me,
And there, with all the state he could devise,
To do me honour in the people's eyes.

Where for my landing long he did provide,
That nought might want to nourish my delight,
And at each lodging as along we ride,
He entertain'd me with some pleasing sight;
And that the realm our friendship might report,
We enter'd London in this royal sort.

Which prov'd sharp spurs to my untam'd desire,
Leading the reigns to my lascivious will,
And put me forth upon my full career,
On places slippery, and my manage ill:
Small my foresight, and over-much my haste,
Which me, alas! unfortunately cast.

King Edward's ear when having a command,
Who aught would have, he must me entertain;
And yet before it pass'd my gripple hand,
I share the great'st part to my private gain;
Nor car'd I what from any I could wring,
So I might coin into my coffers bring.

Then daily begg'd I great monopolies,
Taking the lands belonging to the crown,
Transporting all the best commodities
Useful to England, needed of her own,
And basely sold all offices, till then
The due reward of well-deserving men.

And being inconsiderately proud,
Held all things vile that suited not my vein;
Nothing might pass, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gain,
Giving vile terms and nick-names of disgrace,
To men of great birth, and of greater place.

Whereby brake out that execrable rage,
Which long before had boiled in their blood,
Themselves by oath against me they engage,
Who thus had all authority withstood,
And in the quarrel up their arms do take,
Or to mar all, or better it to make.

They durst affirm my mother was a witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her son, so rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her sorcerics to me;
Urging it on, for a most certain thing,
That I by magic wrought upon the king.

And into France they charg'd me to convey
A goodly table of pure massy gold,
A relique kept in Windsor many a day,
Which to king Arthur did belong of old,
Upon whose margent, as they did surmise,
There were engraven Merlin's prophesies.

And by appealing to the see of Rome,
They soon procur'd a legate to the land,
With malediction by the church's doom,
Upon that man, which on my part should stand;
The king suspending, should he not consent,
To ratify the barony's intent.

Which they to purpose prosp'rously effect,
Then at full strength, to counterpoise his force;
Having withal the clergy to direct
Them the best way in their resistless course,
Till at the last king Edward they procure,
By solemn oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertain issue of each earthly thing,
Set out most lively in my star-crost state,
That doth remain in Fortune's managing,
Appearing in my variable fate:
On me that frown'd and flatter'd me so oft,
Casting me down, then setting me aloft.

To Flanders then my present course I cast,
Which as the fair'st, so fittest for my ease:
That way is saf'st that soonest can be past,
All not my friends that were abroad at seas;
Such friends in France they daily did procure,
That there myself I doubted to secure.

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,
Hoping thereby to live unknown to any;
Yet swift report had so divulg'd my shame,
My hateful life was publish'd to too many,
That as I pass'd through every street along,
I was the tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a secret means, to have
Intelligence with my kind lord the king,
Who fail'd no month, but he me notice gave
What the proud barons had in managing;
And labour'd then, as he had done before,
Me into England safely to restore.

For which relying on my sovereign's love,
To whom as life I had been ever dear,
Which ne'er than now I had more need to prove,
Who strove t' obtain, if any mean there were,
A dispensation for his former oath,
In their despite that thereto seem'd most loth.

Which long debating, we resolv'd at length,
Since I by marriage strongly was ally'd,
I at this pinch should stand upon my strength,
And should for England, hap what could betide,
And in a ship that for my passage lay,
Thither myself to secretly convey.

Where safely landed on the wished shore,
With speed to court I closely me betook,
Yet gave the king intelligence before,
About what time he there for me should look,
Who was devising, when I should arrive,
The surest way my safety to contrive,

Which the lords finding, whilst their blood was hot,
That to themselves then only were to trust;
For what before was done, avail'd them not,
And for my sake they found the king unjust,
Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they do stand,
Spoil on themselves, and peril on the land.

Who was so dull, that did not then distaste,
That thus the king his nobles should neglect?
And those in court we for our purpose plac'd,
Gave us just cause their dealings to suspect,
And they that view'd us with the pleased'st eye,
Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

Which made king Edward presently provide
A chosen convoy of his chiefest friends,
To guard me safe to York, to be supply'd
With foreign succours, and to Scotland sends
To warlike Baliol, and to Wales, from whence
He hop'd for power to frustrate their pretence.

But they his agents quickly intercept,
Not then to seek in so well known a thing,
And both the Marches they so strictly kept,
That none could enter to assist the king,
Only to chastise my abhorred sin,
Who had the cause of all these troubles been.

Thus like a ship, despoiled of her sails,
Shov'd by the wind against the streamful tide,
This way the one, that way the other hales,
Now tow'rds this shore, and now tow'rds that doth ride,
As that poor vessel's, such my brittle stay,
The nearer land, the nearer cast away.

Thou kingdom's cor'sive, home-begotten hate,
In any limits never that wast bounded,
When didst thou yet seize upon any state,
By thee that was not utterly confounded?
How many empires be there that do rue thee?
Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all succour utterly bereft,
Only some small force that we had at sea,
For us to trust to, Fortune had us left,
On which our hopes upon this up-cast lay,
  Which we to hasten speedily do make,
  Our former courses forced to forsake.

Our present peril happ'ning to be so,
That did for aid importunately call,
Wherefore in York, as safest from the foe,
He left me to the keeping of the wall,
  Till his return me further aid might give,
  Whom more and more he studied to relieve.

The barons then from Bedford setting on,
Th' appointed rendy where they gath'red head,
When they had notice that the king was gone,
Tow'rds Yorkshire with celerity them sped,
  To seize my person purposed that were, [bear.
  Whose presence else might make them to for-

When leaving York, to Scarborough I post,
With that small force the city had to lend me,
The strongest fort that stood upon the coast,
And of all other likest to defend me,
  Which at the worst, from whence, in their despite,
  The hills at hand might privilege my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,
Upon each passage set so watchful spies,
Of well-wall'd York that I was scarcely out,
But on their light-horse after me they rise,
  And suddenly they in upon me came,
  Ere I had time to get into the same.

Thence with intent tow'rds Oxford to convey me,
When by the way, as birds do at the owl,
Some wonder'd at me, some again did bay me,
As hungry wolves at passengers do howl:
  Each one rejoicing that I thus was caught,
  Who on the land these miseries had brought.

Conducted thus to Dedington at last,
Where th' earl of Pembroke will'd me to be stay'd,
To understand before they further pass'd,
What by the king could on my side be said
  About this business, and tow'rds Edward went,
  T' acquaint him with the general intent.

But th' earl of Warwick (lying but too near)
The dog of Arden that I us'd to call,
Who mortal hatred did me ever bear,
He whom I most suspected of them all,
  Thither repairing with his powerful band,
  Seized upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwick castle carrying me along,
(Where he had long desired me to get)
With friends and tenants absolutely strong,
Whom all the puissant barony abet,
  Which since occasion offer'd them such hold,
  Hasten my death by all the means they could.

North from the town, a mile or very near,
A little hill in public view doth lie,
That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,
Near to the ancient hermitage of Guy,
  To which the lords me as a traitor led,
  And on a scaffold took away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus exprest,
In the sad tenour of my tragic tale,
Let me return to the fair fields of rest,
Thither transported with a prosp'rous gale,
  And leave the world my destiny to view,
  Bidding it thus eternally adieu.

THE LEGEND OF THOMAS CROMWELL EARL OF ESSEX.

Awar'd, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
With the loud slander (by the impious time)
That of my actions every where is spread,
Through which to honour falsely I should climb:
From the sad dwelling of th' untimely dead,
To quit me of that execrable crime,
  Cromwell appears, his wretched plight to show,
  Much that can tell, as one that much did know.

Roughly not made up in the common mould,
That with the vulgar vilely I should die,
What thing so strange of Cromwell is not told?
What man more prais'd? who more condemn'd
That with the world when I am waxed old, [than I?
Most 'twere unfit that Fame of me should lie,
  With fables vain my history to fill,
  Forcing my good, excusing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice instantly bewray,
And for my sake your ill-deserved blame
Upon my legend publicly shall lay,
Would you forbear to blast me with defame,
Might I so mean a privilege but pray,
  He that three ages had endur'd your wrong,
  Hear him a little, who hath heard you long.

Since Rome's sad ruin here by me began,
Who her religion pluck'd up by the root,
Of the false world such hate for which I wan,
Which still at me her poisoned'st darts doth shoot;
That to excuse it, do the best I can,
Little, I fear, my labour me will boot:
  Yet will I speak, my troubled heart to ease,
  Much to the mind herself it is to please.

O powerful number, from whose stricter law
Heart-moving music did receive the ground,
Which man to fair civility did draw,
With the brute beast when lawless he was found:
O, if according to the wiser saw,
There be a high divinity in sound,
  Be now abundant, prosp'rously to aid
  The pen prepar'd my doubtful case to plead.

Putney the place made blessed by my birth,
Whose meanest cottage simply me did shroud,
To me as dearest of the English earth;
So of my bringing that poor village proud,
Though in a time when never less the dearth
Of happy wits, yet mine so well allow'd,
  That with the best she boldly durst prefer
  Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming
Striking the wond'ring borderers with fear, [woo'd,
And the pale Genius of that aged flood,
To my sick mother labouring did appear,
And with a countenance much distracted stood,
Threat'ning the fruit her pained womb should bear;
  My speedy birth being added thereunto,
  Seem'd to foretel that much I came to do.

Who was reserved for those worser days,
As the great ebb unto so long a flow,
When what those ages formerly did raise,
This, when I liv'd, did lastly overthrow,
And that great'st labour of the world did seize,
Only for which immedicable blow,
  Due to that time, me dooming Heaven ordain'd,
  Wherein confusion absolutely reign'd.

Vainly yet noted this prodigious sign,
Often predictions of most fearful things,
As plagues, or war, or great men to decline,
Rising of commons, or the death of kings;
But some strange news though ever it divine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Until th' effects men afterward did learn,
To know that me it chiefly did concern.

Whilst yet my father by his painful trade,
Whose labour'd anvil only was his fee,
Whom my great tow'rdness strongly did persuade,
In knowledge to have educated me;
But death did him unluckily invade,
Ere he the fruits of his desire could see,
Leaving me young, then little that did know,
How me the Heavens had purpos'd to bestow.

Hopeless as helpless most might me suppose,
Whose meanness seem'd their abject breath to
Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose, [draw:
Which their dull purblind ignorance not saw,
Which still is settled upon outward shows,
The vulgar's judgment ever is so raw,
Which the unworthiest sottishly do love,
In their own region properly that move.

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise, [know,
But through this cloud were some that did me
Which than the rest more happy, or more wise,
Me did relieve, when I was driven low,
Which, as the stairs by which I first did rise,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite, my bounties were so high,
As made my fame through every ear to fly.

That height and godlike purity of mind,
Resteth not still, where titles most adorn
With any, nor peculiarly confin'd
To names, and to be limited doth scorn:
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
Richest and poorest both alike are born;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
Which first by noble industry he wan,
His baser issue after should enhance,
And the rude slave not any good that can,
Such should thrust down by what is his by chance:
As had not he been first that him did raise,
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandsire's praise.

How weak art thou, that makest it thy end
To heap such worldly dignities on thee,
When upon Fortune only they depend,
And by her changes governed must be?
Besides the dangers still that such attend,
Liveliest of all men pourtray'd out in me,
When that, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'st from me fled, scarce tarrying for my fall.

You that but boast your ancestors' proud stile,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness grew,
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover you,
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things,
Base I proclaim you, though deriv'd from kings.

Virtue, but poor, God in this Earth doth place,
'Gainst the rude world to stand up in his right,
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Nor ceasing to pursue her with despite:
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Least then dismay'd, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit,
For her dear sake that offereth him to die,
For whom, when him the world doth disinherit,
Looketh upon it with a pleased eye,
What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudest menaces defy,
More worth than life, howe'er the base world rate him, [him.
Belov'd of Heaven, although the Earth doth hate

Injurious Time, unto the good unjust,
O! how may weak posterity suppose
Ever to have their merit from the dust,
'Gainst them thy partiality that knows?
To thy report, O who shall ever trust,
Triumphant arches building unto those,
Allow'd the longest memory to have,
That were the most unworthy of a grave?

But my clear metal had that powerful heat,
As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could:
Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,
Could win that place, which my high thoughts did hold,
That waxed still more prosperously great,
The more the world me strove to have controll'd,
On mine own columns constantly to stand,
Without the false help of another's hand.

My youthful course thus wisely did I steer,
T' avoid those rocks my wrack that else did threat;
Yet some fair hopes from far did still appear,
If that too much my wants did me not let:
Wherefore myself above myself to bear,
Still as I grew, I knowledge strove to get,
To perfect that which in the embryo was,
Whose birth, I found, time well might bring to pass.

But when my means to fail me I did find,
Myself to travel presently I took:
For 'twas distasteful to my noble mind,
That the vile world into my wants should look,
Being besides industriously inclin'd,
To measure others' actions with my book,
My judgment more to rectify thereby,
In matters that were difficult and high.

When lo it happ'd, that Fortune, as my guide,
Of me did with such providence dispose,
That th' English merchants then, who did reside
At Antwerp, me their secretary chose,
(As though in me to manifest her pride)
Whence to those principalities I rose,
To pluck me down, whom afterward she fear'd,
Beyond her power that almost she had rear'd.

When first the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,
In wise commerce most proper to that place,
And from my country carefully me wain'd,
As with the world it meant to win me grace,
Where great experience happily I gain'd;
Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,
For high employment otherwise ordain'd,
Till which the time I idly entertain'd.

For Boston bus'ness hotly then in hand,
The charge thereof on Chambers being lay'd,
Coming to Flanders, happ'd to understand
Of me, whom he requested him to aid;
Of which, when I the benefit had scann'd,
Weighing what time at Antwerp I had stay'd,
Soon it me won fair Italy to try,
Under a cheerful and more lucky sky.

For what the meanest clearly makes to shine,
Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur:
In every project, that so powerful trine,
By whose kind working bravely I did stir,
Which to each high and glorious design
(The time could offer) freely did me spur,
As forcing fate some new thing to prepare,
(Showing success) t' attempt that could me dare.

Where now my spirit got roomth itself to show,
To the fair'st pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
Where higher still it every day did grow;
And being in so excellent a plight,
Crav'd but occasion happily to prove,
How much it sat each vulgar spirit above.

The good success th' affairs of England found,
Much prais'd the choice of me that had been made:
For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade,
Myself and through the straitest ways I wound.
So could I act, so well I could persuade,
As merely jovial in myself was I,
Compos'd of freedom and alacrity.

Not long it was ere Rome of me did ring,
(Hardly shall Rome so full days see again)
Of freemens catches to the pope I sing,
Which wan much licence to my countrymen,
Thither the which I was the first bid bring,
That were unknown to Italy till then:
Light humours them when judgment doth direct,
Even of the wise win plausible respect.

And those, from home that pensions were allow'd,
And these did for intelligence remain,
Under my power themselves were glad to shrowd,
Russel and Pace yea oftentimes were fain,
When as their names they durst not have avow'd,
Me into their society t' retain,
Rising before me, mighty as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In foreign parts near friends I yet forsake,
That had before been deeply bound to me,
And would again I use of them should make,
But still my stars command I should be free,
And all those offers lightly from me shake,
Which to requite, I fetter'd else might be;
And though that oft great perils me oppugn,
And means were weak, my mind was ever strong.

Yet those great wants fate to my youth did tie,
Me from the pomp of those rich countries drive,
Thereby inforc'd with painful industry,
Against affliction manfully to strive,
Under her burthen faintly not to lie:
But since my good I hardly must derive,
Into the same I thought to make my way,
Through all the pow'r against me she could lay.

As a comedian and my life I led,
For so a while my need did me constrain,
With other my poor countrymen (that play'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gain:
Whereas when Fortune seem'd me low to tread
Under her feet, she set me up again,
Until her use bade me her not to fear,
Her good and ill that patiently could bear.

Till Charles the Fifth th' imperial pow'r did bend
'Gainst Rome, which Bourbon skilfully did guide,
Which fast-declining Italy did rend;
For th' right that him her holiness deny'd,
Wholly herself inforced to defend
'Gainst him that justly punish'd her pride,
To which myself I lastly did partake,
To see thereof what Fortune meant to make.

And at the siege with that great gen'ral serv'd,
When he first girt her stubborn waist with steel,
Within her walls who well-near being starv'd,
And that with faintness she began to reel,
Showing herself a little as she swerv'd:
First her then noting I began to feel,
She, whose great pow'r so far abroad did roam,
What in herself she truly was at home.

That the great school of the false world was then,
Where hers their subtle practices did vie,
Amongst that mighty confluence of men,
French plots propt up by English policy,
The German powers false shuffling, and again
All countermin'd by skilful Italy;
Each one in possibility to win,
Great rests were up, and mighty hands were in.

Here first to work my busy brain was set,
(My inclination finding it to please,
This stirring world which strongly still did whet)
To temper in so dangerous assays,
Which did strange forms of policies beget;
Besides in times so turbulent as these,
Whereto my studies wholly I did bend
To that, which then the wisest made their end.

And my experience happily me taught
Into the secrets of those times to see,
From whence to England afterward I brought
Those slights of state deliver'd there to me,
Int' which there then were very few that sought,
Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,
Which after did most fearful things effect,
Whose secret working few did then suspect.

When though 'twere long, it happen'd yet at last
Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,
When many perils strangely I had past,
As many sad calamities endur'd:
Beyond the Moon when I began to cast,
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the mighty known,
How they would seem compared with their own.

Or if that there the great should me neglect,
As I the worst that vainly did not fear,
To my experience how to gain respect,
In other countries that do hold it dear,
I no occasion vainly did reject,
Whilst still before me other rising were,
And some themselves had mounted to the sky,
Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England bigamy with blood,
Lately begot by luxury and pride,
In their great'st fullness peremptory stood;
Some that those courses diligently ey'd,
Slily were fishing in that troubled flood,
For future changes wisely to provide,
  Finding the world so rankly then to swell,
  That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floating long upon my first arrive,
Whil'st many doubts me seemed to appal,
Like to a bark that with the tide doth drive,
Having nought left to fasten it withal,
Thus with the time by suff'ring I do strive,
Into what harbour doubtful yet to fall;
  Until inforc'd to put it to the chance,
  Casting the fair'st, my fortune to advance.

Making myself to mighty Woolsey known,
That Atlas, which the government up-stay'd,
Who from mean place in little time was grown
Up to him, which that weight upon him lay'd;
And being got the nearest to this throne,
He the more eas'ly this great kingdom sway'd,
  Leaning thereon his wearied self to breath,
  Whil'st even the greatest sat him far beneath.

Where learned More and Gardiner I met,
Men in those times immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their rank and worthily did get,
There as their proud competitor to sit.
  One excellence to many is the mother,
  Wits do, as creatures, one beget another.

This founder of the palaces of kings,
Whose veins with more than usual spirit were fill'd,
A man ordained to the mighti'st things,
In Oxford then determining to build
To Christ a college, and together brings
All that thereof the great foundation wills,
  There me employs, whose industry he found
  Worthy to work upon the noblest ground.

Yet in the entrance wisely did he fear
Coin might fall short; yet with this work on fire,
Wherefore such houses as religious were,
Whose being no necessity require,
But that the greater very well might bear,
From Rome the card'nal cunningly did hire,
  Winning withal his sovereign to consent,
  It colouring with so holy an intent.

This, like a symptom to a long disease,
Was the forerunner to this mighty fall,
And but too unadvisedly did seize
Upon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the work been of so many days,
And more again recover hardly shall:
  But lo, it sunk, which time did long up-hold,
  Where now it lies even levell'd with the mould.

Thus thou, great Rome, here first wast overthrown,
Thy future harms that blindly couldst not see,
And in this work they only were thine own,
Whose knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the world before had they not shown,
Ne'er had those secrets been descry'd by me,
  Nor by thy wealth so many from the plow,
  Were those high types wherein they flourish now.

For which my master Woolsey might and main,
Into such favour with the king me brought,
Tow'rds whom myself so well I did demean,
As that I seem'd to exercise his thought,
And his great liking strongly did retain,
With what before that card'nal had me taught,
  From whose exampl', by those cells but small,
  Sprang the subversion lastly of them all.

Yet many a let was cast into the way,
Wherein I ran so steadily and right,
And many a snare my adversaries lay,
Much wrought they with their power, much with their slight,
Wisely perceiving that my smallest stay
Fully requir'd the utmost of their might,
  To my ascendant hasting then to climb,
  There as the first predomining the time.

Knowing what wealth me earnestly did woo,
Which I through Woolsey happen'd had to find,
And could the path most perfectly unto,
The king thereafter earnestly inclin'd,
Seeing besides what after I might do,
If so great power me fully were assign'd,
  By all their means against me strongly wrought,
  Lab'ring as fast to bring their church to nought.

Whilst to the king continually I sue,
And in this bus'ness faithfully did stir,
Strongly to prove my judgment to be true,
'Gainst those who most supposed me to err;
Nor the least means, which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purposes perfer,
  Did I omit, till I had won his ear [hear.
  Most that me mark'd, when least he seem'd to

This wound to them thus violently given,
Envy at me her sharpest darts did rove,
Affecting the supremacy of Heaven,
As the first giants warring against Jove,
Heap'd hills on hills, the gods till they had driven,
The meanest shapes of earthly things to prove:
  So must I shift from them that 'gainst me rose,
  Mortal their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force against me wholly bent,
Prevail'd upon my purposes so far,
That I my ruin scarcely could prevent,
So momentary worldly favours are,
That till the utmost of their spite was spent,
Had not my spirit maintain'd a manly war,
  Risen they had, when I had lain full low,
  Upon whose ruin after I did grow.

When the great king, their strange reports that took,
Who as pernicious as they potent were,
And at the fair growth of my fortune strook,
Whose deadly malice blame me not to fear,
Me at the first so violently shook,
That they this frame were likely down to bear,
  If resolution with a settled brow
  Had not upheld my peremptory vow.

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,
Nor could my coursers force me to forsake,
After this shipwrack I again must try,
Some happier voyage hopeful still to make:
The plots that barren long we see do lie,
Some fitting season plentifully take:
  One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore
  What many winters hinder'd have before.

That to account I strictly call my wit,
How it this while had managed my state,
My soul in counsel summoning to sit,
If possible to turn the course of fate;
For ways there be the greatest things to hit,
If men could find the peremptory gate:
And since I once was got so near the brink,
More than before 'twould grieve me now to sink.

Russel, whose life (some said) that I had sav'd
In Italy, one that me favour'd most,
And reverend Hailes, who but occasion crav'd
To show his love, no less that I had cost,
Who to the king perceiving me disgrac'd,
Whose favour I unluckily had lost,
Both with him great, a foot set in withal,
If not to stay, to qualify my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-near quite sunk, recover me that could,
And once more get me into Fortune's lap,
Which well myself might teach me there to hold,
Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,
Whose praise by me to ages shall be told,
As the two props by which I only rose,
When most suppress, most trod on by my foes.

This me to urge the premunire won,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and high,
Int' which the heedless prelacy were run,
That back unto the papacy did fly,
Sworn to that see, and what before was done,
Due to the king, dispensed were thereby,
Int' which first ent'ring offer'd me the mean,
That to throw down, already that did lean.

This was to me that overflowing source,
From whence his bounties plentifully spring,
Whose speedy current with unusual force
Bare me into the bosom of the king,
By putting him into that ready course,
Which soon to pass his purposes might bring,
Where those which late imperiously control'd me,
Struck pale with fear, stood trembling to behold me.

When State to me those ceremonies show'd,
That to so great a favourite were due,
And Fortune still with honours did me load,
As though no mean she in my rising knew,
Or Heaven to me more than to man had ow'd,
(What to the world unheard of was and new)
And was to other sparing of her store,
Till she could give, or I could ask no more.

Those high preferments he upon me lay'd,
To make the world me publicly to know,
Were such, in judgment rightly being weigh'd,
Seemed too great for me to undergo;
Nor could his hand from pouring on be stay'd,
Until I so abundantly did flow,
That looking down whence lately I was clomb,
Danger had fear, if further I should roam.

For first from knighthood rising in degree,
The office of the jewel-house my lot,
After, the rolls he frankly gave to me,
From whence a privy counsellor I got,
Then of the garter; and then earl to be
Of Essex: yet sufficient these were not,
But to the great vicegerency I grew,
Being a title as supreme as new.

So well did me these dignities befit,
And honour so me every way became,
As more than man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name:
Where was he found whose love I not requit,
Beyond his own imaginary aim,
Which had me succour'd, nearly being driven,
As things to me that idly were not given?

What tongue so slow, the tale shall not report
Of hospitable Friscobald and me,
And show in how reciprocal a sort
My thanks did with his courtesy agree,
When as my means in Italy were short,
That me reliev'd? I, less that would not be,
When I (of England was vicegerent made,
His former bounties lib'rally repay'd.

The manner briefly, gentler Muse, relate,
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,
The sudden change of unavoided fate,
That famous merchant, reverend Friscobald,
Grew poor, and the small remnant of his state,
Was certain goods to England he had sold,
Which in the hands of creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet lesser means he had.

Hither his wants him forcibly constrain'd,
Though with long travel both by land and seas,
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he lays;
And if he found that friendship here were feign'd,
Yet at the worst, it better should him please,
Far out of sight to perish here unknown,
Than unreliev'd be pitied of his own.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Westminster did ride,
'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,
An aged man I happily espy'd,
Whose outward looks much inward grief did show;
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, methought more precisely I should know:
Revolving long, it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been so kind.

Was therewithal so joyed with his sight,
(With the dear sight of his so reverend face)
That I could scarcely keep me from t' alight,
And in mine arms him kindly to embrace:
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,
He being a stranger, and the public place,
Check'd my affection, till some fitter hour
On him my love effectually might show'r.

"Never," quoth I, "was Fortune so unjust,
As to do wrong to thy most noble heart:
What man so wicked could betray the trust,
Of one so upright, of so good desert?
And tho' obey necessity thou must,
As when th' wast great'st, the same to me thou art;
Let me alone the last be left of all,
That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall."

And calling to a gentleman of mine,
Wise and discreet that well I knew to be,
Show'd him that stranger, whose dejected eyne,
Fixt on the earth, ne'er once look'd up at me:
"Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,"
(Quoth I) "bespeak him reverently you see;
Scorn not his habit; little canst thou tell,
How rich a mind in those mean rags doth dwell."

He with my name that kindly did him greet,
Slowly cast up his deadly-moving eye,
That long time had been fixed on his feet,
To look no higher than his misery,
Thinking him more calamity did greet,
Or that I had supposed him some spy;
With a deep sigh that from his heart he drew,
Quoth he, "His will accomplish'd be by you."

My man departed, and the message done,
He whose sad heart a strange impression struck,
To think upon this accident begun,
And on himself suspiciously to look;
Into all doubts he fearfully doth run,
Oft himself cheering, oft himself forsook:
Strangely perplext, he to my house doth come,
Not knowing why judg'd, nor dreading yet his doom.

My servants set his coming to attend,
That were therein not common for their skill,
Whose usage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guilty was of ill;
But as a man, whose thoughts were at an end,
"Fortune," quoth he, "then work on me thy will:
Wiser than man I think he were that knew
Whence this may come, or what will it ensue."

His honour'd presence so did me inflame,
That being then in presence of my peers,
I 'stained not to meet him as he came,
(That very hardly could contain my tears)
Kindly salute him, call him by his name,
And oft together ask him how he cheers:
Which still along maintaining the extreme,
The man thought sure he had been in a dream.

At length to wake him gently, I began
With this demand, "If once he did not know
One Thomas Cromwell, a poor Englishman,
By him reliev'd, when he was driven low,"
When I perceiv'd he my remembrance wan,
Yet with his tears it silently did show,
I wept for woe, to see mine host distrest;
But he for joy, to see his happy guest.

Him to the lords I publish'd by my praise,
And at my table carefully him set,
Recounting them the many sundry ways
I was to this good gentleman in debt;
How great he was in Florence in those days,
With all that grace or reverence him might get:
Which all the while yet silently he hears,
Moisting among his viands with his tears.

And to lend fulness lastly to his fate,
Great sums I gave him, and what was his due,
Made known, myself became his advocate,
And at my charge his creditors I sue,
Recovering him unto his former state:
Thus he the world began by me anew,
That shall to all posterity express
His honour'd bounty, and my thankfulness.

But, Muse, recount before thou farther pass,
How this great change so quickly came about,
And what the cause of this sad downfal was,
In every part the spacious realm throughout,
Being effected in so little space;
Leave not thereof posterity to doubt,
That the world obscured else may be,
If in this place revealed not by thee.

If the whole land did on the Church rely,
Having full pow'r kings to account to call,
That to the world read only policy,
Besides Heaven's keys to stop or let in all,
Let me but know from her supremacy
How she should come so suddenly to fall:
'Twas more than chance sure put a hand thereto,
That had the power so great a thing to do.

Or aught there were bad biding under Sun,
Who would have thought those edifices great,
Which first Religion holily begun,
The Church approv'd, and Wisdom richly seat,
Devotion nourish'd, Faith allowance won,
With what might make them any way complete,
Should in their ruins lastly bury'd lie,
But that begun and ended from the sky?

And the king, late obedient to her laws,
Against the clerk of Germany had writ,
As he the first that stirr'd in the Church's cause,
Against him greatli'st that oppugned it;
And wan from her so grateful an applause,
Then in her favour chiefly that did sit,
That as the prop whereon she only stay'th,
Him she instil'd Defender of the Faith.

But not their power, whose wisdoms them did place
In the first rank, the oracles of state,
Who that opinion strongly did embrace,
Which through the land received was of late,
Then aught at all prevailed in this case.
O powerful doom of unavoided fate,
Whose depth not weak mortality can know!
Who can up-hold what Heaven will overthrow?

When time now universally did show
The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
With most abundance then when she did flow,
Yet every hour still prosp'rously she wex'd,
But the world poor did by loose riots grow,
Which served as an excellent pretext,
And colour gave to pluck her from her pride,
Whose only greatness suffer'd none beside.

Likewise to that, posterity did doubt
Those at the first not rightly to adore,
Their fathers that, too credulous devout,
Had to the church contributed their store,
And to recover only went about
What their great zeal had lavished before,
On her a strong hand violently lay'd,
Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Besides, the king set in a course so right,
Which I for him laboriously had tract,
(Who, till I learn'd him, had not known his might)
I still to prompt his power with me to act,
Into those secrets got so deep a sight,
That nothing lastly to his furtherance lack'd,
And by example it to him was shown,
How Rome might here be eas'ly overthrown.

In taking down yet of this goodly frame,
He suddenly not brake off every band,
But took the power first from the papal name,
After, a while let the religion stand,
When limb by limb he daily did it lame;
First, took a leg, and after took a hand,
Till the poor semblance of a body left,
But all should stay it utterly bereft.

For if some abbey happen'd void to fall,
By death of him that the superior was,
Gain, that did first church-liberty enthral,
Only supreme promoted to the place,
'Mongst many bad, the worst most times of all,
Under the colour of some other's grace,
That by the slander which from him should spring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from Heaven when by a secret course
Dissension universally began,
(Prevailing as a planetary source)
I' th' Church believing, as Mahumetan,
When Luther first did these opinions nurse,
Much from great Rome in little space that wan,
It to this change so aptly did dispose,
From whose sad ruin ours so great arose.

When here that fabric utterly did fail,
Which powerful fate had limited to time,
By whose strong law it naturally must quail,
From that proud height to which it long did climb,
Letting 'gainst it the contrary prevail,
Therein to punish some notorious crime,
For which at length just-dooming Heaven decreed,
That on her buildings ruin here should feed.

Th' authority upon her she did take,
And use thereof in every little thing,
Finding herself bow oft she did forsake,
In her own bounds herself not limiting,
That awful fear and due obedience brake,
Which her reputed holiness did bring,
From slight regard and brought her into hate,
With those that much dislik'd of her estate.

Seeing those parts she cunningly had play'd,
Belief to her great miracles to win,
To the wise world were every day bewray'd,
From which the doubt did of her pow'r begin,
Damnation yet to question what she said,
Made most suspect the faith they had been in,
When their salvation eas'ly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had sought.

Whence those ill humours ripen'd to a head,
Bred by the rankness of the plenteous land,
And they not only strangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient liberty to stand,
But what their fathers gave her being dead,
The sons rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And those her buildings most of all abus'd,
That with the weight their fathers' coffins brais'd.

The wisest and most provident but build
For time again but only to destroy,
The costly piles and monuments we gild,
Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy;
Vicissitude impartially will'd,
The goodliest things be subject to annoy,
And what one age did studiously maintain,
The next again accounteth vile and vain.

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did err,
That put their help her bravery to deface,
When as the wealth that taken was from her,
Others soon raised, that did them displace,
Their titles and their offices confer
On such before as were obscure and base,
Who would with her, they likewise down should go,
And o'erthrew them that her did overthrow.

And th' Romish rites, that with a clearer sight
The wisest thought they justly did reject,
They after saw, that the received light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Mysterious things being not conceived right
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect:
For in opinion something short doth fall,
Wants there have been, and shall be still in all.

But negligent Security and Ease,
Unbridled Sensuality begat,
That only sought his appetite to please,
As it in midst of much abundance sat:
The church not willing others should her praise,
That she was lean, when as her lands were fat,
Herself to too much liberty did give,
Which some perceiv'd that in those times did live.

Pierce, the wise ploughman, in his vision saw
Conscience sore hurt, yet sorer was afraid
The seven great sins to Hell him like to draw,
And to wise clergy mainly cry'd for aid;
Fall'n ere he wist (whom peril much did awe)
On unclean priests whilst faintly he him staid,
Willing good clergy t' ease his wretched case,
Whom these strong giants hotly had in chase.

Clergy call'd friers, which near at hand did dwell,
And them requests to take in hand the cure,
But for their leechcraft that they could not well,
He listed not their dressing to endure,
When in his ear Need softly did him tell
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)
They came for gain, their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of souls they take.

And voluntary poverty profest,
By food of angels seeming as to live;
But yet with them th' accounted were the best,
That most to their fraternity did give,
And beyond number that they were increast.
"If so," quoth Conscience, "thee may I believe,
Then 'tis in vain more on them to bestow,
If beyond number like they be to grow."

The frier soon feeling Conscience had him found,
And hearing how Hypocrisy did thrive,
That many teachers every where did wound,
For which Contrition miserably did grieve:
Now in deceit to show himself profound,
His former hopes yet lastly to revive,
Gets the pope's letters, whereof he doth shape
Him a disguise from Conscience to escape.

And so tow'rds goodly Unity he goes,
A strong-built castle standing very high,
Where Conscience liv'd to keep him from his foes,
Whom, lest some watchful sentinel should spy,
And him should to the garrison disclose,
His cowl about him carefully doth tie,
Creeps to the gate, and closely thereat beat,
As one that entrance gladly would entreat.

Peace, the good porter, ready still at hand,
It doth unpin, and prays him God to save,
And after salving, kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would have?
The frier low louting, crossing with his hand,
"To speak with Contrition," quoth he, "I would crave."
"Father," quoth Peace, "your coming is in vain,
For him of late Hypocrisy hath slain."

"God shield!" (quoth he, and turning up his eyes,)
"To former health I hope him to restore,
For in my skill his sound recovery lies;
Doubt not thereof, if setting God before."
"Are you a surgeon?" (Peace again replies.)
"Yea," quoth the frier, "and sent to heal his sore."
"Come near," quoth Peace, "and God your coming speed,
Never of help Contrition had more need."

And for more haste he haleth in the frier,
And his lord Conscience quickly of him told,
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheer:
"O sir," quoth he, "entreat you that I could
To lend your hand to my dear cousin here,
Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,
That wounded by Hypocrisy of late,
Now lieth in most desperate estate."

"Sir," quoth the frier, "I hope him soon to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,
Will he awhile my dressing but endure."
And to Contrition therewith cometh he,
And by fair speech himself of him assure,
But first of all going thorough for his fee:
Which done, quoth he, "If outwardly you show
Sound, 't not avails if inwardly or no."

But secretly assoiling of his sin,
No other med'cine will he to him lay,
Saying, that Heaven his silver him should win:
And to give friers, was better than to pray;
So he were shriv'd, what need he care a pin?
Thus with his patient he so long did play,
Until Contrition had forgot to weep.
This the wise ploughman show'd me from his sleep.

He saw their faults that loosely lived then,
Others again our weaknesses shall see:
For this is sure, he bideth not with men,
That shall know all to be what they should be:
Yet let the faithful and industrious pen
Have the due merit; but return to me,
Whose fall this while blind Fortune did devise,
To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

Those secret foes yet subt'ly to deceive,
That me maligning, lifted at my state,
The king to marry forward still I heave,
(His former wife being repudiate)
With Ann the sister of the duke of Cleve,
The German princes to confederate,
To back me still 'gainst those that 'gainst me lay,
Which as their own retain'd me here in pay.

Which my destruction principally wrought,
When afterward abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to pass could not be brought,
So long as yet I bare about my head,
The only man her safety that had sought,
Of her again and only favoured,
Which was the cause he hasted to my end,
Upon whose fall hers likewise did depend.

For in his high distemp'rature of blood,
Who was so great whose life he did regard?
Or what was it that his desires withstood,
He not invested, were it ne'er so hard?
Nor held he me so absolutely good,
That though I cross'd him, I could not be spar'd:
But with those things I lastly was to go,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When Winchester, with all those enemies
Whom my much power from audience had debarr'd,
The longer time their mischiefs to devise,
Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,
When I had done the king what did suffice,
Lastly, thrust in against me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making amain to th' shedding of my blood.

And that the king his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Having his riot satisfy'd thereby,
Seems not to know how I therein did sway,
What late was truth, now turn'd to heresy:
When he by me had purchased his prey,
Himself to clear, and satisfy the sin,
Leaves me but late his instrument therein.

Those laws I made myself alone to please,
To give me power more freely to my will,
Even to my equals hurtful sundry ways,
(Forced to things that most do say were ill)
Upon me now as violently seize,
By which I lastly perish'd by my skill,
On mine own neck returning (as my due)
That heavy yoke wherein by me they drew.

My greatness threaten'd by ill-boding eyes,
My actions strangely censured of all,
Yet in my way, my giddiness not sees
The pit wherein I likely was to fall.
O, were the sweets of man's felicities
Often amongst not temper'd with some gall,
He would forget by his o'erweening skill,
Just Heaven above doth censure good and ill!

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,
As in the corn, the fluxure when we see
Fills but the straw, when it should fill the ear,
Rotting that time in ripening it should be,
And being once down, itself can never rear:
With us well doth this simile agree,
(By the wise man) due to the great in all,
By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self-loving man what sooner doth abuse,
And more than his prosperity doth wound?
Into the deep but fall how can he chuse,
That over-strides whereon his foot to ground?
Who sparingly prosperity doth use,
And to himself doth after-ill propound,
Unto his height who happily doth climb,
Sits above Fortune, and controlleth Time.

Not choosing what us most delight doth bring,
And most that by the general breath is freed,
Wooing that suffrage but the virtuous thing,
Which in itself is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongst the most but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldom enduring, and as seldom good.

But whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,
By flatt'ring princes with a servile tongue,
And being soothers to their tyrannies,
Work our much woes by what doth many wrong,
And unto others tending injuries,
Unto ourselves it happ'ning oft among,
In our own snares unluckily are caught,
Whilst our attempts fall instantly to naught.

The council-chamber place of my arrest,
Where chief I was, when greatest was the store,
And had my speeches noted of the best,
That did them as high oracles adore:
A parliament was lastly my inquest,
That was myself a parliament before,
The Tower-hill scaffold last I did ascend:
Thus the great'st man of England made his end.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

What time the groves were clad in green,
The fields drest all in flowers,
And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were seen
To seek them summer bowers:

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills,
To find where Cynthia sat,
Whose name so often from the hills
The Echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my quest to bring,
That pleasure might excel,
The birds strove which should sweetliest sing,
The flow'rs which should sweetest smell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,
"O whither's Cynthia gone?"
When soon the Echo doth reply
To my last word—"Go on."

At length upon a lofty fir
It was my chance to find,
Where that dear name most due to her,
Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,
The bees their honey brought,
And up the carved letters fill'd,
As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious root,
Then looking on the ground,
The shape of her most dainty foot
Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,
As though it should forbid
Us, wretched mortals, to reveal
What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,
Appeared to my view
More fresh and lovely than the rest,
That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that stood
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,
Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untouch'd yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly show'd,
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With every thing I saw:

I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white.
They from their fellows were?"
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's sight
Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet "Why
It sadly hung the head?"
It told me, "Cynthia late pass'd by,
Too soon from it that fled."

A bed of roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace;
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place:

I of a shrub of those enquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?
It answer'd (to my mind:)

"As the base hemlock were we such,
The poisoned'st weed that grows,
Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,
Transform'd us to the rose:

"Since when those frosts that winter brings,
Which candy every green,
Renew us like the teeming springs,
And we thus fresh are seen."

At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted;
The bank with daffadillies dight,
With grass like sleave was matted:

When I demanded of that well,
What pow'r frequented there;
Desiring, it would please to tell
What name it us'd to bear:

It told me "it was Cynthia's own,
Within whose cheerful brims,
That curious nymph had oft been known
To bathe her snowy limbs;

"Since when that water had the pow'r
Lost maidenhoods to restore,
And make one twenty in an hour,
Of Æson's age before."

And told me "That the bottom clear,
Now lay'd with many a fet
Of seed pearl, ere she bath'd her there,
Was known as black as jet:

"As when she from the water came,
Where first she touch'd the mould,
In balls the people made the same,
For pomander and sold."

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold
Two blest elysiums in one sted,
The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,
Herself in to repose:
Had they come down, the gods no doubt
The very same had chose.

The wealthy spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
Upon a rosy bed;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties bless'd,
No limb of her's but might have made
A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesht in her hair,
By the bright radiance thrown
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
Her breath did so refine,
That it with woodbine durst compare,
And beard the eglantine.

The dew which on the tender grass
The evening had distill'd,
To pure rose-water turned was,
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir:
Whilst tuning to the waters' fall,
The small birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
When I too plainly see
A thousand Cupids from her eyes
Shoot all at once at me."

"Into these secret shades," quoth she,
"How dar'st thou be so bold
To enter, consecrate to me,
Or touch this hallow'd mould?

"Those words," quoth she, "I can pronounce,
Which to that shape can bring
Thee, which the hunter had, who once
Saw Dian in the spring."

"Bright nymph," again I this reply,
"This cannot me affright:
I had rather in thy presence die,
Than live out of thy sight.

"I first upon the mountains high
Built altars to thy name,
And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
To propagate thy fame.

"I taught the shepherds on the downs
Of thee to form their lays:
'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns
With ditties of thy praise.

"Thy colours I devis'd with care,
Which were unknown before:
Which since that, in their braided hair
The nymphs and sylvans wore.

"Transform me to what shape you can,
I pass not what it be:
Yea, what most hateful is to man,
So I may follow thee."

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view.
Quoth she, "Most welcome to these woods,
Too mean for one so true.

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,
A den of mere despite:
To idiots only that doth give,
Which be her sole delight.

"To people the infernal pit,
That more and more doth strive;
Where only villainy is wit,
And devils only thrive.

"Whose vileness us shall never awe:
But here our sports shall be,
Such as the golden world first saw,
Most innocent and free.

"Of simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures, and which can kill.

"The waxen palace of the bee,
We seeking will surprise,
The curiods workmanship to see
Of her full-laden thighs.

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
And make the gods repine,
As they do feast in Jove's great room,
To see with what we dine.

"Yet when there haps a honey fall,
We'll lick the syrupt leaves;
And tell the bees, that their's is gall
To this upon the greaves.

"The nimble squirrel noting here,
Her mossy dray that makes;
And laugh to see the dusty deer
Come bounding o'er the brakes.

"The spider's web to watch we'll stand,
And when it takes the bee,
We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
The innocent to free.

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,
The freckled trout to take,
With silken worms and bait the hook,
Which him our prey shall make.

"Of meddling with such subtle tools,
Such dangers that enclose,
The moral is, that painted fools
Are caught with silken shows.

"And when the Moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower grounds,
When Fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly rounds.

"And have a flock of turtle-doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witness of our honest loves
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast
As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
On Earth Heaven's only pride;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside.

THE SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.

Dorilus, in sorrows deep,
Autumn waxing old and chill,
As he sat his flocks to keep,
Underneath an easy hill,
Chanc'd to cast his eye aside
On those fields, where he had seen
Bright Sirena, Nature's pride,
Sporting on the pleasant green:

To whose walks the shepherds oft
Came, her godlike foot to find;
And in places that were soft,
Kiss'd the print there left behind:
Where the path which she had trode,
Hath thereby more glory gain'd,
Than in Heav'n that milky road,
Which with nectar Hebe stain'd.
But bleak winter's boist'rous blasts
Now their fading pleasures chid,
And so fill'd them with his wastes,
That from sight her steps were hid.
Silly shepherd, sad the while
For his sweet Sirena gone,
All his pleasures in exile,
Laid on the cold earth alone:
Whilst his gamesome cut-tail'd cur
With his mirthless master plays,
Striving him with sport to stir,
As in his more youthful days.
Dorilus his dog doth chide,
Lays his well-tun'd bagpipe by,
And his sheep-hook casts aside,
"There," quoth he, "together lie."
When a letter forth he took,
Which to him Sirena writ,
With a deadly downcast look,
And thus fell to reading it.
"Dorilus, my dear," quoth she,
"Kind companion of my woe,
Though we thus divided be,
Death cannot divorce us so:
Thou whose bosom hath been still
Th' only closet of my care,
And in all my good and ill
Ever had thy equal share:
Might I win thee from thy fold,
Thou should'st come to visit me;
But the winter is so cold,
That I fear to hazard thee.
The wild waters are wax'd high,
So they are both deaf and dumb;
Lov'd they thee so well as I,
They would ebb when thou should'st come:
Then my cot with light should shine
Purer than the vestal fire;
Nothing here but should be thine,
That thy heart can well desire:
Where at large we will relate
From what cause our friendship grew,
And in that the varying fate,
Since we first each other knew:
Of my heavy passed plight,
As of many a future fear,
Which, except the silent night,
None but only thou shalt hear.
My sad heart it shall relieve,
When my thoughts I shall disclose,
For thou canst not choose but grieve,
When I shall recount my woes.
There is nothing to that friend,
To whose close unerannied breast
We our secret thoughts may send,
And there safely let 'em rest:
And thy faithful counsel may
My distressed case assist;
Sad affliction else may sway
Me, a woman, as it list.
Hither I would have thee haste,
Yet would gladly have thee stay,
When those dangers I forecast,
That may meet thee by the way.
Do as thou shalt think it best,
Let thy knowledge be thy guide;
Like thou in my constant breast,
Whatsoever shall betide."
He her letter having read,
Puts it in his scrip again,
Looking like a man half dead,
By her kindness strangely slain:
And as one who inly knew
Her distressed present state,
And to her had still been true,
Thus doth with himself dilate.
"I will not thy face admire,
Admirable though it be,
Nor thine eyes, whose subtle fire
So much wonder win in me:
But my marvel shall be now,
(And of long it hath been so)
Of all woman-kind that thou
Wert ordain'd to taste of woe.
To a beauty so divine,
(Paradise in little done)
O that Fortune should assign
Aught but what thou well might'st shun!
But my counsels such must be,
(Though as yet I them conceal)
By their deadly wound in me,
They thy hurt must only heal.
Could I give what thou dost crave,
To that pass thy state is grown,
I thereby thy life may save,
But am sure to lose mine own.
To that joy thou dost conceive,
Through my heart the way doth lie,
Which in two for thee must cleave,
Lest that thou should'st go awry.
Thus my death must be a toy,
Which my pensive breast must cover;
Thy beloved to enjoy,
Must be taught thee by thy lover.
Hard the choice I have to chose;
To myself if friend I be,
I must my Sirena lose;
If not so, she loseth me."
Thus whilst he doth cast about
What therein were best to do,
Nor could yet resolve the doubt,
Whether he should stay or go:
In those fields not far away
There was many a frolic swain,
In fresh russets day by day,
That kept revels on the plain.
Nimble Tom, sirnam'd the Tup,
For his pipe without a peer,
And could tickle Trenchmore up,
As t'would joy your heart to hear:
Ralph, as much renown'd for skill,
That the tabor touch'd so well:
For his gittern little Gill,
That all other did excel:
Rock and Rollo every way,
Who still led the rustic ging,
And could troul a roundelay,
That would make the fields to ring:
Collin on his shalm so clear,
Many a high-pitch'd note that hail,
And could make the Echoes near
Shout as they were waxen mad:

Many a lustly swain beside,
That for nought but pleasure car'd,
Having Dorilus espy'd,
And with him knew how it far'd,
Thought from him they would remove
This strong melancholy fit;
Or so, should it not behove,
Quite to put him out of's wit:
Having learnt a song which he
Sometime to Sirena sent,
Full of jollity and glee,
When the nymph liv'd near to Trent;
They behind him softly got,
Lying on the earth along,
And when he suspected not,
Thus the jovial shepherds song.

Near to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom Nature lent
All that excelleth;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places:
Twisting an Anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belong'd to them
Most to renown her.
cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better:
Henceforth of all the rest,
Be thou the river,
Which as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever,
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.
cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner;
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over:
For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth;
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth.
cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Oft have I seen the Sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her:
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.
cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Straight to renew them;
And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth:
Nor flower is so sweet
In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
Leaveth some tincture.
cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

The fishes in the flood,
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive agood
Them to intangle;
And leaping on the land
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
Lavishly scatter;
Therewith to pave the mould
Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold
As in her glasses.
cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

When she looks out by night,
The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
Fearfully blazing;
As wond'ring at her eyes,
With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are calm
When she speaketh,
Such most delightsome balm
From her lips breaketh.
cho. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

In all our Britanny
There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any,
Should you compare her.
Angels her eyelids keep,
All hearts surprising;
Which look whilst she doth sleep
Like the Sun's rising:
She alone of her kind
Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatched mind
Is Heaven's treasure.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
Boast ye your beauties,
To Trent your mistress here
Yet pay you duties.
My love was higher born
Tow'rds the full fountains,
Yet she doth Moorland scorn,
And the Peak mountains;
Nor would she none should dream
Where she abideth,
Humble as is the stream,
Which by her slideth.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Yet my poor rustic Muse,
Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can use,
Though her true lover:
Many a long winter's night
Have I wak'd for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
Nothing can stir her.
All thy sands, silver Trent,
Down to the Humber,
The sighs that I have spent
Never can number.
CHO. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Taken with this sudden song,
Least for mirth when he doth look,
His sad heart more deeply stung
Than the former care he took.
At their laughter and amaz'd,
For a while he sat aghast;
But a little having gaz'd,
Thus he them bespake at last.
"Is this time for mirth," (quoth he)
"To a man with grief oppress?
Sinful wretches as you be,
May the sorrows in my breast
Light upon you one by one;
And as now you mock my woe,
When your mirth is turn'd to moan,
May your like then serve you so."
When one swain among the rest
Thus him merrily bespake:

"Get thee up, thou arrant beast,
Fits this season love to make?
Take thy sheep-hook in thy hand,
Clap thy cur and set him on;
For our fields 'tis time to stand,
Or they quickly will be gone.
Roguish swineherds, that repine
At our flocks, like beastly clowns,
Swear that they will bring their swine,
And will root up all our downs:
They their holly whips have brac'd,
And tough hazel goads have got;
Soundly they your sides will baste,
If their courage fail them pot.
Of their purpose if they speed,
It is neither Dronn nor Reed,
Shepherds, that will serve your turn.
Angry Olcon sets them on,
And against us part doth take,
Ever since he was out-gone,
Off'ring rhymes with us to make.
Yet if so our sheep-hooks hold,
Dearly shall our downs be bought;
For it never shall be told,
We our sheep-walks sold for naught.
And we here have got us dogs,
Best of all the western breed,
Which though whelps shall lug their hogs,
Till they make their ears to bleed:
Therefore, shepherd, come away."
When as Dorilus arose,
Whistles Cut-tail from his play,
And along with them he goes.

THE POLY-OLBION.

PREFACE.

TO THE GENERAL READER,

[WHEN MR. DRAYTON PUBLISHED EIGHTEEN SONGS ONLY OF THIS POEM.]

In publishing this my poem, there is this great disadvantage against me, that it cometh out at this time, when verses are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription. In such a season, when the idle humourous world must hear of nothing that either savours of antiquity, or may awake it to seek after more than dull and slothful ignorance may easily reach unto: these, I say, make much against me; and especially in a poem, from any example, either of ancient, or modern, that have proved in this kind: whose unusual tract may perhaps seem difficult to the female sex; yea, and I fear, to some that think themselves not meanly learned, being not rightly inspired by the Muses: such I mean, as had rather read the fantasies of foreign inventions, than to see the rarities and history of their own country delivered by a true native muse. Then, whosoever thou be, possessed with such stupidity and dulness, that, rather than thou wilt take pains to search into ancient and noble things, choosest to remain in the thick fogs

and mists of ignorance, as near the common lay-stall of a city; refusing to walk forth into the Tempe and fields of the Muses; where, through most delightful groves, the angelic harmony of birds shall steal thee to the top of an easy hill, where in artificial caves, cut out of the most natural rock, thou shalt see the ancient people of this isle delivered thee in their lively images; from whose height thou may'st behold both the old and later times, as in thy prospect, lying far under thee; then conveying thee down by a soul-pleasing descent through delicate embroidered meadows, often veined with gentle-gliding brooks; in which thou may'st fully view the dainty nymphs in their simple naked beauties, bathing them in crystalline streams; which shall lead thee to most pleasant downs, where harmless shepherds are, some exercising their pipes, some singing roundelays to their gazing flocks. If, as I say, thou hadst rather (because it asks thy labour) remain where thou wert, than strain thyself to walk forth with the Muses, the fault proceeds from thy idleness, not from any want in my industry. And to any that shall demand wherefore, having promised this poem of the general island so many years, I now publish only this part of it; I plainly answer, that many times I had determined with myself to have left it off, and have neglected my papers sometimes two years together, finding the times since his majesty's happy coming in, to fall so heavily upon my distressed fortunes, after my zealous soul had laboured so long in that, which, with the general happiness of the kingdom, seemed not then impossible somewhat also to have advanced me. But I instantly saw all my long-nourished hopes even buried alive before my face: so uncertain in this world be the ends of our clearest endeavours! And whatever is herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which I now publish. Sundry other songs I have also, though yet not so perfect that I dare commit them to public censure; and the rest I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to assist my endeavour. Now, reader, for the farther understanding of my poem, thou hast two especial helps: First, the argument, to direct thee still where thou art, and through what shires the Muse makes her journey, and what she chiefly handles in the song thereto belonging. Next, hast thou the illustration of this learned gentleman, my friend, to explain every hard matter of history, that, lying far from the way of common reading, may (without question) seem difficult unto thee. Thus wishing thee thy heart's desire, and committing my poem to thy charitable censure, I take my leave.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

TO MY FRIENDS THE CAMBRO-BRITONS.

To have you without difficulty understand, how in this my intended progress through these united kingdoms of Great Britain, I have placed your (and, I must confess, my) loved Wales, you shall perceive, that after the three first songs beginning with our French islands, Guernsey and Jersey, with the rest; and perfecting in those first three the survey of these six our most western counties, Cornwal, Devon, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, and Somerset; I then make over Severn into Wales, not far from the midst of her broad-side that lieth against England. I term it her broad-side, because it lieth from Shrewsbury still along with Severn, till she lastly turn sea. And to explain two lines of mine (which you shall find in the fourth song of my poem, but it is the first of Wales) which are these:

And ere seven books have end, I'll strike so high a string, [I sing.
Thy bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder whilst

Speaking of seven books, you shall understand that I continue Wales through so many; beginning in the fourth song (where the nymphs of England and Wales contend for the isle of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; striving, as my much-loved the learned Humphry Floyd, in his description of Cambria to Abraham Ortelius, to uphold her ancient bounds, Severn and Dee, and therefore have included the parts of those three English shires of Gloucester, Worcester, and Salop, that lie on the west of Severn, within their ancient mother Wales: in which if I have not done her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love. And beside my natural inclination to love antiquity (which Wales may highly boast of) I confess, the free and gentle company of that true lover of his country, (as of all ancient and noble things) Mr. John Williams, his majesty's goldsmith, my dear and worthy friend, hath made me the more seek into the antiquities of your country. Thus wishing your favourable construction of these my faithful endeavours, I bid you farewel.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Permit me thus much of these notes to my friend. What the verse oft, with allusion, as supposing a full knowing reader, lets slip; or in winding steps of personating fictions as sometimes) so infolds, that sudden conceit cannot abstract a form of the clothed truth, I have, as I might, illustrated. Brevity and plainness (as the one endured the other) I have joined; purposely avoiding frequent commixture of different language; and whensoever it happens, either the page or margin (especially for gentlewomen's sake) summarily interprets it, except where interpretation aids not. Being not very prodigal of my historical faith, after explanation, I oft adventure on examination and censure. The author, in passages of first inhabitants' name, state, and monarchic succession in this isle, follows Geffrey ap Arthur, Polychronicon, Matthew of Westminster, and such more. Of their traditions, for that one so much controverted, and by Cambro-Britons still maintained, touching the Trojan Brute, I have (but as an advocate for the Muse) argued; disclaiming it, if alledged for my own opinion. In most of the rest, upon weighing the reporters' credit, comparison with more persuading authority, and synchronism (the best touch-stone in this kind of trial) I leave note of suspicion, or add conjectural

amendment: as for particular examples, among other, in Brennus mistook by all writers of later time, following Justin's epitome of Trogus ill conceived; in Robert of Swapham's story of king Wulpher's murdering his children, in Rollo, first duke of Normandy, his time; none of them yet rectified (although the first hath been adventured on) by any that I have seen; and such more. And indeed my jealousy hath oft vext me with particular inquisition of whatsoever occurs, bearing not a mark of most apparent truth, ever since I found so intolerable antichronisms, incredible reports, and bardish impostures, as well from ignorance as assumed liberty of invention in some of our ancients; and read also such palpable falsities of our nation, thrust into the world by later time. As (to give a taste) that of Randall Higden, affirming the beginning of wards in 6 Henry III. Polydore's assertion (upon mistaking of the statute of 1 Henry VII.) that it was death by the English laws for any man to wear a vizard; with many like errours in his history, of our trials by twelve, sheriffs, coat of the kingdom, parliaments, and other like; Bartol's delivering the custom in this isle to be, quod primogenitus succedit in omnibus bonis [1]. The Greek Chalcondylas his slanderous description of our usual form of kind entertainment, to begin with the wives' courteous admission to that most affected pleasure of lascivious fancy (he was deceived by misunderstanding the reports of our kissing salutations [2], given and accepted amongst us with more freedom than in any part of the southern world, erroneously thinking, perhaps, that every kiss must be thought seconded with that addition to the seven promised by Mercury in name of Venus to him that should find Psyche; or as wanton as Aristophanes his *Μαιδαλωτόν*:) and many untruths of like nature in others. Concerning the Arcadian deduction of our British monarchy; within that time, from Brute, supposed about 2850 of the world (Samuel then judge of Israel) unto some fifty-four before Christ, (about when Julius Cæsar visited the island) no relation was extant, which is now left to our use. How then are they, which pretend chronologies of that age without any fragment of authors before Gildas, Taliessin, and Nennius (the eldest of which was since 500 of Christ) to be credited? For my part, I believe as much in them as I do the finding of Hiero's ship-mast in our mountains [3], which is collected upon a corrupted place in Athenæus, cited out of Moschion; or that Ptolemy Philadelph sent to Reutha, king of Scots, some 1900 years since, for discovery of this country, which Claude Ptolemy afterward put in his geography: or that Julius Cæsar built Arthurs-hoffen in Stirling sheriffdom: or that Britons were at the rape of Hesione with Hercules, as our excellent wit, Joseph of Excester (published falsely under name of Cornelius Nepos) singeth: which are even equally warrantable, as Ariosto's narrations of persons and places in his Rowland's Spenser's elfin story, or Rablais's strange discoveries. Yet the capricious faction will (I know) never quit their belief of wrong; although some Elias or Delian diver should make open what is so inquired after. Briefly, until Polybius, who wrote near 1800 since (for Aristotle *περὶ Κόσμου* is clearly counterfeited in title) no Greek mentions the isle; until Lucretius (some hundred years later) no Roman hath expressed a thought of us; until Cæsar's commentaries, no piece of its description was known, that is now left to posterity. For time therefore preceding Cæsar, I dare trust none; but with others adhere to conjecture. In ancient matter since, I rely on Tacitus and Dio especially, Vopiscus, Capitolin, Spartian (for so much as they have, and the rest of the Augustan story) afterward Gildas, Nennius, (but little is left of them, and that of the last very imperfect) Bede, Asserio, Ethelwerd (near of blood to king Alfred) William of Malmsbury, Marian, Florence of Worcester (that published under name of Florence hath the very syllables of most part of Marian, the Scot's story, fraught with English antiquities; which will show you how easily to answer Buchanan's objection against our historians about Athelstan's being king of all Albion, being deceived when he imagined that there was no other of Marian but the common printed chronicle, which is indeed but an epitome or defloration made by Robert of Lorraine, bishop of Hereford, under Henry I.) and the numerous rest of our monkish and succeeding chronographers. In all, I believe him most, which, freest from affection and hate (causes of corruption) might best know, and hath with most likely assertion delivered his report. Yet so, that, to explain the author, carrying himself in this part an historical, as in the other a chorographical poet, I insert oft, out of the British story, what I importune you not to credit. Of that kind are those prophecies out of Merlin sometime interwoven: I discharge myself; nor impute you to me any serious respect of them. inviting, not wresting in occasion, I add sometime what is different from my task, but such as I guess would any where please an understanding reader. To aid you in course of times, I have in fit places drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients; and, for matter of that kind, have admonished (to the fourth canto) what as yet I never saw by any observed, for wary consideration of the Dionysian cycle, and misinterpreted root of his dominical year. Those old rhymes, which (some number) you often meet with, are offered the willinger, both for variety of your mother tongue, as also because the author of them (Robert of Gloucester) never yet appeared in common light. He was, in time, an age before; but, in learning and wit, as most others, much behind our worthy Chaucer: whose name by the way occurring, and my work here being but to add plain song after Muses discanting, I cannot but digress to admonition of abuse, which this learned allusion in his Troilus, by ignorance hath endured:

I am till God me better mind send,
At Dulcarnon, right at my wits' end [4].

[1] Ad C. de summ. Trinit. l. 1. num. 42.

[2] Unum blandientis, ad pulsum linguæ longè mellitum. Apuleius de Aur. Asin. 6. And you may remember (as like enough he did) that in Plautus Curcul. Qui vult oubare pangit saltem suavium; and such more in other wanton poets, with the opinion of Baldus, that a kiss in those southern nations, is sufficient consent to imperfect espousals, nothing of that kind but copulation, with us and our neighbouring Dutch being so.

[3] *Ἐν τοῖς ἄρεσι τῆς Βρεττανίας, ἀντὶ τῶν Βρεττανικῶν*, quæ nempe verior videtur lectio.

[4] Chaucer explained.

It is not Necham, or any else, that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of Dulcarnon to be Pythagoras's sacrifice after his geometrical theorem in finding the squares of an orthogonal triangle's sides, or that it is a word of Latin deduction; but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of فر القرنين[4] i. e. two-horned: which the Mahometan Arabians use for a root in calculation, meaning Alexander, as that great dictator of knowledge Joseph Scaliger (with some ancients) wills, but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. Lydyat, in his Emendatio temporum, it began in Seleucus Nicanor, twelve years after Alexander's death. The name was applied, either because after time that Alexander had persuaded himself to be Jupiter Hammon's son, whose statue was with rams' horns, both his own and his successors' coins were stampt with horned images: else in respect of his two pillars erected in the East, as a nihil ultra of his conquest[5]; and some say, because he had in power the eastern and western world, signified in the two horns. But howsoever, it well fits the passage, either as if he had personated Creseide at the entrance of two ways, not knowing which to take; in like sense as that of Prodicus his Hercules, or Pythagoras his Y, or the logicians' dilemma express; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a nonplus, as the interpretation in his next staff makes plain. How many of noble Chaucer's readers never so much as suspect this his short essay of knowledge, transcending the common road? And by his treatise of the Astrolabe (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of Messahalah) it is plain he was much acquainted with the mathematics, and amongst their authors had it. But I return to myself. From vain loading my margin with books, chapters, folios, or names of our historians, I abstain; course of time as readily directs to them. But where the place might not so easily occur, (chiefly in matter of philology) there only (for view of them which shall examine me) I have added assisting references. For most of what I use of chorography, join with me in thanks to that most learned nourice of antiquity[7],

——————τόν τις καὶ τηλόθι νάιων
Τιμᾶ ἀνὴρ Ἀγαθός,——————

my instructing friend Mr. Camden Clarencieux. From him and Girald of Cambria also comes most of my British; and then may Mercury and all the Muses deadly hate me, when, in permitting occasion, I profess not by whom I learn! Let them vent judgment on me which understand: I justify all, by the self authors cited, crediting no transcribers, but when of necessity I must. My thirst compelled me always seek the fountains, and by that, if means grant it, judge the river's nature. Nor can any conversant in letters be ignorant what errour is oft-times fallen into, by trusting authorities at second hand, and rash collecting, (as it were) from visual beams refracted through another's eye. In performance of this charge, (undertaken at request of my kind friend the author) brevity of time, which was but little more than since the poem first went to the press, and that daily discontinued, both by my other most different studies seriously attended, and interrupting business, as enough can witness, might excuse great faults, especially of omission. But I take not thence advantage to desire more than common courtesy in censure, nor of this, nor of what else I heretofore have published, touching historical[8] deduction of our ancient laws, wherein I scape not without tax.

Sunt quibus in verbis videorq; obscurior, hoc est,
Evandri cum matre loqui, Faunisq; Numaq;
Nec secus ac si auctor Saliaris carminis essem.

I have read in Cicero, Agellius, Lucian's Lexiphanes, and others, much against that form: but withal, this later age, wherein, so industrious search is among admired ruins of old monuments, hath, in our greatest Latin critics, Hans Douz, P. Merula, Lipsius, and such more, so revived that Saturnian language, that, to students in philology, it is now grown familiar; and, as he saith, Verba à vetustate repetita non solum magnos assertatores habent, sed etiam afferunt orationi majestatem aliquam, non sine delectatione[9]. Yet for antique terms, to the learned, I will not justify it without exception, disliking not that of Phavorin, Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præsentibus; and as coin, so words, of a public and known stamp, are to be used, although so much as that way I offend, is warranted by example of such, of whom to endeavour imitation allows me more than the bare title of blameless. The purblind ignorant I salute with the English of that monitory epigram,

——————Εἰ δέ γε πάμπαν
Νῆϊς ἔφυς Μουσέων, ῥίφον ἃ μὴ νοέεις[10].

reprehension of them, whose language and best learning is purchased from such volumes as Rablais reckons saint Victor's library, or barbarous glosses,

Quàm nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

or which are furnished in our old story, only out of the common Polychronicon, Caxton, Fabian, Stow, Grafton, Lanquet, Cooper, Holingshed, (perhaps with gift of understanding) Polydore, and the rest of our later compilers; or, of any adventurous Thersites daring find fault even with the very Graces, in a strain

Cornua quod vincatque tubas——————

[5] Epocha Seleucidarum.

[6] Christman. Commentar. in Alfragan. c. 11. Lysimachi Cornuum apud Cœl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 20. c. 12. hic genuina interpretatio.

[7] Of whom even every ingenious stranger makes honourable mention. Comitem verò illum Palatinum R. Vitum Basingstochium (Cujus historiæ magnam partem quasi Βεργαΐζοντος chorographica substructio pleráq; ad antiquitatis amussim, ab eruditissimo hoc suo populari accepta, ne dicam suppilata, est) adeò inhumanum fuisse miror, ut benè merentem non tam libenter agnoscat, quàm clariss. viri syllabis et inventis codicem suum sæpius perquam ingratè suffarcinet. Atque id ferè genus plagiarios, rudes omninò, et Ἀμούσους, et vernaculos nimirum nostrates jam nunc imponere sarcinam video indignanter & ringor.

[8] Janus Anglorum. [9] Quintilian.

[10] If thou hast no taste in learning, meddle no more with what thou understandest not.

I regard as metamorphosed Lucius's looking out at window; I slight, scorn, and laugh at it. By sections [§] in the verses you know what I meddle with in the illustrations; but so, that with latitude, the direction admonishes sometimes as well for explaining a following or preceding passage, as its own.

Ingenuous readers, to you I wish your best desires; to the author I wish, (as an old cosmographical poet did long since to himself)

——————Ἀλλά σοι ὕμνων
Αὐτῷ ἐκ μακάρων ἀντάξιος εἴη ἀμοιβή [11].

To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love passions, and sweet enbracements feigned by the Muse amongst hills and rivers. Whatsoever tastes of description, battle, story, abstruse antiquity, and (which my particular study caused me sometime remember) law of the kingdom, to the more severe reader. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires; to the other, happy attendance of their chosen Muses.

From the Inner Temple,
May 9, 1612.

[11] That the godlike sort of men may worthily guerdon his labours.

POLY-OLBION,

THE FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sprightly Muse her wing displays,
And the French islands first surveys;
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory
Transcends proud Cornwal's promontory;
There crowns Mount-Michael, and descries
How all those riverets fall and rise;
Then takes in Tamer, as she bounds
The Cornish and Devonian grounds.
And whilst the Dev'nshire nymphs relate
Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
Our Brute, and sings his first arrive:
Then northward to the verge she bends,
And her first song at Ax she ends.

Of Albion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I
write,
The sundry varying soils, the pleasures infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels the
heat, [great,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth
wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too long)
What help shall I invoke to aid my Muse the while?
Thou genius of the place (this most renowned isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drowning
flood, [brood,
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gigantic
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me out:
Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to show
Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers
flow;
Wise genius, by thy help that so I may descry
How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy vallies
lie; [ing's pride,
From those clear pearly cliffs which see the morn-
And check the surly imps of Neptune when they
chide,
Unto the big-swoln waves in the Iberian stream [1],
Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-hoofed team,
And oft his flaming locks in luscious nectar steeps,
When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:
That from th' Armoric sands [2], on surging Nep-
tune's leas, [seas)
Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough Vergivian
My verse with wings of skill may fly a lofty gait,
§. As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate,
Till thro' the sleepy main to Thuly [3] I have gone,
And seen the frozen isles, the cold Deucalidon [4],
§. Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet re-
mains, [chains,
Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine
Ye sacred bards [5], that to your harps' melodious
strings [kings)
Sung th' ancient heroes' deeds (the monuments of
And in your dreadful verse engrav'd the prophecies,
The aged world's descents and genealogies;
If, as those Druids [6] taught, which kept the British
rites, [with sprites
And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling
(But their opinions fail'd, by errour led awry,
As since clear truth hath show'd to their posterity)
When these our souls by death our bodies do for-
sake,
§. They instantly again do other bodies take;
I could have wish'd your spirits redoubled in my
breast,
To give my verse applause to time's eternal rest.
Thus scarcely said the Muse, but hovering while
she hung [sung:
Upon the Celtic wastes [7], the sea-nymphs loudly
"O ever-happy isles! your heads so high that bear,
By nature strongly fenc'd, which never need to fear
On Neptune's wat'ry realms when Eölus raiseth
wars, [the stars;
And every billow bounds, as though to quench
Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd in the deep,
Peculiarly that boasts thy double-horned sheep:
Inferior nor to thee, thou Guernsey, bravely
crown'd [ground
With rough-embattled rocks, whose venom-hating
The hard'ned emeril hath, which thou abroad dost
send:
Thou Ligon her belov'd, and Serk, that doth attend
Her pleasure every hour; as Jethow, them at need,
With pheasants, fallow deer, and conies, that dost
feed: [see
Ye seven small sister isles, and Sorlings, which to
The half-sunk seaman joys; or whatsoe'er you be,
From fruitful Aurney, near the ancient Celtic shore,
To Ushant and the Seams, whereas those nuns of
yore [shapes they please;
§. Gave answers from their caves, and took what
Ye happy islands set within the British seas,

[1] The western or Spanish ocean.
[2] Bretagny coasts.
[3] The farthest isle in the British ocean.
[4] The sea upon the north of Scotland.
[5] The old British poets.
[6] Priests of the ancient Britons.
[7] The French seas.

With shrill and jocund shouts, th' unmeasur'd deeps awake,
And let the gods of sea their secret bow'rs forsake,
Whilst our industrious Muse great Britain forth shall bring, [the spring;
Crown'd with those glorious wreaths that beautify
And whilst green Thetis' nymphs, with many an amorous lay
Sing our invention safe unto her long-wish'd bay."
Upon the utmost end of Cornwal's furrowing beak,
Where Bresan[8] from the land the tilting waves doth break;
The shore let her transcend, the promont[9] to descry,
And view about the point th' unnumber'd fowl that fly;
Some rising like a storm from off the troubled sand,
Seem in their hov'ring flight to shadow all the land;
Some sitting on the beach to prune their painted breasts,
As if both earth and air they only did possess;
Whence climbing to the cliffs, herself she firmly sets
The bourns, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the [rivulets,
Exactly to derive; receiving in her way
That streight'ned tongue of land, where at Mount Michael's bay,
Rude Neptune cutting in, a cantle forth doth take;
And on the other side, Hayle's vaster mouth doth make
A chersonese[10] thereof, the corner clipping in;
Where to th' industrious Muse the Mount doth thus begin: [shore,
"Before thou further pass, and leave this setting
§. Whose towns unto the saints that lived here of yore [shames)
(Their fasting, works and pray'rs, remaining to our
Were rear'd, and justly call'd by their peculiar names, [have,
The builders' honour still; this due and let them
As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;
Whose charity and zeal, instead of knowledge stood: [good.
For surely in themselves they were right simply
If credulous too much, thereby th' offended heaven,
In their devout intents yet be their sins forgiven."
Then from his rugged top the tears down trickling
And in his passion stirr'd, again began to tell [fell;
Strange things, that in his days time's course had brought to pass: [was;
That forty miles now sea, sometimes firm fore-land
And that a forest then, which now with him is flood,
§. Whereof he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood;
Relating then how long the soil had laid forlorn,
As that her genius now had almost her forsworn,
And of their ancient love did utterly repent,
Sith to destroy herself that fatal tool she lent,
To which th' insatiate slaye her entrails out doth draw,
That thrusts his gripple hand into her golden maw;
And for his part doth wish, that it were in his
To let the ocean in, her wholly to devour. [pow'r
Which Hayle doth overhear, and much doth blame his rage,
And told him (to his teeth) he doated with his age.
For Hayle (a lusty nymph, bent all to amorous play,
And having quick recourse into the Severn sea,
With Neptune's pages oft disporting in the deep;
One never touch'd with care, but how herself to keep
In excellent estate) doth thus again entreat;
§. "Muse, leave the wayward Mount to his distemper'd heat, [of spite,
Who nothing can produce but what doth taste
I'll show thee things of ours most worthy thy delight. [stand,
Behold our diamonds here, as in the quarrs they
By nature neatly cut, as by a skilful hand,
Who varieth them in forms, both curiously and oft;
Which for she (wanting power) produceth them too soft,
That virtue which she could not liberally impart,
She striveth to amend by her own proper art.
Besides the sea-holm here, that spreadeth all our shore,
The sick-consuming man so powerful to restore,
Whose root th' eringo is, the reins that doth in-
So strongly to perform the Cytherean game, [flame
That generally approv'd both far and near is sought; [thought
§. And our main-amber here, and burien trophy,
Much wrong'd, nor yet preferr'd for wonders with the rest."
But the laborious Muse, upon her journey prest,
Thus uttereth to herself; "To guide my course aright,
What mound or steddy mere is offered to my sight
Upon this outstretch'd arm, whilst sailing here at ease,
Betwixt the southern waste, and the Sabrinian seas,
I view those wanton brooks, that waxing still do wane; [again;
That scarcely can conceive, but brought to bed
Scarce rising from the spring (that is their natural mother)
To grow into a stream, but buried in another."
When Chore doth call her on, that wholly doth betake
Herself unto the Loo; transform'd into a lake,
Through that impatient love she had to entertain
The lustful Neptune oft; whom when his wracks restrain,
Impatient of the wrong, impetuously he raves:
And in his rageful flow, the furious king of waves
Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing seems to cool, [pool:
Till he have wrought his will on that capacious
Where Menedge, by his brooks, a chersonese[10] is cast,
Widening the slender shore to ease it in the waste;
A promont jutting out into the dropping south,
That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Neptune's mouth, [greets.
Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him he
Next Roseland (as his friend, the mightier Menedge) meets [rocks
Great Neptune when he swells, and rageth at the
(Set out into those seas) enforcing through his shocks
Those arms of sea that thrust into the tinny strand,
By their meand'red creeks indenting of that land,
Whose fame by every tongue is for her minerals hurl'd,
Near from the mid-day's point throughout the western world.

[8] A small island upon the very point of Cornwal.
[9] A hill lying out as an elbow of land into the sea.
[10] A place almost surrounded by the sea.

Here Vale a lively flood, her nobler name that gives
To Falmouth[11]; and by whom, it famous ever lives,
Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,
Her haven angled so about her harb'rous sound,
That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st descry'd;
Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring rivers told,
Her mind to them again she briefly doth unfold:
"Let Camel[12] of her course and curious windings boast, [coast
In that her greatness reigns sole mistress of that
Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours forth her pride;
And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day side
Be frolic with the best. Thou Foy, before us all,
By thine own named town made famous in thy fall,
As low amongst us here, a most delicious brook,
With all our sister nymphs, that to the noonsted look,
Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,
Betwixt your high-rear'd banks, resort to this our shore; [less
Lov'd streams, let us exult, and think ourselves no
Than those upon their side, the setting that possess."
Which Camel over-heard: but what doth she respect [neglect?
Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth
As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,
By Mordred's murtherous hand was mingled with her flood. [breath,
For as that river best might boast that conqueror's
So sadly she bemoans his too untimely death;
Who after twelve proud fields against the Saxon fought,
Yet back unto her banks by fate was lastly brought:
As though no other place on Britain's spacious earth
Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth:
And careless ever since how she her course doth steer, [there:
This mutt'reth to herself, in wand'ring here and
"Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once did dwell,
And nature (in the least) but seemed to excel,
Time cannot make such waste, but something will appear,
To show some little tract of delicacy there,
Or some religious work, in building many a day,
That this penurious age hath suffer'd to decay;
Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruinous mass,
The richness will declare in glory whilst it was:
But time upon my waste committed hath such theft,
That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left."
The nine-ston'd trophy thus whilst she doth entertain,
Proud Tamer swoops along with such a lusty train,
As fits so brave a flood, two countries that divides:
So to increase her strength, she from her equal sides [kind,
Receives their several rills; and of the Cornish
First taketh Atre in; and her not much behind
Comes Kensey: after whom, clear Enjan in doth make, [take.
In Tamer's roomthier banks their rest that scarcely

Then Lyner, tho' the while aloof she seem'd to keep, [ful deep,
Her sovereign when she sees t' approach the surge,
To beautify her fall, her plenteous tribute brings;
This honours Tamer much, that she whose plenteous springs
Those proud aspiring hills, Bromwelly and his friend
High Rowter, from their tops impartially commend,
And is by Carew's[13] Muse the river most renown'd,
Associate should her grace to the Devonian ground,
Which in those other brooks doth emulation breed.
Of which, first Car comes crown'd with osier, segs and reed: [throws
Then Lid creeps on along, and taking Thrushel,
Herself amongst the rocks; and so incavern'd goes,
That of the blessed light (from other floods) debarr'd,
To bellow underneath she only can be heard,
As those that view her tract, seems strangely to affright: [right
So Toovy straineth in; and Plym, that claims by
The christning of that bay, which bears her nobler name.
Upon the British coast[14] what ship yet ever came,
That not of Plymouth hears, where those brave navies lie, [defy?
From cannons' thund'ring throats that all the world
Which to invasive spoil, when th' English list to draw, [awe:
Have check'd Iberia's pride, and held her oft in
Oft furnishing our dames with India's rar'st devices,
And lent us gold, and pearl, rich silks, and dainty spices.
But Tamer takes the place, and all attend her here,
A faithful bound to both; and two that be so near
For likeliness of soil, and quantity they hold,
Before the Roman came; whose people were of old
§. Known by one general name, upon this point that dwell,
All other of this isle in wrestling that excel:
With collars be they yok'd, to prove the arm at length, [strength;
Like bulls set head to head, with meer deliver
Or by the girdles grasp'd, they practise with the hip, [the trip[15],
The forward, backward, falx, the mar, the turn,
When stript into their shirts, each other they invade
Within a spacious ring, by the beholders made,
According to the law. Or when the ball to throw,
And drive it to the goal, in squadrons forth they go;
And to avoid the troops their forces that forelay,
Through dikes and rivers make, in this robustious play;
By which the toils of war most lively are expresst.
But Muse, may I demand, why these of all the rest, [strong?
(As mighty Albion's eld'st) most active are and
From Corin[16] came it first, or from the use so long?
§. Or that this foreland lies farth'st out into his sight, [light?
Which spreads his vigorous flames on every lesser
With th' virtue of his beams, this place that doth inspire, [fire,
Whose pregnant womb prepar'd by his all pow'rful

[11] The bravery of Falmouth haven.
[12] This is also called Alan.
[13] A worthy gentleman, who wrote the description of Cornwal.
[14] The praise of Plymouth.
[15] Terms of art in wrestling.
[16] Our first great wrestler, arriving here with Brute,

Being purely hot and moist, projects that fruitful seed, [breed:
Which strongly doth beget, and doth as strongly
The well-disposed Heaven here proving to the Earth
A husband furthering fruit, a midwife helping birth.
But whilst th' industrious Muse thus labours to relate
Those rillets that attend proud Tamer and her state,
A neighbourer of this nymph's, as high in fortune's grace, [that place
And whence calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in
Is poured from her spring, and seems at first to flow [doth grow,
That way which Tamer strains; but as she great
Rememb'reth to foresee what rivals she should find
To interrupt her course; whose so unsettled mind
Ock coming in perceives, and thus doth her persuade: [should be made
"Now Neptune shield, bright nymph, thy beauty
The object of her scorn which (for thou can'st not
Upon the southern side so absolute as she) [be
Will awe thee in thy course. Wherefore, fair flood, recoil,
And where thou may'st alone be sov'reign of the soil, [display;
There exercise thy pow'r, thy braveries and
Turn, Towridge, let us back to the Sabrinian sea,
Where Thetis' handmaids still, in that recourseful deep, [keep;
With those rough gods of sea continual revels
There may'st thou live admir'd, the mistress of the lake." [take
Wise Ock she doth obey, returning, and doth
The Taw; which from her fount forc'd on with amorous gales, [dales,
And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian
Brings with her Moul and Bray, her banks that gently bathe;
Which on her dainty breast, in many a silver swathe,
She bears unto that bay where Barstaple beholds
How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there enfolds.
The confluence of these brooks divulg'd in Dertmoor, bred
Distrust in her sad breast, that she so largely spread,
And in this spacious shire the near'st the centre set
Of any place of note, that these should bravely get
The praise from those that sprung out of her pearly lap: [pap,
Which, nourish'd and bred up at her most plenteous
No sooner taught to dade, but from their mother trip,
And in their speedy course strive others to outstrip.
The Yalm, the Awn, the Aum, by spacious Dertmoor fed,
And in the southern sea b'ing likewise brought to bed;
That these were not of power to publish her desert,
Much-griev'd the ancient moor; which understood by Dert
(From all the other floods that only takes her name,
And as her eld'st, in right the heir of all her fame)
To show her nobler spirit it greatly doth behove.
"Dear mother, from your breast this fear" (quoth she) "remove; [flood,
Defy their utmost force; there's not the proudest
That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmbre, shall make good
Her royalty with mine, with me nor can compare:
I challenge any one to answer me that dare;
That was, before them all, predestinate to meet
My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puissant fleet [my stream
At Totness first he touch'd; which shall renown
(§. Which now the envious world doth slander for a dream);
Whose fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate arrive
In happy Albion here whilst strongly I revive,
Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let me win,
Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithful handmaid been,
So now, my only brook, assist me with thy spring,
Whilst of the godlike Brute the story thus I sing.
"When long-renowned Troy lay spent in hostile fire, [expire,
And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames
Æneas (taking thence Ascanius, his young son,
And his most rev'rend sire, the grave Anchises, won [Simois' shores,
From shoals of slaughtering Greeks) set out from
And through the Tyrrhene sea, by strength of toiling oars,
Raught Italy at last; where king Latinus lent
Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tempests rent:
When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and fair,
Her father's only child, and kingdom's only heir,
Upon the Trojan lord her liking strongly plac'd,
And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast embrac'd:
But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian king,
A suitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,
By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:
But by the Teucrian power courageously subdu'd,
Bright Cytherea's son the Latin crown obtain'd;
And dying, in his stead his son Ascanius reign'd.
§. Next Sylvius him succeeds, begetting Brute again: [remain,
Who in his mother's womb whilst yet he did
The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute should be [to see.
§. His parents' only death: which soon they liv'd
For, in his painful birth his mother did depart;
And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,
He with a luckless shaft his hapless father slew:
For which, out of his throne their king the Latins threw. [doth get,
"Who waud'ring in the world, to Greece at last
Where whilst he liv'd unknown, and oft with want beset,
He of the race of Troy a remnant hapt to find,
There by the Grecians held; which (having still in mind
Their tedious ten years' war, and famous heroes slain) detain;
In slavery with them still those Trojans did
Which Pyrrhus thither brought, (and did with hate pursue, [slew)
To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy whom Paris
There by Pandrasus kept in sad and servile awe:
Who when they knew young Brute, and that brave shape they saw,
They humbly him desire, that he a mean would be,
From those imperious Greeks his countrymen to free. [fit
"He, finding out a rare and sprightly youth, to
His humour every way, for courage, power, and wit,
Assaracus, (who though that by his sire he were
A prince among the Greeks, yet held the Trojans dear;

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Descended of their stock upon the mother's side,
For which he by the Greeks his birth-right was deny'd)
Impatient of his wrongs, with him brave Brute arose, [chose,
And of the Trojan youth courageous captains
Rais'd earthquakes with their drums, the ruffling ensigns rear,
And gath'ring young and old that rightly Trojan were, [strong:
Up to the mountains march, thro' straits and forests
Where taking in the towns pretended to belong
Unto that Grecian lord[17], some forces there they put: [shut,
Within whose safer walls their wives and children
Into the fields they drew, for liberty to stand.
" Which when Pandrasus heard, he sent his strict command
To levy all the power he presently could make:
So to their strengths of war the Trojans them betake. [or where
" But whilst the Grecian guides (not knowing how
The Teucrians were entrench'd, or what their forces were)
In foul disorder'd troops yet straggled, as secure,
This looseness to their spoil the Trojans did allure,
Who fiercely them assail'd: where stanchless fury rap'd
The Grecians in so fast, that scarcely one escap'd;
Yea, proud Pandrasus' flight himself could hardly free.
Who, when he saw his force thus frustrated to be,
And by his present loss his passed errour found,
As by a later war to cure a former wound,
Doth reinforce his power, to make a second fight;
When they, whose better wits had over-matcht his might,
Loth what they got to lose, as politicly cast
His armies to intrap, in getting to them fast
Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer
(Surpris'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired were
Into the Grecian camp th' insuing night to go,
And feign they were stol'n forth, to their allies to show [pride;
How they might have the spoil of all the Trojan
And gaining them belief, the credulous Grecians guide
Into th' ambushment near, that secretly was laid:
So to the Trojans' hands the Grecians were betray'd;
Pandrasus self surpris'd; his crown who to redeem
(Which scarcely worth their wrong the Trojan race esteem)
Their slavery long sustain'd did willingly release:
And (for a lasting league of amity and peace)
Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus gave,
And furnish'd them a fleet, with all things they could crave
To set them out to sea. Who lanching, at the last,
They on Lergecia light, an isle; and, ere they
Unto a temple built to great Diana there, [pass'd,
The noble Brutus went; wise Trivia[18] to inquire,
To show them where the stock of ancient Troy to place. [Trojan race,
" The goddess, that both knew and lov'd the
Reveal'd to him in dreams, that farthest to the west, [blest;
§. He should descry the isle of Albion, highly
With giants lately stor'd; their numbers not decay'd: [staid!
By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there be
Where from the stock of Troy, those puissant kings should rise, [scant suffice.
Whose conquests from the west, the world should
" Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea they put again,
And safely under sail, the hours do entertain
With sights of sundry shores, which they from far descry:
And viewing with delight th' Asarian mountains high, [say
One walking on the deck, unto his friend would
(As I have heard some tell) 'so goodly Ida lay.'
" Thus talking 'mongst themselves, they sun burnt Afric keep
Upon the leeward still, and (sulking up the deep)
For Mauritania make: where putting in, they find [kind,
A remnant (yet reserv'd) of th' ancient Dardan
By brave Antenor brought from out the Grecians spoils
(O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy toils,
What country had not heard?) which to their general then
Great Corineus had, the strong'st of mortal men:
To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will they show.
" Who eas'ly being won along with them to go,
They all together put into the wat'ry plain:
Oft times with pirates, oft with monsters of the main
Distressed in their way; whom hope forbids to fear.
Those pillars first they pass which Jove's great son did rear, [tains roll,
And cuffing those stern waves which like huge moun-
(Full joy in every part possessing every soul)
In Aquitain at last the Ilion race arrive;
Whom strongly to repulse when as those recreants strive, [fleet,
They (anchoring there at first but to refresh their
Yet saw those savage men so rudely them to greet)
Unshipp'd their warlike youth, advancing to the shore,
The dwellers, which perceiv'd such danger at the door,
Their king Groffarius get to raise his powerful force:
Who must'ring up an host of mingled foot and horse,
Upon the Trojans set; when suddenly began
A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus ran
With slaughter thro' the thick-set squadrons of the foes,
And with his armed ax laid on such deadly blows,
That heaps of lifeless trunks each passage stopp'd up quite.
" Groffarius having lost the honour of the fight,
Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs; not so to give them breath: [death,
When they, which must be freed by conquest or by
And conquering them before, hop'd now to do no less,
(The like in courage still) stand for the like success.
Then stern and deadly war put on his horrid shape;
And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the grave did gape [fall,
To swallow both at once; which strove as both shall
When they with slaughter seem'd to be encircled all:

[17] Assaracus.
[18] One of the titles of Diana.

Where Turon (of the rest) Brute's sister's valiant son
(By whose approved deeds that day was chiefly won) [strength:
Six hundred slew outright through his peculiar
By multitudes of men yet over-prest at length,
His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,
§. The city Turon built, and well endow'd the same.
" For Albion sailing then, th' arrived quickly here, [were,
(O! never in this world men half so joyful
With shouts heard up to Heaven, when they beheld the land)
And in this very place where Totness now doth stand, [shore;
First set their gods of Troy, kissing the blessed
Then foraging this isle, long promis'd them before,
Amongst the ragged cliffs those monstrous giants sought,
Who (of their dreadful kind) t'appal the Trojans, brought [tear:
Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots could
So mighty were (that time) the men who lived there:
But, for the use of arms he did not understand
(Except some rock or tree, that coming next to hand
He rax'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
He challenge makes for strength, & offereth there his gage.
Which Corin taketh up, to answer by and by,
Upon this son of earth his utmost power to try.
" All doubtful to which part the victory would go, [Hoe,
Upon that lofty place at Plymouth call'd the
Those mighty wrestlers [19] met; with many an ireful look
Who threatened, as the one hold of the other took:
But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their sparkling eyes. [lies,
And whilst at length of arm one from the other
Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive:
Their feet such trampling make, as tho' they forc'd to drive
A thunder out of earth, which stagger'd with the weight: [height,
Thus, either's utmost force urg'd to the greatest
Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,
And th' adverse (by a turn) doth from his cunning shift,
Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow noise doth make
Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth take
The giant 'twixt the grains; and voiding of his hold
(Before his cumberous feet he well recover could)
Pitch'd headlong from the hill; as when a man doth throw
An axtree, that with slight deliver'd from the toe
Roots up the yielding earth; so that his violent fall
Strook Neptune with such strength, as shoulder'd him withal;
That where the monstrous waves like mountains late did stand, [sand
They leap'd out of the place, and left the bared
To gaze upon wide Heaven: so great a blow it gave.
For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus brave
This horn of land bestow'd, and mark'd it with his name;
§. Of Corin, Cornwal call'd, to his immortal fame."
Clear Dert delivering thus the famous Brute's arrive, [strive
Inflam'd with her report, the straggling rivulets
So highly her to raise, that Ting (whose banks were blest
By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which address,
And fully with herself determined before
To sing the Danish spoils committed on her shore,
When hither from the east they came in mighty swarms, [arms,
Nor could their native earth contain their numerous
Their surcrease grew so great, as forced them at last
To seek another soil, as bees do when they cast;
And by their impious pride how hard she was bested,
When all the country swam with blood of Saxons shed:
This river, as I said, which had determin'd long
The deluge of the Danes exactly to have sung,
It utterly neglects; and studying how to do
The Dert those high respects belonging her unto,
Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed spring
Her little Barlee hath, and Dunsbrook her to bring
From Exmore; when she hath scarcely found her course,
Than Creddy cometh in, and Forto, which inforce
Her faster to her fall; as Ken her closely clips,
And on her eastern side sweet Leman gently slips
Into her widen'd banks, her sovereign to assist;
As Columb wins for Ex clear Wever and the Clist,
Contributing their streams their mistress' fame to raise.
As all assist the Ex, so Ex consumeth these;
Like some unthrifty youth, depending on the court,
To win an idle name, that keeps a needless port;
And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers' store
The landlord to enrich, the tenants wond'rous poor:
Who having lent him theirs, he then consumes his own, [thrown:
That with most vain expense upon the prince is
So these, the lesser brooks unto the greater pay;
The greater, they again spend all upon the sea:
As, Otrey (that her name doth of the otters take,
Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmost make
To aid stout Dert, that dar'd Brute's story to revive.
For when the Saxon first the Britons forth did drive,
Some up into the hills themselves o'er Severn shut:
Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,
To that brave race of Brute still fortunate. For where [there
Great Brute first disembark'd his wand'ring Trojans,
§. His offspring (after long expulst the inner land,
When they the Saxon power no longer could withstand) [first
Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and Otrey
Gave these poor souls to drink, opprest with grievous thirst.
Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my steeds to meat: [sweat.
The land grows large and wide; my team begins to

[19] Description of the wrestling betwixt Corineus and Gogmagog.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

If in prose and religion it were as justifiable, as in poetry and fiction, to invoke a local power (for anciently both Jews, Gentiles, and Christians have

supposed to every country a singular genius) (*a*) I would therein join with the author. Howsoever, in this and all in διὸς ἀρχόμεθα (*b*); and so I begin to you.

As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate.

When pope Clement VI. granted the fortunate isles to Lewis earl of Clermont, by that general name (meaning only the seven Canaries, and purposing their Christian conversion) the English ambassadors at Rome seriously doubted lest their own country had been comprised in the donation(*c*). They were Henry of Lancaster earl of Derby, Hugh Spenser, Ralph L. Stafford, the bishop of Oxford, and others, agents there with the pope, that he as a private friend, not as a judge or party interested, should determine of Edward the Third's right to France: where you have this ambassage in Walsingham (*d*), correct regnum Angliæ, and read Franciæ. Britain's excellence in earth and air (whence the Macares, and particularly Crete (*e*) among the Greeks, had their title) together with the pope's exactions, in taxing, collating, and provising of benefices (an intolerable wrong to laymen's inheritances and the crown-revenues) gave cause of this jealous conjecture; seconded in the conceit of them which derive Albion from ἀλβίος (*f*); whereto the author in his title and this verse alludes. But of Albion more, presently.

Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains.

Fabulous Jupiter's ill dealing with his father Saturn, is well known; and that after deposing him, and his privities cut off, he perpetually imprisoned him. Homer (*g*) joins Japet with him, living in eternal night about the utmost ends of the Earth: which well fits the more northern climate of these islands. Of them (dispersed in the Deucalidonian sea) in one most temperate, of gentle air, and fragrant with sweetest odours, lying towards the northwest, it is reported(*h*), that Saturn lies bound in iron chains, kept by Briareus, attended by spirits, continually dreaming of Jupiter's projects, whereby his ministers prognosticate the secrets of Fate. Every thirty years, divers of the adjacent islanders with solemnity for success of the undertaken voyage, and competent provision, enter the vast seas, and at last, in this Saturnian isle (*i*) (by this name the sea is called also) enjoy the happy quiet of the place; some in studies of nature, and the mathematics, which continue; others in sensuality, which after thirty years return perhaps to their first home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by chymies as well interpreted for mysteries of their art, as the common tale of Dædalus' labyrinth, Jason and his Argonautica, and almost the whole chaos of mythic inventions. But neither geography (for I guess not where or what this isle should be, unless that des Mucræons (*k*) which Pantagruel discovered) nor the matter's self permits it less poetical (although a learned Greek father (*l*) out of some credulous historian seems to remember it) than the Elysian fields, which, with this, are always laid by Homer about the νίσσα τείρατα γαίης (*m*); a place whereof too large liberty was given to feign, because of the difficult possibility in finding the truth. Only thus note seriously, that this revolution of thirty years (which with some latitude is Saturn's natural motion) is especially (*n*) noted for the longest period, or age also among our Druids; and that in a particular form, to be accounted yearly from the sixth moon, as their new years day; which circuit of time, divers of the ancients reckon for their generations in chronology; as store of authors (*o*) show you.

They instantly again do other bodies take.

You cannot be without understanding of this Pythagorean opinion of transanimation (I have like liberty to naturalize that word, as Lipsius had to make it a Roman, by turning μετεμψύχωσις) (*p*) if ever you read any that speaks of Pythagoras (whom, for this particular, Epiphanius reckons among his heretics) or discourse largely of philosophical doctrine of the soul. But especially, if you affect it tempered with inviting pleasure, take Lucian's cock, and his Negromancy; if in serious discourse, Plato's Phædon, and Phædrus with his followers. Lipsius doubts (*q*) whether Pythagoras received it from the Druids, or they from him, because in his travels he convers'd as well with Gaulish as Indian Philosophers. Out of Cæsar and Lucan inform yourself with full testimony of this their opinion, too ordinary among the heathen and Jews also, which thought our (*r*) Saviour to be Jeremy or Elias upon this errour: irreligious indeed, yet such a one, as so strongly erected moving spirits, that they did never

——————— redituræ parcere vitæ (*s*),

but most willingly devote their whole selves to the public service; and this was in substance the politic envoys wherewith Plato and Cicero concluded their common-wealths, as Macrobius hath observed. The author, with pity, imputes to them their being led away in blindness of the time, and errours of their fancies: as all other the most divine philosophers (not lightened by the true

(*a*) Rabbin. ad 10. Dan. Macrob. Saturnal. 3. c. 9. Symmach. epist. 40. l. 1. D. Th. 2. dist. 10. art. 3. alii.

(*b*) God afore.

(*c*) Rob Avesburiens. ann. 17 Ed. 3. The fortunate isles.

(*d*) Hypodigmatis Neustriæ locus emendatus, sub ann. 1344.

(*e*) Pomp. Mel. l. 2. c. 7.

(*f*) Happy.

(*g*) Iliad. θ. & Hesiod in Theogon.

(*h*) Plutarch. de facie in orbe Lunæ, & l. de defect. Oracul.

(*i*) Κρόνιον πέλαγος.

(*k*) Rablais.

(*l*) Clem. Alexandrin. stromat. εε. Odyss. δ. Iliad. θ.

(*m*) Utmost ends of the earth. Upon affinity of this with the Cape de Finisterre, Goropius thinks the Elysian fields were by that promontory of Spain. Vide Strab. lib. γ.

(*n*) Plin. Hist. natur. 16. c. 44.

(*o*) Eustath. ad Iliad. α. Herodot. lib. α. Suid. in γαμὰ. Censorin. de die nat. c. 17.

(*p*) A passing of souls from one to another.

(*q*) Physiolog. Stoic. l. 3. dissert. 12.

(*r*) Just. Mart. dialog.

(*s*) Spare in spending their lives, which they hoped to receive again.

word) have been, altho' (mere human sufficiencies only considered) some of them were sublimate far above earthly conceit; as especially Hermes, Orpheus, Pythagoras, (first learning the soul's immortality of Pherecydes a Syrian) (*t*) Seneca, Plato and Plutarch; which last two, in a Greek hymn of an eastern bishop (*u*), are commended to Christ for such as came nearest to holiness of any untaught Gentiles. Of the Druids more large in fitter place.

Gave answer from their caves, and took what shapes they please.

In the Seam (an isle by the coast of the French Bretagne) nine virgins consecrate to perpetual chastity, were priests of a famous oracle, remembered by Mela. His printed books have Gallicenas vocant; where the great critic Turneb reads Galli zenas, or lenas vocant (*x*). But White of Basingstoke will have it cenas (*y*), as interpreting their profession and religion, which was in an arbitary metamorphosing themselves, charming the winds, (as of later time the witches of Lapland and Finland) skill in predictions, more than natural medicine, and such like; their kindness being in all chiefly to sailors (*z*). But finding that in the Syllies were also of both sexes such kind of professors, that there were Samnitæ (*a*), strangely superstitious in their Bacchanals, in an isle of this coast, (as is delivered by Strabo) and that the Gauls, Britons, Indians (twixt both whom and Pythagoras is found no small consent of doctrine) had their philosophers (under which name both priests and prophets of those times were included) called Samanæi (*b*), and Semni, and (perhaps by corruption of some of these) Samothei, which, to make it Greek, might be turned into Semnothes: I doubted whether some relic of these words remained in that of Mela, if you read Cenas or Senas (*c*), as contracted from Samanæi; which by deduction from a root of some eastern tongue, might signify as much as what we call astrologers. But of this too much.

Whose town unto the saints that lived here of yore.

Not only to their own country saints (whose names are there very frequent) but also to the Irish: a people anciently (according to the name of the Holy Island given to Ireland) (*d*) much devoted to, and by the English much respected for their holiness and learning. I omit their fabulous Cæsara, niece to Noah, their Bartholan (*e*), their Ruan, who, as they affirm, first planted religion before Christ among them: nor desire I your belief of this Ruan's age, which by their account (supposing him living 300 years after the flood, and christened by saint Patric) exceeded 1700 years, and so was elder than that impostor, whose feigned continuance of life and restless travels (*f*), ever since the passion, lately offered to deceive the credulous. Only thus I note out of venerable Bede, that in the Saxon times, it was usual for the English and Gaulish to make Ireland as it were, both their university and monastery, for studies of learning and divine contemplation, as the life of Gildas (*g*) also, and other frequent testimonies discover.

From which he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood.

That the ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten up much of what was here once shore, is a common report, approved in the Cornish name of St. Michael's mount; which is Careg Cows in Clows (*h*), i. e. the Hoar-rock in the wood.

And our Main-amber here, and Burien trophy——

Main-amber, i. e. Ambrose's stone, (not far from Pensanse) so great, that many men's united strength cannot remove it, yet with one finger you may wag it. The Burien trophy is nineteen stones, circularly disposed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the rest in greatness: by conjecture of most learned Camden, erected either under the Romans, or else by king Athelstan in his conquest of these parts.

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth.

Near Camel about Camblan, was Arthur (*i*) slain by Mordred, and on the same shore, east from the river's mouth, born in Tintagel castle. Gorlois prince of Cornwal, at Uther-Pendragon's coronation, solemnized in London, upon divers too kind passages and lascivious regards 'twixt the king and his wife Igerne, grew very jealous, in a rage left the court, committed his wife's chastity to this castle's safeguard; and to prevent the wasting of his country, which upon this discontent was threatned, betook himself in other forts to martial preparation. Uther (his blood still boiling in lust) upon advice of Ulfin Rhicaradoch, one of his knights, by Ambrose Merlin's magic, personated like Gorlois, and Ulfin like one Jordan, servant to Gorlois, made such successful use of their imposture, that (the prince in the mean time slain) Arthur was the same night begotten, and verified that Νοθοι τε πολλοὶ γνησίων ἀμείνονες (*k*); although Merlin by the rule of Hermes, or astrological direction, justified, that he was conceived three hours after Gorlois'

(*t*) Cicer. Tuscalan. 1.

(*u*) Joan. Euchaitens. jampridem Etoniæ græcè editus.

(*x*) The Gauls calls them Jupiter's priests, or bawds.

(*y*) Vain.

(*z*) Solin, Polyhist. c. 35.

(*a*) Ἀμοίται Dionys. Afro in περιηγ. multis, n. pro arbitrio antiquorum S litera adest vel abest. v. Casaubon, ad a. Strab.

(*b*) Origen. κατὰ Κελσ. lib. α. Clem. Alex. strom. α, & β. Diog. Laert. lib. α.

(*c*) Conjecture upon Mela.

(*d*) Fest. Avieno insul. sacra dicta Hibernia.

(*e*) Giraldus Cambrens. diss. 3. c. 2.

(*f*) Assuerus Cordonnier (dictus in hist. Gallicâ Victoris ante triennium ed. de la paix, &c.) cujus partes olim egisse videntur Josephus Chartophylacius (referente episcopo Armeniaco apud Matt. Paris in Henr. III.) & Joannes ille (Guidoni Bonato in astrologiâ sic indigitatus) Butta-deus.

(*g*) In biblioth. Floriacens. edit per Joann. à Bosco.

(*h*) Carew descrip. Corn. lib. 2.

(*i*) Dictus hinc in Merlini vaticinio, Aper Cornubiæ.

(*k*) Euripid. Andromach. Bastards are often times better than legitimates.

death; by this shift answering the dangerous imputation of bastardy to the heir of a crown. For Uther taking Igeru to wife, left Arthur his successor in the kingdom. Here have you a Jupiter, an Alcmena, an Amphitryo, a Sosias, and a Mercury; nor wants there scarce any thing, but that truth-passing reports of poetical bards have made the birth an Hercules.

Known by one general name upon this point that dwell.

The name Dumnonii, Damnonii, or Danmonii, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehended the people of Devonshire and Cornwal; whence the Lizard-promontory is called Damnium (*l*) in Marcian Heracleotes; and William of Malmesbury, Florence of Worcester, Roger of Hoveden and others, stile Devonshire by name of Domnonia, perhaps all from Duff neint, i. e. low valleys, in British; wherein are most habitations of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me.

Or that this foreland lies furth'st out into his sight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames——

Fuller report of the excellence in wrestling and nimbleness of body, wherewith this western people have been and are famous, you may find in Carew's description of his country. But to give reason of the climate's nature for this prerogative in them, I think as difficult as to show why about the Magellanic streights they are so white, about the Cape de Buon Speranza so black (*m*), yet both under the same tropic; why the Abyssins are but tawny Moors, when as in the East Indian isles, Zeilan and Malabar, they are very black, both in the same parallel; or why we that live in this northern latitude, compared with the southern, should not be like affected from like cause. I refer it no more to the Sun, than the special horsemanship in our northern men, the nimble ability of the Irish, the fiery motions of the French, Italian jealousy, German liberty, Spanish puft-up vanity, or those different and perpetual carriages of state-government, Haste and Delay, which as inbred (*n*) qualities, were remarkable in the two most martial people of Greece. The cause of Æthiopian blackness and curled hair was long since judiciously fetcht (*o*) from the disposition of soil, air, water, and singular operations of the Heavens: with confutation of those which attribute it to the Sun's distance. And I am resolved that every land hath its so singular self-nature, and individual habitude with celestial influence, that human knowledge, consisting most of all in universality, is not yet furnish'd with what is requisite to so particular discovery. But for the learning of this point in a special treatise, Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Bodin, and others have copious disputes.

Which now the envious world doth slander for a dream.

I should the sooner have been of the author's opinion (in more than poetical form, standing for Brute) if in any Greek or Latin story authentic, speaking of Æneas and his planting in Latium, were mention made of any such like thing. To reckon the learned men which deny him, or at least permit him not in conjecture, were too long a catalogue: and indeed, this critic age scarce any longer endures any nation their first supposed author's name; not Italus to the Italians, not Hispalus to the Spaniard, Bato to the Hollander, Brabo to the Brabantine, Francio to the French, Celtes to the Celt, Galathes to the Gaul, Scota to the Scot; no, nor scarce Romulus to his Rome, because of their unlikely and fictitious mixtures: especially this of Brute, supposed long before the beginning of the Olympiads (whence all time backward is justly called by Varro (*p*), unknown or fabulous) some two thousand seven hundred and more years since, about Samuel's time, is most of all doubted. But (reserving my censure) I thus maintain the author: although nor Greek nor Latin, nor our country stories of Bede and Malmesbury especially, nor that fragment yet remaining of Gildas, speak of him; and that his name were not publish'd until Geffrey of Monmouth's edition of the British story, which grew and continues much suspected, in much rejected; yet observe that Taliessin (*q*) a great bard, more than a thousand years since affirms it, Nennius (in some copies he is under name of Gildas) above eight hundred years past, and the gloss of Samuel Beaulan, or some other, crept into his text, mention both the common report and descent from Æneas; and withal (which I take to be Nennius his own) make him son to one Isicio or Heficio (perhaps meaning Aschenaz, of whom more in the fourth song) continuing a pedigree to Adam, joining these words (*r*): "This genealogy I found by tradition of the ancients, which were first inhabitants of Britain." In a manuscript epistle of Henry of Huntingdon (*s*) to one Warin, I read the Latin of this English; "You ask me, sir, why, omitting the succeeding reigns from Brute to Julius Cæsar, I begin my story at Cæsar? I answer you, That neither by word nor writing could I find any certainty of those times; altho' with diligent search I oft inquired it: yet this year in my journey towards Rome, in the abbey of Beccensam, even with amazement, I found the story of Brute:" and in his own printed book he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was supplied to him by other authors; of which Girald seems to have had use. The British story of Monmouth was a translation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulness) of a Welsh book, delivered to Geffrey by one Walter, archdeacon of Oxford, and

(*l*) Τὸ δάμιον ἄκρον.

(*m*) Ortelius theatro.

(*n*) Thucydid. α. & passim de Athen. & Lacedæm. & de Thæbis & Chalcide. v. Columell. α. de re rustic. cap. 4.

(*o*) Onesicrit. apud Strabon. lib. ιι.

(*p*) Apud Censorin. de die natal. cap. 21. Christophor. Helvici chronologiam sequimur, nec ut accuratiùs temporum subauctioni hoc loco incumbamus, res postulat; verùm & ille satis accuratè, qui Samuelis præfecturam Ann. 3850. haùt iniquo computo posuit.

(*q*) Jo. Pris. defens. hist. Brit.

(*r*) Ex vetust. & perpulchrè MS. Nennio sub titulo Gildæ.

(*s*) Lib. de summitatibus rerum qui 10. est historiarum in MS. Huntingdon began his history at Cæsar, but upon better inquisition added Brute. Librum illum, in quem ait se incidisse, Nennius fuisse obsignatis fermè tabulis sum potis adserere

hath been followed (the translator being a man of some credit, and bishop of Saint Asaph's under king Stephen) by Ponticus Virunnius an Italian; most of our country historians of middle times, and this age, speaking so certainly of him, that they blazon his coat (*t*) to you, "two lions combatant, and crowned or, in a field gules;" others, "or, a lion passant gules;" and lastly, by doctor White of Basingstoke, lately living at Doway, a Count Palatine; according to the title bestowed (*u*) by the Impenials upon their professors. Arguments are there also drawn from some affinity of the Greek tongue (*x*), and much of Trojan and Greek names, with the British. These things are the more enforc'd by the Cambro-Britons, through that universal desire, bewitching our Europe, to derive their blood from Trojans, which for them might as well be (*y*) by supposition of their ancestors' marriages with the hither deduced Roman colonies, who by original were certainly Trojan, if their antiquities deceive not. You may add this weak conjecture; that in those large excursions of the Gauls, Cimmerians, and Celts, (among them I doubt not but were many Britons, having with them community of nation, manners, climate, customs; and Brennus himself is affirmed a Briton) which, under indistinct names, when this western world was undiscovered, over-ran Italy, Greece, and part of Asia, it is reported (*z*) that they came to Troy for safeguard; presuming perhaps upon like kindness, as we read of 'twixt the Trojans and Romans, in their wars with Antiochus (*a*) (which was loving respect through contingence of blood) upon like cause remembered to them by tradition. Briefly, seeing no national story, except such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Cæsar, Tacitus, Procopius, Cantacuzen, the late Guicciardin, Commines, Machiavel, and their like, which were employed in the state of their times, can justify themselves but by tradition; and that many of the fathers and ecclesiastical historians (*b*), especially the Jewish rabbins (taking their highest learning of Cabala, but from antique and successive report) have inserted upon tradition many relations current enough, where holy writ crosses them not: you shall enough please Saturn and Mercury, presidents of antiquity and learning, if with the author you foster this belief. Where are the authorities (at least of the names) of Jannes and Jambres, the writings of Enoch (*c*), and other such like, which we know by divine tradition were? The same question might be of that infinite loss of authors, whose names are so frequent in Stephen, Athenæus, Plutarch, Clemens, Polybius, Livy, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiquities by a foreign writer, (especially in those times) you may see by the stories of the Hebrews, delivered in Justin, Strabo, Tacitus, and such other discording and contrary (beside their infinite omissions) to Moses' infallible context. Nay he with his successor Joshua is copious in the Israelites' entering, conquering, and expelling the Gergesites, Jebusites (*d*), and the rest out of the holy land: yet no witness have they of their transmigration, and peopling of Afric, which, by testimony of two pillars (*e*) erected and engraven at Tingis, hath been affirmed. But you blame me thus expatiating. Let me add for the author, that our most judicious antiquary of the last age, John Leland (*f*), with reason and authority hath also for Brute argued strongly.

Next Sylvius him succeeds———

So goes the ordinary descent; but some make Sylvius son to Æneas, to whom the prophecy was given:

———Serum Lavinia conjunx,
Educit sylvis regem regumque parentem (*g*);

as you have it in Virgil.

His parents' only death———

From these unfortunate accidents (*h*) one will have his name Brotus, as from the Greek βροτος, i. e. mortal; but rather (if it had pleased him) from βροτοβους, i. e. bloody.

He should descry the isle of Albion, highly blest.

His request to Diana in an hexastich, and her answer in an ogdoastich, hexameters and pentameters, discovered to him in a dream, with his sacrifice and ritual ceremonies, are in the British story: the verses are pure Latin, which clearly (as is written of Apollo) (*i*) was not in those times spoken by Diana, nor understood by Brute: therefore in charity believe it a translation; by Gildas a British poet, as Virunnius tells you. The author takes a justifiable liberty, making her call it Albion, which was the old name of this isle, and remember'd in Pliny, Marcian, the book περι κοσμου, falsly attributed to Aristotle, Stephen, Apuleius, others. And our monk of Bury (*k*) calls Henry the Fifth,

———Protector of Brute's Albion,

often using that name for the island. From Albina, daughter to Diocletian (*l*) king of Syria, some fetch the name; others from a lady of that name, one of the Danaids; affirming their arrival (*m*) here, copulation with spirits, and bringing forth giants, and all this above 200 years before Brute. But neither was there any such king in Syria, nor had Danaus (that can be found) any such daughter, nor travelled they for adventures, but by their father were newly married (*n*), after slaughter

(*t*) Harding. Nich. Upton de re militar. 2.
(*u*) C. tit. de professorib. l. unica.
(*x*) Girald. descript. c. 15.
(*y*) Camden.
(*z*) Agesianax apud Strab. lib. *xy*.
(*a*) Trog. Pomp. lib. 31.
(*b*) Melchior Canus libr. 11. de aut. his hum. de his plurima.
(*c*) Origen. ad 35. Matth.
(*d*) See the sixth song.
(*e*) Procopius de bell. Vandilic. lib. 3.
(*f*) Ad Cygn. Cant.
(*g*) Æneid. 6. & ibid. Serv. Honoratus. After thy death Lavinia brings a king born in the woods, father of kings.
(*h*) Bæsingstoch. lib. 1.
(*i*) Cicero de divinat. l. 2.
(*k*) J. Lidgat. lib. de bello Trojan. 5. & alibi sæpiùs.
(*l*) Chronic. S. Albani.
(*m*) Hugo de Genes. apud Harding. c. 3.
(*n*) Pausanias in Laconic.

of their husbands: briefly, nothing can be written more impudently fabulous. Others from king Albion, Neptune's son; from the Greek ὄλβιος (o) others, or from (I know not what) Olibius, a Celtish king, remember'd by the false Manethon. Follow them rather which will it ab albis rupibus (p), whereby it is specially conspicuous. So was an isle in the Indian sea called Leuca, i. e. white; and another (q) in Pontus, supposed also fortunate, and a receptacle of the souls of those great heroes Peleus and Achilles. Thus was a place by Tyber called Albiona (r); and the very name of Albion was upon the Alps, which from like cause had their denomination; Alpum in the Sabine tongue (from the Greek ἀλφὸν) signifying white. Some much dislike this derivation, because (s) it comes from a tongue (suppose it either Greek or Latin) not anciently communicated to this isle. For my part, I think (clearly against the common opinion) that the name of Britain was known to strangers before Albion. I could vouch the finding (t) of one of the masts of Hiero's ship, ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσι τῆς Βρεττανίας (u), if judicious correction admonished me not rather to read Βρεττιανῆς, i. e. the now lower Calabria in Italy, a place above all other, I remember, for store of ship timber; commended (x) by Alcibiades to the Lacedæmonians. But with better surety can I produce the express name of Βρεττανικῶν νήσων (y), out of a writer (z) that lived and travelled in warfare with Scipio; before whose time Scylax (making a catalogue of twenty other isles) and Herodotus (to whom these western parts were by his confession unknown) never so much as speak of us by any name. Afterward was Albion imposed upon the cause before touched, expressing the old British name Inisguin (a): which argument moves me before all other, for that I see it usual in antiquity to have names among strangers, in their tongue just significant with the same in the language of the country to which they are applied; as the red sea is (in Strabo, Curtius, Stephen, others) named from a king of that coast called Erythræus, (for to speak of red sand, as some, or red hills, as an old writer (b), were but refuges of shameful ignorance) which was surely the same with Esau, called in holy writ Ædom (c); both signifying (the one in Greek, the other in Hebrew) red. So the river Nile, in Hebrew and Ægyptian (d) called שחור i. e. black, is observed by that mighty prince of learning's state, Joseph Scaliger, to signify the same colour in the word Αἴγυπτος, used for it by Homer (e); which is inforc'd also by the black statues (f) among the Greeks, erected in honour of Nile, named also expressly (g) Melas: so in proper names of men; Simon (h) Zelotes in Luke, is but Simon the Canaanite, and Ἰσραηλίτης (i) in Orpheus the same with Moses, Janus with Œnotrus: and in our times those authors, Melanchthon, Magirus, Theocrenus, Pelargus, in their own language, but Swertearth, Cooke, Fountain de Dieu, Storke. Divers such other plain examples might illustrate the conceit; but these sufficient. Take largest etymological liberty, and you may have it from Ellan-ban (i), i. e. the white isle, in Scottish, as they call their Albania; and to fit all together, the name of Britain from Brith-inis, i. e. the coloured isle, in Welsh; 'twixt which and the Greek Βρύτον (k) or Βρῦτον (used for a kind of drink nearly like our beer) I would with the French Forcatulus think affinity, (as Italy was called Œnotria, from the name of wine) were it not for that Βρύτον may be had from an ordinary primitive, or else from Βρύω, i. e. sweet (as Solinus teaches, making Britomart signify as much as sweet virgin) in the Cretic tongue. But this is to play with syllables, and abuse precious time.

The city Turon built——

Understand Tours upon Loire, in France, whose name and foundation the inhabitants (l) refer to Turnus (of the same time with Æneas, but whether the same which Virgil speaks of, they know not); his funeral monuments they yet show, boast of, and from him idly derive the word Tornements. The British story says Brute built it (so also Nennius) and from one Turon, Brute's nephew there buried, gives it the name. Homer is cited for testimony: in his works extant 'tis not found. But because he had divers others (which wrongful time hath filcht from us) as appears in Herodotus and Suidas: you may in favour think it to be in some of those lost; yet I cannot in conscience offer to persuade you that he ever knew the continent of Gaul, (now, in part, France) although a learned German (m) endeavours, by force of wit and etymology, to carry Ulysses (which he makes of Elizza in Genesis) into Spain, and others before him (n) (but falsely) into the northern parts of Scotland. But for Homer's knowledge, see the last note to the sixth song.

(o) Happy.
(p) From white cliffs.
(q) Παρὰ τὴν λευκὴν ἀκτὴν, uti Euripides in Andromach. magis vellem, quàm ἔνθα δ' ἐν τῷ παρεστι πόντῳ τὰ λευκὰ τέτυκται, quod canit Dionysius Afer.
(r) Strab. lib. δ. & Sixtus Pompeius in Alpum.
(s) H. Lhuid. in Breviar.
(t) Moschion apud Athen. dipnosoph. ε.
(u) In the hills of Britany.
(x) Thucydid. hist. 6.
(y) British isles.
(z) Polyb. hist. γ. qui Jul. Cæsarem ducentos fermè annos antevertit.
(a) The white isle.
(b) Uranius in Arabic. apud Steph. περὶ πολ. in Ἐρυθρά.
(c) Gen. 36. Num. 20.
(d) Isai. 23. Jerem. 2.
(e) Odyss. δ. ——Αἰγύπτοιο διιπετέος ποταμοῖο. Fortè tamen fluvius Ægypti, ut Heb. נחל מצרים Gen. 15. commat. 17.
(f) Pausan. Arcadic. 4.
(g) Festus in Alcedo.
(h) Nebrissens. in quinquag. cap. 49.
(i) Camden.
(k) Vocabulo Βρῦτον usi sunt Æschylus, Sophocles, Hellanicus, Archilochus, Hecatæus apud Athenæum, dipnosoph. 10. ἐστὶ τοῦ κριθίνου ὄνου, ejusdem ferè naturæ cum Scytho & Curmithe apud Dioscoridem lib. β. cap. ργζ. & ργή, fortè παρὰ τὸ βρύειν.
(l) André du Chesne en les recherches des villes 1. cap. 221.
(m) Goropius in Hispanic. 4. v. Strab. geograph. γ. & alios de Olyssippone.
(n) Solini polyhist. cap. 35.

So mighty were that time the men that lived there.

If you trust our stories, you must believe the land then peopled with giants, of vast bodily composture. I have read of the Nephilim, the Rephaim, Anakim, Og, Goliath, and other in holy writ: of Mars, Tityus, Antæus, Turnus, and the Titans in Homer, Virgil, Ovid; and of Adam's stature (according to Jewish (o) fiction) equalling at first the world's diameter; yet seeing that Nature (now as fertile as of old) hath in her effects determinate limits of quantity, that in Aristotle's (p) time (near two thousand years since) their beds were but six foot ordinarily (nor is the difference, 'twixt ours and Greek dimension, much) and that near the same length was our Saviour's sepulchre, as Adamnan informed (q) king Alfrid; I could think that there now are some as great statures, as for the most part have been, and that giants were but of a somewhat more than vulgar (r) excellence in body, and martial performance. If you object the finding of great bones; which, measured by proportion, largely exceed our times; I first answer, that in some singulars, as monsters rather than natural, such proof hath been; but withal, that both now and of ancient time (s), the eye's judgment in such like hath been, and is, subject to much imposture; mistaking bones of huge beasts for human. Claudius (t) brought over his elephants hither, and perhaps Julius Cæsar some, (for I have read (u) that he terribly affrighted the Britons with sight of one at Coway-stakes) and so may you be deceived. But this is no place to examine it.

Of Corin Cornwal call'd, to his immortal fame.

So, if you believe the tale of Corin and Gogmagog: but rather imagine the name of Cornwal from this promontory of the land's end, extending itself like a horn (x), which in most tongues is Corn, or very near. Thus was a promontory in Cyprus called Cerastes (y), and in the now Candy, or Crete, and Gazaria (the old Taurica Chersonesus) another titled Κριοῦ μέτωπον (z): and Brundusium in Italy had name from Brendon or Brention (a), i. e. a hart's-head, in the Messapian tongue, for similitude of horns. But Malmesbury (b) thus: "They are called Cornwalshmen, because being seated in the western part of Britain, they lie over-against a horn (a promontory) of Gaul." The whole name is as if you should say Corn-wales; for hither in the Saxon conquest the British called Welsh (signifying the people rather than strangers, as the vulgar opinion wills) made transmigration: whereof an old rhimer (c):

The vewe that wer of hom bileved, as in Cornwailc
 and Wailis,
Brutons ner namore ycluped, ac Waleys ywis.

Such was the language of your fathers between three and four hundred years since: and of it more hereafter.

The deluge of the Dane exactly to have song.

In the fourth year of Brithric (d), king of the West-Saxons, at Portland, and at this place (which makes the fiction proper) three ships of Danish pirates entered: the king's lieutenant, offering inquisition of their name, state, and cause of arrival, was the first Englishman, in this first Danish invasion, slain by their hand. Miserable losses and continual had the English, by their frequent eruptions, from this time till the Norman conquest; 'twixt which intercedes two hundred seventy-nine years: and that less account of two hundred and thirty (e), during which space this land endured their bloody slaughters, according to some men's calculation, begins at king Ethelwulph: to whose time Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger of Hoveden, refer the beginning of the Danish mischiefs, continuing so intolerable, that under king Ethelred was there begun a tribute insupportable (yearly afterward exacted from the subjects) to give their king swain, and so prevent their insatiate rapine. It was between thirty and forty thousand pounds (f) (for I find no certainty of it, so variable are the reports) not instituted for pay of garrisons employed in service against them (as upon the misunderstanding of the confessor's laws some ill affirm) but to satisfy the wasting enemy; but so that it ceased not, although their spoils ceased, but was collected to the use of the crown, until king Stephen promised to remit it. For indeed St. Edward, upon imagination of seeing a devil dancing about the whole sum of it lying in his treasury, moved in conscience, caused it to be repayed, and released the duty, as Ingulph, abbot of Crowland, tells you: yet observe him, and read Florence of Worcester, Marian the Scot, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger Hoveden, and you will confess, that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is received. Of the Danish race were afterward three kings, Cnut, Hardcnut, and Harold the first.

His offspring after long expulst the inner land.

After some one thousand five hundred years from the supposed arrival (g) of the Trojans, their posterity were, by encroachment of Saxons, Jutes,

(o) Rabbi Eleazar apud Riccium in epit. Talmud. cæterum in hâc re allegoriam v. apud D. Cyprian. serm. de montibus Sina & Sion.

(p) Προβλήμ. μηχ. κι.

(q) Bed. hist. Ecclesiast. 5. c. 17.

(r) Εσφραγίσθης καὶ λεπτοτάτη μέγεθος. Baruch. cap. γ. Consule, si placet, Scaliger. exercitation. Becan. becceselan. 2. August. Civ. Dei. 15. c. 23. Clem. Rom. recognit. 1. Lactant. &c.

(s) Sueton. in Octav. c. 72.

(t) Dio. Cass. lib. ξ.

(u). Polyæn. stratagemat. η. in Cæsare.

(x) Cornugallia dicta est H. Huntingdonio, aliis.

(y) Strabo lib. ζ. & ι. Stephan. Melanct. Plin. geogr. passim.

(z) Ram's-head.

(a) Seleucus apud Stephan. Βρεντεσ. & Suidas in Βρεσ.

(b) De gest. reg. 2. c. 6.

(c) Robertus Glocestrens.

(d) Anno 787.

(e) Audacter lege ducentos vice τοῦ trecentos in fol. 237. Hovedeni, cui prologum libro quinto H. Huntingdon. committas licet. Danegelt showed against a common errour both in remission and institution.

(f) Mariano Scoto 3600 libræ, & Florentio Wigorn.

(g) Chronologiam hûc spectantem consulas in illustrat. ad 4. Cant.

Angles, Danes, (for among the Saxons that noble Douz (*h*) wills that surely Danes were) Frisians (*i*), and Franks, driven into those western parts of the now Wales and Cornwales. Our stories have this at large, and the Saxon heptarchy; which at last, by public edict of king Ecbert, was called Engle-lond. But John, bishop of Chartres (*k*), saith it had that name from the first coming of the Angles; others from the name of Hengist (*l*), (a matter probable enough) whose name, wars, policies, and government, being first invested by Vortigern in Kent, are above all the other Germans most notable in the British stories: and Harding

——he called it Engestes land,
Which afterward was shorted, and called England.

Hereto accords that of one of our country old poets (*m*):

——Engisti linguâ cenit insula Bruti (*n*).

If I should add the idle conceits of Godfrey of Viterbo, drawing the name from I know not what Angri, the insertion of *l* for *r* by pope Gregory, or the conjectures of unlimitable phantasy, I should unwillingly, yet with them impudently, err.

(*h*) Jan. Douz. annal. Holland. 1. & 6.
(*i*) Procopius in fragm. 3. lib. Gothic. ap. Camden. Name of England.
(*k*) Policratic. lib. 6. c. 17.
(*l*) Chronicon S. Albani. Hector. Boët. Scotorum hist. 7.
(*m*) J. Gower epigram. in confess. amantis.
(*n*) Britain sings in Hengist's tongue.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse from Marshwood way commands
Along the shore through Chesil's sands;
Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,
She bathes her in the pleasant Pool:
Thence, over land again doth scow'r,
To fetch in Froom and bring down Stour;
Falls with New-Forest, as she sings
The wanton wood-nymphs' revellings.
Whilst Itchin in her lofty lays
Chants Bevis of Southampton's praise,
She southward with her active flight
Is wafted to the isle of Wight,
To see the rout the sea-gods keep,
Their swaggering in the Solent deep.
Thence Hampshire-ward her way she bends;
And visiting her forest friends,
Near Sals'bury her rest doth take:
Which she her second pause doth make.

March strongly forth, my Muse, whilst yet the temp'rate air
Invites us eas'ly on to hasten our repair.
Thou pow'rful god of flames (in verse divinely great)
Touch my invention so with true genuine heat,
That high and noble things I slightly may not tell,
Nor light and idle toys my lines may vainly swell;
But as my subject serves, so high or low to strain,
And to the varying earth so suit my varying vein,
That, Nature, in my work thou may'st thy pow'r avow:
That as thou first found'st Art, and didst her rules allow;
So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,
May herein do the best, in imitating thee:
As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a flood,
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a wood,
These things so in my song I naturally may show;
Now, as the mountain high; then, as the valley low;
Here, fruitful as the mead; there, as the heath be bare;
Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough, though rare.
Thro' the Dorsetian fields, that lie in open view,
My progress I again must seriously pursue,
From Marshwood's fruitful vale my journey on to make:
(As Phœbus getting up out of the eastern lake,
Refresh'd with ease and sleep, is to his labour prest;
Even so the labouring Muse, here baited with this rest.)
Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,
And Car, that coming down unto the troubled deep,
Brings on the neighb'ring Bert, whose batt'ning mellow bank, rank,
From all the British soils, for hemp most hugely
Doth bear away the best; to Bert-port, which hath gain'd
That praise from every place, and worthily obtain'd
Our cordage from her store [1], and cables should be made,
Of any in that kind most fit for marine trade:
Not sever'd from the shore, aloft where Chesil lifts
Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks and smould'ring drifts,
Which by the south-wind rais'd, are heav'd on little hills:
Whose vallies with his flows when foaming Neptune fills, ride
Upon a thousand swans [2] the naked sea-nymphs
Within the oozy pools, replenish'd every tide:
Which running on, the isle of Portland pointeth out;
Upon whose moisted skirt, with sea-weed fring'd about, brack,
The bastard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the
A brittle stalk becomes, from greenish turn'd to bare
black:
§ Which th' ancients for the love that they to Isis
(Their goddess most ador'd) have sacred for her hair.
Of which the Naiads and the blue Nereids [3] make
Them taudries [4] for their necks: when sporting in the lake,
They to their secret bow'rs the sea-gods entertain.
Where Portland from her top doth over-peer the main; rocks,
Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with
Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with woolly flocks;
Most famous for her folk excelling with the sling,
Of any other here this land inhabiting;

[1] By act of parliament in the 21st of Hen. VIII.
[2] The beauty of the many swans upon the Chesils, noted in this poetical delicacy.
[3] Sea-nymphs.
[4] A kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

That therewith they in war offensively might wound,
If yet the use of shot invention had not found.
Where from the neighb'ring hills her passage Wey doth path, [hath
Whose haven, not our least that watch the mid-day,
The glories that belong unto a complete port;
Though Wey the least of all the Naiads that resort
To the Dorsetian sands from off the higher shore.
Then Froom (a nobler flood) the Muses doth implore [wail,
Her mother Blackmoor's state they sadly would be-
Whose big and lordly oaks once bore as brave a sail,
As they themselves that thought the largest shades to spread: [fed,
But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not
Hath hew'd her timber down: which wounded, when it fell, [to tell
By the great noise it made, the workmen seem'd
The loss that to the land would shortly come there-
Where no man ever plants to our posterity: [by,
That when sharp Winter shoots her sleet and harden'd hail,
Or sudden gusts from sea the harmless deer assail,
The shrubs are not of pow'r to shield them from the wind. [alas! we find
"Dear mother," quoth the Froom, "too late,
The softness of thy sword, continued thro' thy soil,
To be the only cause of unrecover'd spoil;
When scarce the British ground a finer grass doth bear: [were)
"And wish I could," quoth she, ("if wishes helpful
§. Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been known,
But stiled Black-moor still, which rightly was thine own.
For why? that change foretold the ruin of thy state:
Lo, thus the world may see what 'tis to innovate!"
By this, her own-nam'd town[1] the wand'ring Froom had past,
And quitting in her course old Dorcester at last,
Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham, on her way,
As eas'ly she doth fall into the peaceful bay,
Upon her nobler side, and to the southward near,
Fair Purbeck she beholds, which no where hath her peer:
So pleasantly en-isl'd on mighty Neptune's marge,
A forest-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,
Employ'd in woods and lawns her deer to feed and kill: [will,
§ On whom the wat'ry god would oft have had his
And often her hath woo'd, which never would be won:
But Purbeck, as profest, a huntress and a nun,
The wide and wealthy sea, nor all his pow'r respects;
Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects
The ugly orks[2], that for their lord the Ocean woo.
Whilst Froom was troubled thus, where nought she hath to do,
The Piddle, that this while bestirr'd her nimble feet,
In falling to the Pool her sister Froom to meet,
And having in her train two little slender rills
Besides her proper spring, wherewith her banks she fills, [lent,
To whom since first the world this later name her
Who anciently was known to be enstiled Trent[3],
Her small assistant brooks her second name have gain'd. [tain'd,
Whilst Piddle and the Froom each other enter-
Oft praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,
Thus Piddle her bespake, to pass the time away:
"When Pool[4]," quoth she, "was young, a lusty sea-born lass,
Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor was;
And bare himself so well, and so in favour came,
That he in little time upon this lovely dame
§. Begot three maiden isles, his darlings and delight: [hight;
The eldest, Brunksey call'd; the second, Pursey
The youngest and the last, and lesser than the other, [mother.
Saint Hellen's name doth bear, the dilling of her
And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis' train,
Who scorn'd a nymph of her's her virgin-band should stain,
Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry goddess would [could)
Both on the dam and brats take what revenge she
I' th' bosom of the Pool his little children plac'd;
First Brunksey, Pursey next, and little Hellen last;
Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool about,
To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite) out:
Against whose lordly might she musters up her waves; [and raves."
And strongly thence repuls'd, with madness scolds
When now from Pool, the Muse (up to her pitch to get)
Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,
As by the active power of her commanding wings,
She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plenteous springs,
Where Stour[5] receives her strength from six clear fountains fed;
Which gathering to one stream from every several head,
Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely wields;
And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields;
Where Gillingham with gifts that for a god were meet, [sweet
Enamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'reign
The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure mixt) [them betwixt,
Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness
The forest her bespoke: "How happy, floods, are ye,
From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be!
Which only with the fish which in your banks do breed, [feed!
And daily there increase, man's gormandise can
But had this wretched age such uses to employ
Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,
Your channels they would leave as barren by their spoil,
As they of all our trees have lastly left our soil.
Insatiable Time thus all things doth devour:
What ever saw the Sun, that is not in Time's power?
Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a day, [strongest prey.'
But on more steadfast things Time makes the
§. Now tow'rds the Solent sea as Stour her way doth ply,
On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye

[1] Frampton.
[2] Monsters of the sea, supposed Neptune's guard.
[3] The ancient name of Piddle.
[4] The story of Pool.
[5] Stour riseth from six fountains.

From whose foundation first such strange reports arise, [phecies;
§. As brought into her mind the Eagle's pro-
Of that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain swept, [crept,
From that which highest flew, to that which lowest
Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expel,
And all that thereupon successively befel. [race;
How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon
And, next, the Norman took possession of the place:
Those ages once expir'd, the fates to bring about,
The British line restor'd, the Norman lineage out.
§. Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she began,
Which afterward again the Britons' wrack fore-ran;
How here the owl at noon in public streets was seen, [been.
As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts
And whilst the loathly toad out of his hole doth crawl,
And makes his fulsome stool amid the prince's hall,
The crystal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,
And bloody issues brake (like ulcers) from the ground; [turn,
The seas, against their course, with double tides re-
And oft were seen by night like boiling pitch to burn. [main;
Thus thinking, lively Stour bestirs her tow'rds the
Which Lidden leadeth out; then Dulas bears her train [bring:
From Blackmore, that at once their watry tribute
When, like some childish wench, she loosely wanton-ing, [shore.
With tricks and giddy turns seems to inisle the
Betwixt her fishful banks then forward she doth scow'r,
Until she lastly reach clear Alen in her race:
Which calmly cometh down from her dear mother chase[10], [see
Of Cranbourn that is call'd; who greatly joys to
A river born of her, for Stour's should reckon'd be,
Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.
Whilst Cranbourn, for her child so fortunately plac'd,
With echoes every way applauds her Alen's state,
A sudden noise from Holt[11] seems to congratulate
With Cranbourn, for her brook so happily be-stow'd: [show'd
Where, to her neighb'ring chase, the courteous forest
So just-conceived joy, that from each rising hurst[12],
Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurst,
The Sylvans in their songs their mirthful meeting tell; [dwell,
And Satyrs, that in slades and gloomy dimbles
Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder hands.
As Holt had done before, so Canford's goodly lands [veins,
(Which lean upon the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras
Rejoice to see them join'd. When down from Sarum plains
Clear Avon coming in, her sister Stour doth call,
§. And at New-forest's foot into the sea do fall,
Which every day bewail that deed so full of dread,
Whereby she (now so proud) became first forested:
She now, who for her site ev'n boundless seem'd to lie,
Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny,

Providing laws to keep those beasts here planted then, [ment;
Whose lawless will from hence before had driven
That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's feasting fires,
The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and briers:
The aged ranpic trunk, where ploughmen cast their seed, [weed,
And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and
By conq'ring William first cut off from every trade,
That here the Norman still might enter to invade;
That on this vacant place, and unfrequented shore,
New forces still might land, to aid those here before.
But she, as by a king and conqueror made so great,
By whom she was allow'd and limited her seat,
Into her own self-praise most insolently brake,
And her less fellow-nymphs New-forest thus be-spake: [Bere[13];
"Thou Buckholt[13], bow to me; so let thy sister
Chute[13], kneel thou at my name on this side of the shire: [adore,
Where, for their goddess, me the Dryads[14] shall [shore
With Waltham and the Bere, that on the sea-worn
See at the southern isles the tides at tilt to run;
And Wolmer, placed hence upon the rising Sun,
With Ashholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs) and with you, [due.
Proud Pamber tow'rds the north, ascribe me worship
Before my princely state let your poor greatness fall;
And vail your tops to me, the sovereign of you all."
Amongst the rivers, so, great discontent there fell.
Th' efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell)
Was, that the sprightly Test arising up in Chute,
To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impute,
That she, to her own wrong, and every other's grief,
Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:
For she had giv'n it out, South-hampton should not lose [choose;
§. Her famous Bevis so, were 't in her pow'r to
§. And for great Arthur's seat, her Winchester prefers,
Whose old round-table yet she vaunteth to be hers;
And swore, th' inglorious time should not bereave her right;
But what it would obscure, she would reduce to light.
For, from that wondrous pond[15], whence she derives her head,
And places by the way, by which she's honoured,
(Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle way,
And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)
She thinks in all the isle not any such as she,
And for a demigod she would related be.
"Sweet sister mine," quoth Test, "advise you what you do; [two:
Think this; for each of us, the forests here are
Who, if you speak a thing whereof they hold can take,
Be't little, or be't much, they double will it make."
Whom Hamble helpeth out; a handsome proper flood,
In courtesy well skill'd, and one that knew her good:

[10] Cranbourn chase.
[11] Holt forest.
[12] A wood in English.
[13] The forest of Hampshire, with their situations.
[14] Nymphs that live and die with oaks.
[15] A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an unusual abundance of water.

" Consider," quoth this nymph, " the times be curious now,
And nothing of that kind will any way allow.
Besides, the Muse hath next the British cause in hand,
About things later done that now she cannot stand."
The more they her persuade, the more she doth persist; [list.
Let them say what they will, she will do what she
She stiles herself their chief, and swears she will command;
And, whatsoe'er she saith, for oracles must stand.
Which when the rivers heard, they farther speech forbear.
And she (to please herself that only seem'd to care)
To sing th' achievements great of Bevis thus began:
" Redoubted knight," quoth she, " O most renowned man! [reprove
Who, when thou wert but young, thy mother durst
(Most wickedly seduced by th' unlawful love
Of Mordure, at that time the Almain emperor's son)
That she thy sire to death disloyally had done."—
Each circumstance whereof she largely did relate;
Then in her song pursu'd his mother's deadly hate;
And how (by Saber's hand) when she suppos'd him dead,
Where long upon the downs a shepherd's life he led;
Till, by the great recourse, he came at length to know
The country thereabout could hardly hold the show
His mother's marriage-feast to fair Southampton drew, [slew:
Being wedded to that lord who late her husband
Into his noble breast which pierc'd so wond'rous deep,
That (in the poor attire he us'd to tend the sheep,
And in his hand his hook) unto the town he went;
As having in his heart a resolute intent
Or manfully to die, or to revenge his wrong:
Where pressing at the gate the multitude among,
The porter to that place, his entrance that forbade,
(Supposing him some swain, some boist'rous country-lad)
Upon the head he lent so violent a stroke,
That the poor empty skull like some thin potsherd broke, [wall.
The brains and mingled blood were spirtled on the
Then hasting on, he came into the upper hall,
Where murd'rous Mordure sat embraced by his bride:
Who (guilty in himself) had he not Bevis spy'd,
His bones had with a blow been shatter'd: but by chance
He shifting from the place, whilst Bevis did advance
His hand, with greater strength his deadly foe to hit,
And missing him, his chair he all to shivers split:
Which struck his mother's breast with strange and sundry fears,
That Bevis being then but of so tender years,
Durst yet attempt a thing so full of death and doubt.
And, once before deceiv'd, she newly cast about
To rid him out of sight; and, with a mighty wage,
Won such, themselves by oath as deeply durst engage,
To execute her will: who shipping him away
(And making forth their course into the midland sea)
As they had got before, so now again for gold
To an Armenian there that young Alcides sold:
Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest thing,
And fittest wherewithal to gratify his king)
Presented that brave youth; the splendour of whose eye
A wond'rous mixture show'd of grace and majesty:
Whose more than man-like shape, and matchless stature, took [look
The king; that often us'd with great delight to
Upon that English earl. But though the love he bore [more
To Bevis might be much, his daughter ten times
Admir'd the godlike man: who, from the hour that first
His beauty she beheld, felt her soft bosom pierc'd
With Cupid's deadliest shaft; that Josian, to her guest,
Already had resign'd possession of her breast.
Then sang she, in the fields how as he went to sport, [ful sort,
And those damn'd Paynims heard, who, in despight,
Derided Christ the Lord, for his Redeemer's sake
He on those heathen hounds did there such slaughter make, [they drew,
That whilst in their black mouths their blasphemies
They headlong went to Hell. As also how he slew
That cruel boar, whose tusks turn'd up whole fields of grain
(And, rooting, raised hills upon the level plain;
Digg'd caverns in the earth, so dark and wond'rous deep, [leapt)
As that, into whose mouth the desperate Roman[16]
And cutting off his head, a trophy thence to bear:
The foresters, that came to intercept it there,
How he their scalps and trunks in chips and pieces cleft, [left.
And in the fields, like beasts, their mangled bodies
As to his farther praise, how for that dangerous fight
The great Armenian king made noble Bevis knight:
And having raised power, Damascus to invade,
The general of his force this English hero made.
Then how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
And Morglay his good sword, in many a valiant deed [strain,
Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a buskin'd[17]
Sung how himself he bore upon Damascus' plain,
That dreadful battle where with Brandamond he fought; [wrought,
And with his sword and steed such earthly wonders
As even amongst his foes him admiration won;
Encount'ring in the throng with mighty Radison,
And lopping off his arms, th' imperial standard took.
At whose prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe forsook
The field; where, in one day so many peers they lost,
So brave commanders, and so absolute an host,
As to the humbled earth took proud Damascus down,
Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.
And how at his return the king (for service done,
The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)
In marriage to this earl the princess Josian gave.
As into what distress him Fortune after drave,
To great Damascus sent ambassador again;
When, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis slain,
(And now, at his return, for that he so despis'd
Those idols unto whom they daily sacrific'd,

[16] Curtius. [17] Lofty.

Which he to pieces hew'd, and scatter'd in the dust)
They, rising, him by strength into a dungeon thrust;
In whose black bottom, long two serpents had
remain'd
(Bred in the common sewer that all the city drain'd)
Impois'ning with their smell; which seiz'd him for
their prey: [blood and clay)
With whom in struggling long (besmear'd with
He rent their squalid chaps, and from the prison
scap'd. [rap'd
As how adult'rous Jour, the king of Mambrant,
Fair Josian his dear love, his noble sword and steed
Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed
Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare
away.
And with two lions how he held a desperate fray,
Assailing him at once, that fiercely on him flew:
Which first he tam'd with wounds, then by the
necks them drew, [shoulders burst;
And 'gainst the harden'd earth their jaws and
And that (Goliah-like) great Ascupart enforc'd
To serve him for a slave, and by his horse to run.
At Colein as again the glory that he won
On that huge dragon, like the country to destroy;
Whose sting struck like a lance, whose venom did
destroy [brass;
As doth a general plague: his scales like shields of
His body, when he mov'd, like some unwieldy mass,
Ev'n bruis'd the solid earth. Which boldly having
song
With all the sundry turns that might thereto belong,
Whilst yet she shapes her course how he came back
to show, [stow;
What powers he got abroad, how them he did be-
In England here again, how he by dint of sword
Unto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,
New-forest cry'd "Enough:" and Waltham, with
the Bere, [would hear.
Both bade her hold her peace; for they no more
And for she was a flood, her fellows nought would
But slipping to their banks, slid silently away. [say;
When as the pliant Muse, with fair and even
flight,
Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the Wight[18];
That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,
Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war;
Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,
Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's
grace:
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign fav'reth
Embraced in the arms of old Oceanus. [thus,
For none of her account so near her bosom stand,
'Twixt Penwith's[19] farthest point and Goodwin's[19]
queachy sand,
Both for her seat and soil; that far before the other
Most justly may account great Britain for her
mother.
A finer fleece than hers not Lemster's self can boast,
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'ermatch'd by any
coast. [soft,
To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and
Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her
oft.
Besides her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every
need;

[18] Isle of Wight.
[19] The forelands of Cornwal and Kent.

And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels
stand
To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand;
And to the north, betwixt the fore-land and the
firm,
She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent term;
Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights
they meet, [greet:
With boist'rous shocks and roars each other rudely
Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make
retreat, [beat,
Upon the bulwarkt forts of Hurst and Calsheot[20]
Then to South-hampton run: which by her shores
supply'd, [pride;
(As Portsmouth by her strength) doth vilify their
Both roads, that with our best may boldly hold
their plea, [than they;
Nor Plymouth's self hath borne more braver ships
That from their anchoring bays have travelled to
find [Ind,
Large China's wealthy realms, and view'd the either
The pearly rich Peru; and with as prosperous fate
Have born their full-spread sails upon the streams
of Plate: [renew,
Whose pleasant harbours oft the sea-man's hope
To rig his late-craz'd bark, to spread a wanton
clue; [songs,
Where they with lusty sack, and mirthful sailors'
Defy their passed storms, and laugh at Neptune's
wrongs:
The danger quite forgot wherein they were of late,
Who half so merry now as master and his mate?
And victualling again, with brave and manlike
minds [winds.
To seaward cast their eyes, and pray for happy
But, partly by the floods sent thither from the
shore,
And islands that are set the bord'ring coast before;
As one amongst the rest, a brave and lusty dame
Call'd Portsey, whence that bay of Portsmouth
hath her name; [compar'd
By her, two little isles, her handmaids (which
With those within the Pool, for deftness not out-
dar'd)
The greater Haling hight; and fairest tho' by much,
Yet Thorney very well, but somewhat rough in
touch:
Whose beauties far and near divulged by report,
And by the Tritons[21] told in mighty Neptune's
court, [herd,
Old Proteus[22] hath been known to leave his finny
And in their sight to spunge his foam-bespawled
beard.
The sea-gods, which about the watry kingdom keep,
Have often for their sakes abandoned the deep;
That Thetis many a time to Neptune hath com-
plain'd, [disdain'd:
How for those wanton nymphs her ladies were
And there arose such rut th' unruly rout among,
That soon the noise thereof through all the ocean
rung. [might grow,
§. When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her
In that their mighty stirs might be her overthrow,
She strongly streightneth in the entrance to her bay;
That, of their haunt debarr'd, and shut out to the sea,

[20] Two castles in the sea.
[21] Trumpeters of Neptune.
[22] A sea-god, who changes himself into any shape.

(Each small conceived wrong helps on distemper'd rage)
No counsel could be heard their choler to assuage:
When every one suspects the next that is in place
To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.
Some coming from the east, some from the setting Sun,
The liquid mountains still together mainly run;
Wave woundeth wave again, and billow, billow gores;
And topsy-turvy so fly tumbling to the shores.
From hence the Solent sea, as some men thought, might stand [land.
Amongst those things which we call wonders of our
When towing up that stream [22], so negligent of fame,
As till this very day she yet conceals her name;
By Bert and Waltham both that's equally embrac'd,
And lastly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd:
Whence, from old Windsor hill, and from the aged Stone [23], [be gone.
The Muse those countries sees, which call her to
The forests took their leave: Bere, Chute, and Buckholt, bid
Adieu; so Wolmer, and so Ashholt kindly did:
And Pamber shook her head, as grieved at the heart;
When far upon her way, and ready to depart,
As now the wand'ring Muse so sadly went along,
To her last farewel, thus, the goodly forests song.
"Dear Muse, to plead our right, whom time at last hath brought, [thought,
Which else forlorn had lain, and banish'd every
When thou ascend'st the hills, and from their rising shrouds [the clouds;
Our sisters shalt command, whose tops once touch'd
Old Arden [24] when thou meet'st, or dost fair Sherwood [25] see, [we:
Tell them, that as they waste, so every day do
With them, we of our griefs may be each other's heirs; [theirs."
Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn for
Then turning from the south, which lies in public view
The Muse an oblique course doth seriously pursue;
And pointing to the plains, she thither takes her way; [stay.
For which, to gain her breath, she makes a little

[22] Tichfield river.
[24] Another little hill in Hampshire.
[25] A great ancient forest in Warwickshire.
[26] A forest near Nottingham.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Muse, yet observing her began course of chorographical longitude, traces eastward the southern shore of the isle. In this second sings Dorset and Hampshire; fitly here joined, as they join themselves, both having their south limits wash'd by the British Ocean.

Which th' ancients, for the love that they to Isis bare.

Juba (*a*) remembers a like coral by the Troglodditic isles, as is here in this sea, and styles it Isidis plocamos (*b*). True reason of the name is no more perhaps to be given, than why adianthum is called capillus Veneris, or sengreen barba Jovis. Only thus: You have in Plutarch and Apuleius such variety of Isis' titles, and, in Clemens of Alexandria, so large circuits of her travels, that it were no more wonder to hear of her name in this northern climate, than in Egypt: especially we having three rivers of note (*c*) synonymies with her. Particularly to make her a sea-goddess, which the common story of her and Osiris her husband (son to Cham, and of whom Bale dares offer affirmance, that in his travelling over the world he first taught the Britons to make beer instead of wine) does not; Isis Pelagia (*d*), after Pausanias's testimony, hath an old coin (*e*). The special notice which antiquity took of her hair is not only showed by her attribute (*f*) of χυσόκομος (*g*), but also in that her hair was kept as a sacred relic in Memphis (*h*), as Geryon's bones at Thebes, the boar's skin at Tegea, and such like elsewhere. And after this, to fit our coral just with her colour, Æthiopicis solibus Isis furva (*i*), she is called by Arnobius (*k*). Gentlewomen of black hair (no fault with brevity to turn to them) have no simple pattern of that part in this great goddess, whose name indeed comprehended whatsoever in the deity was feminine, and more too; nor will I swear, but that Anacreon, (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of womens special ornament, well-haired (*l*), thought of this, when he gave his painter direction to make her picture black-haired. But thus much out of the way.

Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been known.

Very likely from the soil was the old name Black-more. By report of this country, the change was from a white hart, reserved here from chase by express will of Henry III. and afterward killed by Thomas de la Lynd, a gentleman of these parts. For the offence, a mulct imposed on the possessors of Black-more (called (*m*) white-hart silver) is to this day paid into the exchequer. The destruction of woods here bewailed by the Muse, is (upon occasion too often given) often seconded: but while the Muse bewails them, it is Marsyas (*n*) and his country-men that most want them.

On whom the wat'ry god would oft have had his will.

Purbeck (named, but indeed not, an isle, being joined to the firm land) stored with game of the forest.

(*a*) Apud Plin. hist. natur. l. 13. c. 15.
(*b*) Isis' hair.
(*c*) Ouse. Leland. ad Cygn. Cant.
(*d*) Isis of the sea.
(*e*) Goltz. thes. antiq.
(*f*) Loose hair'd.
(*g*) Philostrat. in *vit.*
(*h*) Lucian. in *vit.*
(*i*) Æthiopian sun-burnt.
(*k*) Adv. gent. 1. Black-hair.
(*l*) Καλλιπλοκαμος, & καλλισφυρος, i. e. well-haired and pretty-footed; two special commendations, dispersed in Greek poets, joined in Lucilius.
(*m*) Camden. (*n*) Destruction of woods.

Thence alluding to Diana's devotions, the author well calls her an huntress and a nun. Nor doth the embracing force of the Ocean (whereto she is adjacent) although very violent, prevail against her stony cliffs. To this purpose the Muse is here wanton with Neptune's wooing.

That in little time upon this lovely dame
Begat three maiden isles, his darlings and delight.

Albion (son of Neptune) from whom that first name of this Britain was supposed, is well fitted to the fruitful bed of this Pool, thus personated as a sea-nymph. The plain truth (as words may certify your eyes, saving all impropriety of object) is, that in the Pool are seated three isles (*o*), Brunksey, Furnsey, and St. Helen's, in situation and magnitude as I name them. Nor is the fiction of begetting the isles improper; seeing Greek antiquities (*p*) tell us of divers in the Mediterranean and the Archipelagus, as Rhodes, Delos, Hiera, the Echinades, and others, which have been as it were brought forth out of the salt womb of Amphitrite.

But tow'rds the Solent sea, as Stour her way doth
On Shaftsbury, &c. [ply,

The streight betwixt the Wight and Hampshire is titled, in Bede's story, Pelagus latitudinis trium millium, quod vocatur Solente (*q*); famous for the double, and thereby most violent floods of the ocean (as Scylla and Charybdis 'twixt Sicily and Italy in Homer) expressed by the author towards the end of this song, and reckoned among our British wonders. Of it the author tells you more presently. Concerning Shaftesbury (which, beside other names, from the corpse (*r*) of St. Edward, murdered in Corfe-castle, through procurement of the bloody hate of his stepmother Ælfrith, hither translated, and some three years lying buried, was once called St. Edward's) you shall hear a piece out of Harding:

Caire Paladoure, that now is Shaftesbury,
Where an angel spake sitting on the wall
While it was in working over all (*s*).

Speaking of Rhudhudibras's fabulous building it. I recite it, both to mend it, reading (*t*) aigle for angel, and also that it might then, according to the British story, help me explain the author in this,

As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies.

This Eagle (whose prophecies among the Britons, with the later of Merlin, have been of no less respect than those of Bacis were to the Greeks, or the Sybillines to the Romans) foretold of a reverting of the crown, after the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, to the first again, which in Henry the Seventh, grandchild to Owen Tyddour, hath been observed (*u*), as fulfilled. This in particular is peremptorily affirmed by that count Palatine of Basingstoke. Et aperte dixit, tempus aliquando fore, ut Britannium imperium denuo sit ad veteres Britannos post Saxonas & Normannos rediturum (*x*), are his words of this eagle. But this prophesy in manuscript I have seen; and without the help of Albertus' secret, Canace's ring in Chaucer, or reading over Aristophanes' comedy of birds, I understood the language; neither find I in it any such matter expressly. Indeed (as in Merlin) you have in him the white dragon, the red dragon, the black dragon, for the Saxons, Britons, Normans; and the fertile tree, supposed for Brute, by one that of later time hath given his obscurities (*y*) interpretation; in which, not from the eagle's, but from an angelical voice, almost seven hundred years after Christ, given to Cadwallader (whom others call Cedwalla) that restitution of the crown to the Britons is promised, and grounded also upon some general and ambiguous words in the eagle's text, by the author here followed; which (provided your faith be strong) you must believe made more than two thousand five hundred years since. For a corollary, in this not unfit place, I will transcribe a piece of the gloss out of an old copy, speaking thus upon a passage in the prophecy (*z*): Henricus IV. (he means Henry III. who by the ancient account inregard of Henry, son to Henry Fite-Empress, crowned in his father's life, is in Bracton and others called the Fourth) concessit omne jus & clameum, pro se & heredibus suis, quod habuit in ducatu Normanniæ imperpetuùm. Tunc fractum fuit ejus sigillum & mutatum; nam priùs tenebat in sceptro gladium, nunc tenet virgam; qui gladius fuit de conquèstu ducis Willielmi bastardi; & ideo dicit aquila, separabitur gladius à sceptro. Such good fortune have these predictions, that either by conceit (although strained) they are applied to accident, or else ever religiously expected; as Buchanan of Merlin's (*a*),

Then those prodigious signs to ponder she began.

I would not have you lay to the author's charge a justification of these signs at those times: but his liberty herein it is not hard to justify,

Obseditque frequens castorum limina bubo:

and such like hath Silius Italicus before the Roman overthrow at Canna; and historians commonly affirm the like; therefore a poet may well guess the like.

And at New-forest' foot into the sea doth fall.

The fall of Stour and Avon into the ocean is the limit of the two shires; and here limits the author's description of the first, his Muse now entering New-forest in Hampshire.

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny.

New-forest (it is thought the newest in England,

(*o*) Isles newly out of the sea.
(*p*) Lucian. dialog. Pindar. Olymp. 7. Strab. Pausanias.
(*q*) A sea three miles over, called Solent. lib. 4. hist. eccles. cap. 16.
(*r*) Malmesb. l. 2. de Pontific. S. Edvard. 979.
(*s*) Camden takes this Cair for Bath.
(*t*) Harding amended.
(*u*) Twin, in Albionic. 2. See the fifth song.
(*x*) He plainly said, that there would be a time of this reverting of the crown.
(*y*) Distinct. Aquil. Sceptonis. A prophecy of an angel to Cadwallader.
(*z*) A sceptre instead of a sword first in Hen. the Third's seal. But believe him not; the seals of those times give no warrant for it: and even in king Arthur's, Leland says, there was a fleury sceptre; but that perhaps as feigned, as this false.
(*a*) Hist. Scot. lib. 5. in Congallo.

except that of Hampton-court, made by Henry VIII.) acknowledges William her maker, that is, the Norman Conqueror. His love to this kind of possession and pleasure was such, that he constituted loss of eyes (*b*) punishment for taking his venery: so affirm expressly Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, Walter Mapez, and others, although the author of Distinctio Aquilæ, with some of later time, falsly laid it to William Rufus's charge. To justify my truth, and for variety, see these rhimes, even breathing antiquity (*c*):

Game of houndes he lovede inou, and of wild best,
And is (*d*) forest, and is wodes, and mest the niwe forest,
That is in Suthamtessire, for thulke he lovede inow,
And astored well mid (*e*) bestes, and lese (*f*) mid gret wou: [route,
Dor he cast out of house and hom of men a great
And binom (*g*) their lond thritti mile and more thereaboute, [fede,
And made it all foreste and lese the bests vor to
Of pouer men diserited he nom let el hede:
Theruore therein vell mony mischeuing, [king,
And is sone was thereine issote (*h*) William the red
And is o (*i*) sone, that het Richard, caght there is deth also, [thereto,
And Richard is o (*i*) neveu, brec there his neck
As he rod an honteth, and perauntre his horse sprend, [trend.
The vnright ido to pouer men to such mesauntre

But to quit you of this antique verse, I return to the pleasanter Muse.

Her famous Bevis so were 't in her power to choose.

About the Norman invasion was Bevis famous with title of earl of Southampton; Duncton in Wiltshire known for his residence. What credit you are to give to the hyperbolies of Itchin in her relation of Bevis, your own judgment, and the author's censure in the admonition of the other rivers here personated, I presume, will direct. And it is wished that the poetical monks in celebration of him, Arthur, and other such worthies, had contained themselves within bounds of likelihood; or else that some judges, proportionate to those of the Grecian games (*k*), (who always by public authority pulled down the statues erected, if they exceeded the true symmetry of the victors) had given such exorbitant fictions their desert. The sweet grace of an enchanting poem (as unimitable Pindar (*l*) affirms) often compels belief; but so far have the indigested reports of barren and monkish invention expatiated out of the lists of truth, that from their intermixed and absurd falsities hath proceeded doubt, and, in some, even denial of what was truth. His sword is kept as a relic in Arundel castle, not equalling in length (as it is now worn) that of Edward III. at Westminster.

(*b*) Matth. Paris post Henric. Huntingd. And under Will. II. it was capital to steal deer.
(*c*) Rob. Glocestrens.
(*d*) His. (*e*) With.
(*f*) Pastures. (*g*) Took.
(*h*) Shot by Walter Tirell. (*i*) His own.
(*k*) Ἑλλανοδίκαι. Lucian. περὶ εἰκόν.
(*l*) Olymp. α. & Nem. ζ. σοφία δὲ κλέπτει παράγοισα μύθους.

And for great Arthur's seat her Winchester prefer
Whose old round table yet, &c.

For him, his table, order, knights, and places of their celebration, look to the fourth song.

When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grow.

Portsey, an island in a creek of the Solent, coming in by Portsmouth endures the forcible violence of that troublesome sea, as the verse tells you in this fiction of wooing.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this third song great threat'nings are,
And tending all to nymphish war.
Old Wansdike uttereth words of hate,
Depraving Stonendge's estate.
Clear Avon and fair Willy strive,
Each pleading her prerogative.
The plain the forests doth disdain:
The forests rail upon the plain.
The Muse then seeks the shire's extremes,
To find the fountain of great Thames;
Falls down with Avon, and descries
Both Bath's and Bristol's braveries:
Then views the Somersetian soil;
Through marshes, mines, and mores doth toil,
To Avalon to Arthur's grave,
Sadly bemoan'd of Ochy cave.
Then with delight she bravely brings,
The princely Parret from her springs,
Preparing for the learned plea
(The next in song) in the Severn sea.

Up with the jocund lark (too long we take our rest)
Whilst yet the blushing dawn out of the cheerful east
Is ushering forth the day to light the Muse along;
Whose most delightful touch, and sweetness of her song,
Shall force the lusty swains out of the country towns,
To lead the loving girls in dances to the downs.
The nymphs, in Selwood's shades and Braden's woods that be, [thee.
Their oaken wreaths, O Muse, shall offer up to
And when thou shap'st thy course tow'rds where the soil is rank,
The Somersetian maids, by swelling Sabrin's bank
Shall strew the way with flowers (where thou art coming on)
Brought from marshy grounds by aged Avalon[1].
From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence it stood
By Avon to reside, her dearest-loved flood;
Where her imperious fane[2] her former seat disdains, [plains.
And proudly over-tops the spacious neighbouring
What pleasures hath this isle, of us esteem'd most
In any place, but poor unto the plenty here? [dear,

[1] Glastonbury. [2] Salisbury church.

The chalky Chiltern[6] fields, nor Kelmarsh self compares
With Everley[4], for store and swiftness of her hares:
A horse of greater speed, nor yet a righter hound,
Not any where 'twixt Kent and Caledon[5] is found.
Nor yet the level south can show a smoother race,
Whereas the ballow[6] nag outstrips the winds in chase;
As famous in the west for matches yearly try'd,
As Garterley[7], possest of all the northern pride;
And on his match as much the western horseman lays,
As the rank riding Scots upon their galloways[8].
And as the western soil as sound a horse doth breed, [Tweed:
As doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and
No hunter, so, but finds the breeding of the west[9]
The only kind of hounds for mouth, and nostril best;
That cold doth seldom fret, nor heat doth over-hail;
As standing in the flight, as pleasant on the trail;
Free hunting, eas'ly check'd, and loving every chase; [pace:
Straight running, hard and tough, of reasonable
Not heavy, as that hound which Lancashire doth breed;
Nor as the northern kind, so light and hot of speed,
Upon the clearer chase, or on the foiled train,
Doth make the sweetest cry, in woodland or on plain. [bear
Where she, of all the plains of Britain, that doth
The name to be the first (renowned every where)
Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonendge there should stand: [land[10],
She, first of plains; and that, first wonder of the
She Wansdike also wins, by whom she is embrac'd,
That in his aged arms doth gird her ampler waist:
Who (for a mighty mound sith long he did remain
§. Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the West-Saxons' reign,
And therefore of his place himself he proudly bare)
Had very oft been heard with Stonendge to compare; [t' upbraid,
Whom for a paltry ditch, when Stonendge pleas'd
The old man taking heart, thus to that trophy said:
"Dull heap, that thus thy head above the rest dost rear, [there;
Precisely yet not know'st who first did place thee
But traytor basely turn'd, to Merlin's skill dost fly,
And with his magics dost thy maker's truth bely:
Conspirator with time, now grown so mean and poor, [before;
Comparing these his spirits with those that went
Yet rather art content thy builder's praise to lose,
Than passed greatness should thy present wants disclose. [story;
Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their
That hast forgot their names, who rear'd thee for their glory:
For all their wondrous cost, thou that has serv'd them so,
What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we eas'ly know." [complain,
In these invectives thus whilst Wansdike doth
He interrupted is by that imperious Plain[13],
§. To hear two crystal floods to court her, that apply [her eye.
Themselves, which should be seen most gracious in
First, Willy boasts herself more worthy than the other,
And better far deriv'd: as having to her mother
Fair Selwood[12], and to bring up Diver[13] in her train; [restrain,
Which, when the envious soil would from her course
A mile creeps under earth, as flying all resort:
And how clear Nader waits attendance in her court;
And therefore claims of right the Plain should hold her dear, [names the shire[14].
Which gives that town the name; which likewise
The eastern Avon vaunts, and doth upon her take
To be the only child of shadeful Savernake[15],
As Ambray's ancient flood, herself and to enstyle
The Stonendge's best-lov'd, first wonder of the isle;
And what (in her behoof) might any want supply,
She vaunts the goodly seat of famous Sal'sbury;
Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a kind embrace, [place.
Betwixt their crystal arms they clip that loved
Report, as lately rais'd, unto these rivers came,
§. That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious through her fame) [disdain,
Their dalliance should deride; and that by her
Some other smaller brooks, belonging to the Plain,
A question seem'd to make, whereas the shire sent forth [worth;
Two Avons, which should be the flood of greatest
This stream, which to the south the Celtic[16] sea doth get,
Or that which from the north saluteth Somerset.
This when these rivers heard, that even but lately strove [best love
Which best did love the Plain, or had the Plain's
They straight themselves combine: for Willy wisely weigh'd,
That should her Avon lose the day for want of aid,
If one so great and near were overprest with power,
The foe (she being less) would quickly her devour.
As two contentious kings, that on each little jar,
Defiances send forth, proclaiming open war,
Until some other realm, that on their frontiers lies,
Be hazarded again by other enemies,
Do then betwixt themselves to composition fall,
To countercheck that sword, else like to conquer all: [bear.
So falls it with these floods, that deadly hate do
And whilst on either part strong preparations were,
It greatly was suppos'd strange strife would there have been,
Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally between)

[3] Two places famous for hares, the one in Buckinghamshire, the other in Northamptonshire.
[4] Everley warren of hares.
[5] The farthest part of Scotland.
[6] Gant.
[7] The best kind of Scottish nags.
[8] A famous Yorkshire horse-race.
[9] The western hounds generally the best.
[10] Stonendge, the greatest wonder in England.
[11] Salisbury plain.
[12] A forest betwixt Wiltshire and Sommersetshire.
[13] Of diving under the earth.
[14] Wilton of Willy, and Wiltshire of Wilton.
[15] A forest in Wiltshire.
[16] The French sea.

Forewarn'd them to desist, and off their purpose brake;
When in behalf of plains thus gloriously she spake:
" Away [12] ye barb'rous woods; however ye be plac'd
On mountains or in dales, or happily be grac'd
With floods, or marshy fells [13], with pasture, or with earth
By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth
The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the fruitfull'st ground.
For, in respect of plains, what pleasure can be found
In dark and sleepy shades? where mists and rotten fogs [bogs,
Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unstedfast
By dropping from the boughs, the o'er-grown trees among,
With caterpillars kells, and dusky cobwebs hong.
" The deadly screech-owl sits, in gloomy covert bid: [bid
Whereas the smooth-brow'd plain, as liberally doth
The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trembling wing [hymns to sing
In climbing up tow'rds Heaven, her high-pitcht
Unto the springing day; when 'gainst the Sun's arise
The early dawning strews the goodly eastern skies
With roses every where: who scarcely lifts his head
To view this upper world, but he his beams doth spread
Upon the goodly plains; yet at his noonsted's height,
Doth scarcely pierce the brake with his far-shooting sight. [sheep:
" The gentle shepherds here survey their gentler
Amongst the bushy woods luxurious satyrs keep.
To these brave sports of field, who with desire is won,
To see his grey-hound course, his horse (in diet) run,
His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long-wing'd hawk to fly.
To these most noble sports his mind who doth apply,
Resorts unto the plains. And not a foughten field,
Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the spear and shield, [phies high,
But plains have been the place; and all those tro-
That ancient times have rear'd to noble memory:
As, Stonendge, that to tell the British princes slain
By those false Saxons' fraud, here ever shall remain.
It was upon the plain of Mamre (to the fame
Of me and all our kind) whereas the angels came
To Abraham in his tent, and there with him did feed;
To Sara his dear wife then promising the seed,
By whom all nations should so highly honour'd be,
In which the Son of God they in the flesh should see.
But forests, to your plague there soon will come an age, [rage.
In which all damned sins most vehemently shall
An age! what have I said? nay ages there shall rise,
So senseless of the good of their posterities,
That of your greatest groves they scarce shall leave a tree,
(By which the harmless deer may after shelter'd be)
Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,
And for your long excess shall turn ye all to pain."
Thus ending; though some hills themselves that do apply
To please the goodly Plain, still standing in her eye,
Did much applaud her speech (as Haradon [14], whose head
Old Ambry still doth awe, and Bagden from his sted,
Surveying of the Vies, whose likings do allure
Both Ouldbry and Saint Ann; and they again procure [aloof,
Mount Marting-sall: and he those hills that stand
Those brothers Barbury and Badbury, whose proof
Adds much unto her praise) yet in most high disdain Plain
The forests take her words, and swear the prating
Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake so much
Is galled with her taunts (whom they so nearly touch)
That she in spiteful terms defies her to her face;
And Aldburn with the rest, though being but a chase, [afloat
At worse than nought her sets: but Bradon all
When it was told to her set open such a throat,
That all the country rang. She calls her barren jade, [be made
Base quean, and rivel'd witch, and wish'd she could
But worthy of her hate, (which most of all her grieves)
The basest beggar's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.
Then Pewsham, and with her old Blackmoor (not behind) [wind,
Do wish that from the seas some sultry southern
The foul infectious damps and poison'd airs would sweep, [sheep.
And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her
But whilst the sportive Muse delights her with these things,
She strangely taken is with those delicious springs
Of Kennet rising here, and of the nobler stream
Of Isis, setting forth upon her way to Tame,
§. By Greeklade; whose great name yet vaunts that learned tongue, [song;
Where to Great Britain first the sacred Muses
Which first were seated here, at Isis' bounteous head, [be spread;
As telling that her fame should through the world
And tempted by this flood, to Oxford after came,
There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely Tame: [adore,
Whose beauty when they saw, so much they did
That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back no more. [source:
Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from her
Which southward making soon in her most quiet course,
Recives the gentle Calne: when on her rising side,
First Blackmoor crowns her bank, as Pewsham with her pride [the West)
Sets out her murmuring sholes, till (turning to
Her, Somerset receives, with all the bounties blest
That Nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,
Which from the sulph'ry mines her med'cinal force doth bring; [smell,
As physic hath found out by colour, taste, and
Which taught the world at first the virtue of that well; [ledge drew
What quickliest it could cure: which men of know-
From that first mineral cause: but some that little knew
(Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)
§. Ascrib'd it to that skill, which Bladud hither brought,

[12] The Plain of Salisbury's speech in defence of all plains.

[13] Boggy places. A word frequent in Lancashire.

[14] Divers hills near and about Salisbury Plain.

As, by that learned king the baths should be begun;
Not from the quick'ned mine, by the begetting Sun
Giving that natural pow'r, which by the vig'rous sweat,
Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat
In passing through the veins, where matter doth not need; [breed:
Which in that minerous earth insep'rably doth
So Nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign
The baths their native power for ever shall retain:
Where time that city built, which to her greater fame,
Preserving of that spring, participates her name;
The tutelage whereof (as those past worlds did please)
Some to Minerva[15] gave, and some to Hercules:
Proud Phœbus' loved spring, in whose diurnal course, [force,
§. When on this point of earth he bends his greatest
By his so strong approach, provokes her to desire,
Stung with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire:
Which boiling in her womb projects (as to a birth)
Such matter as she takes from the gross humorous earth; [clear,
Till purg'd of dregs and slime, and her complexion
She smileth on the light, and looks with mirthful cheer. [that met
Then came the lusty Froom, the first of floods
Fair Avon entering into fruitful Somerset,
With her attending brooks; and her to Bath doth bring, [spring.
Much honour'd by that place, Minerva's sacred
To noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,
To Bristol[16] her to bear, the fairest seat of fame:
To entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,
And striving in that kind far to excel the Bath.
As when some wealthy lord prepares to entertain
A man of high account, and feast his gallant train;
Of him that did the like, doth seriously inquire
His diet, his device, his service, his attire;
That varying every thing (exampled by his store)
He ev'ry way may pass what th' other did before:
Even so this city doth; the prospect of which place
To her fair building adds an admirable grace;
Well fashion'd as the best, and with a double wall,
As brave as any town; but yet excelling all
For easement, that to health is requisite and meet;
Her piled shores, to keep her delicate and sweet:
Hereto, she hath her tides; that when she is opprest
With heat or drought, still pour their floods upon her breast. [inclines,
To Mendip then the Muse upon the south
Which is the only store and coffer of her mines;
Elsewhere the fields and meads their sundry traffics suit; [fruit.
The forests yield her wood, the orchards give her
As in some rich man's house his several charges lie,
There stands his wardrobe, here remains his treasury; [neat,
His large provision there, of fish, of fowl, and
His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat;
There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure; here again [tain:
Cribs, grainers, stables, barns, the other to main-
So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,
Or that which through exchange a smaller want supplies.

Yet Ochy's dreadful hole still held herself disgrac'd,
§. With th' wonders[17] of this isle that she should not be plac't;
But that which vext her most, was, that the Peakish cave[18]
Before her darksome self such dignity should have;
And th' wyches[19] for their salts such state on them should take; [lake[20];
Or Cheshire should prefer her sad death-boding
And Stonendge in the world should get such high
Which imitating art but idly did erect: [respect,
And that among the rest, the vain inconstant Dee[21],
By changing of his fords, for one should reckon'd be;
And of another sort, wood turn'd to stone[22]; among
Th' anatomized fish[23], and fowls[24] from planchers sprung: [d'rous springs[25]
And on the Cambrian side those strange and won-
Our beasts[26] that seldom drink; a thousand other things [mount,
Which Ochy inly vext, that they to fame should
And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small account; [meer,
That there was scarcely rock or river, marsh or
That held not Ochy's wrongs (for all held Ochy dear) [disgrace
§. In great and high disdain: and Froom for her
Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalsleck from her face;
But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,
Through sickness forc'd to seek for cure unto the Bath: [wreak,
§. And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not
Gush'd forth so forceful streams, that he was like to break [cave
The greater banks of Ax, as from his mother's
He wander'd towards the sea; for madness who doth rave [begun
At his dread mother's wrong; but who so woe
For Ochy, as the isle of ancient Avalon?
Who having in herself as inward cause of grief,
Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend relief;
The other so again for her doth sorrow make,
And in the isle's behalf the dreadful cavern spake:
"O three times famous isle, where is that place that might
Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastenbury stood? exalted to that pride,
Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:
O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not fill
With our great fathers' pomp, devotion, and their skill? [rightly weigh'd)
Thou more than mortal power (this judgment
Then present to assist, at that foundation lay'd;
On whom for this sad waste, should justice lay the crime?
Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to time?
Or was their errour such, that thou couldst not protect [zeal erect?
Those buildings which thy hand did with their

[15] Minerva and Hercules, the protectors of these fountains.
[16] The delicacies of Bristol.
[17] A catalogue of the many wonders of this land.
[18] The Devil's arse.
[19] The salt wells in Cheshire.
[20] Bruerton's pond.
[21] A river by Westchester.
[22] By sundry soils of Britain.
[23] Our pikes, ript and sow'd up, live.
[24] Barnacles, a bird breeding upon old ships.
[25] Wond'rous springs in Wales. [26] Sheep.

To whom didst thou commit that monument to keep, [sleep?
That suffereth with the dead their memory to
§. When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy
Joseph's grave[27], [save;
From sacrilege had power their sacred bones to
He who that God in man to his sepulchre brought,
Or he which for the faith twelve famous battles fought.
What! did so many kings do honour to that place,
For avarice at last so vilely to deface?
For reverence, to that seat which had ascribed been,
Trees yet in winter bloom[28], and bear their summer's green." [cast,
This said, she many a sigh from her full stomach
Which issued thro' her breast in many a boist'rous blast; [condole,
And with such floods of tears her sorrows doth
As into rivers turn within that darksome hole.
Like sorrow for herself, this goodly isle doth try;
§. Embrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry, [was)
On whom the Fates bestow'd (when he conceived
He should be much belov'd of many a dainty lass;
Who gives all leave to like, yet of them liketh
But his affection sets on beauteous Avalon; [none,
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and full-flank'd marsh do prove
To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his love.
First Sedgmore[29] shows this flood, her bosom all unbrac'd,
And casts her wanton arms about his slender waist:
Her lover to obtain, so amorous Audry seeks:
And Gedney softly steals sweet kisses from his cheeks.
One takes him by the hand, entreating him to stay;
Another plucks him back, when he would fain away:
But, having caught at length, whom long he did pursue,
Is so entranc'd with love, her goodly parts to view,
That alt'ring quite his shape, to her he doth appear,
And casts his crystal self into an ample meer;
But for his greater growth when needs he must depart, [heart)
And forc'd to leave his love (tho' with a heavy
As he his back doth turn, and his departing out,
The batt'ning marshy Brent environs him about;
But loathing her embrace, away in haste he flings,
And in the Severn sea surrounds his plenteous springs. [thou dwell,
But, dallying in this place so long, why dost
So many sundry things here having yet to tell?
Occasion calls the Muse her pinions to prepare,
Which (striking with the wind the vast and open air) [roves,
Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champains
Now measures out this plain, and then surveys those groves; [mound,
The batful pastures fenc'd, and most with quickset
The sundry sorts of soil, diversity of ground;
Where ploughmen cleanse the earth of rubbish, weed, and filth, [tilth;
And give the fallow lands their seasons and their
Where best for breeding horse, where cattle fitt'st to keep, [sheep:
Which good for bearing corn, which pasturing for
The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly mould,
Where sands be always hot, and where the clays be cold; [with want;
With plenty where they waste, some others touch'd
Here set, and there they sow; here prune and there they plant. [report,
As Wiltshire is a place best pleas'd with that
Which spend away the time continually in sport;
So Somerset herself to profit doth apply,
As given all to gain, and thriving housewifery.
For, whereas in a land one doth consume and waste,
'Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:
This liketh moory plots, delights in sedgy bowers,
The grassy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with flowers [wool,
Of rank and mellow glebe; a sward as soft as
With her complexion strong, a belly plump and full.
Thus whilst the active Muse strains out these various things, [teous springs
Clear Parret makes approach, with all those plen-
Her fruitful banks that bless; by whose monarchal sway
She fortifies herself against that mighty day,
Wherein her utmost power she should be forc'd to try:
For, from the Druids' time there was a prophecy,
That there should come a day (which now was near at hand [strand,
By all fore-running signs) that on the eastern
If Parret[30] stood not fast upon the English side,
They all should be suppress: and by the British pride
In cunning over-come; for why, impartial fate
(Yet constant always to the Britons' crazed state)
Forbade they yet should fall; by whom she meant to show [owe
How much the present age, and after-times should
Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore press'd
Her tributary streams, and wholly her address'd
Against the antient foe; first, calling to her aid
Two rivers of one name[31], which seem as tho' they stay'd [take:
Their empress as she went, her either hand that
The first upon the right, as from her source, doth make
Large Muchelney an isle, and unto Ivel lends
Her hardly-rendered name: that on her left, descends [that forest born,
From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which, of
Her rival's proffer'd grace opprobriously doth scorn.
She by her wand'ring course doth Athelney in-isle,
And for the greater state, herself she doth instile
§. The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's antient seat, [so great.
Which made the Britons' name thro' all the world
Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all knightly deeds, and brave achievements sprung.
As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser head
(Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)
Extends itself at length unto a goodly stream:
So, almost thro' the world his fame flew from this realm; [wrong,
That justly I may charge those ancient bards of
So idly to neglect his glory in their song:

[27] Joseph of Arimathea.
[28] The wondrous tree at Glastenbury.
[29] Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.
[30] A supposed prophesy upon Parret.
[31] Ivel; from which the town Ivel is denominated.

For some abundant brain, oh there had been a story [our glory.
Beyond the blind man's[32] might to have inhanc'd
Tow'rds the Sabrinian sea then Parret setting on,
To her attendance next comes in the beauteous Tone, [array'd,
Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeously
With all th' enamel'd flowers of many a goodly mead: [boughs
In orchards richly clad, whose proud aspiring
Even of the tallest woods do scorn a jot to lose,
Though Selwood's mighty self and Neroch standing by;
The sweetness of her soil thro' ev'ry coast doth fly.
What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the sound [ground:
Of Taunton's fruitful deam[33]? not match'd by any
By Athelney[34] ador'd, a neighbourer to her land:
Whereas those higher hills to view fair Tone that stand,
Her coadjuting springs with much content behold,
Where seaward Quantock stands, as Neptune he control'd, [mound,
And Black-down inland born, a mountain and a
As tho' he stood to look about the country round:
But Parret as a prince, attended here the while,
Enrich'd with every moor, and every inland isle,
Upon her taketh state, well forward tow'rds her fall:
Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all,
Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph most lovely clear, [shire;
From Somerton sent down the sovereign of the
Which makes our Parret proud. And wallowing in excess, [press,
Whilst like a prince she vaunts amid the wat'ry
The breathless Muse awhile her wearied wings shall ease, [seas.
To get her strength to stem the rough Sabrinian

[32] Homer.
[33] One of the fruitful places of this land.
[34] Interpreted the noble isle.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Discontinuing her first course, the Muse returns to Somerset and Wiltshire, which lie betwixt the Severn and Hantshire; as the song here joins them:

From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence it stood.

Old Salisbury, seated north-east from the now famous Salisbury, some mile distant, about Richard Cœur de Lion's time, had her name and inhabitants hither translated, upon the meeting of Avon and Aderborn; where not long after she enjoyed, among other, that glorious title of admiration for her sumptuous church-buildings. Of that, one of my authors* thus:

——————in the yeare of grace
Twelf hundred and to and twenti, in the vaire place
Of the noble munstre of Salesburi hii leide the verste stone,
That me not in Christindom vairore work non.
Ther was Pandulf the legat, and as heyt of echon,
Me leide vive the verste stones: as vor the pope put on,

* Rob. Glocestrens.

The other vorvre yonge king (*a*), the thridde as the seye
Vor the gode erle of Salisburi, William the Longespei (*b*),
The verth vor the contesse, the vifte he leide tho
Vor the bishop of Salesburi (*c*), and he me leide na mo.

This work then began, was by Robert Bingham, next succeeding bishop to that excellency, prosecuted.

Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonehenge there should stand.

Upon Salisbury plain, stones of huge weight and greatness, some in the earth pitcht, and in form erected, as it were circular; others lying cross over them, as if their own poise did no less than their supporters give them that proper place, have this name of Stone-henge:

But so confus'd, that neither any eye
Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.

As the noble Sidney (*d*) of them.

No man knows, saith Huntingdon (*e*) (making them the first wonder of this land, as the author doth) how, or why, they came here. The cause thus take from the British story: Hengist, under colour of a friendly treaty with Vortigern at Amesbury, his falsehood's watchword to his Saxons (provided there privily with long knives) being Nimep youn pexep (*f*), there traitorously slew CD. IX. noble Britons, and kept the king prisoner. Some thirty years after, king Ambrose (to honour with one monument the name of so many murdered worthies) by help of Uterpen-dragon's forces, and Merlin's magic, got them transported from off a plain (others say a hill) near Naas (*g*), in Kildare, in Ireland, hither, to remain as a trophy not of victory, but of wronged innocency. This Merlin persuaded the king that they were medicinal, and first brought out of the utmost parts of Afric by giants, which thence came to inhabit Ireland. Non est ibi lapis qui medicamento caret (*h*), as in Merlin's person Geffrey of Monmouth speaks; whose authority in this treacherous slaughter of the Britons, I respect not so much as Nennius, Malmesbury, Sigebert, Matthew of Westminster, and others, who report it as I deliver. Whether they be naturally solid, or with cement artificially composed, I will not dispute. Although the last be of easier credit; yet I would, with our late historian White, believe the first sooner, than that Ulysses' ship was by Neptune turned into one stone, as it is in the Odyssey, and that the Egyptian king Amasis had a house cut out in one marble (which, by Herodotus' description, could not after the workmanship have less content than CIↃ. CIↃ. CCC. XCIV. solid cubits, if my geometry

(*a*) Henry III.
(*b*) Willielm de Longa spatha.
(*c*) Richard Poor.
(*d*) In his sonnets.
(*e*) Histor. lib. 1.
(*f*) i. e. Take your swords.
(*g*) Girald. Cambrensis Topograph. Hib. dist. 2. cap. 18. Chorea gigantum.
(*h*) "Not one of the stones but is good for somewhat in physic."

fail me not) or that which the Jews (*i*) are not ashamed to affirm of a stone, with which king Og, at one throw from his head, purposed to have crushed all the Israelites, had not a lapwing strangely peckt such a hole through it, that it fell on his shoulders, and by miracle his upper-teeth, suddenly extended, kept it there fast from motion. It is possible they may be of some such earthy dust as that of Puzzolo, and by Ætna, which cast into water turns stony, as Pliny after Strabo of them and other like remembers. And for certain I find it reported (*k*), that in Caernarvon, upon Snowdon hills, is a stone (which miraculously, somewhat more than sixty years since, raised itself out of a lake at the hill's foot) equalling a large house in greatness, and supposed not moveable by a thousand yoke of oxen. For the form of bringing them, your opinion may take freedom. That great one, which Hercules (*l*) is wondered at for the carriage, was but a cart-load (*m*), which he left for a monument in Otranto, of Italy: and except Geffrey of Monmouth, with some which follow him, scarce any affirm or speak of it, nor Nennius, nor Malmesbury; the first living somewhat near the supposed time.

Betwixt the Mercian rule and the West-Saxons' reign.

So thinks our antiquary and light of this kingdom; that, to be a limit of those two ancient states, sometime divided by Avon, which falls into Severn, Wansdike crossing the shire westward over the plain was first cast up. Wodensdike, the old name is supposed from Woden; of no less (if not greater) esteem to the Saxons, than Arsaces, Pelops, Cadmus, and other such to their posterity; but so that, I guess, it went but for their greatest god Mercury (he is called rather Wonden from Win, that is, gain, by (*n*) Lipsius) as the German and English antiquities discover. And very likely, when this limit was made, that in honour of him being by name president of ways, and by his office of heraldship pacifex, i. e. peace-maker, as an old stamp titles him, they called it Wodensdike; as not only the Greeks (*o*) had their Ἑρμαῖ ἐπὶ ταῖς τριόδοις (statues erected) for limits and direction of ways; and the Latins their Terminus, but the ancient Jews also, as upon interpretation of גל כמל (*p*) in the Proverbs, i. e. into an heap of Mercury, (in the vulgar) for a heap of stones in that sense, Goropius in his hieroglyphics affirms, somewhat boldly deriving Mercury from Merc, which signifies a limit in his and our tongue, and so fits this place in name and nature. Stonehenge and it not improperly contend, being several works of two several nations anciently hateful to each other; Britons and Saxons.

To hear two crystal floods to court her, which apply.

Wilibourne (by the old name the author calls her Willy) derived from near Selwood by Warmister, with her creeky passage crossing to Wilton, naming both that town and the shire, and on the other side Avon taking her course out of Savernak, by Marlborow, through the shire southward, washing Ambresbury and the Salisburies, (new Salisbury being her episcopal city) both watering the plain, and furnished with these reasons, are fitly thus personated, striving to endear themselves in her love: and, prosecuting this fiction, the Muse thus adds:

How that Bath's Avon wax'd imperious through her fame.

Divers rivers of that name have we; but two of eminent note in Wiltshire: one is next before showed you, which falls through Dorset into the ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head in the edge of Glocester: and with her snaky course visiting Malmesbury, Chippenham, Bradford, and divers towns of slight note, turns into Somerset, passes Bath, and casts herself into the Severn at Bristol. This compendious contention (whose proportionate example is a special elegancy for the expressing of diversity, as in the pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil) is aptly concluded with that point of ancient politic observation (*q*), that "Outward common fear is the surest band of friendship."

To Greeklake, whose great name yet vaunts that learned tongue.

The history of Oxford in the proctors' book, and certain old verses (*r*), kept somewhere in this tract, affirm, that with Brute came hither certain Greek philosophers, from whose name and profession here it was thus called, and as an university afterward translated to Oxford (upon like notation a company of physicians retiring to Lechlade (*s*) in this shire, gave that its title, as J Rous adds in his story to Henry the Seventh.) But Godwin, and a very old anonymus cited by Br. Twine, refer it to Theodore of Tarsus, in Cilicia, (made archbishop of Canterbury by pope Vitalian, under Egbert, king of Kent) very skilful in both tongues, and an extraordinary restorer of learning to the English Saxons. That he had (among other) Greek schools, is certain by Bede's affirmation, that some of his scholars understood both Greek and Latin as their mother language. Richard of the Vies (*t*) will that Penda, king of Mercland, first deduced a colony of Cambridge-men hither, and calls it Crekelade, as other Kirklade, with variety of names: but I suspect all, as well for omission of it in the best authorities, as also that the name is so different in itself. Grecolade was never honoured with Greek schools, as the ignorant multitude think, saith Leland (*u*) affirming it should be rather Creclade, Lechelade, or Lathlade. Nor methinks (of all) stands it with the British story, making the tongue then a kind of Greek (a matter, that way reasonable enough,

(*i*) Apud Munster. ad Deuter. 3. If among them there be a whetstone, let the Jew have it.
(*k*) Powel ad lib. 2. cap. 5. Girald. itinerarii.
(*l*) Aristot. περὶ θαυμ. ἀκουσ. (*m*) Ἁμαξαῖον.
(*n*) Ad Germ. Tacit. Woden or Wonden.
(*o*) Irmunpull, Sax. Mercury, Adam Bremens, cap. 5. And hence Irmingstreate. Pausan. sæpius, & Theocrit. ubi sup. (*p*) Proverb. 26. v. 8.

(*q*) In Thucydid. & Liv.
(*r*) Leland. ad cyg cant. in Isida.
(*s*) i. e. The physicians' lake.
(*t*) Apud Cai de antiq. Cantabrig. lib. 2. & Cod. Nig. Cantabr. apud aut. assert. antiq. Oxon.
(*u*) Ad Cyg. Cant. in Isida & Isid. vad. Curvus Græcus sermo Britannicus. Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1.

seeing it is questionless that colonies anciently derived out of the Western Asia, Peloponnesus, Hellas, and those continents into the coast whence Brute came, transported the Greek with them) that profession of Grecians should make this so particular a name.

Ascrib'd to that high skill which learned Bladud brought.

You are now in Somersetshire. I doubt not but the true cause is that, which is ordinary of other hot springs; not the Sun's heat (saving the author's opinion, which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind, as some will; but either passage through metallic, bituminous, and sulphurous veins, or rather a real subterranean fire, as Empedocles (*x*) first thought, and with most witty arguments (according to the poetical conceit of Typhon (*y*), buried in Prochyta; whereto Strabo refers the best baths in Italy) my learned and kind friend, Mr. Lydiat, that accurate chronologer, in his ingenious Philosophy, hath lately disputed. But, as the author tells you, some British vanity imputes it to Bladud's art, which in a very ancient fragment of rhymes (*z*) I found exprest: and if you can endure the language and fiction, you may read it, and then laugh at it.

Two tutine there beth of bras,
And other two imaked of glas.
Seve seats there buth inne
And ether thing imaked with ginne:
Quick brimston in them also,
With wild fier imaked thereto:
Sal gemmæ and sal petræ,
Sal armoniak there is eke,
Sal albrod and sal alkine,
Sal-gemmæ is minged with him,
Sal cömin and sal almetre bright,
That borneth both day and night.
All this is in the tonne ido,
And other things many mo,
And borneth both night and day,
That never quench it ne may.
In your welsprings the tonnes liggeth *,
As the philosophers us siggeth.
The bete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot al about.
The two welsprings earneth mere,
And the other two beth inner clere.
There is maked full iwis
That king's bath icluped is.
The rich king Bladud
The king's sonne Lud,
And when he maked that bath hot,
And if him failed ought
Of that that should thereto,
Herkeneth what he would do,
From Bath to London he would flee,
And thulke day selfe againe bee,
And fetch that thereto bivel.
He was quicke, and swith fell
Tho the master was ded
And is soule wend to the Qued,
For God ne was not yut ybore,
Nor deth suffred him bivore.

(*x*) Seneca. Natural. quæst. lib. 3. cap. 24.
(*y*) Pyndar. Pyth. 4.
(*z*) Ex antiq. sched.

* See the author's eighth song.

I will as soon believe all this, as that St. Devi (*a*) or Julius Cæsar (*b*), (who never came near it) was author of it, or that he made knights of the Bath. They are not wanting which have durst say so.

When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force.

From eight in the morning till three (within which time the sun-beams make their strongest angles of incidence) it purges itself (as boiling) of unclean excrements, nor then do any enter it; which the Muse here expresses in a fervent sympathy of love 'twixt the water and the Sun, and the more properly, because it had the name of Aquæ Solis (*c*).

With th' wonders of the isle that she should not be plac'd.

Wockey-hole (*d*) (so called, in my conceit, from pocȝd (*e*), which is the same with pic, signifying a hollow or creeky passage) in Mendip-hills, by Wells, for her spacious vaults, stony walls, creeping labyrinths, unimaginable cause of posture in the earth, and her neighbours' report (all which almost equal her to that grotta de la Sibylle (*f*) in the Apennine of Marca Anconitana, and the Dutch song of little Daniel) might well wonder she had not place among her country wonders. One that seems to increase Samuel Beaulan upon Nennius, reckons thirteen by that name, but with vain and false reports (as that of the Bath to be both hot and cold, according to the desire of him that washes) and in some the author of Polychronicon follows him; neither speaking of this. But the last, and Henry of Huntingdon, reckon only four remarkable; the Peake, Stonehenge, Chedder-hole, and a hill out of which it rains. That wonder of human excellence, sir Philip Sidney, to fit his sonnet, makes six; and to fit that number conceitedly adds a froward but chaste lady for the seventh. And the author here tells you the chiefest.

——————that Froom, for her disgrace,
Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalsleck from her face.

Out of Mendip-hills Froom springeth, and through the coal-pits, after a short course eastward, turns upward to Bath's Avon. The fiction of her besmeared face happens the better, in that Froom, after our old mother language, signifies fair, as that paradoxal Becanus (*g*), in exposition of the Egyptian pyramis in Herodotus (*h*), would by notation teach us.

And Chedder, for mere grief, his teeth he could not wreak.

Near Axbridge, Chedder-cliffs, rocky and vaulted, by continual distilling, is the fountain of a forcible stream (driving twelve mills within a mile's quarter of its head) which runs into Ax, derived out of Wockey.

(*a*) Bal. cent. 1.
(*b*) Malmesbury lib 2. Pontific.
(*c*) Antoninus in itinerario.
(*d*) Or, Ochy.
(*e*) Beat. Rhenan. lib. 2. rer. Germanic.
(*f*) Ortelius theat. mundi.
(*g*) Hermathen. lib. 5.
(*h*) Euterpe.

When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave.

Henry the Second, in his expedition towards Ireland, entertained by the way in Wales with bardish songs, wherein he heard it affirmed, that in Glastenbury (made almost an isle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois, then abbot, to make search for the corpse: which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald saith oaken, Leland thinks alder) some sixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they found a stone (*i*), on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross (crosses fixt upon the tombs of old Christians were in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He was then honoured with a sumptuous monument, and afterward the sculls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as separate relics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald, Leland, Prise, divers others (although Polydore make slight of it) have more copious testimony. The bards' songs suppose, that after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwal, where traitorous Mordred was slain, and Arthur wounded, Morgain le Fay, a great Elfin lady (supposed his near kinswoman) conveyed the body hither to cure it: which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read these attributed to the best of the bards (*k*), expressing as much:

——————Morgain suscepit honore,
Inque suis thalamis posuit super aurea regem
Fulcra, manuque sibi detexit vulnus honestâ
Inspexitque diù: tandemque redire salutem
Posse sibi dixit, si secum tempore longo
Esset, et ipsius vellet medicamine fungi.

Englished in metre for me thus by the author:

——————Morgain with honour took,
And in a chair of state doth cause him to repose;
Then with a modest hand his wounds she doth unclose, [to doubt:
And having search'd them well, she bade him not
He should in time be cur'd, if he would stay it out,
And would the med'cine take that she to him would give.

The same also in effect, an excellent poet of his time thus singing it (*l*):

He is a king crowned in Fairie,
With scepter and sword and with his regally
Shall resort as lord and soveraigne
Out of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine:
And repaire againe the round table (*m*).
By prophesy Merlin set the date,
Among princes king incomparable,
His seat againe to Carlion to translate,
The Parchas sustren sponne so his fate,
His epitaph (*n*) recordeth so certaine
Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigne againe.

(*i*) Chronicon. Glasconiens.
(*k*) Taliessin. ap. Pris. defens. hist. Brit.
(*l*) Dan. Lidgat. lib. 8. vers. Boccat. cap. 24.
(*m*) Nænias ad has refert Alanus de Insulis illud Merlini vaticinium. Exitus ejus dubius erit.
(*n*) Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam rexque Futurus.

Worthily famous was the abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (that Εὐσχήμων βουλευτὴς(*o*), as S. Mark calls him) here buried, which gives proof of Christianity in the isle before our Lucius. Hence, in a charter of liberties by Henry the Second to the abbey (made in presence of Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem, and others) I read, Olim à quibusdam mater sanctorum dicta est, aliis tumulus sanctorum (*p*), quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam, & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primò fuisse, venerabilis habet antiquorum authoritas." It goes for current truth, that a hawthorn thereby on Christmas-day always blossometh: which the author tells you in that, "Trees yet in winter," &c. You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

Embrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry.

Selwood sends forth Bry, which, after a winding course from Bruton, (so called of the river) through part of Sedgemore, and Andremore, comes to Glastenbury, and almost enisles it; thence to Gedney-moor, and out of Brent-marsh into Severn.

The nearest neighbouring floods to Arthur's ancient seat.

By South-cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and 'twixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and relics of old buildings. Among Roman coins there found, and other works of antiquity, Stow speaks of a silver horseshoe there digged up in the memory of our fathers: Dii boni, saith Leland, quot hic profundissimarum fossarum? quot hic egestæ terræ valla? quæ demùm præcipitia? atque ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem esse & Artis & Naturæ miraculum (*q*). Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his round table, as the Muse here sings. But of this more in the next canto.

(*o*) Noble counsellor.
(*p*) It was called the mother and tomb of the saints.
(*q*) "The workmanship of the ditches, walls, and strange steepness of them, makes it seem a wonder of art and nature."

POLY-OLBION.

THE FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

England and Wales strive, in this song;
To whether Lundy doth belong:
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,
By music mean to try it out.
Of mighty Neptune leave they ask:
Each one betakes her to her task.
The Britons, with the harp and crowd:
The English, both with still and loud.
The Britons chant king Arthur's glory;
The English sing their Saxons' story.
The hills of Wales their weapons take,
And are an uproar like to make,

To keep the English part in awe.
There's heave and shove, and hold and draw;
That Severn can them scarce divide,
Till judgment may the cause decide.

THUS while in Sabrin's court strong factions strangely grew,
Since Cornwal for her own, and as her proper due,
Claim'd Lundy, which was said to Cambria to belong, [wrong:
Who oft had sought redress for that her ancient
But her inveterate foe, borne out by England's might, [right)
O'ersways her weaker pow'r; that (now in either's
As Severn finds no flood so great, nor poorly mean,
But that the natural spring (her force which doth maintain) [free
From this or that[1] she takes; so from this faction
(Begun about this isle) not one was like to be.
This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd;
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her mind
To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
§. And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
Of traffic or return she never taketh care;
Not provident of pelf, as many islands are:
A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad and high,
That often had bewitch'd the sea-gods with her eye.
Of all the inlaid isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
That bathe their amorous breasts within her secret deeps [seem,
(To love her Barry[2] much and Scilly though she
The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to esteem)
This noblest British nymph[3] yet likes her Lundy best, [rest.
And to great Neptune's grace prefers before her
Thus, Cambria[4] to her right that would herself restore,
And rather than to lose Loëgria[5], looks for more.
The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth invade, [dissuade:
To trial straight will go, though Neptune should
But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,
And only wanting strength to wreak their angry teen,
For skill their challenge make, which every one profest,
And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,
And to th' heroic spirit most pleasing under sky)
Sweet Music, rightly match'd with heavenly Poësy,
In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone
They conquerors vow to be, or lastly overthrown.
Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is wond'rous wise)
And that it were in vain them better to advise,
Sith this contention sprang from countries like ally'd, [side,
That she would not be found t' incline to either
To mighty Neptune sues to have his free consent
Due trial they might make: when he incontinent
His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to proclaim.
No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful name,
But such a shout was sent from every neighb'ring spring, [ring:
That the report was heard through all his court to
And from the largest stream unto the lesser brook.
Them to this wond'rous task they serjously betook.
They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smallest beck [neck;
But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for her
Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the public view,
Enamieling the white with veins that were as blue;
Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing rich array
To set their rivers forth against this general day.
'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such heave and shove,
Since Albion[6] wielded arms against the son of Jove.
When as the English part, their courage to declare,
Them to th' appointed place immediately prepare.
A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her brings, [springs[7])
(As she that hath the charge of wise Minerva's
From Mendip tripping down, about the tinny mine.
And Ax*, no less employ'd about this great design,
Leads forth a lusty rout; when Bry*, with all her throng, [long)
(With very madness swoln, that she had stay'd so
Comes from the boggy mears and queachy fens below: [show)
That Parret* (highly pleas'd to see the gallant
Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,
The soil but scarcely serves to give her hugeness way. [with pearl,
Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore deckt
Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant girl
§. Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would have estrang'd her fall: [all,
Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them
As drew down many a nymph from the Cornubian shore, [ore.
That paint their goodly breasts with sundry sorts of
The British, that this while had stood a view to take [make,
What, to her utmost power, the public foe could
But slightly weigh their strength: for, by her natural kind,
As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind;
So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their cause,
For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.
At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue grew,
To make a likely choice of some most expert crew,
Whose number coming near unto the other's dow'r,
The English should not urge they were o'er-borne by pow'r. [to lay,
§. Yet hardly upon Powse they dare their hopes
For that she hath commerce with England every day; [respect;
§. Nor Ross; for that too much she aliens doth
And following them, foregoes her ancient dialect.
The Venedotian floods[8], that ancient Britons were,
The mountains kept them back, and shut them in the rear: [much worth,
But Brecknock, long time known a country of
Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains forth:

[1] From England or Wales.
[2] Certain little isles lying within Severn.
[3] Severn. [4] Wales. [5] England.
[6] Albion, Neptune's son, warred with Hercules.
[7] The baths.
* All these rivers you may see in the 3d song.
[8] Floods of North-Wales.

For almost not a brook of Morgany[9], nor Gwent,
But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high descent.
For Brecan, was a prince once fortunate and great,
(Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler seat)
With twice twelve daughters [10] blest, by one and only wife:
Who for their beauties rare, and sanctity of life,
To rivers were transform'd; whose pureness doth declare
How excellent they were, by being what they are:
Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
To tell their former love to the unmarried state,
To Severn shape their course, which now their form doth bear;
E'er she was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
And from the seas with fear they still do fly:
So much they yet delight in maiden company.
Then most renowned Wales, thou famous ancient place, [race,
Which still hast been the nurse of all the British
Since Nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd vine,
Which others' temples chafes with fragrant sparkling wine;
And being now in hand to write thy glorious praise,
Fill me a bowl of meath, my working spirit to raise:
And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so high a string, [I sing;
Thy bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder, whilst
§. That Taliessen, once which made the rivers dance, [trance,
And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from their
Shall tremble at my verse, rebounding from the skies; [in he lies.
Which like an earthquake shakes the tomb where-
First our triumphing Muse of sprightly Usk shall tell,
And what to every nymph attending her, befel:
Which Cray and Camlas first for pages doth retain,
With whom the next in place comes in the tripping Brean, [clear;
With Isker, and with her comes Hodny fine and
Of Brecknock best belov'd, the sovereign of the shire:
And Grouy, at an inch, waits on her mistress' heels.
But ent'ring (at the last) the Monumethian fields,
Small Fidan, with Cledaugh, increase her goodly Menie, [geny.
Short Kebby, and the brook that christ'neth Aber-
With all her wat'ry train, when now at last she came
Unto that happy town which bears her only name[11],
Bright Birthiu, with her friend, fair Olwy, kindly meet her; [to greet her;
Which for her present haste, have scarcely time
But earnest on her way, she needsly will be gone:
So much she longs to see the ancient Caerleon.
When Avon cometh in, than which amongst them
A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall. [all,
Then Ebwith, and with her slides Srowy; which forelay [sea.
Her progress, and for Usk keep entrance to the
When Munno, all this while, that (for her own behoof) [aloof,
From this their great recourse had strangely stood
Made proud by Monmouth's name appointed her by fate,
Of all the rest herein observed special state.
For once the bards foretold she should produce a king[12], [bring,
Which everlasting praise to her great name should
Who by his conquering sword should all the land surprise, [lies:
Which 'twixt the Penmenmaur [13] and the Pyreni [14]
She therefore is allow'd her leisure; and by her
They win the goodly Wye, whom strongly she doth stir [deny'd,
Her powerful help to lend: which else she had
Because herself so oft to England she ally'd:
But b'ing by Munno made for Wales, away she goes, [throws
Which when as Throggy sees, herself she headlong
Into the wat'ry throng, with many another rill,
Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill.
That Remny, when she saw these gallant nymphs of Gwent,
On this appointed match were all so hotly bent,
Where she of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,
Entreats the Taff along, as gray as any glass:
With whom clear Cunno comes, a lusty Cambrian lass:
Then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,
And Ogmore, that would yet be there as soon as they,
By Avon called in: when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known; [hath
Besides her double head, to help her stream that
Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsey, and Tagrath) [Cledaugh,
From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas and
By Morgany [15] do drive her through her watry saugh [16]; [power
With Tawy, taking part t' assist the Cambrian
§. Then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen them by Gower.
'Mongst whom some bards there were, that in their sacred rage
Recorded the descents, and acts of every age.
Some with their nimbler joints that struck the warbling string;
In fingering some unskill'd, but only us'd to sing
Unto the others' harp: of which you both might find
Great plenty, and of both excelling in their kind,
§. That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise,
Had won the silver harp, and worn Apollo's bays:
Whose verses they deduc'd from those first golden times,
Of sundry sorts of feet, and sundry suits of rhymes.
In Englins [17] some there were, that on their subject strain;
Some makers that again affect the loftier vein,
Rehearse their high conceits in Cowiths: other some
In Owdells theirs express, as matter haps to come;

[9] Glamorgan and Monmouthshires.
[10] A supposed metamorphosis of Brecan's daughters.
[11] Monmouth.
[12] Henry the Fifth, styled of Monmouth.
[13] A hill in Caernarvonshire.
[14] Hills dividing Spain and France.
[15] Glamorgan.
[16] A kind of trench.
[17] Englins Cowiths, and Awdells, British form of verses. See the Illustrations.

So varying still their moods, observing yet in all
Their quantities, their rests, their ceasures metrical:
For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply;
Addicted from their births so much to poesy,
That in the mountains those who scarce have seen
a book, [took.
Most skilfully will make[18], as though from art they
And as Loëgria spares not any thing of worth,
That any way might set her goodly rivers forth;
As stones by nature cut from the Cornubian strond;
Her Dertmore sends them pearl; Rock-vincent,
diamond:
So Cambria, of her nymphs especial care will have;
For Conway sends them pearl to make them
wond'rous brave; [rare,
The sacred virgin's well[19], her moss most sweet and
Against infectious damps for pomander to wear:
And Goldcliff[20] of his ore in plenteous sort allows,
To spangle their attires, and deck their amorous
brows. [priz'd,
And lastly, holy Dee (whose pray'rs were highly
As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd:
Who, changing[21] of his fords, by divination had
Foretold the neighbouring folk of fortune good or
bad)
In their intended course sith needs they will proceed,
His benediction sends in way of happy speed.
And tho' there were such haste unto this long-
look'd hour,
Yet let they not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.
For, who will have his work his wished end to win,
Let him with hearty pray'r religiously begin.
Wherefore the English part, with full devout intent,
In meet and godly sort to Glastenbury sent,
Beseeching of the saints in Avalon that were,
There off'ring at their tombs for every one a tear,
§. And humbly to St. George their country's patron
pray,
To prosper their design now in this mighty day.
The Britons, like devout, their messengers direct
To David, that he would their ancient right protect.
'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds
are crown'd, [round,
The valley Ewias[22] lies, immur'd so deep and
As they below that see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing in
the sky:
Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As Nature at the first appointed it for pray'r:
Where, in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the Sun hath ever shone,
That reverend British saint in zealous ages past,
To contemplation liv'd; and did so truly fast,
As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gather'd in the fields.
In memory of whom, in the revolving year
The Welchmen on his day that sacred herb do
wear: [crave,
Where, of that holy man, as humbly they do
That in their just defence they might his fur-
th'rance have. [fore,
Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power be-
Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal shore;

The Britons, to whose lot the onset doth belong,
Give signal to the foe for silence to their song.
To tell each various strain and turning of their
rhymes, [climbs,
How this in compass falls, or that in sharpness
(As where they rest and rise, how take it one from
As every several chord hath a peculiar tone) [one,
Even memory herself, though striving, would come
short:
But the material things, Muse, help me to report.
As first, t' affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons'
right, [knight;
With Arthur they begin, their most renowned
The richness of the arms their well-made worthy[23]
wore,
The temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)
The bigness and the length of Rone, his noble
spear; [could bear;
With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof
His baudric how adorn'd with stones of wond'rous
price,
§. The sacred virgin's shape he bore for his device;
These monuments of worth, the ancient Britons
song. [but too long.
Now, doubting lest these things might hold them
His wars they took to task; the land then over-laid
With those proud German pow'rs: when, calling
to his aid
His kinsman Howel, brought from Britany the less,
Their armies they unite, both swearing to suppress
The Saxon, here that sought through conquest all
to gain. [the plain
On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln: where
Each-where from side to side lay scatter'd with the
dead. [fled,
And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict
Betook them to the woods, he never left them there,
Until the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.
And as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
In words, whose weight best suit a sublimated
strain. [that day,
§. They sung how he, himself at Badon bore
When at the glorious gole his British sceptre lay:
Two days together how the battle strongly stood:
Pendragon's[24] worthy son, who waded there in
blood, [hand,
Three hundred Saxons slew with his own valiant
And (after call'd, the Pict and Irish to with-
stand)
How he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
Pursuing of the Pict beyond mount Caledon:
There strongly shut them up whom stoutly he
subdu'd.
How Gillamore again to Ireland he purs'd,
So oft as he presum'd the envious Pict to aid:
And having slain the king, the country waste he
laid. [forth
To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh
With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest
north:
Where, Ireland first he won, and Orkney after got.
To Norway sailing next with his dear nephew Lot,
By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat:
And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian
seat, [trol:
How this courageous king did Denmark then con-
That scarcely there was found a country to the pole

[18] A word, used by the ancients, signifying to versify.
[19] Saint Winifrid's well.
[20] A glist'ring rock in Monmouthshire.
[21] See the eighth song.
[22] In Monmouthshire.
[23] Arthur, one of the nine worthies.
[24] King Arthur.

That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell. [befel
And after these, in France th' adventures him
At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought;
The emperor Leon's pow'r to raise his siege that brought. [knights
Then bravely set they forth, in combat how these
On horseback and on foot perform'd their several fights: [assail'd,
As with what marv'lous force each other they
How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then prevail'd;
For best advantage how they traversed their grounds,
The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's sword.
Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled board, [table round;
The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that
Which, truest in their loves; which, most in arms renown'd: [report;
The laws, which long up-held that order, they
§. The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves:
Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer:
Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.
The feasts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,
And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.
Then told they, how himself great Arthur did advance, [France,
To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in
By Lucius thither led; those armies that while-ere
Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with fear:
Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
In that most famous field he with the emperor wan:
As how great Rython's self he slew in his repair,
Who ravish'd Howell's niece, young Helena the fair;
And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely chanted they
The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Saxons fought:
The certain day and place to memory they brought;
Then by false Mordred's hand how last he chanc'd to fall,
The hour of his decease, his place of burial.
When out the English cry'd, to interrupt their song: [long,
But they, which knew to this more matter must be-
Not out at all for that, nor any whit dismay'd,
But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers closely laid: [try's crowd,
'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their coun-
And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang aloud;
How Merlin by his skill, and magic's wond'rous might, [night:
From Ireland hither brought the Stonenge in a
§. And for Carmarden's sake, would fain have brought to pass,
About it to have built a wall of solid brass:
And set his friends to work upon the mighty frame;
Some to the anvil: some, that still enforc'd the flame:
But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf [self.
(For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by him-
For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he brought,
In which he oft before his nigromancies wrought:
And going in thereat his magics to have shown,
She stopp'd the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone; [did stand,
Whose cunning strongly cross'd, amaz'd whilst he
She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.
Then, how the lab'ring spirits, to rocks by fetters bound, [d'ring sound,
With bellows' rumbling groans, and hammers' thun-
A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep,
Their master to awake, suppos'd by them asleep;
As at their work how still the grieved spirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.
When now the British side scarce finished their song,
But th' English, that repin'd to be delay'd so long,
All quickly at the hint, as with one free consent,
Struck up at once, and sung each to the instrument;
(Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes)
On which the practis'd hand with perfect'st fing'r-ing strikes, [exprest.
Whereby their height of skill might liveliest be
The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best, [choice:
In sets which there were seen, the music wond'rous
Some likewise there affect the gamba with the voice,
To show that England could variety afford.
Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry chord,
The cythron [25], the pandore, and the theorbo strike:
The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.
So were there some again, in this their learned strife, [fife,
Loud instruments that lov'd; the cornet and the
The hoboy, sagbut deep, recorder, and the flute:
Even from the shrillest shaum unto the cornamute.
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the country round:
The tabor and the pipe, some take delight to sound.
Of Germany they sung the long and ancient fame, [came,
From whence their noble sires the valiant Saxons
Who sought by sea and land adventures far and near;
And seizing at the last upon the Britons here,
Surpris'd the spacious isle, which still for theirs they hold: [old,
As in that country's praise how in those times of
§. Tuisco, Gomer's son, from unbuilt Babel [26] brought [ledge fraught,
His people to that place, with most high know-
And under wholesome laws establish'd their abode;
Whom his Tudeski since have honour'd as a god:
Whose clear creation made them absolute in all,
Retaining till this time their pure original.
And as they boast themselves the nation most unmixt, [fixt,
Their language as at first, their ancient customs
The people of the world most hardy, wise, and strong;
So gloriously they show, that all the rest among
The Saxons, of her sorts the very noblest were:
And of those crooked skains they us'd in war to bear,

[25] The sundry music of England.
[26] Gen. xi. 8, 9.

Which in their thund'ring tongue, the Germans handseax name, [fame
§. They Saxons first were called: whose far-extended
For hardiness in war, whom danger never fray'd,
Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid:
From whom they after reft Loëgria as their own,
Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it being grown. [of wit,
This told: the nymphs again, in nimbler strains
Next neatly come about, the Englishmen to quit
Of that inglorious blot by bastard William brought
Upon this conquer'd isle: than which fate never wrought
A fitter mean (say they) great Germany to grace;
To graft again in one, two remnants of her race:
Upon their several ways, two several times that went [sent
To forage for themselves. The first of which she
§. To get their seat in Gaul: which on Nuestria light,
And (in a famous war the Frenchmen put to flight)
Possess'd that fruitful place, where only from their name [that came,
§. Call'd North-men[27] (from the north of Germany
Who thence expell'd the Gauls, and did their rooms supply) [mandy.
This, first Nuestria nam'd, was then call'd[28] Nor-
That by this means, the less (in conquering of the great) [seat,
Being drawn from their late home unto this ampler
Residing here, resign'd what they before had won;
§. That as the conquerors' blood did to the conquer'd
So kindly being mixt, and up together grown, [run:
As sever'd, they were hers; united, still her own.
But these mysterious things desisting now to show
(The secret works of Heaven) to long descents they
How Egelred (the sire of Edward the last king [go:
Of th' English-Saxon line) by nobly marrying
With hardy Richard's heir, the Norman Emma, bred [one head
Alliance in their bloods. Like brooks that from
Bear several ways (as though to sundry seas to haste)
But by the varying soil, int' one again are cast:
So chanced it in this the nearness of their blood.
For when as England's right in question after stood,
Proud Harold, Goodwin's heir, the sceptre having won [son;
From Edgar Etheling young, the outlaw'd Edward's
The valiant Bastard this his only colour made,
With his brave Norman powers this kingdom to invade.
Which leaving, they proceed to pedigrees again,
Their after-kings to fetch from that old Saxon strain;
From Margaret that was made the Scottish Malcom's bride,
Who to her grandsire had courageous Ironside:
Which outlaw'd Edward left; whose wife to him did bring
This Margaret queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling:
That Margaret brought forth Maud; which gracious Malcolm gave
To Henry Beauclerk's bed (so fate it pleas'd to have)
§. Who him a daughter brought; which Heaven did strange ly spare:
And for the special love he to the mother bare,
Her Maud again he nam'd, to th' Almain emperor wed: [dead)
Whose dowager whilst she liv'd (her puissant Cæsar
She th' earl of Anjou next to husband doth prefer.
The second Henry then by him begot of her,
Into the Saxon line the sceptre thus doth bring.
Then presently again prepare themselves to sing
The sundry foreign fields the Englishmen had fought. [they thought
Which when the mountains saw (and not in vain)
That if they still went on as thus they had begon,
Then from the Cambrian nymphs (sure) Lundy would be won.
And therefore from their first they challeng'd them
And (idly running on with vain prolixity) [to fly;
A larger subject took than it was fit they should.
But, whilst those would proceed, these threat'ning them to hold,
Black-mountain[29] for the love he to his country bare,
As to the beauteous Uske, his joy and only care,
(In whose defence t'appear more stern and full of dread)
Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
Which quickly all the rest by their examples draw.
As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will stand. [band,
To these three mountains, first of the Brekinnian
The Monumethian hills, like insolent and stout,
On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;
That Skeridvaur at last (a mountain much in might,
In hunting that had set his absolute delight)
Caught up his country hook[30]; nor cares for future harms,
But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:
Which quickly put Penvayl[31] in such outrageous heat, [sweat,
That whilst for very teen his hairless scalp doth
The Blorench looketh big upon his bared crown:
And tall Tomberlow seems so terribly to frown,
That where it was suppos'd with small ado or none
Th' event of this debate would eas'ly have been known,
Such strange tumultuous stirs upon this strife ensue, [renew:
As where all griefs should end, old sorrows still
That Severn thus forewarn'd to look unto the worst [first)
(And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than the
The doom she should pronounce, yet for a while delay'd,
Till these rebellious routs by justice might be stay'd;
A period that doth put to my discourse so long,
To finish this debate the next ensuing song.

[27] The Normans and the Saxons of one blood.
[28] The Normans lost that name and became English.

[29] These rest following, the most famous hills in Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth.
[30] Welchhook.
[31] So named of his bald head.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Over Severn (but visiting Lundy, a little isle betwixt Hartland and Gouen point) you are transported into Wales. Your travels with the Muse are most of all in Monmouth, Glamorgan, and the south maritime shires.

And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.

Walter Baker, a canon of Osney (interpreter of Thomas de la Moor's life of Edward the Second) affirms, that it commonly breeds conies, pigeons, et struconas, quos vocat Alexander Nechamus (so you must read (*a*), not Nechristum, as the Francfort print senselessly mistook with Conday, for Lundey) Ganymedis aves. What he means by his birds of Ganymede, out of the name, unless eagles or ostriches (as the common fiction of the catamite's ravishment, and this French-Latin word of the translator would) I collect not. But rather read also palamedis aves; (i. e. cranes) of which Necham (*b*) indeed hath a whole chapter: what the other should be, or whence reason of the name comes, I confess I am ignorant.

Clear Towridge whom they fear'd would have estrang'd her fall.

For she rising near Hartland, wantonly runs to Hatherlay in Devon, as if she would to the southern ocean; but returning, there at last is discharged in the Severn sea.

Yet hardly upon Powse they dare their hopes to lay.

Wales had (*c*) her three parts, North-wales, South-wales, and Powis. The last, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropshire; and on the English side from Chester to Hereford (being the portion of Anarawd, son to great Roderic) bears this accusation, because it comprehends, for the most part, both nations and both tongues. But see for this division to the seventh song.

Nor Ross, for that too much she aliens doth respect.

Under Henry the First, a colony of Flemings driven out of their country by inundation, and kindly received here in respect of that alliance which the king had with their earl (for his mother Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was daughter to Baldwin earl of Flanders) afterward upon difference betwixt the king and earl Robert, were out of divers parts, but especially Northumberland, where they most of all (as it seems by Hoveden) had residence, constrained into Ross (*d*) in Pembroke, which retains yet in name and tongue express notes of being aliens to the Cambro-Britons. See the author in his next song.

That Taliessen, once which made the rivers dance.

Taliesin (not Telesin, as Bale calls him) a learned bard, styled (*e*) Ben Beirdh, i. e. the chiefest of the bards, master to Merlin Sylvester, lived about Arthur's reign, whose acts his Muse hath celebrated.

With Lhu and Lhogor given, to strengthen them by Gower.

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorgan is this Gower, a little province, extended into the sea as a chersonese; out of it on the west, rise these two rivers meant by the author.

That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's praise.

Understand this Stethva to be the meeting of the British poets and minstrels, for trial (*f*) of their poems and music sufficiencies, where the best had his reward, a silver harp. Some example is of it under Rees ap Griffith, prince of South-wales, in the year CIↃ. C. LXX. VI. A custom so good, that, had it been judiciously observed, truth of story had not been so uncertain: for there was, by suppose, a correction of what was faulty in form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers upon what was recited. As (according to the Roman use, it is noted (*g*), that Girald of Cambria, when he had written his Topography of Ireland, made at three several days several recitals of his three distinctions in Oxford; of which course some have wished a recontinuance, that either amendment of opinion or change of purpose in publishing, might prevent blazoned errours. The sorts of these poets and minstrels out of doctor Powel's inserted annotations upon Caradoc Lhancarvan, I note to you; first Beirdhs, otherwise Prydvids (called in Athenæus, Lucan and others bards) who, somewhat like the Ραψῳδοὶ among the Greeks, fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyræ modulis (*h*) cantitarunt (*i*), which was the chiefest form of the ancientest music among the gentiles, as Zarlino (*k*) hath fully collected. Their charge also as heralds, was to describe and preserve pedigrees, wherein their line ascendant went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Ascanius, from them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his B. M. in some copies by transcription (*l*) of ignorant monks (forgetting their tenet of perpetual virginity, and that relation (*m*) of Theodosius) turned into Beatam Mariam (*n*), whereas it stands for Belinum Magnum (that was Heli, in their writers, father to Lud and Cassibelin) to whom their genealogies had always reference. The second are which play on the harp * and crowd; their music for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffith ap Conan prince of North-wales, about king Stephen's time. This Gruffith reformed the abuses of those minstrels by a particular statute, extant to this day. The third are called Atcaneaid; they sing to instruments play'd on by others. For the Englyns, Cyddhs and Addls; the first are couplets interchanged of sixteen and fourteen feet and called paladiries, prosels, the second of equal tetrameters, the third of variety

With Lhu and Lhogor given, to strengthen them by Gower.

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorgan is this

(*a*) Tho. de la Moor emendatus.

(*b*) De rerum natur. lib. 1.

(*c*) Girald. descript. cap. 2. & Powel ad Caradoc. Lancharvan.

(*d*) So called perhaps because it is almost insisled within the sea and Lhogor, as Rosay in Scotland, expressing almost an isle, Buchanan. hist. 5. in Eugenio 4.

(*e*) Pris, in descript. Walliæ.

(*f*) Antiquis huiusmodi certamina fuisse docemur à scholiast. Aristoph. & D. Cypriano serm. de Aleator.

(*g*) Cambd. in Epist. Fulconi Grevil. ad edit. Anglic. Norm. &c.

(*h*) "Did sing the valiant deeds of famous men. to the sweet melody of the harp."

(*i*) Ammian. Marcellin. hist. 15.

(*k*) Parte seconda cap. 4. & 5.

(*l*) Dav. Powel. ad Girald. descript. cap. 3.

(*m*) Suid. in Ιωσ.

(*n*) Saint Mary. For the * harp and other music instruments, their form and antiquity, see to the sixth song.

in both rhyme and quantity. Subdivision of them, and better information may be had in the elaborate institutions of the Cumraeg language by David ap Rees. Of their music anciently, out of an old writer read this: Non uniformiter, ut alibi, sed multipliciter multisque modis & modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turbâ canentium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, discriminaque vocum varia, in unam denique, sub B. mollis dulcedine blanda, consonantiam & organicam convenientia melodiam. A good musician will better understand it, than I that transcribe it. But by it you see they especially affected the mind-composing Doric (which is showed in that of an old author (*o*), affirming that Ἡμερώσεως χάριν, (*p*) the western people of the world constituted use of music in their assemblies, though the Irish (*q*) (from whence they learned) were wholly for the sprightful Phrygian. See the next canto.

And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray.

Our author (a judgment day thus appointed betwixt the water nymphs) seems to allude to the course used of old with us, that those which were to end their cause by combat, were sent to several saints for invocation, as in our law-annals (*r*) appears. For saint George (*s*), that he is patron to the English, as saint Denis, saint James, saint Patric, saint Andrew, saint Antony, saint Mark, to the French, Spanish, Irish, Scotish, Italian, Venetian, scarce any is that knows not. Who he was, and when the English took him, is not so manifest. The old martyrologies give, with us, to the honour of his birth the twenty third of April. His passion is supposed in Diocletian's persecution; his country Cappadoce. His acts are divers and strange, reported by his servant Pasicrates, Simeon Metaphrastes, and lately collected by Surius. As for his knightly form, and the dragon under him, as he is pictured in Beryth, a city of Cyprus, with a young maid kneeling to him, an unwarrantable report goes, that it was for his martial delivery of the king's daughter from the dragon, as Hesione and Andromeda were from the whales by Hercules and Perseus. Your more neat judgments, finding no such matter in true antiquity, rather make it symbolical than truly proper. So that some account him an allegory of our Saviour Christ; and our admired Spenser (*t*) hath made him an emblem of religion. So Chaucer to the knights of that order:

——— but for God's pleasance
And his mother, and in signifiance
That ye ben of saint George's livery,
Doeth him service and knightly obeisance:
For Christ's cause is his, well knowen yee.

Others interpret that picture of him as some country or city (signified by the virgin) imploring his aid against the devil, charactered in the dragon. Of him you may particularly see, especially in Usuard's martyrology, and Baronius his annotations upon the Roman calendar, with Erhard Celly his description of Frederic duke of Wittemberg's installation in the garter, by favour of our present sovereign. But what is delivered of him in the legend, even the church of Rome (*u*) hath disallowed in these words; That not so much as any scandal may rise in the holy Roman Church, the passions of saint George, and such like, supposed to be written by heretics, are not read in it. But you may better believe the legend, than that he was a Coventry-man horn, with his Caleb lady of the woods, or that he descended from the Saxon race, and such like; which some English fictions deliver. His name (as generally (*x*) also saint Maurice and saint Sebastian) was anciently called on by Christians as an advocate of victory (when in the church that kind of doctrine was) so that our particular right to him (although they say (*y*) king Arthur bare him in one of his banners) appears not until Edward the Third consecrated to saint George the knightly order of the garter, soon (*z*) after the victory at Calais against the French, in which his invocation was ha saint Edward, ha saint George. Some authority (*a*) refers this to Richard Cœur de Lion, who suppos'd himself comforted by saint George in his wars against the Turks and Hagarenes. But howsoever, since that he hath been a patron among others, as in that of Frederic the Third's institution (*b*) of the quadripartite society of saint George's shield, and more of that nature, you find. And under Henry the eighth, it was enacted (*c*), that the Irish should leave their Cramaboo and Butecraboo, words of unlawful patronage, and name themselves as under saint George, and the king of England. More proper is saint Dewy (we call him saint David) to the Welsh. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria, a nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and successor to Dubrice archbishop of Caerleon upon Usk (whereto (*d*) a long time the British bishoprics, as to their metropolitic see were subject) and thence translated with his nephew's consent the primacy to Menevia, which is now Saint David's in Pembroke. He was a strong oppugner of the Pelagian heresy. To him our country calendars give the first of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembred: yet I read that (*e*) Calixtus the Second, first canonized him. See him in the next canto.

The sacred Virgin's shape he bare for his device.

Arthur's (*f*) shield Pridwen (or his banner) had

(*o*) Marcian. Heracleot. in περιηγήσει.
(*p*) To make them gentle natur'd.
(*q*) Girald. Topog. dist. 3. cap. 11.
(*r*) 30. Ed. 3. fol. 20.
(*s*) Tropelophorus dictus in menologio Græco apud Baronium, forte Ῥοπαλοφόρος sive Τραπαιοφόρος. quid n. Tropelophorus?
(*t*) Fairy Q. lib. 1.

(*u*) C. Sancta Rom. eccles. 3. dist. 15. Gelasius PP.
(*x*) Ord. Rom. de divin. officiis apud Baronium in martyrolog.
(*y*) Harding cap. 72.
(*z*) Th. de Walsing. A. M. CCCL. & 24. Edw. 3. Fabian puts it before this year, but erroneously.
(*a*) Ex antiq. M. S. ap. Camd. in Berkscir.
(*b*) CIↃ. CD. XXCVIII. Die gesceisch aft S. Georgen schilts. Martin. Crus. annal. Suevic. part. lib. 9.
(*c*) 10. Hen. 8. in statutis Hibernicis.
(*d*) Polychronic. lib. 1. cap. 52.
(*e*) Bal. cent. 1.
(*f*) Nennius histor. Galfred. lib. 6. cap. 2. & lib. 7. cap. 2.

Is it the picture of our lady, and his helm an ingraven dragon. From the like form was his father called Uter-pen-dragon. To have terrible crests or engraven beasts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms from the Carians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of Γοργολόφας, proper to Minerva, but applied to others in Aristophanes, and also (*g*) in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the English dragon now as a supporter, and usually pitched in fields by the Saxon, English, and Norman kings for their standard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus) or from the Romans, who after the minotaur, horse, eagle, and other their antique ensigns, took this beast; or else imagine that our kings joined in that general consent, whereby so many nations bare it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirm'd of the Assyrians, Indians, Scythians, Persians, Dacians, Romans; and of the Greeks too for their shields, and otherwise: wherein Lipsius (*h*) unjustly finds fault with Isidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek authors (*i*) is copious witness of as much.

They sing how himself he at Badon bare the day.

That is Baunsedown in Somerset (not Blackmore in Yorkshire, as Polydore mistakes) as is expressly proved out of a manuscript Gildas (*k*), different from that published by Josselin.

That scarcely there was found a country to the pole.

Some, too hyperbolic, stories make him a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the Muse recites: and his seal, which Leland says he saw, in Westminster-Abbey, of red wax pictur'd with a mound, bearing a cross in his left hand (which was first Justinian's device (*l*); and surely, in later time, with the seal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest (*m*), ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and crosses) and a scepter fleury in his right, calls him Britanniæ, Galliæ, Germaniæ, Daciæ Imperator (*n*). The bards' songs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute so loaden him, that you can hardly guess what is true of him. Such indulgence to false report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious suppositions (like Stichus (*o*) his geography, laying Pontus in Arabia) as Strabo often complains, and some idle monk of middle time is so impudent to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inscribed with Latin and Greek verses, as notes of his victory; of them you shall taste in these two:

Anglicus & Scotus Britonum superque caterva
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis, & quoque Norguey.

Only but that Alexander and his followers were no good Latinists, (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum) I should censure my lubberly versifier to no less punishment than Marsyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you shall best know him in this elogy. "This is that Arthur of whom the Britons, even to this day, speak so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen;" as the monk of Malmesbury, of him:

The Pentecost prepar'd at Caer-leon in his court.

At Caer-leon, in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitsuntide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coasts: he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping those solemnities in their several conclaves *. For so the British story makes it according to the Trojan custom, that in festival solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it; but among the Greeks, one Sphyromachus first instituted it (*p*). Tournaments and justs were their exercises, nor vouchsafed any lady to bestow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whose customs and the British were near the same) had their orbicular tables to avoid controversy of precedency (a form much commended by a late writer (*q*) for the like distance of all from the salt, being center, first, and last of the furniture) and at them every knight, attended by his esquire (ἱπλοφορεῦντες † Athenæus (*r*) calls them) holding his shield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's, at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windsor, celebrated by Edward III.* Walsingham speaks. Of the Arthurian our histories have scarce mention. But Flavillan's Architrenius, Robert of Gloucester, John Lidgat, monk of Bury, and English rhymes in divers hands sing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volaterran, Philip of Bergomo, Lily, Aubert Miree, others, but very diversly. White, of Basingstoke, defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel, kings of Armoric Britain, of six of each of their worthiest peers to be always assistant in counsel. The antiquity of the earldom of Mansfield (*s*), in old Saxony, is hence affirmed, because Heger, earl thereof, was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places

(*g*) Æschyl. Ἑπτ. ἐπὶ Θηβ. Euripid. in Phœniss.
(*h*) Lips. com. ad Polyb. 4. dissert. 5.
(*i*) Pindar. Pythionic. ια'. π. Homer. Iliad. λ. Suid. Epaminon. Hesiod. Ἀσπ. Ἡρακλ. Plutarch. Lysand. Euripid. in Ἰφιγ. ἡ ἐν Αὐλίδι.
(*k*) Camden. (*l*) Suid. in Justinian.
(*m*) Ingulphus.
(*n*) "Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Denmark;" for so they falsely turned Dacia.
(*o*) Plaut. in Sticho.

* Knights and ladies sat in several rooms.
(*p*) Scholiast. ad Aristophan. Ἱππηνιαζουσ. & Suidas.
(*q*) Gemos. halograph. lib. 3. cap. 9.
† Armigeri, which is expresst in the word Schilpors in Paul Warnfred. lib. 2. de gest. Longobard. c. 28.
(*r*) Dipnosoph. lib. 3.
(*s*) Hoppenrod. & spangberb. apud Ortelium in Mansfield. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks, honoured with Arthur's name. Pris. defens. hist. Brit. & Cadair Arthur, i. e. Arthur's chair in Brecknock. Girald. Itin. Camb. c. 2. & Arthur's oven in Stirling, of Scotland.

of name for residence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Winchester (where his table is yet supposed to be, but that seems of later date) and Camelot, in Somersetshire. Some put his number twelve. I have seen them anciently pictured twenty-four, in a poetical story of him; and in Denbighshire, Stow tells us, in the parish of Lansannan, on the side of a stony hill, in a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with some twenty-four seats unequal, which they call Arthur's round table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights blazoned; but I think with as good warrant as Rabelais (*t*) can justify that sir Lancelot du Lac slays horses in Hell, and that, "Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde estoient pourres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame pur passer les riveres de Cocyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe, quand messieurs les diables se veulent esbatre sur l'eau, come font les basteliers de Lyon et gondoliers de Venise. Mais pour chacune passade ils n'ont qu'un nazarde, & sur le soir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny (*u*). Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances, you may read Caxton's published volume, digested by him into twenty-one books, out of divers French and Italian fables. From such I abstain, as I may.

And for Caermardhin's sake———

Two Merlins (*w*) have our stories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylvester, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other Ambrosius (of whom before) born of a nun (daughter to the king of South-Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place (for rather in British his name is Merdhin) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridunum) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an incubus. For his burial (in supposition as uncertain as his birth, actions, and all of those too fabulously mixt stories) and his lady of the lake, it is by liberty of profession laid in France by that Italian Ariosto (*x*): which perhaps is as credible as some more of his attributes, seeing no persuading authority, in any of them, rectifies the uncertainty. But for his birth are the next song, and to it more.

Tuisco Gomer's son from unbuilt Babel brought.

According to the text (*y*), the Jews affirm that all the sons of Noah were dispersed through the Earth, and every one's name left to the land he possessed. Upon this tradition, and false Berosus' testimony, it is affirmed that Tuisco (son of Noah, gotten with others after the flood (*z*) upon his wife Aretia) took to his part the coast about Rhine, and that thence came the name of Teutschland and Teutsch, which we call Dütch, through Germany. Some (*a*) make him the same with Gomer, eldest son to Japhet (by whom these parts of Europe were peopled) out of notation of his name, deriving Tuiscon or Tuiston (for so Tacitus calls him) from the hoodt-son, i. e. the eldest son. Others (as the author here) suppose him son to Gomer, and take (*b*) him for Aschenaz (remembered by Moses as first son to Gomer, and from whom the Hebrews call the Germans (*c*) Aschenazim) whose relics probably indeed seem to be in Tuisco, which hath been made of Aschen, either by the Dutch prepositive article tie or lie, as our *the* (according to Derceto for Atergatis (*d*), which should be Adardaga, in Ctesias; and Danubius for Adubenus in Festus, perhaps therein corrupted, as Joseph Scaliger observes; as Theudibald for Ildibald, in Procopius, and Diceneus for Ceneus among the Getes) or through mistaking of ש or ט or ת in the Hebrew, as in Rhodanim ר for ד (*e*) being Dodànim, and in Chalibes and Alybes for Thalybes, from Tubal, by taking ת or ש for ת; for in ruder manuscripts, by an imperfect reader, the first mistaking might be as soon as the rest. I conjecture it the rather, for that in most histories diversity with affinity betwixt the same, meant proper names (especially eastern as this was) is ordinary; as Megabyzus, in Ctesias, is Bacabasus, in Justin, who calls Aaron, Aruas, and Herodotus his Smerdis, Mergidis; Asarhaddon, Coras and Esther in the scriptures, are thus, Sardanapalus, Cyrus, and Amestris in the Greek stories; Eporedorix, Ambiorix, Ariminius, in Cæsar and Sueton, supposed to have been Frederic, Henry, Herman: divers like examples occur; and in comparison of Arrian with Q. Curtius, very many; like as also in the life of saint John the evangelist, anciently written (*f*) in Arabic, you have Asubasianuusu, Thithimse, Damthianuusu, for Vespasian, Titus, Domitian; and in our stories Androgeus for Cæsar's Mandubratius. From Tuisco is our name of Tuesday; and in that too, taking the place of Mars (the most fiery star, and observe withal that against the vulgar opinion, the planetary account of days is (*g*) very ancient) discovers affinity with Aschenaz, in whose notation (as some body (*h*) observes) שש signifies fire.

They Saxons first were call'd———

So a Latin rhyme in Engelhuse (*i*) also;

Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Unde sibi Saxo nomen traxisse putatur.

Although from the Sacans, or Sagans, a populous nation in Asia (which were also Scythians, and of whom an old poet (*k*), as most others in their epithets and passages of the Scythians,

Τόξα Σακαι φορέοντες ἑ μυρίον ἄλλος ὀϊστὸν
Τοξεύτης, οὐ γάρ σφι ἄτερ βίμις ἀντολίη βάλλειν.*

(*t*) Livre 2. cap. 30.

(*u*) "The knights of the round table used to ferry spirits over Styx, Acheron, and other rivers, and for their fare have a fillip on the nose and a piece of mouldy bread."

(*w*) Giral. Itiner. Camb. 2. cap. 8.

(*x*) Orland. Furios. cant. 3. See Spenser's Faery Qu. lib. 3. cant. 3.

(*y*) Gen. 10.

(*z*) Munster. Cosm. l. 3.

(*a*) Goropius in Ind. Scythic.

(*b*) Jodoc. Willich. comm. ad Tacit. Germaniam. & Pantaleon lib. 1. prosopogr.

(*c*) Elias Levit. in Thisb. Arias Mont. in Peleg.

(*d*) Strab. lib. ζ. ιβ & ιε. de aliis quæ hic congerimus.

(*e*) Broughton in concent. præf.

(*f*) Pet. Kirstenius. Grammaticæ Arabicæ subjunxit.

(*g*) Scalig. in prolegom. ad emendat. temp.

(*h*) Melancthon ap. Becan. in Indoscyth.

(*i*) Ap. Camdenum.

(*k*) Dionys. Afer in Περιηγ.

* The shooting Sacæ none can teach them art:
For what they loos'd at, never escapes their dart.

A faculty for which the English have had no small honour in their later wars with the French) both Goropius, with long argument in his Becceselana, our judicious Camden, and others, will have them, as it were, Sacai's sons. According hereto is that name of Sacasena (*l*), which a colony of them gave to part of Armenia, and the Sasones (*m*) in Scythia, on this side of Imaus. Howsoever, the author's conceit thus chosen is very apt, nor disagreeing to this other, in that some community was betwixt the name of Sacæ or Sagæ, and a certain sharp weapon called sagaris, used by the Amazons, Sacans, and Persians, as the Greek stories inform us (*n*).

The Britons here allur'd to call them to her aid.

Most suppose them sent to by the Britons, much subject to the irruptions of Picts and Scots, and so invited hither for aid: but the stories of Gildas and Nennius have no such thing, but only that there landed of them (as banished their country, which Geffery of Monmouth expresses also) three long boats in Kent, with Horsa and Hengist, captains. They afterward were most willingly requested to multiply their number by sending for more of their countrymen to help king Vortigern; and under that colour, and by Ronix (daughter to Hengist, and wife to Vortigern) her womanish subtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in every common story. But to believe their first arrival rather for new place of habitation, than upon embassage of the Britons, I am persuaded by this, that among the Cimbrians, Gauls, Goths, Dacians, Scythians, and especially the Sacans(*o*) (if Strabo deceive not, from whom our Saxons) with other northern people, it was a custom upon numerous abundance, to transplant colonies: from which use the Parthians (sent out of Scythia, as the Romans did their Ver (*p*) Sacrum) retain that name, signifying banished (says Trogus;) not unlikely, from the Hebrew paratz (*q*), which is to separate, and also to multiply in this kind of propagation, as it is used in the promise to Abraham, and in Isaiah's consolation to the church. Here being the main change of the British name and state, a word or two of the time and year is not untimely. Most put it under CD. XL. IX. (according to Bede's copies and their followers) or CD. L. of Christ; whereas indeed, by apparent proof, it was in CD.XXVIII. and the fourth of Valentinian, the emperor. So Prise and Camden (out of an old fragment annexed to Nennius) and, before them, the author of Fasciculus Temporum have placed it. The errour I imagine to be from restoring of worn-out times, in Bede and others, by those which fell into the same errour with Florence of Worcester, and Marian the Scot, who begin the received Christian account but twelve years before the passion, thereby omitting twenty-two. For although Marian's published chronicle (which is but a defloration (*r*) by Robert of Lorrain, bishop of Hereford, under Henry the First, and an epitome of Marian) goes near from the ordinary time of incarnation under Augustus, yet he lays it also, according to the Roman abbot, Dionysius, in the twenty-third year following, which was rather by taking advantage of Dionysius's errour, than following his opinion. For when he (about Justinian's time) made his period of D.XXXII. years of the golden number and cycle of the sun multiplied, it fell out so in his computation, that the fifteenth moon following the Jews' passover, the dominical letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to ecclesiastical tradition supposed for the passion, could not be but in the twelfth (*s*) year after his birth (a lapse by himself much repented) and then supposing Christ lived thirty-four years, twenty-two must needs be omitted; a collection directly against his meaning; having only forgotten to fit those concurrents. This account (in itself, and by the abbot's purpose, as our vulgar is now, but with some little difference) erroneously followed, I conjecture, made them, which too much desired correction, add the supposed evangelical twenty-two years to such times as were before true; and so came CCCC.XXVIII. to be CCCC.XLIX. and CCCC.L. which White, of Basingstoke (although aiming to be accurate) unjustly follows. Subtraction of this number, and, in some, addition (of addition you shall have perhaps example in amendment of the C.I. VI. year for king Lucius' letters to pope Eleutherius) will rectify many gross absurdities in our chronologies, which are by transcribing, interpolation, misprinting, and creeping in of antichronisms now and then, strangely disordered.

To get their seat in Gaul, which on Nuestria light.

And a little after,

Call'd North-men, from the north of Germany that came.

What is now Normandy is, in some, stiled Neustria and Nuestria, corruptly, as most think, for Westria, that is, West-rich, i. e. the West kingdom (confined anciently betwixt the Meuse and Loire) in respect of Austrich or Oostrich, i. e. the East kingdom, now Lorrain, upon such reason as the archdukedom hath his name at this day. Rollo (*t*), son of a Danish potentate, accompanied with divers Danes, Norwegians, Scythians, Goths, and a supplement of English, which he had of king Athelstan, about the year D.CCCC. made transmigration into France, and there, after some martial discords, honoured in holy tincture of Christianity with the name of Robert, received(*u*) of Charles the Simple, with his daughter (or sister) Gilla, this tract as her dower, containing (as before) more than Normandy. It is reported (*v*), that when the bishops at this donation required him to kiss the king's foot for homage after scornful refusal, he commanded one of his

(*l*) Strabo. l. ια.

(*m*) Ptolem. geograph. lib. ϛ. cap. ιδ.

(*n*) Herodot. Polyhymn. Xenoph. ἀναβάσ. δ. Strabo, lib. ις —See the eighth song.

(*o*) Justin. lib. 24. & 41. Herodot. Clio Walsingh. Hypodig. Neust. Gemetiscens. lib. 1. cap. 4. Sabinis & Græcis morem hunc fuisse memini legisse me apud Varronem & Columellam.

(*p*) Festus in eod. & Mamertinis.

(*q*) פרץ Gen. 28. 14. Isai. 54. 3.

(*r*) Malmesb. lib. 4. de Pontificib.

(*s*) Paul. de Midleburgo part. 2. lib. 5.

(*t*) See Song XIII.

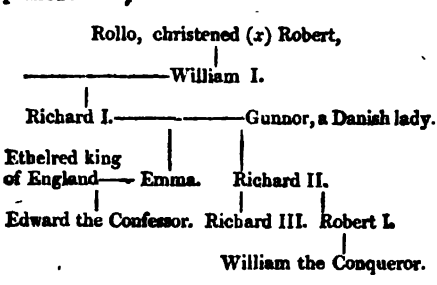
(*u*) Paul. Æm. hist. Franc. 3.

(*v*) Guil. Gemeticens. lib. 2. cap. 17.

knights to do it; the knight took up the king's leg, and in straining it to his mouth, overturned him; yet nothing but honourable respect followed on either part.

That as the conquerors' blood did to the conquer'd run.

Our author makes the Norman invasion a reuniting of several kindred, rather than a conquest by a mere stranger, taking argument as well from identity of countryship (being all Germans by original, and the people of the Cimbrica Chersonesus (*w*) now Denmark, anciently called Saxons) as from contingency of blood 'twixt the Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Norman dukes, thus expressed:



Object not that duke Robert got the Conqueror upon Arletta (from whom perhaps came our name of harlot) his concubine, nor that consanguinitatis & agnotionis jura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptiis oriuntur (*y*), as the civil law, and upon the matter the English also defines; but rather allow it by law of nature and nobility, which justifies the bastard's bearing of his father's coat, distinguished with a bend sinister: Nicolas Upton calls it, fissura, eò quod finditur à patriâ hæreditate (*z*); which is but his conceit: and read Heuter's tract de liberâ hominis nativitate, where you shall find a kind of legitimation of that now disgraceful name bastard: which in more antique times was, as a proud title, inserted in the style of great and most honourable princes. Pretending this consanguinity, saint Edward's adoption, and king Harold's oath, aided by successful arms, the Norman acquired the English crown; although William of Poicters affirms (*a*), that on his death bed he made protestation, that his right was not hereditary, but by effusion of blood, and loss of many lives.

Who him a daughter brought, which Heaven did strangely spare.

After composition of French troubles, Henry the first returning into England, the ship wherein his sons William and Richard were, betwixt Barfleu and Southampton, was cast away, so that Heaven only spared him this issue, Maud, the empress, married, at last, to Geffrey Plantagenet, earl of Anjou, from whom, in a continued race through Henry the Second (son to this Maud) until Richard the Third, that most noble surname possessed the royal throne of England.

(*w*) Marcian. Heracleot. στρωλ. β.

(*x*) Gemiticens. lib. 7. cap. 36. & lib. 3. cap. 18.

(*y*) ff. Unde cognati l. 4. spurius. & tit. de grad. affin. lib. 4. non facile. §. 8. Sciendum. "Right of blood and kindred comes only by lawful marriage."

(*z*) "A division, because he is separated from his father's inheritance." CID. LX. VI.

(*a*) Histor. Cadomens.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this song, Severn gives the doom
What of her Lundy should become.
And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills
Dance by-da-gies amongst the hills,
The Muse them to Camarden brings;
Where Merlin's wondrous birth she sings.
From thence to Pembrook she doth make,
To see how Milford state doth take:
The scattered islands there doth tell:
And, visiting saint David's cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing song.

Now Sabrine, as a queen, miraculously fair,
Is absolutely plac'd in her imperial chair
Of crystal richly wrought, that gloriously did shine,
Her grace becoming well, a creature so divine:
And as her godlike self, so glorious was her throne,
In which himself to sit great Neptune had been known; [god had woo'd,
Whereon there were engrav'd those nymphs the
And every several shape wherein for love he su'd;
Each daughter, her estate and beauty, every son;
What nations he had rul'd, what countries he had won. [cost
No fish in this wide waste, but with exceeding
Was there in antique work most curiously embost.
She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious wave,
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave;
Whose skirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd below, [to go,
To grace her goodly steps. And where she meant
The path was strew'd with pearl: which though they orient were, [rous clear;
Yet scarce known from her feet, they were so wonder-
To whom the mermaids hold her glass, that she may see
Before all other floods how far her beauties be: [wise,
Who was by Nereus taught, the most profoundly
That learned her the skill of hidden prophecies,
By Thetis' special care; as Chiron [1] erst had done
To that proud bane of Troy, her god-resembling son. [flood
For her wise censure now, whilst ev'ry list'ning
(When reason somewhat cool'd their late distemper'd mood)
Inclosed Severn in; before this mighty rout,
She sitting well prepar'd, with count'nance grave and stout, [cause,
Like some great learned judge, to end a weighty
Well furnish'd with the force of arguments and laws,

[1] Chiron brought up Achilles, son to Thetis.

And every special proof that justly may be brought;
Now with a constant brow, a firm and settled thought,
And at the point to give the last and final doom:
The people crowding near within the pester'd room,
A slow soft murmuring moves amongst the wond'ring throng, [tongue:
As though with open ears they would devour his
So Severn bare herself, and silence so she wan,
When to th' assembly thus she seriously began:
"My near and loved nymphs, good hap ye both betide: [reply'd:
Well Britons have ye sung; you English, well
Which to succeeding times shall memorise your stories [glories.
To either country's praise, as both your endless
And from your list'ning ears, sith vain it were to hold [told,
What all-appointing Heaven will plainly shall be
Both gladly be you pleas'd: for thus the powers reveal, [fail
That when the Norman line in strength shall lastly
(Fate limiting the time) th' ancient Briton race
Shall come again to sit upon the sovereign place.
A branch sprung out of Brute, th' imperial top shall get,
Which grafted in the stock of great Plantagenet,
The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth wither: [it thither
That power which bare it thence, again shall bring
By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain driven,
§. To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be given; [arrive,
As thy wise prophets, Wales, foretold his wish'd
§. And how Lewellin's line in him should doubly
For from his issue sent to Albany before, [thrive.
Where his neglected blood, his virtue did restore,
He first unto himself in fair succession gain'd
The Steward's nobler name; and afterward attain'd
The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in state.
This stem, to Tudor's [2] join'd, (which thing all-powerful fate
So happily produc'd out of that prosperous bed,
Whose marriages conjoin'd the white rose and the red) [wide,
Suppressing every plant, shall spread itself so
As in his arms shall clip the isle on every side.
By whom three sever'd realms in one shall firmly stand, [land:
As Britain-founding Brute first monarchiz'd the
And Cornwal, for that thou no longer shalt contend,
But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancient friend,
Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute's high blood to be; [to thee;
And what hath hapt to her, the like t' have chanc'd
The Britons to receive, when Heaven on them did lower, [power
Loegria forc'd to leave; who from the Saxons'
Themselves in deserts, creeks, and mount'nous wastes bestow'd, [abode:
Or where the fruitless rocks could promise them
Why strive ye then for that, in little time that shall
(As you are all made one) be one unto you all?
Then take my final doom pronounced lastly, this;
That Lundy like ally'd to Wales and England is."

[2] James the fourth, sirnamed Steward, married Margaret, eldest daughter to Henry the seventh, king of England.

, Each part most highly pleas'd, then up the session brake:
When to the learned maids again invention spake;
"O ye Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things,
Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs,
That on Piërus born, and named of the place,
The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus often grace;
In Aganippa's fount, and in Castalia's brims,
That often have been known to bathe your crystal limbs, [fast'ned clue,
Conduct me through these brooks, and with a
Direct me in my course, to take a perfect view
Of all the wand'ring streams, in whose entrancing gyres,
Wise Nature oft herself her workmanship admires,
(So manifold they are, with such meanders wound,
As may with wonder seem invention to confound)
That to those British names, untaught the ear to please,
Such relish I may give in my delicious lays,
That all the armed orks of Neptune's grisly band,
With music of my verse, amaz'd may list'ning stand; [call,
As when his Tritons' trumps do them to battle
Within his surging lists to combat with the whale."
Thus have we overgone the Glamorganian Gowr,
Whose promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's pow'r)
Kept Severn yet herself, till being grown too great,
She with extended arms unbounds her ancient seat:
And turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
What sovereignty herself but lately did retain.
Next, Loghor leads the way, who with a lusty crew
(Her wild and wand'ring steps that ceaselessly pursue) [on,
Still forward is enforc'd: as Amond thrusts her
And Morlas (as a maid she much relies upon)
Entreats her present speed; assuring her withal,
Her best beloved isle, Bachannis, for her fall
Stands specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.
When Guendra with such grace deliberately doth glide,
As Tovy doth entice: who setteth out prepar'd
At all points like a prince, attended with a guard:
Of which, as by her name, the near'st to her of kin
Is Toothy, tripping down from Verwin's rushy lin [3],
Through Rescob running out, with Pescover to meet [greet,
Those rills that forest loves; and doth so kindly
As to entreat their stay she gladly would prevail.
Then Tranant nicely treads upon the wat'ry trail:
The lively-skipping Brane, along with Gwethrick goes, [lose,
In Tovy's wand'ring banks themselves that scarcely
But Mudny, with Cledaugh, and Sawthy, soon resort, [court.
Which at Langaddoc grace their sovereign's wat'ry
As when the servile world some gathering man espies, [may rise,
Whose thriving fortune shows he to much wealth
And through his prince's grace his followers may prefer,
Or by revenue left by some dead ancestor;
All louting low to him, him humbly they observe,
And happy is that man his nod that may deserve:
To Tovy so they stoop, to them upon the way
Which thus displays the spring within their view that lay.

[3] A pool or watery moor.

"Near Denevoir, the seat of the Demetian[4] king
Whilst Cambria was herself, full, strong, and flourishing, [abide
There is a pleasant spring[5], that constant doth
Hard by these winding shores wherein we nimbly slide;
Long of the ocean lov'd, since his victorious hand
First proudly did insult upon the conquer'd land.
And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demetia be,
Whose features might allure the sea-gods more than she,
His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes:
(Who e'er knew half the shafts wherewith blind Cupid strikes?) [of sea,
Which great and constant faith, show'd by the god
This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth repay,
As suff'ring for his sake what love to lover owes,
With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly flows,
To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,
Observing every law and custom of the deep."
Now Tovy tow'rd her fall (Langaddoc over-gone)
Her Dulas forward drives: and Cothy coming on
The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast
Ere she Caermarden get: where Gwilly, making haste,
Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town
Which her great prophet[6] bred, who Wales doth so renown:
And taking her a harp, and tuning well the strings,
To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings:
"Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear?
The world shall still be full of Merlin every where.
A thousand lingering years his prophecies have run, [done:
And scarcely shall have end till time itself be
Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she play'd
With a seducing spirit, which won the godly maid;
(As all Demetia through, there was not found her peer) [near,
Who, be'ng so much renown'd for beauty far and
Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain they prov'd: [lov'd;
§. That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only
Which taking human shape, of such perfection seem'd,
As (all her suitors scorn'd) she only him esteem'd.
Who, feigning for her sake that he was come from
And richly could endow (a lusty batcheler) [far,
On her that prophet got, which from his mother's womb
Of things to come foretold until the general doom."
But, of his feigned birth in sporting idly thus,
Suspect me not, that I this dreamed incubus
By strange opinions should licentiously subsist;
Or, self-conceited, play the humorous Platonist,
Which boldly dares affirm, that spirits themselves
With bodies, to commix with frail mortality [supply
And here allow them place, beneath this lower sphere
Of the unconstant Moon; to tempt us daily here.
Some, earthly mixture take; as others, which aspire,
Them subt'ler shapes resume, of water, air, and fire,
Being those immortals long before the Heaven, that fell,
Whose deprivation thence, determined their Hell:
And losing through their pride that place to them assign'd,
Predestined that was to man's regenerate kind,
They, for th' inveterate hate to his election, still
Desist not him to tempt to every damned ill:
And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer blood,
Inveigling it with tastes of counterfeited good,
And teach it all the sleights the soul that may excite
To yield up all her power unto the appetite.
And to those curious wits if we ourselves apply,
Which search the gloomy shades of deep philosophy, [show,
They reason so will clothe, as well the mind can
That contrary effects, from contraries may grow;
And that the soul a shape so strongly may conceit,
As to herself the while may seem it to create;
By which th' abused sense more easily oft is led
To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.
But, toil'd in these dark tracts with sundry doubts replete, [furious heat:
Calm shades, and cooler streams must quench this
Which seeking, soon we find, where Cowen in her course [source,
Tow'rds the Sabrinian shores, as sweeping from her
Takes Towa, calling then Karkenny by the way,
Her through the wayless woods of Cardiff to convey;
A forest, with her floods environ'd so about,
That hardly she restrains th' unruly wat'ry rout,
When swelling, they would seem her empire to invade:
And oft the lustful fawns and satyrs from her shade
Were by the streams entic'd, abode with them to make.
Then Morlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth take:
Cair coming with the rest, their wat'ry tracts that tread,
Increase the Cowen all; that as their general head
Their largess doth receive, to bear out his expense:
Who to vast Neptune leads this courtly confluence.
To the Pembrokian parts the Muse her still doth
Upon that utmost point to the Iberian deep, [keep,
By Cowdra coming in: where clear delightful air,
(That forests most affect) doth welcome her repair;
The Heliconian maids in pleasant groves delight:
(Floods cannot still content their wanton appetite)
And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring hills below,
With wise Apollo meet, (who with his ivory bow
Once in the paler shades the serpent Pytho slew)
And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer pursue; [wear.
Those beams then lay'd aside he us'd in Heaven to
Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,
That, with her curled top her neighbour would astound, [brokian ground,
Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Pem-
When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
Amongst his well grown woods, the shag-hair'd satyrs stand [high,
(The sylvans' chief resort) the shores then sitting
Which under water now so many fathoms ly:
And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the flood,
Where once the portlike oak, and large-limb'd poplar stood.
Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.
But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,

[4] Of Southwales.
[5] Ebbing and flowing with the sea.
[6] Merlin, born in Caermarden.

Transferr'd the English names of towns and house-
holds hither, [gether.
With the industrious Dutch since sojourning to-
When wrathful Heaven the clouds so lib'rally
bestow'd, [t'rous load)
The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their bois-
Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd stomachs
cast,
That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.
The Flemings were enforc'd to take them to their
oars,
To try the setting main to find out firmer shores;
When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,
To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly brow:
These nations[7], that their tongues did naturally
Both generally forsook the British dialect: [affect,
As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
That ancient Rome should stoop from her im-
perious state,
With nations from the north then altogether fraught,
Which to her civil bounds their barbarous customs
brought,
Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,
From Tyber's hallowed banks to old Bizantium[8]
born:
Th' abundant Latins then old Latium lastly left,
Both of her proper form and elegancy reft;
Before her smoothest tongue, their speech that did
prefer,
And in her tables fix'd their ill-shap'd character.
A divination strange the Dutch-made English
have, [it gave)
Appropriate to that place (as though some power
§. By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right side
par'd, [bar'd:
Which usually they boil, the spade-bone being
Which then the wizard takes, and gazing there-
upon, [agone;
Things long to come foreshows, as things done long
Scapes secretly at home, as those abroad, and far;
Murthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war,
The reigns and death of kings they take on them
to know: [show.
Which only to their skill the shoulder-blade doth
You goodly sister floods, how happy is your
state! [fate,
Or should I more commend your features, or your
That Milford, which this isle her greatest port doth
call
Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
Whence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like
her own?
She bids Dungleddy dare Iberia's[9] proudest road,
And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
Her Milford that dare match: so absolute is she.
And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her sire
(A hill that thrusts his head into th' etherial fire)
Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as
much:
And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
Said, he would bear her out; and that they all
should know. [show
And therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd to
His head below the Heaven, when he of Milford
spake:
But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
No haven hath ought good, in her that is not found:
Whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy
head
The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
With his encount'ring wave no longer there con-
tends;
But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
Unmov'd of any wind which way so e'er it blow,
And rather seem to smile, than knit an angry brow.
The ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from
the seas,
On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
As all her passed storms she holds but mean and
base, [place,
So she may reach at length this most delightful
By Nature with proud cliffs environed about,
§. To crown the godly road: where builds the
falcon stout, [wings,
Which we the gentil call;-whose fleet and active
It seems that Nature made when most she thought
on kings: [flight,
Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant
The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem to
hover,
And ly the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover:
That those proud eyries, bred whereas the scorch-
ing sky
Doth singe the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbary;
Or underneath our pole, where Norway's forests[10]
wide [do hide,
Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows
Out-brave not this our kind in metal, nor exceed
The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do
breed:
Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,
That from the British shores by Neptune are em-
brac'd; [do rave,
Which stem his furious tides when wildliest they
And break the big swoln bulk of many a boist'rous
wave: [glory
As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in their
Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory
That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling
south; [mouth,
As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's
Expos'd to Neptune's power. So Gresholm[11] far
doth stand: [nearer land
Scalm, Stockholm, with saint Bride, and Gatholm,
(Which with their veiny breasts entice the gods of
That with the lusty isles do revel every day) [sea,
As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward
bends, [sends;
From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia
Since, holy David's seat; which of especial grace
Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.
Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous
fanes, [hold:
This saint before the rest their patron still they
§. Whose birth, their ancient bards to Cambria
long foretold,

[7] The colony of Flemings here planted. See to the fourth song.
[8] Now Constantinople.
[9] Spain.
[10] The places from whence the highest flying hawks are brought.
[11] Islands upon the point of Pembrookshire,

And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore;
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport;
That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry, [eye:
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wand'ring
Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that order'd stand
Upon the farthest point of David's ancient land,
Do raise their rugged heads (the seaman's noted marks) [Clerks;
Call'd, of their mitred tops, the Bishop and his
Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars
Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores:
Whose grim and horrid face doth pleased Heaven neglect,
And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect:
Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and fishful brooks, [looks;
Do never stay their course, how stern so e'er he
Which with his shipping once should seem to have commerc'd,
Where Fiscard as her flood doth only grace the first.
To Newport falls the next: there we a while will rest;
Our next ensuing song to wond'rous things address.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

If you ever read of, or vulgarly understand, the form of the ocean, and affinity 'twixt it and rivers, you cannot but conceive this poetical description of Severn; wherein Amphitrite is supposed to have given her a precious robe: very proper in the matter's self, and imitating that father (*a*) of the Muses who derives Agamemnon's sceptre to him by descent, joined with gift from Jupiter; Achilles' armour from Vulcan's bounty; Helen's nepenthe from the Egyptian Polydamna, and such like, honouring the possessors with the giver's judgment, as much as with the gift possest.

To whom the goodly bay of Milford should be given.

At Milford haven arrived Henry earl of Richmont, aided with some forces and sums of money by the French Charles VIII. but so entertained and strengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Bosworth, in Leicester, the day and crown were soon his. Every chronicle tells you more largely.

And how Lhewelin's line in him should doubly thrive.

Turn to the eagle's prophecies in the second song, where the first part of this relation is more manifested. For the rest, thus: about our confessor's time, Macbeth (*b*), king of Scotland (moved by predictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the posterity of Banqhuo, a noble thane of Loqhuabry, should attain and continue the Scottish reign) and jealous of others' hoped-for greatness, murdered Banqhuo, but miss'd his design; for one of the same posterity, Fleanch, son to Banqhuo, privily fled to Gryffith ap Lhewelin, then prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Nesta, the prince's daughter, was issue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through stout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high steward of Scotland: out of whose loins Robert II. was derived: since whom that royal name hath long continued, descending to our mighty sovereign, and in him is joined with the commixt kingly blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. These two were united with the white and red roses (*c*), in those auspicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the lady Margaret, their eldest daughter, married to James IV. his majesty's descent and spacious empire observed, easily shows you what the Muse here plays withal. The rest alludes to that: "Cambria shall be glad. Cornwal shall flourish, and the isle shall be stiled with Brute's name, and the name of strangers shall perish:" as it is in Merlin's prophecies.

That spirit to her unknown this virgin only lov'd.

So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of spirits' faculties in this kind. For my own part, unless there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the rabbinic conceit (*d*) upon the creation supposes; and the same with Hesiod's nymphs, or Paracelsus his Non-adams, I shall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftness of motion in conveying of stolen seed some unclean spirit might arrogate the improper name of generation. Those which St. Augustine (*e*) calls Dusii (*f*), in Gaul, altogether addicted to such filthiness, fauns, satyrs, and sylvans, have had as much attributed to them. But learn of this, from divines upon the Beni-haelohim in holy writ (*g*), passages of the fathers upon this point, and the later authors of disquisitions in magic and sorcery, as Bodin, Wier, Martin del Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather Merdhin, as you see to the fourth song, his true name being Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigern was, that his father was a Roman con-

(*a*) Iliad. β & σ. Odyss. δ.

(*b*) Hector Boet. lib. 12. & Buchanan. in reg. 85. & 86. lib. 7. qui eosdem ævo citeriori Stuartos ait dictos, quos olim Thanos nuncupabant. Thani verò quæstores erant regii per interpretationem, uti Boetius. Certè in charta illa quâ jure clientelari se Henrico II. obstrinxit Willielmus Scotorum Rex, leguntur inter testes Willielmus de Curcy Seneschallus, Willielmus filius Aldelmi Seneschallus, Aluredus de Sancto Martino Seneschallus, Gilbertus Malet Seneschallus; unde honorarium fuisse hoc nomen paret. Horum bini desunt apud Hovedenum; verum ex vetustiss. anonymo M. S. excerpsi.

(*c*) York and Lancaster.

(*d*) Rabbi Abraham in Zerror Hammon apud Munst. ad 2. Genes.

(*e*) Lib. 15. de Civ. Dei. cap. 23.

(*f*) Forte Drusii (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap. 7. dæmonoman.) quasi Sylvani, aut Dryades.

(*g*) Gen. vi. 2.

sul (*k*), (so Nennius informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated under name of a spirit; as in that of Ilia supposing, to save her credit, the name of Mars for Romulus his father. But to interlace the polite Muse with what is more harsh, yet even therein perhaps not displeasing, I offer you this antique passage of him.

——————the messagers to Kermerdin come,
And hou children bivore the yate pleyde hii toke gome,
Tho sede on to another, " Merlin wat is the,
Thou faderlese ssrewe (*i*), wy misdostou me,
Dor icham of kinges icome, and thou nart nought worth a fille,
Nor thou naddest nevere nanne fader, therevore hold the stille."
Tho the messagers hurde this hii astunte there,
And essie at men aboute wat the child were,
Me sede that he ne had nevere fader that me might understond,
And is moder au king's doughter was of thulke lond,
And woned at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

His mother (a nun, daughter to Pubidius, king of Mathraval, and called Matilda, as by poetical (*k*) authority only I find justifiable) and he being brought to the king, she colours it in these words:

——————whanneich ofte was,
In chambre mid mine fellawes, there come to me bi cas,
A suithe vaire man mid alle, and bi clupt me well softe,
And semblance made vaire ynou, and cust me well ofte.

And tells on the story which should follow so kind a preface. But enough of this.

By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right side par'd.

Take this as a taste of their art in old time. Under Henry II. one William Mangunel (*l*), a gentleman of those parts, finding by his skill of prediction that his wife had played false with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dresses the shoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock) requests his wife (equalling him in these divinations) to give her judgment; she curiously observes, and at last with great laughter casts it from her. The gentleman, importuning her reason of so vehement an affection, receives answer of her, that his wife, out of whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous copulation with her husband's nephew fraughted herself with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen, the sequel of this cross accident. But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when I have more skill in osteomanty, I will tell you. Nor was their report less in knowing things to come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his doubt de la coquage (*m*), might have had other manner of resolution than Rondibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I insert this example.

To crown the goodly road, where built that falcon stout.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of Pembroke are eyries of excellent falcons. Henry II. here passing into Ireland, cast off a Norway goss-hawk at one of these: but the goss-hawk taken at the source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's foot, which performance in this ramage, made him yearly afterward send hither for eyesses, as Girald is author. Whether these here are the haggarts, (which they call peregrins) or falcon-gentles, I am no such falconer to argue; but this I know, that the reason of the name of peregrins is given, for that they came from remote and unknown places (*n*), and therefore hardly fits these: but also I read, in no less than imperial authority (*o*), that peregrins never bred in less latitude than beyond the seventh climate, dia Riphæos, which permits them this place; and that, of true falcons-gentle, an eyry is never found but in a more southern and hotter parallel: which (if it be true) excludes the name of gentle from ours, breeding near the ninth per Rostochium. And the same authority makes them (against common opinion) both of one kind, differing rather in local and outward accidents, than in self-nature.

Whose birth the ancient bards to Cambria long foretold.

Of St. Dewy and his bishopric you have more to the fourth song, He was prognosticated (*p*) above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the fashion of that credulous age) caused him to be almost paralleled in monkish zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, sprang at presence of the incarnate author of our redemption. The translation of the archbishopric was also foretold (*q*) in that of Merlin: " Menevia shall put on the pall of Caer-leon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb." That was performed when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria, then with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but recovering it after some time, made prediction of Dewy's holiness, joined with greatness, which is so celebrated. Upon my author's credit only believe me.

(*k*) Illustres sæpiùs viros indigetant historici nostri Consules, unde & Ætium & in repuadloquuntur Saxones Cos. quem tametsi Consulem fuisse haut asserent Fasti, illustriss. tn. blicâ nobilissimum Procopii aliorumque historiæ Gothicæ produnt.

(*i*) Shrew, now a word applied to the shrewish sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgat, and Gower, to the quieter also.

(*k*) Spenser's Faery Queen, lib. 3. cant. 3.

(*l*) Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 11.——Quæ te dementia cepit, Quærere sollicitè quod reperire times? Th. Mor. Epig.

(*m*) Of cuckoldry. Rablais.

(*n*) Albert. de Animal. 23. cap. 8.

(*o*) Frederic. II. lib. 2. de arte Venand. cap. 4.

(*p*) Monumeth. lib. 8. cap. 8. Girald. Nin. 2. cap. 1. Balcent. 1. Vita S. Dewy.

(*q*) Alan. de insul. 1. ad Prophet. Merlini.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE SIXTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds:
Next, proud Plynillimon she plies;
Where Severn, Wy, and Rydoll rise.
With Severn she along doth go,
Her metamorphosis to show;
And makes the waud'ring Wy declaim
In honour of the British name:
Then musters all the wat'ry train
That those two rivers entertain:
And viewing how those rillets creep
From shore to the Vergivian deep,
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then
To Severn turns her course agen:
And bringing all their riverets in,
There ends; a new song to begin.

SITH I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet before
The Muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian shore,
She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian coast; [boast
Which of thy castors once, but now canst only
The salmons, of all floods most plentiful in thee.
Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there be; [kind
Then naïads, or ye nymphs of their like wat'ry
(Unto whose only care great Neptune hath assign'd
The guidance of those brooks wherein he takes delight) [cite,
Assist her: and whilst she your dwelling shall re-
Be present in her work: let her your graces view,
That to succeeding times them lively she may show;
As when great Albion's sons, which him a sea-nymph brought [caught
Amongst the grisly rocks, were with your beauties
(Whose only love surpris'd those of the Phlegrian[1] size, [rise)
The Titanois, that once against high Heaven durst
When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did hide, [glide;
And cover'd every vale through which you gently
Even for those inly heats which through your loves they felt,
That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt,
To view your secret bowers, such favour let her win.
Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious lin,
'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that do stay
Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way.
Which when Lanbeder sees, her wond'rously she likes; [strikes,
Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy
As that the forest fain would have her there abide.
But she (so pure a stream) transported with her pride, [shade
The offer idly scorns; though with her flattering
The sylvan her entice with all that may persuade
A water-nymph; yea, though great Thetis self she were: [there
But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleasures
Her mind could ever move one minute's stay to make.
Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy overtake:
Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.
Then, Keach and Kerry help: 'twixt which on either side,
To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the shire.
Now, Tivy, let us tell thy sundry glories here.
When as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find [kind,
(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his
As he in season grows) and stems the wat'ry tract,
Where Tivy falling down doth make a cataract[2],
Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her course oppose, [enclose;
As though within their bounds they meant her to
Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot arrive, [strive,
And finds that by his strength but vainly he doth
His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,
That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw:
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That bended end to end, and flirted from the hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so doth the salmon vaut,
And if at first he fail, his second summersaut[3]
He instantly assays; and from his nimble ring,
Still yerking, never leaves, until himself he fling
Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.
More famous long agone, than for the salmon's leap,
For beavers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,
Which else no other brook of Britain nourished:
Where Nature, in the shape of this now-perish'd beast,
His property did seem t' have wond'rously express;
Being body'd like a boat, with such a mighty tail,
As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,
When kind did him command the architect to play,
That his strong castle built of branched twigs and clay:
Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer
To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,
His stuff wherewith to build, first being to pre-
A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh, [pare,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which laid by,
He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When, with what he hath got, the other do him load; [found.
Till lastly, by the weight, his burthen he have
Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having bound
As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he grip'd
Some stronger stick: from which the lesser branches stript,
He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour prest,
Going backward, tow'rds their home their loaded carriage led, [useful sleds.
From whom, those first here born, were taught the

[1] Giants.

[2] Or water-fall.

[3] The word in tumbling, when one casteth himself over and over.

Then builded he his fort for strong and several fights;
His passages contriv'd with such unusual sleights,
That from the hunter oft he issu'd undiscern'd,
As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd;
§. Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.
Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.
But here why spend I time these trifles to areed?
Now, with thy former task, my Muse, again proceed.
To show the other floods from the Cerettic[4] shore
To the Vergivian sea contributing their store:
With Bidder first begin, that bendeth all her force
The Arrow to assist, Arth holding on her course
The way the other went, with Werry, which doth win
Fair Istwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely maid,
Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd,
As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.
Then come the sister Salks, as they before had seen
Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread:
Then Kerry; Cletur next, and Kniver making head
With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings by her.
Plynillimon's high praise no longer, Muse, defer;
What once the Druids told, how great those floods should be,
That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee.
The bards with fury rapt, the British youth among,
§. Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung
In brave and lofty strains; that in excess of joy,
The beldam and the girl, the grandsire and the boy, [did load
With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air
(As when with crowned cups unto the Elian god[5]
Those priests high orgies held; or when the old world saw [daw,
Full Phœbe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to
Whom they supposed fall'n in some enchanted swound, [sound)
Of beaten tinkling brass still ply'd her with the
That all the Cambrian hills, which high'st their heads do bear,
With most obsequious shows of low subjected fear,
Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks that be
Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee:
To princely Severn first; next to her sister Wye,
Which to her elder's court her course doth still apply. [pride
But Rydoll, young'st, and least, and for the others'
Not finding fitting roomth upon the rising side,
Alone unto the west directly takes her way.
So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top so high,
As scorning all that come in compass of his eye,
Yet greatly is he plea's'd Plynillimon will grace
Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his face,
His love to Severn shows as though his own she were,
Thus comforting the flood: "O ever-during heir
Of Sabrine[6], Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,
Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)

[4] Of Cardigan.
[5] Bacchus.
[6] The story of Severn.

Brute's first-begotten son, which Gwendolin did wed;
But soon th' unconstant lord abandoned her bed
(Through his unchaste desire) for beauteous Elstred's love. [did move,
Now, that which most of all her mighty heart
Her father, Cornwal's duke, great Corineus dead,
Was by the lustful king unjustly banished.
When she, who to that time still with a smoothed brow [vow,
Had seem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former
Perceiving still her wrongs insufferable were;
Grown big with the revenge which her full breast did bear,
And aided to the birth with every little breath
(Alone she being left the spoil of love and death,
In labour of her grief outrageously distract,
The utmost of her spleen on her false lord to act)
She first implores their hate to aid him whom she found; [sound,
Whose hearts unto the depth she had not left to
To Cornwal then she sends (her country) for supplies:
Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise.
Then with her warlike power her husband she pursu'd,
Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.
The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorse, [force,
As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her
Him suddenly surpris'd, and from her ireful heart
All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,
Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd shore.
Then crowning Madan king, whom she to Locrine bore, [brought;
And those which serv'd his sire to his obedience
Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she sought
The mother and the child: whose beauty when she saw, [draw
Had not her heart been flint, had had the power to
A spring of pitying tears; when, dropping liquid pearl,
Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for thee, [see,
Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabrine
As she should thee behold the prey to her stern rage, [suage:
Whom kingly Locrine's death suffic'd not to as-
Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother cast
Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks aghast
Resounded with your shrieks; till in a deadly dream
Your corses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,
Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still appear [were:
The same in water now, that once in locks they
And, as you wont to clip each other's neck before,
Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring shore."
But leave we Severn here, a little to pursue
The often-wand'ring Wye (her passages to view,
As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course)
And muster every flood that from her bounteous source [bound
Attends upon her stream, whilst (as the famous
'Twixt the Brecknokian earth, and the Radnorian ground)

She every brook receives. First, Clarwen cometh in,
With Clarwy: which to them their consort Eland win
To aid their goodly Wye; which Ithon gets again:
She Dulas draws along: and in her wat'ry train
Clowedock hath recourse, and Comran; which she brings [springs:
Unto their wand'ring flood from the Radnorian
As Edwy her attends, and Matchwy forward heaves
Her mistress. When, at last, the goodly Wye perceives
She now was in that part of Wales, of all the rest
Which (as her very waste) in breadth from east to west, [way,
In length from north to south, her midst is every
From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either sea,
Which she might term the heart. The ancient Britons here [were
The river calls to mind, and what those British
Whilst Britain was herself, the queen of all the west.
To whose old nation's praise whilst she herself address'd, [in,
From the Brecknokian bound when Irvon coming
Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery that doth win,
Persuading her for them good matter to provide.
The wood-nymphs so again, from the Radnorian side, [call
As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckle's forest,
To Wye, and bade her now bestir her for them all:
For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,
The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace.
That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons says: [praise
" What spirit can lift you up[7], to that immortal
§. You worthily deserve? by whom first Gaul was taught [wrought
Her knowledge: and for her, what nation ever
The conquest you achiev'd? And, as you were most dread,
So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had
Your bards which sung your deeds, that when stern hosts have stood
With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed blood)
§. One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords hath staid; [had said,
In her most dreadful voice as thund'ring Heaven
' Stay, Britons!' when he spake, his words so pow'rful were. [here,
" So to her native priests, the dreadless Druids
The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely could discern [to learn,
Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good
Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by year,
Instructed in our rites with most religious fear.
And afterward again, when as our ancient seat
Her surcease could not keep, grown for her soil too great
(But like to casting bees, so rising up in swarms)
§. Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their commixed arms
Join'd with the German powers (those nations of the north
Which overspread the world) together issued forth:
§. Where, with our brazen swords, we stoutly fought, and long;
And after conquests got, residing them among,

First planted in those parts our brave courageous brood: [blood,
Whose natures so adher'd unto their ancient
As from them sprang those priests, whose praise so far did sound, [nown'd.
Through whom that spacious Gaul was after so re-
" Nor could the Saxons' swords (which many a ling'ring year
Them sadly did afflict, and shut us Britons here
'Twixt Severn and this sea) our mighty minds deject; [would detect,
But that even they which fain'st our weakness
Were forced to confess, our wildest beasts that breed [feed,
Upon our mighty wastes, or on our mountains
Were far more sooner tam'd, than here our Welchmen were:
Besides, in all the world no nation is so dear
As they unto their own; that here within this isle,
Or else in foreign parts, yea, forced to exile,
The noble Briton still his countryman relieves;
A patriot, and so true, that it to death him grieves
To hear his Wales disgrac'd: and on the Saxons' swords
Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words
His language or his leek he'll stand to bear abus'd.
Besides, the Briton is so naturally infus'd
With true poetic rage, that in their measures[8], art
Doth rather seem precise, than comely; in each part
Their metre most exact, in verse of th' hardest kind.
And some to rhyming be so wondrously inclin'd,
Those numbers they will hit, out of their genuine vein, [attain.
Which many wise and learn'd can hardly e'er
" O memorable bards! of unmixt blood, which still
Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,
That in your noble songs, the long descents have kept
Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,
With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours have disdain'd; [you gain'd!
How much from time, and them, how bravely have
Musician, herald, bard, thrice may'st thou be renown'd, [crown'd;
And with three several wreaths immortally be
Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the English king,
And to thy powerful harp commanded there to sing,
Of famous Arthur told'st, and where he was interr'd;
In which, those retchless times had long and blindly err'd,
And ignorance had brought the world to such a pass
As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever was.
But when king Henry[9] sent th' reported place to view, [was true.
He found that man of men: and what thou said'st
" Here then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaim
Against those fools that all antiquity defame,
Because they have found out, some credulous ages laid [mour staid;
Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on ru-
And that one forward time (perceiving the neglect
A former of her had) to purchase her respect,
With toys then trimm'd her up, the drowsy world t' allure, [cure
And leat her what it thought might appetite pro-

[7] Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons.

[8] See the fourth song. [9] Henry the Second.

To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue;
And therefore to those things whose grounds were very true,
Though naked yet and bare (not having to content
The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament;
And fitter thought, the truth they should in question call, [and all,
Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go
And surely I suppose, that which this froward time [crime,
Doth scandalize her with to be her heinous
That her most preserv'd: for, still where wit hath found [ground:
A thing most clearly true, it made that, fiction's
Which she suppos'd might give sure colour to them both: [grow'th,
From which, as from a root, this wond'red errour
At which our critics gird, whose judgments are so strict,
And he the bravest man who most can contradict
That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean
Upon tradition) tells; esteeming it so mean,
As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing
(Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away will fling,
These men (for all the world) like our precisians be, [see
Who for some cross or saint they in the widow
Will pluck down all the church: soul-blinded sots that creep
In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.
Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are they
§. That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)
Our truth from him to learn, as ignorant of ours
As we were then of his; except t'were of his powers:
Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew;
Like whom, great Nature's depths no men yet ever knew, [spir'd;
Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet in-
Who at their proud arrive th' ambitious Romans fir'd, [mortal state;
When first they heard them preach the soul's im-
And even in Rome's despite, and in contempt of fate,
Grasp'd hands with horrid death: which out of hate and pride
They slew, who through the world were reverenced beside. [though we
"To understand our state, no marvail then
Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see
What anciently we were; when in our infant war,
Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
He nothing had of ours which our great bards did sing, [bring
Except some few poor words; and those again to
Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,
By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.
But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
The wars we had at home, the conquests where we went, [here
He never understood. And though the Romans
So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they do object,
The ruins and records we show, be very small
To prove ourselves so great: even this the most of all
('Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,
That yet those should be found so general as they be; [Dane,
The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the
All landing in the isle, each like a horrid rain
Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
Of many a noble book, as impious hands should sack
The centre, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
All brave and ancient things, for ever from this isle:" [did sing.
Expressing wondrous grief, thus wand'ring Wye
But back, industrious Muse; obsequiously to bring [doth strain
Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she
Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly train,
Brought forth the first of all by Brugan: which to make
Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take.
Moylvadian, his much love to Severn then to show,
Upon his southern side sends likewise (in a row)
Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow flood;
Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily employ'd,
Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the Rue,
In Severn's sovereign banks, that give attendance due. [train,
Thus as she swoops along, with all that goodly
Upon her other bank by Newtown: so again
§. Comes Dulas (of whose name so many beavers be,
As of none others is) with Mule, prepar'd to see
The confluence to their queen, as on her course she makes:
Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in she takes;
Where little Fledding falls into her broader bank;
Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot: growing rank, [fields;
She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gomerian
Than which in all our Wales, there is no country yields
An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,
As one of Phœbus' steeds had been that stallion's sire [kind,
Which first their race begun; or of th' Asturian
§. Which some have held to be begotten by the wind, [receives,
Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it
And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.
But, leave we this to such as after wonders long:
The Muse prepares herself unto another song.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

After Penbroke in the former song, succeeds here Cardigan; both washed by the Irish seas. But, for intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of situation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock are partly infolded.

Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.

That these rivers were in Tivy frequent, anciently is testified by Sylvester Girald (*a*) describing the particulars, which the author tells you, both of this, and the salmons: but that here are no

(*a*) Topograph. Hib. dist. 1. cap. 21. Itin. cap. 3. Cam. 2.

beavers now, as good authority of the present time (*b*) informs you.

Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung.

Of the bards, their singing, heraldship, and more of that nature, see to the fourth song. Ireland (*c*) (saith one) uses the harp and pipe, which he calls tympanum: Scotland the harp tympan, and chorus: Wales the harp, pipe, and chorus. Although tympanum and chorus have other significations, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch it) using these words as received, I imagine, of saint Hierome's epistle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them pictur'd in Ottomar Luscinius his Musurgy, as several kinds of pipes, the first dividing itself into two at the end, the other spread in the middle, as two segments of a circle, but one at both ends, I guess them intended near the same. But I refer myself to those that are more acquainted with these kind of British fashions. For the harp his word is cithara, which (if it be the same with lyra, as some think, although urging reason and authority are to the contrary) makes the bards' music, like that exprest in the lyric (*d*):

> ——————bibam
> Sonante mistum tibiis carmen lyrâ,
> Hâc Dorium, illis Barbarum.

Apply it to the former notes, and observe with them, that the Pythagoreans used (*e*), with music of the harp (which in those times, if it were Apollo's, was certainly but of seven (*f*) strings) when they went to sleep, to charm (as the old Scots were wont to do, and do yet in their isles, as Buchanan (*g*) affirms) and compose their troubled affections. Which I cite to this purpose, that in comparing it with the British music, and the attributes thereof before remembered out of Heracleotes and Girald, you may see conveniency of use in both, and worth of antiquity in ours; and as well in pipes as harp; if you remember the poetic story of Marsyas. And withal forget not that in one of the oldest coins that have been made in this kingdom, the picture of the reverse, is Apollo having his harp incircled with Cunobelin's name, then chief king of the Britons; and for Belin and Apollo, see the eighth song.

By whom first Gaul was taught her knowledge.

Understand the knowledge of those great philosophers, priests, and lawyers called Druids (of whom to the tenth song largely). Their discipline was first found out in this isle, and afterwards transferred into Gaul; whence their youth were sent hither as to an university for instruction in their learned professions: Cæsar (*h*) himself is author of as much. Although, in particular law learning, it might seem that Britain was requited, if the satyrist (*i*) deceive not in that;

Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos (*k*).

Which, with excellent Lipsius (*l*), I rather apply to the dispersion of the Latin tongue through Gaul into this province, than to any other language or matter. For also in Agricola's time somewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a far higher degree than there, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our isle been as mistress to Gaul twice. First in this Druidian doctrine, next in the institution of their now famous university of Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through aid and industry of our learned Alcuin (he is called also Albin, and was first sent ambassador to the emperor by Offa, king of Mercland) seconded by those Scots, John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and Raban Maurus(*m*). But I know great men permit it not; nor can I see any very ancient authority for it, but infinite of later times, so that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more fit passage, I commit to my reader.

One bard but coming in their murd'rous swords hath staid.

Such strange assertion find I in story of these bards' powerful enchantments, that with the amazing sweetness of their delicious harmonies (*n*), not their own only, but withal their enemies' armies have suddenly desisted from fierce encounters; so, as my author says, did Mars reverence the Muses. This exactly continues all fitness with what is before affirmed of that kind of music; 'twixt which (and all other by authentic affirmance) and the mind's affections there are certain *Μιμήσεις* * (*o*), as in this particular example is apparent. But how agreeth this with that in Tacitus, which calls a musical incentive to war among the Germans, Barditus? Great critics would there (*p*) read Barritus, which in Vegetius and Ammian especially, is a peculiar name for those stirring up alarms before the battle used in Roman assaults (equal in proportion to the Greeks' *αλαλαγμος*, the Irish Kerne' Pharroh, and that Roland's song of the Normans, which hath had his like also, in most nations). But, seeing Barrhitus (in this sense) is a word of later time, and scarce yet, without remembrance of his naturalization, allowed in the Latin; and, that this use was notable in those Northerns and Gauls (*q*), until wars with whom, it seems Rome had not a proper word for it (which appears by Festus Pompeius, affirming that the cry of the army was called Barbaricum) I should think some-

(*b*) Powel, & Camden.
(*c*) Girald. Topograph. 3. dist. cap. 11.
(*d*) Horat. Epod. ix.
(*e*) Plutarch. de Isid. & Osiride.
(*f*) Horat. Carm. 3. od. 11. Homer in Hymn. ad Ερμ. Serv. Honorat. ad 4. Æneid. (ubi testudinem primò trium Chordarum, quam à Mercurio Caducei precio emi-se Apollinem septémque discrimina vocum addidisse legimus, & videndus Diodor. Sicul. lib. 2.) unde Ἐντάγλωσσος, Ἐντάφθογγος &c. dicitur Græcis.
(*g*) Hist. Scot. 4. in Fethelmacho.
(*h*) Comment. 6.
(*i*) Juvenal. Satur. 15.
(*k*) "Eloquent Gaul taught the British lawyers."
(*l*) De pronuntiat. rect. Lat. ling. cap. 3. v. Virgilium ad Justin. tit. Instit. quib. non est permiss. fac. test. Circa DCC. XC. University of Paris instituted.
(*m*) Balæus cent. 1.
(*n*) Diodor. Sicul. de gest. fabulos. antiq. Lib. 6.
* Imitations.
(*o*) Aristot. Polit. 8. cap. 5.
(*p*) Lips. ad Polyb. 4. Dialog. 11.
(*q*) Locus Taciti in de morib. Germ.

what confidently, that Barrhitus (as the common copies are) is the truest reading*; yet so, that Barditus formed by an unknowing pronunciation is, and by original, was the selfsame. For, that Lipsius mending the place, will have it from Baren in Dutch, which signifies, to cry out, or from Har Har (which is as Haron in the Norman customs and elsewhere) or from the word Beare for imitation of that beast's cry, I much wonder, seeing Tacitus makes express mention of verses harmonically celebrating valiant performers, the recital whereof hath that name Barditus, which to interpret we might well call singing. But to conjoin this fiery office with that quenching power, of the bards, spoken of by the author, I imagine that they had also for this martial purpose skill in that kind of music, which they call Phrygian, being (as Aristotle says) Ὀργιαστικὴ Παθητικὴ καὶ Ἐνθουσιαστικὴ, as it were, madding the mind with sprightful motion. For so we see that those which sing the tempering and mollifying Pæans (*r*) to Apollo, the Γήιλλα & Καλλίνικος after victory, did among the Greeks in another strain move with their Pæans to Mars, their Ὀρθία, and provoking charms before the encounter; and so meets this in our bards dispersed doubtless (as the Druids) through Britain, Gaul, and part of Germany, which three had especially in warfare much community.

Our Cimbri with the Gauls———

National transmigrations touched to the fourth song give light hither. The name of Cimbri (which most of the learned in this later time have made the same with Cimmerians, Cumerians, Cambrians, all coming from Gomer Japhet's son (*s*), to whom with his posterity was this north-western part of the world divided) expressing the Welsh, calling themselves also Kumry. The author alludes here to that British army, which in our story is conducted under Brennus and Belinus (sons to Molmutius) through Gaul, and thence prosecuted, what in the eighth song and my notes there more plainly.

Where, with our brazen swords——

The author thus teaches you to know, that, among the ancients, brass, not iron, was the metal of most use. In their little scythes, wherewith they cut their herbs for enchantments (*t*), their priests' razors, ploughshares for describing the content of plotted cities, their music instruments, and such like, how special this metal was, it is with good warrant delivered; nor with less, how frequent in the making of swords, spears, and armour in the heroic times, as among other authorities that in the encounter of Diomedes and Hector manifesteth (*u*):

——πλάγχθη δ' ασπὶς χαλκόφι χαλκὸς †.

Which seems in them to have proceeded from a willingness of avoiding instruments too deadly in wounding; far from a styptic faculty in this, more than in iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easy, and the metal itself, φαρμακώδης (*x*), as Aristotle expresses it (*y*). But that our Britons used it also it hath been out of old monuments by our most learned antiquary observed (*z*).

That to the Roman trust (on his report that stay)

For indeed many are, which the author here impugns, that dare believe nothing of our story, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only Julius Cæsar, and others about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this isle was great, time forbidding him language or conversation with the British. Nor was any before him of his country, that knew or meddled in relation of us. The first of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from Britain's name was a philosophical poet (*a*) (flourishing some fifty years before Cæsar) in these verses:

Nam quid Britannum cœlum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quà mundi claudicat axis?

In the somewhat later poets that lived about Augustus, as Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, some passages of the name have you, but nothing that discovers any monument of this island proper to her inhabitants. I would not reckon Cornelius Nepos (*c*) among them, to whose name is attributed, in print, that polite poem (in whose composition Apollo seems to have given personal aid) of the Trojan war, according to Dares the Phrygian's story; where, by poetical liberty the Britons are supposed to have been with Hercules at the rape of Hesione: I should so, besides errour, wrong my country, to whose glory the true author's name of that book will among the worthies of the Muses ever live. Read but these of his verses, and then judge if he were a Roman:

——Sine remigis usu
Nou nosset Memphis Romam, non Indus Hiberum,
Non Scytha Cecropidem, non Nostra Britannia Gallum.

And in the same book to Baldwin archbishop of Canterbury:

At tu dissimulis longè cui fronte serenâ
Sanguinis egregii lucrum, pacemque litatâ
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius, summumque cacumen
In curam venisse velit, cui cederet ipse,
Prorsus, vel proprias lætus sociaret habenas.

Of him a little before:

——quo præside floret
Cantia (*d*), & in priscas respirat libera leges.

Briefly thus: the author was Joseph of Exceter (afterwards archbishop of Bourdeaux) famous

* Locus. Gallice & Britannicè Cantor. Fest. & vide Bodin. meth. hist. cap. 9. qui Robartum Dagobartum & similia vocabula hinc (malè verò) deduxit.

(*r*) Suid. in Παιαν. (*s*) Genês. 2.

(*t*) Sophocles, Carminius, Virgil. ap. Macrobium Saturnal. lib. 5. cap. 19. Pausan. in Laconic. γ. & Arcadic. η. Samuel. lib. 1. cap. 17.

(*u*) Iliad. λ.

† "Brass rebound from brass."

(*x*) Of remedial power.

(*y*) Problem. α. Sect. λε.

(*z*) Camd. in Cornub.

See for this more in the tenth song.

(*a*) Lucret. de Rer. Nat. 6.

(*c*) Cornelius Nepos challenged to an English wit.

(*d*) Ita n. legendum, non Tantia aut Pontia, uti ineptiunt qui Josepho nostro merenti suam invidérunt coronam in Codice Typis excuso.

in this and other kinds of good learning, under Henry II. and Richard I. speaking among those verses in this form:

Te sacræ assument acies divinaque bella.
Tunc dignum majore tuba, tunc pectore toto
Nitar, & immensum mecum spargère per orbem.

Which must (as I think) be intended of Baldwin, whose undertaking of the cross and voyage with Cœur de Lion into the holy land, and death there, is in our stories (*e*); out of which you may have large declaration of this holy father (so he calls Thomas Becket) that bought peace with price of his life; being murdered in his house of Canterbury, through the urging grievances intolerable to the king and laity, his diminution of common law liberties, and endeavoured derogation, for maintenance of Romish usurped supremacy. For these liberties, see Matthew Paris before all other, and the epistles of John of Salisbury (*f*), but lately published; and, if you please, my Janus Anglorum, where they are restored from senseless corruption, and are indeed more themselves than in any other whatsoever in print. But thus too much of this false Cornelius. Compare with these notes what is to the first song of Britain and Albion; and you shall see that in Greek writers mention of our land is long before any in the Latin: for Polybius, that is the first which mentions it, was more than a hundred years before Lucretius. The author's plainness in the rest of Wye's song to this purpose discharges my further labour.

Comes Dulas, of whose name so many rivers be.

As in England the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some other; so in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermardhin, and elsewhere.

Which some have held to be begotten of the wind.

In those western parts of Spain, Gallicia, Portugal, and Asturia, many classic testimonies, both poets, as Virgil, Silius Italicus, naturalists, historians and geoponics, as Varro, Columel, Pliny, Trogus and Solinus, have remembered these mares, which conceive through fervent lust of nature, by the west-wind, without copulation with the male (in such sort as the ova subventanea (*g*) are bred in hens) but so that the foals live not over some three years. I refer it as an allegory (*h*) to the expressing only of their fertile breed and swiftness in course; which is elegantly to this purpose, framed by him that was the father (*i*) of this conceit to his admiring posterity, in these lines speaking of Xanthus and Balius, two of Achilles' horses:

——— τὼ ἅμα πνοῇσι πετέσθην
Τους ετεκε Ζεφύρῳ ἀνέμῳ Ἅρπυια Ποδάργη
Βοσκομμένη λειμῶνι παρὰ ῥοῖον Ὠκεανοῖο (*k*).

Whence withal you may note, that Homer had at least heard of these coasts of Spain, according as upon the conjectures on the name of Lisbon, the Elysians, and other such you have in Strabo (*l*). But for Lisbon, which many will have from Ulysses, and call it Ulixbon, being commonly written Olisippo or Ulyssipo, in the ancients, you shall have better etymology, if you hence derive and make it Ὅλος ἵππων, as it were, that the whole tract is a seminary of horses, as a most learned man hath delivered.

(*e*) Chronicis adde & Girald. Itin. Camb. 2. cap. 14.
(*f*) Sarisburiens. Epist. 159. 210. 220. & 268.
(*g*) ὑπηνέμια windy eggs, bred without a cock.
(*h*) Justin. hist. lib. 44. (*i*) Iliad. π.
(*k*) "These did fly like the wind, which swift Podarga foaled to their sire Zephyrus, feeding in a meadow by the ocean."

(*l*) Geograph. α. Ολιος Ιππων Ptolemeo. Iota sublato vera restat lectio Paull. Merul. cosmog. part 2. lib. 2. cap. 26.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SEVENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse from Cambria comes again,
To view the forest of fair Dean,
Sees Severn; when the Higre takes her,
How fever-like the sickness shakes her;
Makes mighty Malvern speak his mind
In honour of the mountain kind;
Thence wafted with a merry gale,
Sees Lemster, and the Golden Vale;
Sports with the nymphs, themselves that ply
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy;
Viewing the Herefordian pride
Along on Severn's setting side,
That small Wigornian part surveys:
Where for a while herself she stays.

High matters call our Muse, inviting her to see
As well the lower lands, as those where lately she
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking from aloft) [more soft
Survey'd coy Severn's course: but now to shores
She shapes her prosperous sail; and in this lofty song,
The Herefordian floods invites with her along,
§. That fraught from plenteous Powse, with their superfluous waste,
Manure the batful March, until they be embrac'd
In Sabrin's sovereign arms: with whose tumultuous waves [raves[1];
§. Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wildly
And frights the straggling flocks, the neighbouring shores to fly,
Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth bring,
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it doth fling: [brood
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the flood; [not lanch,
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steersman doth
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful
As when we haply see a sickly woman fall [panch:
Into a fit of that which we the mother call,
When from the grieved womb she feels the pain arise,
Breaks into grievous sighs, with intermixed cries,
Bereaved of her sense; and struggling still with those [oppose,
That gainst her rising pain their utmost strength

[1] A simile expressing the boar or higre.

Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turns, touses,
spurns and sprauls,
Casting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;
But that the horrid pangs torment the grieved so,
One well might muse from whence this suddain
strength should grow.
Here (queen of forests all, that west of Severn lie)
Her broad and bushy top Dean holdeth up so high,
The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large.
And standing in such state upon the winding
marge,
§. Within her hollow woods the satyrs that did
wonne [sun,
In gloomy secret shades, not pierc'd with summer's
Under a false pretence the nymphs to entertain,
Oft ravished the choice of Sabrin's wat'ry train;
And from their mistress' banks them taking as a
prey,
Unto their woody caves have carried them away:
Then from her inner groves for succour when they
cry'd, [hide)
She retchless of their wrongs (her satyrs' scapes to
Unto their just complaint not once her ear in-
clines:
So fruitful in her woods, and wealthy in her mines,
That Leden which her way doth through the desert
make,
Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to forsake
Her course, and her clear limbs amongst the bushes
hide, [espy'd)
Lest by the sylvans (should she chance to be
She might unmaiden'd go unto her sovereign flood:
So many were the rapes done on the wat'ry brood,
That Sabrine to her sire (great Neptune) forc'd to
sue,
The riots to repress of this outrageous crew,
His armed orks he sent her milder stream to keep,
To drive them back to Dean that troubled all the
deep. [overlooks
§. Whilst Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn
(Attended on in state with tributary brooks)
And how the fertile fields of Hereford do lie,
And from his many heads, with many an amorous
eye, [rise,
Beholds his goodly site, how towards the pleasant
Abounding in excess, the vale of Eusham lies,
The mountains every way about him that do stand,
Of whom he's daily seen, and seeing doth com-
mand;
On tiptoes set aloft, this proudly uttereth he:
" Olympus, fair'st of hills, that Heaven art said
to be,
I envy not thy state, nor less myself do make;
Nor to possess thy name, mine own would I forsake:
Nor would I, as thou dost, ambitiously aspire
To thrust my forked top into th' etherial fire.
For, didst thou take the sweets that on my face do
breathe,
Above thou wouldst not seek what I enjoy beneath:
Besides, the sundry soils I every way survey,
Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.
And more, in our defence, to answer those, with
spite
That term us barren, rude, and void of all delight;
We mountains, to the land, like warts or wens to
he, [see;
By which, fair'st living things disfigur'd oft they
This strongly to perform, a well-stuft brain would
need. [heed,
And many hills there be, if they this cause would
Having their rising tops familiar with the sky
(From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were
than I
The task to undertake. As not a man that sees
Mounchdenny, Blorench hill, with Breedon, and
the Clees, [they,
And many more as great, and nearer me than
But thinks, in our defence they far much more
could say.
Yet, falling to my lot, this stoutly I maintain
'Gainst forests, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, pasture,
plain,
And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely
Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)
The mountain is the king: and he it is alone
Above the other soils that Nature doth inthrone.
For mountains be like men of brave heroic mind,
With eyes erect to Heaven, of whence themselves
they find,
Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like itself,
Doth never further look than how to purchase pelf,
And of their batful sites, the vales that boast them
thus, [us:
Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for
For, from the rising banks that strongly mound
them in,
The valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:
And almost not a brook, if she her banks do fill,
But hath her plenteous spring from mountain or
from hill. [take,
If mead, or lower slade, grieve at the room we
Know that the snow or rain, descending oft, doth
make
The fruitful valley fat, with what from us doth
glide,
Who with our winter's waste maintain their sum-
mer's pride:
And to you lower lands if terrible we seem,
And cover'd oft with clouds; it is your foggy steam
The powerful Sun exhales, that in the cooler day
Unto this region come, about our tops doth stay.
And, what's the grove, so much that thinks her
to be grac'd,
If not above the rest upon the mountain plac'd,
Where she her curled head unto the eye may show?
For in the easy vale if she be set below,
What is she but obscure? and her more dampy
shade
And covert, but a den for beasts of raven made?
Besides, we are the marks, which looking from
on high,
The traveller beholds; and with a cheerful eye
Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly doth
pursue [view.
The way, which long before lay tedious in his
" What forest, flood, or field, that standeth not
in awe [saw?
Of Sina, or shall see the sight that mountain
To none but to a hill such grace was ever given:
As on his back, 'tis said, great Atlas bears up
Heaven.
" So Latmus by the wise Endymion [2] is
renown'd;
That hill, on whose high top he was the first that
found
Pale Phœbe's wand'ring course; so skilful in her
sphere,
As some stick not to say that he enjoy'd her there.

[2] Endymion found out the course of the moon.

"And those chaste maids, begot on Memory by Jove,
Not Tempe only love, delighting in their grove;
Nor Helicon their brook, in whose delicious brims,
They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and crystal limbs; [they
But high Parnassus have, their mountain, whereon
Upon their golden lutes continually do play.
Of these I more could tell, to prove the place our own,
Than by his spacious maps are by Ortelius shown."
For mountains this suffice. Which scarcely had he told;
Along the fertile fields, when Malvern might behold
The Herefordian floods, far distant though they be:
For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.
First, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard that doth glide;
And taking Loden in, their mixed streams do guide,
To meet their sovereign Lug, from the Radnorian plain
At Prestain coming in; where he doth entertain
The Wadel, as along he under Derfold goes:
Her full and lusty side to whom the forest shows,
As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make.
Lug little Oney first, then Arro in doth take,
At Lemster, for her wool whose staple doth excel,
And seems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.
Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients known,
When honour was herself, and in her glory shown,
He then that did command the infantry of Greece,
Had only to our isle adventur'd for this fleece.
Where lives the man so dull, on Britain's farthest shore, [ore?
To whom did never sound the name of Lemster[3]
That with the silkworm's web for smallness doth compare: [rare
Wherein, the winder shows his workmanship so
As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her looser clew;
As neatly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew;
Of each in high'st account, and reckoned here as fine, [tine.
§. As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Taren-
From thence his lovely self for Wye he doth dispose,
To view the goodly flocks on each hand as he goes;
And makes his journey short, with strange and sundry tales
Of all their wondrous things; and, not the least, of Wales; [he pass'd)
Of that prodigious spring (him neighbouring as
That little fishes' bones continually doth cast.
Whose reason whilst he seeks industriously to know, [show
A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth
Her rising spires aloft; when as the princely Wye,
Him from his Muse to wake, arrests him by and by.
Whose meeting to behold, with how well-order'd grace
Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace;
For joy, so great a shout the bordering city sent,
That with the sound thereof, which thorough Haywood went, [won;
The wood-nymphs did awake that in the forest
To know the sudden cause, and presently they run
With locks uncomb'd, for haste the lovely Wye to see [married be
(The flood that grac'd her most) this day should
To that more lovely Lug; a river of much fame,
That in her wandering banks should lose his glorious name
For Hereford, although her Wye she hold so dear,
Yet Lug (whose longer course doth grace the goodly shire, [bring)
And with his plenteous stream so many brooks doth
Of all hers that be north is absolutely king.
But Marcely, griev'd that he (the nearest of the rest,
And of the mountain kind) not bidden was a guest
Unto this nuptial feast, so hardly it doth take,
As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)
§. Enrag'd and mad with grief, himself in two did rive; [drive,
The trees and hedges near, before him up doth
And dropping headlong down, three days together fall: [appal,
Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did so
That they him passage made, who coats and chappels crush:
So violently he into his valley rush. [restrain,
But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing can
In many a pleasant shade, her joy to entertain)
To Ross her course directs; and right her name[4] to show,
Oft windeth in her way, as back she meant to go.
Meander, who is said so intricate to be, [she.
Hath not so many turns, nor crankling nooks as
The Herefordian fields when well near having past,
As she is going forth, two sister brooks at last
That soil her kindly sends, to guide her on her way;
Neat Gamar, that gets in swift Garran: which do lay
Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her train,
To grace the goodly Wye, as she doth pass by Dean.
Beyond whose equal spring unto the west doth lie
The goodly Golden Vale, whose luscious scents do fly [bord'ring hills,
More free than Hybla's sweets; and 'twixt her
The air with such delights and delicacy fills,
As makes it loth to stir, or thence those smells to bear. [there:
Th' Hesperides scarce had such pleasures as be
Which sometime to attain, that mighty son of Jove
One of his labours made, and with the drago[illegible] strove,
That never clos'd his eyes, the golden fruit to guard;
As if' enrich this place, from others, nature spar'd:
Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to keep the plain, [maintain;
Fields batful, flow'ry meads, in state them to
Floods, to make fat those meads, from marble veins that spout, [out.
To show, the wealth within doth answer that without.
So brave a nymph she is, in every thing so rare,
As to sit down by her, she thinks there's none should dare. [wait,
And forth she sends the Doire, upon the Wye to
Whom Munno by the way more kindly doth entreat
(For Eskle, her most lov'd, and Olcon's only sake)
With her to go along, till Wye she overtake.
To whom she condescends from danger her to shield,
That th' Monumethian parts from th' Herefordian field.

[3] The excellency of Lemster wool.

[4] Wye or Gwy, so called (in the British) of her sinuosity, or turning.

Which manly Malvern sees from furthest of the shire,
On the Wigornian waste when northward looking near, [born chase[5],
On Corswood casts his eye, and on his home-
Then constantly beholds, with an unusual pace,
Team with her tribute come unto the Cambrian queen[6];
Near whom in all this place a river's scarcely seen,
That dare avouch her name; Team scorning any spring [bring
But what with her along from Shropshire she doth
Except one nameless stream that Malvern sends her in, [grace that win,
And Laughern though but small: when they such
There thrust in with the brooks enclosed in her bank.
Team lastly thither com'n with water is so rank,
As though she would contend with Sabrine, and doth crave
Of place (by her desert) precedency to have:
Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,
So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face
By no means she could hold, but needly she must show
Her liking; and herself doth into Sabrine throw.
Not far from him again when Malvern doth perceive [do not heave,
Two hills, which though their heads so high they
Yet duly do observe great Malvern, and afford
Him reverence: who again as fits a gracious lord,
Upon his subjects looks, and equal praise doth give
That Woodberry so nigh and neighbourly doth live
With Abberley his friend, deserving well such fame
That Saxton in his maps forgot them not to name:
Which, though in their mean types small matter doth appear,
Yet both of good account are reckon'd in the shire,
And highly grac'd of Team in his proud passing by.
When soon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was so high
Her stately top to rear, ashamed to behold
Her straight and goodly woods unto the furnace sold,
(And looking on herself, by her decay doth see
The misery wherein her sister forests be)
Of Erisicthon's[7] end begins her to bethink,
And of his cruel plagues doth wish they all might drink [despite;
That thus have them despoil'd: then of her own
That she, in whom her town, fair Beudly, took delight, [pride,
And from her goodly seat conceiv'd so great a
In Severn on her east, Wyre on the setting side,
So naked left of woods, of pleasure, and forlorn,
As she that lov'd her most, her now the most doth scorn; [she strake,
With endless grief perplext, her stubborn breast
And to the deafen'd air, thus passionately spake;
"You Dryads, that are said with oaks to live and die,
Wherefore in our distress do you our dwellings fly:
Upon this monstrous age and not revenge our wrong?
For cutting down an oak that justly did belong
To one of Ceres' nymphs, in Thessaly that grew
In the Dodonian grove (O nymphs!) you could pursue
The son of Perops then, and did the goddess stir
That villainy to wreak the tyrant did to her:
Who, with a dreadful frown did blast the growing grain: [maintain,
And having from him reft what should his life
She unto Scythia sent, for hunger him to gnaw,
And thrusts her down his throat, into his stanchless maw:
Who, when nor sea nor land for him sufficient were,
With his devouring teeth his wretched flesh did tear.
"This did you for one tree: but of whole forests they [decay
That in these impious times have been the vile
(Whom I may justly call their country's deadly foes) [punish'd goes.
'Gainst them you move no power, their spoil un-
How many grieved souls in future time shall starve,
For that which they have rapt their beastly lust to serve! [were,
"We, sometime that the state of famous Britain
For whom she was renown'd in kingdoms far and near, [ground,
Are ransack'd; and our trees so back'd above the
That where their lofty tops their neighbouring countries crown'd, [stand,
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked
As for revenge to Heav'n each held a wither'd hand:
And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd harts did gaze
Upon the passer by, thereby now doth only graze
The gall'd-back carrion jade, and hurtful swine do spoil
Once to the sylvan powers our consecrated soil."
This utter'd she with grief: and more she would have spoke,
When the Salopian floods her of her purpose broke,
And silence did enjoin; a list'ning ear to lend
To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty things intend.

[5] Malvern chase. [6] Severn.
[7] A fable in Ovid's Metamor.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Muse yet hovers over Wales, and here sings the inner territories, with part of the Severn story, and her English neighbours.

That fraught from plenteous Powse with their Manure the batful March—— [superfluous waste

Wales (as is before touched) is divided into three parts, North Wales, South Wales, and Powis; this last is here meant, comprising part of Brecknock, Radnor, and Montgomery. The division hath its beginning attributed to the three sons of Roderic the great, Mervin, Cadelh, and Anarawt (*a*), who possessed them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welsh laws, David Powel affirms these tripartite titles more ancient. I know that the division and gift is different in Caradoc Lancharvan from that of Girald; but no great consequence of admitting either here. Those three princes were called in British ytritwysoc talacthioc (*b*), because every one of them wore upon his bonnet or helmet, a coronet of gold (*c*), being a broad lace or head-

(*a*) Girald. Camb. descript. cap. 2. DCCC. LXX. VI.
(*b*) "The three crowned princes."
(*c*) D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Lhancarvan.

band, indented upwards, set and wrought with precious stones, which in British or Welsh is called talaeth (*d*), which name nurses give to the upper band on a child's head. Of this form (I mean of a band or wreath) were the ancientest of crowns, as appears, in the description of the cidaris, and tiara of the Persians in Ctesias, Q. Curtius, and Xenophon, the crowns of oak, grass, parsley, olives, myrtle, and such among the Greeks and Romans, and in that express name of diadema, signifying a band, of which, whether it have in our tongue community with that banda, derived of the Carian into Italian (*e*), expressing victory, and so, for ominous good words, is translated to ensigns and standards (as in oriental stories the words Βανδα and Βανδοφόρος often show) I must not here inquire. Molmutius first used a golden crown among the British (*f*), and as it seems by the same authority, Athelstan among the Saxons. But I digress. By the March understand those limits between England and Wales; which continuing from north to south, join the Welsh shires to Hereford, Shropshire, and the English part, and were divers baronies, divided from any shire until Henry VIII. by act of parliament annexed some to Wales, others to England (*g*). The barons that lived in them were called lord marchers, and by the name of marchiones (*h*), i. e. marquises. For so Roger of Mortimer, James of Audeleg, Roger of Clifford, Roger of Leiburn, Haimo L'estrange, Hugh of Turbervil (*i*), (which by sword adventured the ransom of Henry III. out of Simon of Montfort his treacherous imprisonment, after the battle of Lewes) are called marchiones Walliæ (*k*); and Edward III. created Roger of Mortimer earl of March, as if you should say, of the limits 'twixt Wales and England (*l*), marc, or merc, signifying a bound or limit: as to the third song more largely. And hence is supposed the original of that honorary title of marquis, which is as much as a lord of the frontiers, or such like; although I know divers others are derivations which the feudists have imagined (*m*). These marchers had their laws in their baronies, and for matter of suit, if it had been 'twixt tenants holding of them, then was it commenced in their own courts and determined; if for the barony itself, then in the king's courts at Westminster, by writ, directed to the sheriff of the next English shire adjoining, as Glocester, Hereford, and some others. For the king's writ (*n*) did not run in Wales as in England, until by statute the principality was incorporated with the crown; as appears in an old report where one was committed for esloigning a ward into Wales (*o*), extra potestatem regis under Henry III. Afterward Edward I. made some shires in it (*p*), and altered the customs, conforming them in some sort to the English, as in the statute of Ruthland you have it largely; and under Edward II. to a parliament at York were summoned twenty-four out of North Wales, and as many out of South Wales (*q*). But notwithstanding all this, the Marches continued as distinct; and in them were, for the most part, those controverted titles, which in our law-annals are referred to Wales. For the divided shires were, as it seems, or should have been subject to the English form; but the particulars hereof are unfit for this room: if you are at all conversant in our law, I send you to my margin (*r*); if not, it scarce concerns you.

———the Higre wildly raves.

This violence of the water's madness, declared by the author, is so exprest in an old monk (*s*), which, about four hundred years since, says it was called the Higre in English. To make more description of it, were but to resolve the author's poem.

Within her hollow woods the satyrs that did won.

By the satyrs ravishing the sea-nymphs into this maritime forest of Dean (lying between Wye and Severn, in Glocester) with Severn's suit to Neptune, and his provision of remedy, you have, poetically describ'd, the rapines which were committed along that shore, by such as lurked in these shady receptacles, which he properly titles satyrs, that name coming from an eastern root (*t*), signifying to hide, or lie hid, as that all-knowing Isaac Casaubon hath at large (among other his unmeasurable benefits to the state of learning) taught us (*u*). The English were also ill entreated by the Welsh in their passages here, until by act of parliament remedy was given; as you may see in the statute's preamble (*x*), which satisfies the action.

Whilst Malverne king of hills fair Severn overlooks.

Hereford and Worcester are by these hills seven miles in length confined; and rather, in respect of the adjacent vales, than the hills self, understand the attribute of excellency. Upon these is the supposed vision of Piers Ploughman, done, as is thought, by Robert Langland (*y*), a Shropshire man, in a kind of English metre: which for discovery of the infecting corruptions of those times, I prefer before many more seemingly serious invectives, as well for invention as judgment. But I have read that the author's name was John Malverne, a fellow of Oriel College in Oxford, who finished it 16 Ed. III.

(*d*) Crowns, diadems, band.

(*e*) Stephan. περὶ πολ. Ἀλάβανδα. v. Gorop. Becceselan. 2. & Pet. Pithæl. adversar. 2. c. 20. de Bandâ, cui & Andatem apud Dionem conferas, & videsis in altero alterius reliquiæ.

(*f*) Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1. & 9.

(*g*) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 26. v. 28. Ed. 3. cap. 2.

(*h*) Lib. Ruh. Scaccar.

(*i*) Matth. Westmonast. lib. 2.

(*k*) Marquises or lord marchers of Wales.

(*l*) For the limits see to the next song.

(*m*) Ad Const. Feud. 2. tit. quis dicatur Dux. & Jurisconsulti sæpiùs.

(*n*) But see to the ninth song more particularly.

(*o*) 13 Hen. 3. tit. Guard. 147.

(*p*) Stat. Ruthland. 12. Ed. 1.

(*q*) 14 Ed. 2. dors. claus. mem. 13.

(*r*) V. 18 Ed. 2. tit. Assise 382. 13 Ed. 3. jurisdict. 23. 6 Hen. 5. ib. 34. 1 Ed. 3. f. 14. & sæpius in annalibus Juris nostri.

(*s*) Guil. Malmesbur. lib. 4. digest. Pontificum.

(*t*) סתר.

(*u*) Πανεπιστήμων. lib. de Satyra. Meritò indigitatur hoc epitheto longe doctissimus à doctissimo Dan. Heinsio in annot. ad Horatium.

(*x*) Stat. 9 Hen. 6. cap. 5.

(*y*) About time of Edward III.

As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.

In Apuglia and the upper Calabria of Italy, the wool hath been ever famous for finest excellence (a): in so much that for preserving it from the injury of earth, bushes, and weather, the shepherds used to clothe their sheep with skins, and indeed it was so chargeable in these and other kind of pains about it, that it scarce requited cost.

————himself in two did rive.

Alluding to a prodigious division of Marely hill, in an earthquake of late time (a); which most of all was in these parts of the island.

(a) Varr. de re rustic. 2. cap. 2. Columell. lib. 7. cap. 4. (a) 1575.

POLY-OLBION.

THE EIGHTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The goodly Severn bravely sings
The noblest of her British kings;
At Cæsar's landing what we were,
And of the Roman conquest here:
Then shows, to her dear Britain's fame,
How quickly christ'ned they became,
And of their constancy doth boast,
In sundry fortunes strangely tost:
Then doth the Saxons' landing tell,
And how by them the Britons fell;
Cheers the Salopian mountains high,
That on the west of Severn lie;
Calls down each riveret from her spring,
Their queen upon her way to bring;
Whom down to Brug the Muse attends:
Where, leaving her, this song she ends.

To Salop when herself clear Sabrine comes to show,
And wisely her bethinks the way she had to go,
South-westward cast her course; and with an amorous eye [ing by):
Those countries whence she came surveyeth (pass-
Those lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd her due,
For refuge when to her th' oppressed Britons flew;
By England now usurp'd, who (past the wonted meers, [shires,
Her sure and sovereign banks) had taken sundry
Which she her Marches made: whereby those hills of fame [shame,
And rivers stood disgrac'd; accounting it their
§. That all without that mound which Mercian Offa cast [waste,
To run from north to south, athwart the Cambrian
Could England not suffice, but that the straggling Wye, [lie,
Which in the heart of Wales was sometime said to
Now only for her bound proud England did prefer.
That Severn, when she sees the wrong thus offer'd her,
Though by injurious time deprived of that place
Which anciently she held: yet loth that her disgrace
Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers near
Austerely to her calls, commanding them to hear
In her dear children's right (their ancestors of yore,
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian shore,
§. Who drave the giants hence that of the earth were bred,
And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head)
What from authentic books she liberally could say.
Of which whilst she bethought her; westward every way, [betake:
The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them
When Severn lowting low, thus gravely them bespake: [to be,
" How mighty was that man, and honoured still
That gave this isle his name, and to his children three, [deny,
Three kingdoms in the same? which, time doth now
With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.
" Loëgria[1], though thou canst thy Locrine easely lose, [chose,
Yet Cambria[2], him, whom Fate her ancient founder
In no wise will forego; nay, should Albania[3] leave
§. Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.
And though remorseless Rome, which first did us enthral, [call;
As barbarous but esteem'd, and stick'd not so to
The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey'd
§. Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid;
And had a thousand years an empire strongly stood,
Ere Cæsar to her shores here stemm'd the circling flood; [Hun,
§. And long before, borne arms against the barbarous
Here landing with intent the isle to over-run:
And following them in flight, their general Humberd drown'd [nown'd?
In that great arm of sea, by his great name re-
And her great builders had, her cities who did rear
With fanes unto her gods, and flamens[4] every where.
Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand;
But after, soon again by Ebrank's powerful hand
York lifts her towers aloft: which scarcely finish'd was,
But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,
Kent's first and famous town[5], with Winchester, arose:
And others, others built, as they fit places chose.
" So Britain to her praise, of all conditions brings,
The warlike, as the wise. Of her courageous kings,
Brute Greenshield: to whose name we providence impute,
Divinely to revive the land's first conqueror, Brute.
" So had she those were learn'd, endu'd with nobler parts: [arts)
As he from learned Greece, that (by the liberal
§. To Stamford, in this isle, seem'd Athens to transfer;
Wise Bladud, of her kings that great philosopher;
Who found our boiling baths; and his knowledge high,
Disdaining human paths, here practised to fly.

[1] England. [2] Wales. [3] Scotland.
[4] Priests among idolatrous gentiles.
[5] Canterbury.

" Of justly vex'd Leire, and those who last did
In worse than civil war, the sons of Gorbodug[6] [tug
(By whose unnatural strife the land so long was
tost)
I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain boast;
But, of that man which did her monarchy restore,
Her first imperial crown of gold that ever wore,
And that most glorious type of sovereignty regain'd;
Mulmutius: who this land in such estate maintain'd
As his great belsire Brute from Albion's heirs it
won. [proud streets begun
" §. This grand-child, great as he, those four
That each way cross this isle, and bounds did them
allow.
Like privilege he lent the temple and the plough:
So studious was this prince in his most forward zeal
To the celestial power, and to the public weal.
" Bellinus[7] he begot, who Dacia proud subdu'd;
And Brennus, who abroad a worthier war pursu'd,
Asham'd of civil strife; at home here leaving all:
And with such goodly youth, in Germany and Gaul
As he had gather'd up, the Alpine mountains pass'd,
And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia chas'd
The Romans (that her stream distained with their
gore) [ensign bore:
And through proud Rome, display'd his British
§. There, balancing his sword against her baser
gold,
The senators for slaves he in her forum sold.
At last, by power expell'd, yet proud of late success,
His forces then for Greece did instantly address;
And marching with his men upon her fruitful face,
Made Macedon first stoop; then Thessaly, and
Thrace;
His soldiers there enrich'd with all Peonia's spoil;
And where to Greece he gave the last and deadliest
foil, [day,
In that most dreadful fight, on that more dismal
O'erthrew their utmost prowess at sad Thermopylæ;
And daring of her gods, adventur'd to have ta'en
Those sacred things enshrin'd in wise Apollo's fane:
To whom when thundering Heaven pronounc'd her
fearfull'st word, [sword.
§. Against the Delphian power he shak'd his ireful
" As of the British blood, the native Cambri here
(So of my Cambria call'd) those valiant Cymbri were
(When Britan with her brood so peopled had her
seat,
The soil could not suffice, it daily grew so great)
Of Denmark who themselves did anciently possess,
And to that strait'ned point, that utmost chersonesse,
§. My country's name bequeath'd; whence Cym-
brica it took:
Yet long were not compris'd within that little nook,
But with those Almain powers this people issued
forth:
And like some boist'rous wind arising from the north,
Came that unwieldy host; that, which way it did
move,
The very burthenous earth before it seem'd to shove,
And only meant to claim the universe its own.
In this terrestrial globe, as though some world un-
known,
By pamper'd Nature's store too prodigally fed
(And surfeiting therewith) her surcrease vomited;
These roaming up and down to seek some settling
First like a deluge fell upon Illyricum, [room,

[6] Ferrex and Porrex.
[7] Belinus and Brennus.

And with his Roman powers Papyrius overthrew;
Then, by great Belus[8] brought against those
legions, slew
Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus led;
And afterward again, as bravely vanquished
The consuls Cæpio, and stout Manlius on the plain,
Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latins slain.
" In greatness next succeeds Belinus' worthy son,
Gurgustus: who soon left what his great father won,
To Guynteline his heir: whose queen[9], beyond her
kind, [mind,
In her great husband's peace, to show her upright
§. To wise Mulmutius' laws, her Martian first did
frame:
From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.
" So Britain forth with these, that valiant bastard
brought, [fought
Morindus, Danius' son, which with that monster[10]
His subjects that devour'd; to show himself again
Their martyr, who by them selected was to reign.
" So Britain likewise boasts her Elidure the just,
Who with his people was of such especial trust,
That (Archigallo fall'n into their general hate,
And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly state)
Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd:
But long he had not reign'd, ere happily it chanc'd,
In hunting of a hart, that in the forest wild,
The late deposed king, himself who had exil'd
From all resort of men, just Elidure did meet;
Who much unlike himself, at Elidurus' feet,
Him prostrating with tears, his tender breast so
strook,
That he (the British rule who lately on him took
At th' earnest people's pray'rs) him calling to the
court,
There Archigallo's wrongs so lively did report,
Relating (in his right) his lamentable case,
With so effectual speech imploring their high grace,
That him they reinthron'd; in peace who spent his
days. [praise,
" Then Elidure again, crown'd with applausive
As he a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd,
And put into the tow'r: where miserably enclos'd,
Outliving yet their hate, and the usurpers dead,
Thrice had the British crown set on his reverend
head. [came
" When more than thirty kings in fair succession
Unto that mighty Lud, in whose eternal name
§. Great London still shall live (by him rebuilded)
while
To cities she remains the sovereign of this isle.
" And when commanding Rome to Cæsar gave
the charge,
Her empire (but too great) still further to enlarge
With all beyond the Alps; the aids he found to
pass [was
From these parts into Gaul, show'd here some nation
Undaunted that remain'd with Rome's so dreadful
name, [tame.
That durst presume to aid those she decreed to
Wherefore that matchless man, whose high
ambition wrought [sought
Beyond her empire's bounds, by shipping wisely
(Here prowling on the shores) this island to descry,
What people her possess'd, how fashion'd she did
[lie:

[8] A great general of those northern nations.
[9] Martia.
[10] A certain monster often issuing from the sea, devoured diverse of the British people.

Where scarce a stranger's foot defil'd her virgin breast, [to rest;
Since her first conqueror Brute here put his powers
Only some little boats, from Gaul that did her feed
With trifles, which she took for niceness more than need:
But as another world, with all abundance blest,
And satisfy'd with what she in herself possess'd;
Through her excessive wealth (at length) till wanton grown, [their own)
Some kings (with others' lands that would enlarge
By innovating arms an open passage made
For him that gap'd for all (the Roman) to invade.
Yet with grim-visag'd war when he her shores did greet,
And terriblest did threat with his amazing fleet,
Those British bloods he found, his force that durst assail, [of hail
And poured from the cliffs their shafts like showers
Upon his helmed head; to tell him as he came,
That they (from all the world) yet feared not his name: [conqueror feel,
Which, their undaunted spirits soon made that
Oft vent'ring their bare breast 'gainst his oft-bloody'd steel; [wondrous skill
And in their chariots charg'd: which they with
Could turn in their swift'st course upon the steepest hill, [ground,
And wheel about his troops for vantage of the
Or else disrank his force where entrance might be found: [could throw;
And from their armed seats their thrilling darts
Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant swords bestow,
And with an active skip remount themselves again,
Leaving the Roman horse behind them on the plain,
And beat him back to Gaul his forces to supply;
As they the gods of Rome and Cæsar did defy.
" Cassibelan renown'd, the Britons' faithful guide,
Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be deny'd,
But would this isle subdue; their forces to fore-lay,
Thy forests thou didst fell, their speedy course to stay: [horse to gore,
§. Those armed stakes in Thames that stuck'st, their
Which boldly durst attempt to forage on thy shore:
Thou such hard entrance here to Cæsar didst allow,
To whom (thyself except) the western world did bow. [not win,
§. And more than Cæsar got, three emperors could
Till the courageous sons of our Cunobelin
Sunk under Plautius' sword, sent hither to discuss
The former Roman right, by arms again with us.
Nor with that consul join'd, Vespasian could prevail
In thirty several fights, nor make them stoop their sail. [hopes,
Yea, had not his brave son, young Titus, past their
His forward father fetch'd out of the British troops,
And quit him wond'rous well when he was strongly charg'd,
His father (by his hands so valiantly enlarg'd)
Had never more seen Rome; nor had he ever spilt
The temple that wise son of faithful David built,
Subverted those high walls, and lay'd that city waste,
Which God, in human flesh, above all other grac'd.
" No marvail then though Rome so great her conquest thought,
In that the isle of Wight she to subjection brought,
Our Belgæ[11] and subdu'd (a people of the west)
That latest came to us, our least of all the rest;
When Claudius, who that time her wreath imperial wore, [shore,
Though scarce he show'd himself upon our southern
It scorn'd not in his stile; but, due to that his praise,' [plays;
Triumphal arches claim'd, and to have yearly
The noblest naval crown, upon his palace pitch'd;
As with the ocean's spoil his Rome who had enrich'd. [prefer;
" Her Caradoc (with cause) so Britain may
Than whom, a braver spirit was ne'er brought forth by her: [head,
For whilst here in the west the Britons gather'd
This general of the rest, his stout Silures[12] led
Against Ostorius, sent by Cæsar to this place
With Rome's high fortune (then the high'st in fortune's grace) [tain,
A long and doubtful war with whom he did main-
Until that hour wherein his valiant Britons slain,
He grievously beheld (o'erprest with Roman power)
Himself well near the last their wrath did not devour. [most,
When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as trusting
Another day might win, what this had lately lost)
To Cartismandua, queen of Brigants[13], for her aid,
He to his foes, by her, most falsely was betray'd.
Who, as a spoil of war, t' adorn the triumph sent
To great Ostorius due, when through proud Rome he went, [eyes)
That had herself prepar'd (as she had all been
Our Caradoc to view; who in his country's guise,
§. Came with his body nak'd, his hair down to his waist, [chas'd
Girt with a chain of steel; his manly breast en-
With sundry shapes of beasts. And when this Briton saw [not awe
His wife and children bound as slaves, it could
His manliness at all: but with a settled grace,
Undaunted with her pride, he look'd her in the face:
And with a speech so grave as well a prince became,
Himself and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.
" Then Rome's great tyrant[14] next, the last's adopted heir, [clear;
That brave Suetonius sent, the British coasts to
The utter spoil of Mon[15] who strongly did pursue
(Unto whose gloomy strengths, th' revolted Britons flew) [dread:
There ent'ring, he beheld what strook him pale with
The frantic British froes, their hair dishevelled,
With fire-brands ran about, like to their furious eyes;
And from the hollow woods the fearless Druides;
Who with their direful threats, and execrable vows,
Enforc'd the troubled Heaven to knit her angry brows.
" And as here in the west the Romans bravely
So all upon the east the Britons over-ran: [wan,
§. The colony long kept at Maldon, overthrown,
Which by prodigious signs was many times foreshown,

[11] A people then inhabiting Hamp. Dorset. Wilt. and Somersetshires.
[12] Those of Monmouth, and the adjacent shires.
[13] Those of Yorkshire, and thereby.
[14] Nero.
[15] Anglesey, the chief place of residence of the Druides.

And often had dismay'd the Roman soldiers: when
Brave Voadicia made with her resolved'st men
To Virolam[16]; whose siege with fire and sword she ply'd,
Till levell'd with the earth. To London as she hy'd,
The consul coming in with his auspicious aid,
The queen (to quit her yoke no longer that delay'd)
Him dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to try,
With words that courage show'd, and with a voice as high [shield,
(In her right hand her lance, and in her left her
As both the battles stood prepared in the field)
Encouraging her men: which resolute, as strong,
Upon the Roman rush'd; and she, the rest among,
Wades in that doubtful war: till lastly, when she saw
The fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,
The queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did disdain,
And lastly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain)
§. By poison ends her days, unto that end prepar'd,
As lavishly to spend what Suetonius spar'd.
" Him scarcely Rome recall'd, such glory having wop,
But bravely to proceed, as erst she had begun,
Agricola here made her great lieutenant then:
Who having settled Mon, that man of all her men,
Appointed by the powers apparently to see
The wearied Britons sink, and eas'ly in degree
Beneath his fatal sword the Ordovies[17] to fall
Inhabiting the west, those people cast of all
Which stoutl'est him withstood, renown'd for martial worth. [north,
" Thence leading on his powers unto the utmost
When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent and Tweed,
Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to feed,
He there some Britons found, who (to rebate their spleen,
As yet with grieved eyes our spoils not having seen)
Him at mount Grampus[18] met: which from his height beheld [compell'd
Them lavish of their lives; who could not be
The Roman yoke to bear: and Galgacus their guide [dy'd.
Amongst his murther'd troops there resolutely
" Eight Roman emperors reign'd since first that war began;
Great Julius Cæsar first, the last Domitian.
A hundred thirty years the northern Britons still,
That would in no wise stoop to Rome's imperious will,
Into the strait'ned land with theirs retired far,
In laws and manners since from us that different are; [drew
And with the Irish Piot, which to their aid they
(On them oft breaking in, who long did them pursue)
§. A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,
Than Rome, with much expense that us had conquered. [were grown,
And when that we great Rome's so much in time
That she her charge durst leave to princes of our own, [elect)
(Such as, within ourselves, our suffrage should
§. Arviragus, born ours, here first she did protect;
Who faithfully and long, of labour did her ease.
Then he, our flamens' seats who turn'd to bishops sees; [owe
Great Lucius, that good king: to whom we chiefly
§. This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.
" As Britain to her praise receiv'd the christian faith, [death
After (that word-made man) our dear Redeemer's
Within two hundred years; and his disciples here,
By their great master sent to preach him every where, [ferr'd;
Most reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and pre-
Interring him[19], who erst the son of God interr'd.
" So Britain's was she born, though Italy her crown'd, [nown'd,
Of all the christian world that empress most re-
§. Constantius' worthy wife; who scorning worldly loss,
Herself in person went to seek that sacred cross,
Whereon our saviour dy'd: which found, as it was sought, [brought.
From Salem[20] unto Rome triumphantly she
" As when the primer church her councils pleas'd to call, [all;
Great Britain's bishops there were not the least of
§. Against the Arian sect at Arles having room,
At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.
" Now, when with various fate five hundred years had past, [at last;
And Rome of her great charge grew weary here
The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a powerful head
All Italy and France had well-near overspread,
To much-endanger'd Rome sufficient warning gave,
Those forces that she held, within herself to have.
The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.
" Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry fortunes prov'd
With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with war.
And twixt the froward sire, licentious Vortiger,
And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose
Much strife within ourselves, whilst here they interpose [ed grew.
By turns each other's reigns: whereby, we weaken-
The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew;
A nation nurst in spoil, and fitt'st to undergo
Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate foe. [the shore,
" When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to
Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,
And subt'ly had found out how we infeebled were;
They, under false pretence of amity and cheer,
The British peers invite, the German healths to view
At Stonehenge; where they them unmercifully slew.
" Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armoric possess'd,
Extremely griev'd to see their kinsmen so distrest,
Us offer'd to relieve, or else with us to die:
We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,
§. Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends again, [strain;
In wedlock to be link'd with them of Brute's high
That none with Brute's great blood, but Britons might be mix'd:
Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy betwixt.

[16] By Saint Albans.
[17] North Wales men.
[18] In the midst of Scotland.
[19] Joseph of Arimathea.
[20] Jerusalem.

Out of whose ancient race, that warlike Arthur sprong;
Whose most renowned acts shall sounded be as long
As Britain's name is known: which spread themselves so wide,
As scarcely hath for fame left any roomth beside.
" My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy Britons stand
Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.
Think how much better 'tis, for thee, and those of thine, [line,
From gods, and heroes old to draw your famous
§. Than from the Scythian poor; whence they themselves derive, [drive.
Whose multitudes did first you to the mountains
Nor let the spacious mound of that great Mercian
(Into a lesser roomth thy burliness to bring) [king
Include thee; when myself, and my dear brother Dee [21],
By nature were the bounds first limited to thee."
Scarce ended she her speech, but those great mountains near,
Upon the Cambrian part that all for Brutus were,
With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one about [them out,
To find their several springs; and bade them get
And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign flood,
In Britons' ancient right so bravely that had stood.
When first the furious Team, that on the Cambrian side
Doth Shropshire as a mear from Hereford divide,
As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave
That of those lesser brooks the leading she might have; [came:
The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress
Which of a forest [20] born that bears her proper
Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd, [name,
Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,
The longer that she grows, the more renown doth win: [in,
And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth
Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.
When fiercely making forth, the strong and lusty Team [embrace,
A friendly forest-nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth
Herself thut bravely bears; twixt whom and Bringwood-chase, [deck'd,
Her banks with many a wreath are curiously be-
And in their safer shades they long time her protect. [doth fling:
Then takes she Oncy in, and forth from them
When to her further aid, next Bow and Warren bring [doth take:
Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbrook up
By whose united powers, their Team they mightier make;
Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,
Where Corve into her stream herself doth headlong cast. [Rhea.
With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the
Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the sea, [adieu,
Her native Shropshire leaves, and bids those towns
Her only sovereign queen, proud Severn to pursue.
When at her going out, those mountains of command [stand)
(The Clees, like loving twins, and Stitterston that
Trans-severned, behold fair England tow'rds the rise,
And on their setting side, how ancient Cambria lies.
Then Stipperston a hill, though not of such renown
As many that are set here tow'rds the going down,
To those his own allies, that stood not far away,
Thus in behalf of Wales directly seem'd to say:
" Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd of me, [be,
And Breeden, as thou hop'st a Briton thought to
To Cortoc strongly cleave, as to our ancient friend,
And all our utmost strength to Cambria let us lend.
For though that envious time injuriously have wrung
From us those proper names did first to us belong,
Yet for our country still, stout mountains let us stand." [hand,
Here, every neighbouring hill held up a willing
As freely to applaud what Stipperston decreed:
And Hockstow when she heard the mountains thus proceed, [express'd,
With echoes from her woods, her inward joys
To hear that hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd her best, [mountains stir,
Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring
So to advance that place which might them both prefer; [frain.
That she from open shouts could scarce herself re-
When soon those other rills to Severn which retain, [show
And tended not on Team, thus of themselves do
The service that to her they absolutely owe.
First Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,
Her source in Severn's banks that safely having laid, [meet,
Mele, her great mistress next at Shrewsbury doth
To see with what a grace she that fair town doth greet; [throws,
Into what sundry gyres her wonder'd self she
And oft inisles the shore, as wantonly she flows;
Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to embrace;
As though she only were enamour'd of that place,
Her fore-intended course determined to leave,
And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave:
With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,
Her journey tow'rds the sea doth seriously pursue.
Where, as along the shores she prosperously doth sweep,
Small Marbrook maketh in, to her enticing deep,
And as she lends her eye to Bruge's lofty sight [23],
That forest-nymph mild Morff doth kindly her invite [make:
To see within her shade what pastime she could
Where she, of Shropshire; I, my leave of Severn take.

[21] The ancient bounds of Wales.
[22] Clun forest.
[23] Bruge North.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL are you in the Welch march, and the chorography of this song includes itself, for the most, within Shropshire's part over Severn.

That all without the mound that Mercian Offa cast.

Of the Marches in general you have to the next before. The particular bounds have been certain

parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and Offa's dike (*a*). The ancientest is Severn, but a later is observed in a right line from Strigoil-castle, upon Wye (*b*), to Chester upon Dee, which was so naturally a mere between these two countries, Wales and England, that by apparent change of its channel towards either side, superstitious judgment was used to be given of success in the following years' battles of both nations; whence perhaps came it to be called Holy Dee, as the author also often uses. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and Wye in this line (almost an hundred miles long) was that Offa's dike cast, after such time as he had besides his before-possessed Mercland, acquired by conquest even almost what is now England. King Harold made a law (*c*), that whatsoever Welch transcended this dike with any kind of weapon, should have, upon apprehension, his right hand cut off; Athelstan, after conquest of Howel Dha, king of Wales, made Wye limit of North-Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of West-Saxony (so affirms Malmsbury) which well understood impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere instituted by him, and withal shows you how to mend the monk's published text, where you read, Ludwalum regem omnium Wallensium & Constantinum regem Scotorum cedere regnis compulit (*d*). For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelstan's life time was not king of all Wales, but only of the south and western parts with Powis, his cousin Edwal Voel then having North-Wales; 'twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore either read Occidentalium Wallensium (for in Florence of Worcester, and Roger of Hoveden, that passage is with Occidentalium Britonum) or else believe that Malmesbury mistook Howel to be in Athelstan's time, as he was after his death, sole prince of all Wales. In this conjecture I had aid from Lhancarvan's history, which in the same page (as learned Lhuid's edition in English is) says, that Athelstan made the river Cambia (*e*) the frontier towards Cornwal: but there, in requital, I correct him, and read Tambra, i. e. Tamar, dividing Devonshire and Cornwal; as Malmesbury hath it expressly, and the matter itself enough persuades.

Who drave the giants hence, that of the earth were bred.

Somewhat of the giants to the first song; fabulously supposed begotten by spirits upon Dioclesian's or Danaus's daughters. But here the author aptly terms them bred of the earth, both for that the antiquities of the Gentiles made the first inhabitants of most countries, as produced of the soil, calling them Aborigines and Αυτόχθονες, as also for imitation of those epithets of Γηγενεῖς, and Πηλογόνοι (*f*) among the Greeks, Terræ filii among the Latins, the very name of giants being thence derived.

Οὐνεκαγῆς ἐγένοντο καὶ αἵματος Ουρανοῖο (*g*).

Which misconceit I shall think abused the heathen upon their ill understanding of Adam's creation and allegoric greatness (*h*), touched before out of Jewish fiction.

Her Albanact; for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.

Britain's tripartite division by Brute's three sons, Logrin, Camber, and Albanact, whence all beyond Severn was styled Cambria, the now England Loegria, and Scotland Albania, is here showed you: which I admit, but as the rest of that nature, upon credit of our suspected stories followed with sufficient justification by the Muse; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the Scots and their name from the Scythians. Arguments of this likelihood have you largely in our most excellent antiquary. I only add, that by tradition of the Scythians themselves, they had very anciently a general name, titling them Scolots (*i*) (soon contracted into Scots) whereas the Græcians called the northern all Scythians (*k*), perhaps the original of that name being from shooting; for which they were especially through the world famous, as you may see in most passages of their name in old poets; and that Lucian's title of Toxaris, is, as if you should say, an archer. For the word shoot being at first of the Teutonic (which was very likely disperst largely in the northern parts) anciently was written nearer schyth, as among other testimonies, the name of scyte finger (*l*), i. e. the shooting finger, for the forefinger among our Saxons (*m*).

Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid.

Take this with latitude: for between Æneas Sylvius, king of the Latins, under whose time Brute is placed, to Numitor, in whose second year Rome was built, intercedes above three hundred and forty, and with such difference understand the thousand until Cæsar.

And long before borne arms against the barbarous Hun.

Our stories tell you of Humber, king of Huns (a people that being Scythian, lived about those parts which you now call Mar (*n*) delle Zabach) his attempt and victory against Albanact, conflict with Logrin, and death in this river, from whence they will the name. Distance of his country, and the unlikely relation, weakens my historical faith. Observe you also the first transmigration of the Huns, mentioned by Procopius, Agathias, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I think by conjecture (with a great antiquary (*o*) that the name was

(*a*) Caradoc Lhancarvan in Conan Tindaethwy, Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 11. & Descript, cap. 15.

(*b*) By Chepstow, in Monmouth. Claudh-Offa. See to the tenth song for Dee. An. D.CC.LXXX,

(*c*) Higden. in Polychronic. 1. cap. 43.

(*d*) "He compelled Ludwal, king of all Wales, and Constantine, king of Scots, to leave their crowns." Emendatio Historiæ Malmesburiensis lib, 2. cap. 6.

(*e*) Cambalan or Camel.

(*f*) Callimach. in hymn. Jovis.

(*g*) "Because they were bred of earth, and the dew of Heaven." Orpheus ap Nat. Com. Mytholog. 6. cap. 21.

(*h*) ארמם terra.

(*i*) Herodot. Melpomene δ.

(*k*) Ephor. ap. Strab. α.

(*l*) In τὼ Scyte, forsan reliquiæ vocabuli קשם i. e. Arcus, & punctorum variatione, Sagittarius, v. Goropium Becceselan. 8. sive Amazonic.

(*m*) Alured. leg. cap. 40.

(*n*) Agathias lib. θ. Mæotidis Palus.

(*o*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Hull.

first (or thence derived) Habren or Aber (*p*), which in Britisli, as appears by the names Abergevenni, Abertewi, Aberhodni, signifying the fall of the river Gevenni, Tewi, Rhodni, is as much as a river's mouth in English (*q*), and fits itself specially, in that most of the Yorkshire rivers here cast themselves into one confluence for the ocean. Thus perhaps was Severn first Hafren, and not from the maid there drowned, as you have before; but for that, this no place.

To Stamford in this isle seem'd Athens to transfer.

Look to the third song for more of Bladud and his baths. Some testimony is (*r*), that he went to Athens, brought thence with him four philosophers, and instituted by them a university at Stamford, in Lincolnshire; but, of any persuading credit I find none. Only of later time, that profession of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through discording parts among the scholars (reigning Edward III.) a division in Oxford was into the northern and southern faction, the northern (before under Henry III. also was the like to Northampton) made secession to this Stamford, and there profess'd, until upon humble suit by Robert of Stratford, chancellor of Oxford, the king by edict (*s*), and his own presence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, also was that oath taken by Oxford graduates, that they should not profess at Stamford. White, of Basingstoke, otherwise guesses at the cause of this difference, making it the Pelagian heresy, and of more ancient time, but erroneously. Unto this refer that supposed prophecy of Merlin:

Doctrinæ studium quod nunc viget ad vada Boum (*t*),
Ante finem secli celebrabitur ad vada Saxi (*u*).

Which you shall have englished in that solemnized marriage of Thames and Medway, by a most admired Muse of our nation (*x*), thus with advantage:

And after him the fatal Welland went
That, if old saws prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drown all Holland (*y*) with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams.

Nor can you apply this, but to much younger time than Bladud's reign.

—— As he those four proud streets began.

Of them you shall have better declaration to the sixteenth song.

There balancing his sword against her baser gold.

In that story, of Brennus and his Gauls taking Rome, is affirmed, that by senatory authority, P. Sulpitius (as a tribune) was committee to transact with the enemy for leaving the Roman territory; the price was agreed four hundred pound of gold (*z*); unjust weights were offered by the Gauls, which Sulpitius disliking, so far were those insolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppressing purpose, that (as for them all) Brennus, to the first unjustice of the balance, added the poise of his sword also; whence, upon a murmuring complaint among the Romans, crying Væ victis (*a*), came that to be as proverb applied to the conquered.

Against the Delphian power yet shak'd his ireful sword.

Like liberty as others, takes the author in affirming that Brennus, which was general to the Gauls in taking Rome, to be the same which overcame Greece, and assaulted the oracle. But the truth of story stands thus: Rome was afflicted by one Brennus about the year three hundred and sixty (*b*), after the building, when the Gauls had such a Cadmeian victory of it, that fortune converted by martial opportunity, they were at last by Camillus so put to the sword, that a reporter of the slaughter was not left, as Livy and Plutarch (not impugned by Polybius, as Polydore hath mistaken (*c*)) tell us. About cx years after, were tripartite excursions of the Gauls; of an army under Cerethrius into Thrace; of the like under Belgius or Bolgius into Macedon and Illyricum; of another under Brennus and Acichorius into Pannonia. What success Belgius had with Ptolemy, surnamed Κέραυνος (*d*), is discovered in the same authors (*e*), which relate to us Brennus his wasting of Greece, with his violent, but somewhat voluntary, death; but part of the army, either divided by mutiny, or left, after Apollo's revenge, betook them to habitation in Thrace, about the now Constantinople, where first under their king Comontorius (as Polybius, but Livy saith under Lutatius and Lomnorius, which name perhaps you might correct by Polybius) they ruled their neighbouring states with imposition of tribute, and at last growing too populous, sent (as it seems) those colonies into Asia, which in Gallogræcia (*f*), left sufficient steps of their ancient names. My compared classic authors will justify as much (*g*); nor scarce find I material opposition among them in any particulars; only Trogus epitomized b Justin, is therein, by confusion of time and actions, somewhat abused; which hath caused that

(*p*) Abus dictum isthoc æstuarium Ptolemæo.
(*q*) Girald. Itinerar. cap. 2. & 4.
(*r*) Merlin. apud Hard. cap. 25. ex iisdem & Balæus.
(*s*) Jo. Cai. antiq. Cant. 2. Br. Tuin. lib. 3. apolog. Oxon. §. 115. & seqq.
(*t*) Oxenford. (*u*) Stanieford.
(*x*) Spens. Faery Q. lib. 4. Cant. 11. Stanz. 25.
(*y*) The maritime part of Lincolnshire, where, Welland a river.

(*z*) Liv. dec. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Camillo.
(*a*) "Wo to the conquered," v. verò Stephan. Forcatulum lib. 2. de Gall. Philosoph. qui hæc inter examinandum fœdè, ast cum aliis, in historiâ ipsâ lapsus est.
(*b*) Halicarnass. ἐφεξ. α. Liv. 5.
(*c*) V. Jo. Pris. defens. hist. Brit. qui nimiùm hic errore involutus.
(*d*) "Thunderbolt." (*e*) Pausanias in Phocic.
(*f*) Strab. lib. ιβ.
(*g*) Polyb. l. α. β. δ. & ε. & Liv. dec. 1. lib. 5. dec. 4. lib. 8. Strab. δ. Pausan. Phocic. 1. Appian. Illyric. Justin. lib. 24. & 25. Plutarch. Camillo. Cæterùm plerisque Delphis injectâ à Phœbo grandine peremptis, qui fuerunt reliquos in Ægyptum conductos sub stipendiis Ptolemæi Philadelphi meruisse ait vetus Scholiastes Græc. ad hymn. Callimach. in Delum.

errour of those which take historical liberty (poetical is allowable) to affirm Brennus, which sacked Rome, and him, that died at Delphos, the same. Examination of time makes it apparently false; nor indeed doth the British chronology endure our Brennus to be either of them, as Polydore and Buchanan have observed. But want of the British name moves nothing against it; seeing the people of this western part were all, until a good time after those wars, styled by the name of Gauls or Celts; and those which would have ransacked the oracle, are said by Callimachus to have come

ἀφ' Ἑσπέρου ἰοχαιόωντες (*h*).

Which as well fits us as Gaul. And thus much also observe, that those names of Brennus and Belinus, being of great note, both in signification and personal eminency; and, likely enough, there being many of the same name in Gaul and Britain, in several ages such identity made confusion in story. For the first in this relation appears what variety was of it; as also Urenhin and Brennin, in the British, are but significant words for king; and peradventure almost as ordinary a name among these westerns, as Pharaoh and Ptolemy in Ægypt, Agag among the Amalekites, Arsaces, Nicomedes, Alevada, Sophi, Cæsar, Oiscing, among the Parthians, Bithynians, Thessalians, Persians, Romans, and our Kentish kings, which the course of history shows you. For the other, you may see it usual in names of their old kings, as Cassi-belin in Cæsar, Cuno-belin and Cym-belin in Tacitus and Dio, and perhaps Cambaules in Pausanias, and Belin (whose steps seem to be in Abellius, a Gaulish, and Bela-tucadre, a British (*i*) god) was the name among them of a worshipped idol, as appears in Ausonius; and the same with Apollo, which also by a most ancient British coin, stamped with Apollo, playing on his harp, circumscribed with Cuno-belin, is showed to have been expressly among the Britons. Although I know, according to their use, it might be added to Cuno (which was the first part of many of their regal names, as you see in Cuneglas, Cyngetorix, Congolitan, and others) to make a significant word, as if you should say, the yellow king; for belin in British is yellow. But seeing the very name of their Apollo so well fitted with that colour, which to Apollo is commonly attributed (*k*), (and observe that their names had usually some note of colour in them, by reason of their custom of painting themselves) I suppose they took it as a fortunate concurrence to bear an honoured deity in their title, as we see in the names of Merodach, and Evil-merodach, among the Babylonian kings, from Merodach, one of their false gods (*l*); and like examples may be found among the old emperors. Observe also that in British genealogies, they ascend always to Belin the great (which is supposed Heli; father to Lud and Cassibelin) as you see to the fourth song; and here might you compare that of Hel in the Punic tongue (*m*), signifying Phœbus, and turned into Belus: but I will not therewith trouble you. Howsoever, by this I am persuaded (whensoever the time were of our Belinus) that Bolgius in Pausanias, and Belgius in Justin, were mistook for Belinus, as perhaps also Prausus in Strabo (ϖ supplying oftentimes the room of β) generated of Brennus corrupted (*n*). In the story I dare follow none of the modern erroneously transcribing relators or seeming correctors, but have, as I might, took it from the best self-fountains, and only upon them, for trial, I put myself.

(*h*) "From the utmost west."

(*i*) Vet. Inscript. in Cumbria, & apud Jos. Scalig. ad Auson. l. 1. cap. 9. & V. Rhodigin. lib. 17. cap. 28. Plura de Belino, sive Beleno, i. Apolline Gallico Pet. Pithœus advers. subsec. lib. 1. cap. iii. qui Belenum παρὰ τὸ Ἐκβόλος Phœbi epitheton autumat. vid. notas Camd. ad Numismata, & Nos ad Cant. IX.

(*k*) Ἴλιος Ἀχίλλευς. (*l*) Jerem. cap. 50.

——————whence Cymbrica it took.

That northern promontory now Jutland, part of the Danish kingdom, is called in geographers Cymbrica Chersonesus, from name of the people inhabiting it. And those which will the Cymbrians, Cambrians, or Cumrians from Camber, may with good reason of consequence imagine, that the name of this Chersonese is thence also, as the author here, by liberty of his Muse. But if, with Goropius, Camden, and other their followers, you come nearer truth, and derive them from Gomer (*o*), son to Japhet, who, with his posterity, had the north-western part of the world; then shall you set, as it were, the accent upon Chersonese, giving the more significant note of the country; the name of Cymbrians, Cimmerians, Cambrians, and Cumrians, all as one in substance, being very comprehensive in these climates (*p*); and perhaps, because this promontory lay out so far, under near sixty degrees' latitude (almost at the utmost of Ptolemy's geography) and so had the first winter days no longer than between five and six hours, therein somewhat (and more than other neighbouring parts of that people, having no particular name) agreeing with Homer's attribute of darkness to the Cimmerians (*q*), it had more specially this title.

To wise Molmutius' laws her Martian first did frame.

Particulars of Molmutius' laws, of church-liberty, freedom of ways, husbandry, and divers others are in the British story, affirming also that queen Martia made a book of laws, translated afterward, and titled by king Alfred Mercenlage. Indeed it appears that there were three sorts of laws (*r*), in the Saxon heptarchy, Mercen-lage, Dan-lage Westsexen-lage, i. e. the Mercian, Danish, and West-Saxon law; all which three had their several territories, and were in divers things compiled into one volume by Cnut (*s*), and

(*m*) Cæl. Rhod. Antiq. Lect. 1. cap. 6.

(*n*) Eustath. ad Dionys. περιηγ. uti Ἀμαζοὺς, ἀντὶ τοῦ Ἀμβρικὴς, & Νῶνα Πειτανικὴ ἀντὶ τοῦ Βριτανικὴ.

(*o*) Transmutation of G. into C. was, anciently, often, and easy, as Lipsius shows, lib. de pronunciat. ling. Latin. cap. 13.

(*p*) Plutarch. in Mario, & Herod. lib. δ.

(*q*) Odyss. λ. Πρὸς καὶ νεφέλη κεκαλυμμένοι——

(*r*) Look to the eleventh song.

(*s*) Gervas. Tilburiensis de Scaccario.

examined in that Norman constitution of their new common-wealth. But as the Danish and West-Saxon had their name from particular people; so it seems, had the Mercian from that kingdom of Mercland, limited with the Lancashire river Mersey toward Northumberland, and joining to Wales, having either from the river that name, or else from the word Marc (*t*), because it bounded upon most of the other kingdoms; as you may see to the eleventh song.

——— in whose eternal name,
Great London still shall live———

King Lud's re-edifying Troynovant (first built by Brute) and thence leaving the name of Caer Lud, afterward turned (as they say) into London, is not unknown, scarce to any that hath but looked on Ludgate's inner frontispiece; and in old rhymes thus I have it exprest (*u*):

Walls he lete make al aboute, and yates up and doune (*x*),
And after Lud, that was his name, he clupede it Lud's town.
The herte yate of the toun that yut stont there, and is,
He let it clupie Ludgate after is own name iwis.
He let him tho he was ded bury at thulk yate,
Therevore yut after him me clupeth it Ludgate.
The toun me clupeth that is wide couth,
And now me clupeth it London, that is lighter in the mouth.
And new Troy it het ere, and now it is so ago,
That London it is now icluped and worth ever mo.

Judicious reformers of fabulous report I know have more serious derivations of the name: and seeing conjecture is free, I could imagine it might be called at first Lhan Dien, i. e. the temple of Diana, as Lhan-Dewi, Lhan Stephan, Lhan Padern Dauwr, Lan Dair; i. e. Saint Dewy's, Saint Stephen's, Saint Patern the Great, Saint Mary; and Verulam is by H. Lhuid, derived from Der-lhan, i. e. the church upon the river Ver, with divers more such places in Wales: and so afterward by strangers turned into Londinium, and the like. For, that Diana and her brother Apollo (under name of Belin) were two great deities among the Britons, what is read next before, Cæsar's testimony of the Gauls; and that she had her temple there where Paul's is, relation in Camden discloses to you. Now, that the antique course was to title their cities oftentimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plain by Beth-el among the Hebrews, Heliopolis (which in holy writ (*y*) is called בית שמש) in Ægypt, and the same in Greece, Phænicia, elsewhere; and by Athens, named from Minerva. But especially from this supposed deity of Diana (whom in substance Homer no less gives the epithet of Ἐρυσίπτολις (*z*), than to Pallas) have divers had their titles: as Artemisium in Italy, and Eubœa, and that Bubastis in Ægypt, so called from the same word, signifying in Ægyptian, both a cat and Diana.

Those armed stakes in Thames———

He means that which now we call Cowaystakes, by Otelands, where only the Thames being without boat passible, the Britons fixed both on the bank of their side, and in the water sharp stakes (*a*), to prevent the Romans coming over, but in vain, as the stories tell you.

And more than Cæsar got, three emperors could not win.

Understand not that they were resisted by the Britons, but that the three successors of Julius, i. e. Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, never so much as with force attempted the isle, although the last after king Cunobelin's son Adminius his traitorous revolting to him, in a seeming martial vehemency made all arm to the British voyage (*b*), but suddenly on the German shore, (where he then was) like himself, turned the design to a jest, and commanded the army to gather cockles.

Came with his body nak'd, his hair down to his waist.

In this Caradoc (being the same which at large you have in Tacitus and Dio, under name of Caratacus and Cataracus, and is by some Scottish historians drawn much too far northward) the author expresses the ancient form of a Briton's habit. Yet I think not that they were all naked, but, as is affirmed of the Gauls (*c*), down only to the navel; so that on the discovered part might be seen (to the terrour of their enemies) those pictures of beasts, with which they painted themselves (*d*). It is justifiable by Cæsar, that they used to shave all except their head and upper lip, and wore very long hair; but in their old coins I see no such thing warranted: and in later times (*e*), about four hundred years since, it is especially attributed to them that they always cut their heads close for avoiding Absalon's misfortune.

The colony long kept at Maldon.———

Old historians and geographers call this Camalodunum, which some have absurdly thought to be Camelot (*f*), in the Scotish sheriffdom of Stirling, others have sought it elsewhere: but the English light of antiquity (Camden) hath surely found it at this Maldon, in Essex, where was a Romish colony, as also at Gloucester, Chester, York, and perhaps at Colchester (*g*), which proves expressly (against vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefest parts of this southern Britany the Roman laws were used, as every one that knows the meaning of a colony (which had all their rights and institutions de-

(*t*) A limit or bound.
(*u*) Rob. Glocestrens.
(*x*) But it is affirmed that king Coil's daughter, mother to Constantine the Great, walled this first, and Colchester also. Huntingdon. lib. 1. & Simon Dunelmens. ap. Stow. in notitia Lond. I shall presently speak of her also.
(*y*) Jerem. cap. 43. com. ult.
(*z*) "Patron of cities," v. Homer. ad Dian. Stephan. περι πολ. in Βουβας. Herodot. lib. β.

(*a*) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 2.
(*b*) Suet. lib. 4. cap. 44. & 46. & Dio Cassius.
(*c*) Polyb. Hist. γ.
(*d*) Solin. polyhist. c. 35.
(*e*) Girald. de script. c. 10.
(*f*) Hect. Boët. lib. iii.
(*g*) Antiq. Inscript. Lapideæ & Numm. Vid. Fortescut. de laud. leg. Ang. cap. 17. & Vit. Basingstoch. lib. 4. not. 36.

duced with it) must confess. This was destroyed upon discontentment taken by the Icens and Trinobants (now Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex men) for intolerable wrongs done to the wife and posterity of Prasutagus, king of the Icens, by the Romans (*h*), which the king (as others in like form) thought but vainly, to have prevented by instituting Nero, then emperor, his heir. The signs which the author speaks of, were a strange, and, as it were, voluntary falling down of the goddess Victory's statue, erected by the Romans here; women, as distracted, singing their overthrow; the ocean looking bloody; uncouth howlings in their assemblies, and such like. Petilius Cerealis, lieutenant of the ninth legion, coming to aid, lost all his footmen, and betook himself with the rest to his fortified tents. But for this read the history.

By poison end her days.——————

So Tacitus; but Dio, that she died of sickness. Her name is written diversly Voadicia, Boodicia, Bunduica, and Boudicea: she was wife to Prasutagus, of whom last before,

A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred.

Every story, of the declining British state, will tell you what miseries were endured by the hostile irruptions of Scots and Picts into the southern part. For the passage here of them, know, that the Scottish stories, which begin their continued monarchic government at Ferguze, affirm the Picts (*i*) (from the Scythian territories) to have arrived in the now Jutland, and thence passed into Scotland, some two hundred and fifty years after the Scots' first entering Britain, which was, by account, about eighty years before our Saviour's birth, and thence continued these a state by themselves, until king Kenneth, about eight hundred and forty years after Christ, utterly supplanted them. Others, as Bede and his followers, make them elder in the isle than the Scots, and fetch them out of Ireland; the British story (that all may be discords) says, they entered Albania under conduct of one Roderic, their king, (for so you must read in Monmouth (*k*), and not Londric, as the print in that and much other mistakes) and were valiantly opposed by Marius, then king of Britons, Roderic slain, and Caithness given them for habitation. This Marius is placed with Vespasian, and the gross differences of time make all suspicious; so that you may as well believe none of them, as any one. Rather adhere to learned Camden, making the Picts very genuine Britons, distinguished only by accidental name, as in him you may see more largely.

(*h*) Agellius, l. 16. cap. 13. Tacit. an. 14. Dio. lib. ξ.

(*i*) Pictorum in Britannia (potius Pictorum, ita n. legitur) primus meminit Romanorum Panegyristes ille inter alios, qui Constantinum encomiis adloquitur, & si placet adeas Humfred. Lhuid. Brev. Brit. & Buchanan. lib. 2. rer. Scotic. aut Camdeni Scotos & Pictos. Rob. Glocestrensi dicuntur Picars.

(*k*) Galfridus Monumeth. correctus, & ibidem. vice τοῦ Maesmarius lege Vestmaria.

Arviragus of ours first taking to protect.

His marriage with (I know not what) Genissa, daughter to Claudius, the habitude of friendship betwixt Rome and him, after composition with Vespasian then, under the emperor, employed in the British war, the common story relates. This is Armitagus, which Juvenal speaks of (*l*). Polydore refers him to Nero's time, others rightly to Domitian, because indeed the poet then flourished (*m*). That fabulous Hector Boetius, makes him the same with Phasviragus, as he calls him, in Tacitus; he means Prasutagus, having misread Tacitus his copy.

This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.

Near an hundred eighty years after Christ (the chronology of Bede herein is plainly false, and observe what I told you of that kind to the fourth song) this Lucius, upon request to pope Eleutherius, received, at the hands of Fugatius and Damianus (*n*), holy baptism; yet so, that by Joseph of Arimathea (of whom to the third song) seeds of true religion were here before sown: by some I find it without warrant (*o*), affirmed that he converted Arviragus,

> And gave him then a shilde of silver white,
> A cross endlong and overthwart full perfect,
> These arms were used through all Britain
> For a common sign each man to know his nation
> From enemies, which now we call certain,
> S. George's arms——————

But thus much collect, that, although until Lucius we had not a christian king (for you may well suspect, rather deny, for want of better authority, this of Arviragus) yet (unless you believe the tradition of Gundafer, king of Indy, converted by Saint Thomas (*p*), or Abagar, king of Edessa (*q*), to whom those letters written, as is supposed, by our Saviour's own hand, kept as a precious relic in Constantinople until the emperour Isaacius Angelus (*r*), as my authors say, were sent) it is apparent that this island had the first christian king in the world, and clearly in Europe, so that you cite not Tiberius his private seeming christianity (which is observed out of (*s*) Tertullian) even in whose time also Gildas affirms, Britain was comforted with wholesome beams of religious light. Not much different from this age was Donald, first christian king of the Scots; so that if priority of time swayed it, and not custom (derived from a communicable attribute given by the popes) that name of most christian should better fit our sovereigns than the French. This Lucius, by help of those two christian aids, is said to have, in room of three arch-flamens and twenty-eight flamens (through whose doctrine, polluting sacrifices and idolatry reigned here instead of true service) instituted three arch-

(*l*) Satyr. 4. (*m*) Suidas in Juvenali.

(*n*) These names are very differently written.

(*o*) Ex Nennio Harding. cap. 4. 8. Ast Codices ii, quos consuluisse me Nennii antiquos contigit hujusce rei parum sunt memores.

(*p*) Abdias hist. Apostolic. lib. 9. Euseb. lib. 1. cap. 15.

(*q*) Nicet. Choniat. in Andronic. Comnen. lib. 2.

(*r*) Nicephor. Callist. lib. 2. cap. 7. & 8.

(*s*) Distinct. 80. c. in illis. Clemens PP.

bishoprics at London, York, and Caer-leon upon Uske, and twenty-eight bishoprics; of them, all beyond Humber subject to York; all the now Wales to Caer-leon; to London, the now England with Cornwal. And so also was the custom in other countries, even grounded upon Saint Peter's own command, to make substitution of archbishops or patriarchs to arch-flamens, and bishops to flamens, if you believe a pope's assertion (*t*). For York, there is now a metropolitan see; Caerleon had so until the change spoken of to the fifth song. And London, the cathedral church being at St. Peter's, in Cornhill, until translation of the pall to Canterbury by Augustine (*u*), sent hither by Gregory the first, under king Ethelbert, according to a prophecy of Merlin, that christianity should fail, and then revive when the see of London did adorn Canterbury, as, after coming of the Saxons, it did. This moved that ambitious Gilbert of Folioth, bishop of London, to challenge the primacy of England; for which he is bitterly taxed by a great clerk of the same time (*x*). If I add to the British glory that this Lucius was cause of like conversion in Bavaria and Rhetia, I should out of my bounds. The learned Mark Velser, and others, have enough remembered it.

Constantius' worthy wife.

That is Helen, wife to Constantius, or Constans Chlorus the emperor, and mother to Constantine the Great, daughter to Coil, king of Britain, where Constantine was by her brought forth. Do not object Nicephorus Callistus, that erroneously affirms him born in Drepanum, of Bithynia, or Jul. Firmicus (*y*), that says at Tarsus, upon which testimony (not uncorrupted) a great critic (*z*) hath violently offered to deprive us both of him and his mother, affirming her a Bithynian; nor take advantage of Cedrenus, that will have Dacia his birth soil. But our histories, and, with them, the Latin ecclesiastic relation (in passages of her invention of the cross and such like) allowed also by cardinal Baronius, make her to us a British woman. And for great Constantine's birth in this land, you shall have authority; against which I wonder how Lipsius durst expose his conceit. In an old panegyrist speaking to Constantine: Liberavit ille (he means his father) Britannias servitute, tu etiam nobiles illic Oriendo fecisti; and another, O fortunata & nunc omnibus beatior terris Britannia, quæ Constantinum Cæsarem prima vidisti? These might persuade, that Firmicus were corrupted, seeing they lived when they might know as much of this as he. Nicephorus and Cedrenus are of much later time, and deserve no undoubted credit. But in certain oriental admonitions of state (*a*) (newly published by John Meursius, professor of Greek story at Leyden) the emperor Constantine Porphyrogennetes advises his son Romanus, that he should not take him a wife of alien blood, because all people dissonant from the government and manners of the empire by a law of Constantine, established in saint Sophy's church, were prohibited the height of that glory, excepting only the Franks, allowing them this honour, ὅτι καὶ αὐτὸς τὴν γένεσιν ἀπὸ τῶν τοιούτων ἴσχει μερῶν (*b*), which might make you imagine him born in Gaul; let it not move you, but observe that this Porphyrogennetes lived about seven hundred years since, when it was (and among the Turks still is) ordinary with these Greeks to call all (*c*) (especially the western) Europeans, by the name of Franks, as they did themselves Romans. Why then might not we be comprehended, whose name, as English, they scarce, as it seems, knew of, calling us Inclinis (*d*); and indeed the indefinite form of speech, in the author I cite, shows as if he meant some remote place by the Franks, admitting he had intended only but what we now call French. If you can believe one of our countrymen (*e*) that lived about Henry II. he was born in London: others think he was born at York: of that I determine not. Of this Helen, her religion, finding the cross, good deeds in walling London and Colchester (which in honour of her, they say, bears a cross between four crowns, and for the invention she is yet celebrated in holy-rood day in May) and of this Constantine her son, a mighty and religious emperor (although I know him taxt for no small faults by ecclesiastical writers) that in this air received his first light and life, our Britons vaunt not unjustly: as in that spoken to king Arthur.

Now it worth ieended that Sibile the sage sede bivore,
That there shold of Brutain thre men be ybore
That shold winne the aumpyr of Rome; of tweye [thredde y wis.
ydo it is,
As of Bely (*f*) and Constantine, and thou art the

Against the Arian sect at Arles having run.

In the second council at Arles, in Provence, held under Constantine and Silvester, is subscribed the name of Restitutus, bishop of London, the like respectively in other councils spoken of by the author. It is not unfit to note here, that in the later time the use hath been (when and where Rome's supremacy was acknowledged) to send always to general councils, out of every christian state, some bishops, abbots, and priors: and I find it affirmed by the clergy under Henry II. (*g*) that, to a general council, only four bishops are to be sent out of England. So, by reason of this course added to state-allowance afterward at home, were those canons received into our law: as of bigamy in the council of Lions, interpreted by parliament under Edward I. Of pluralities in the

(*t*) V. Kemulph. in Epist. ad Leonem PP. apud G. Malmesb. lib. 1. de rez. & 1. de Pontific. vide Basingstoch. hist. 9. not. 11.

(*u*) Stow's Survey of London, p. 479.

(*x*) Joann. Carnotens. in Epistol. 272.

(*y*) Mathes. l. 1. cap. 4.

(*z*) Lips. de Roman. magnitud. l. b. 4. cap. 11. nimium laps.

(*a*) Constant. Porphyrog. de administ. imperio, c. 29. Jo. Levinæum ad Panegyric. 5. haùt multùm hîc moramur.

(*b*) "Because he was born in their parts."

(*c*) Histor. Orientales passim. & Themata Constantini, cum supra citato libro.

(*d*) Nicet. Choniot. 2. Isaac. Angel. §. ult. Ιγκλίνοι.

(*e*) G. Steph. de Londino. Basingstoch. Hist. 6. not. 10.

(*f*) Belinus.

(*g*) Roger. Hoved. f. 332.

Council of Lateran, held by Innocent III. reigning our king John; and the law of lapse in benefices had so its ground from that council of Lateran, in the year eleven hundred seventy-nine, under Alexander the third, whither, for our part, were sent Hugh bishop of Durham, John bishop of Norwich, Robert bishop of Hereford, and Rainold bishop of Bath, with divers abbots, where the canon was made for presentation within six months (*h*), and title of lapse given to the bishop in case the chapter were patron, from the bishop to them if he were patron: which although, in that, it be not law with us, nor also their difference between a lay and ecclesiastic patron (*i*), for number of the months, allowing the layman but four, yet shows itself certainly to be the original of that custom anciently, and now used in the ordinary's collation. And hither Henry of Bracton refers it expressly (*k*); by whom you may amend John le Briton, and read Lateran instead of Lions, about this same matter. Your conceit, truly joining these things, cannot but perceive that canons, and constitutions in popes' councils, absolutely never bound us in other form than, fitting them by the square of English law and policy, our reverend sages and baronage allowed and interpreted them (*l*), who in their formal writs (*m*), would mention them as law and custom of the kingdom, and not otherwise.

Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends again.

Our common story affirms, that in time of Gratian, the emperor, Conan, king of Armoric Britain (which was filled with a colony of this isle by this Conan and Maximus, otherwise Maximian, that slew Gratian) having war with the neighbouring Gauls, desired of Dinoth, regent of Cornwal, or (if you will) of our Britain (by nearness of blood so to establish and continue love in the posterity of both countries) that he might himself match with Dinoth's daughter Ursula, and with her a competent multitude of virgins might be sent over to furnish his unwived batchelors: whereupon were eleven thousand of the nobler blood with Ursula, and sixty thousand of meaner rank (selected out of divers parts of the kingdom) shipt at London for satisfaction of this request. In the coast of Gaul, they were by tempest disperst; some ravished by the ocean; others for chaste denial of their maidenheads to Guaine and Melga, kings of Huns and Picts (whom Gratian had animated against Maximus, as usurping title of the British monarchy) were miserably put to the sword on some German coast, whither misfortune carried them. But because the author slips it over with a touch, you shall have it in such old verse as I have (*n*).

This maidens were ygadred and to London come,
Mani were glad ther of and well sorri some
That hii (*o*) sseld of londe wende and neu est hor (*p*) frend y se,
And some to lese hor maidenhod wives vor to be.
Tho hii were in seipes ydo, and in the se ver were
So gret tempest ther come that drof hem here and there.
So that the mestedel (*q*) adreined were in the se.
And to other londs some ydrive, that ne come never age (*r*).
A king there was of Hungry, Guaine was his name,
And Melga, K. Picardy (*s*) that couthe inou of fame,
The waters vor so soki aboute the se hii were
A company of this maydens so that hii met there
To hor folie hii wolde home nime (*t*) and bor men also [thereto
At the maydens wold rather die than concenty
Tho wende vorth the luther (*u*) men and the maidens slow echone, [none.
So that to the lasse Brutaine there ne come alive

Some lay all this wickedness absurdly (for time endures it not) to Attila's charge (*x*), who reigned king of Huns about four hundred fifty (about sixty years after Gratian) and affirm their suffering of this (as they call it) martyrdom at Cologne, whither, in at the mouth of Rhine, they were carried; others also particularly tell you that there were four companions to Ursula, in greatness and honour, their names being Pynnosa (*y*), Cordula, Eleutheria, Florentia, and that under these were to every of the eleven thousand one president, Ioran, Benigna, Clementia, Sapientia, Carpophora, Columba, Benedicta, Odilia, Celyndris, Sibylla and Lucia: and that, custom at Cologne hath excluded all other bodies from the place of their burial. The strange multitude of seventy one thousand virgins thus to be transported, with the difference of time (the most excellent note to examine truth of history by) may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not justify it, but only admonish thus, that those our old stories are in this followed by that great historian Baronius, allowed by Fraucis de Bar, White of Basingstoke, and before any of them, by that learned abbot Tritemius, beside the martyrologies, which to the honour of the eleven thousand have dedicated the eleventh day of our October. But indeed how they can stand with what in some copies of Nennius we read (*z*), I cannot see: it is reported, that those Britons which went thither with Maximus (the same man and time with the former) took them Gaulish wives, and cut out their tongues, lest they should possess their children of Gaulish language; whence our Welsh called them afterward Lehit-widion (*a*), because they spake confusedly. I see that yet there is great affinity betwixt the British Armoric, and the Welsh, the first (to

(*h*) G. Nubr. (cujus edit. nuperam & Jo. Picardi annotationes consulas) l. 3. & Hovedenus habent ipsas, quæ sunt Constit.

(*i*) Extrav. Concess. præb. c. 2.

(*k*) 6 Decret. tit. jure patronat. §. Verum cùm unic.

(*l*) Lib. 4. tract. 2. cap 6.

(*m*) D. Ed. Coke lib. de jure Regis ecclesiastic. Regist. Orig. f. 42.

(*n*) Rob. Glocestrens.

(*o*) They. (*p*) Their. (*q*) Most part.

(*r*) Again. (*s*) Of the Picts.

(*t*) Them take. (*u*) Lewd.

(*x*) Hector. Boet. Scotic. 7. ex antiquioribus, verùm falsi reis.

(*y*) Usuard. Martyrolog. 2. c. Octob.

(*z*) Sunt enim antiqui codices quibus hoc meritò deest, nec n. ut glossema illud non irreptasse, sentire sum potis.

(*a*) Half silent.

give you a taste) saying, Hon tad pehunii sou en efaou, the other En tad yr hwn ydwit yn y nefoedd, for "Our Father which art in Heaven"; but I suspect extremely that fabulous tongue-cutting, and would have you, of the two, believe rather the virgins, were it not for the exorbitant number, and that, against infallible credit, our historians mix with it Gratian's surviving Maximus (*b*), a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

That from the Scythian poor, whence they themselves derive.

He means the Saxons, whose name, after learned men, is to the fourth song derived from a Scythian nation. It pleases the Muse in this passage to speak of that original, as mean and unworthy of comparison with the Trojan British, drawn out of Jupiter's blood by Venus, Anchises, and Æneas; I justify her phrase, for that the Scythian was indeed poor, yet voluntarily, not through want, living commonly in field-tents; and, (as our Germans in Tacitus) so stoical, as not to care for the future, having provision for the present, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the Scythian as noble and worthy a nation as any read of; and such a one as the English and others might be as proud to derive themselves from, as any which do search for their ancestors' glory in Trojan ashes. If you believe the old report of themselves (*c*), then can you not make them less than descended by Targitaus from Jupiter and Borysthenes; if what the Greeks, who, as afterward the Romans, accounted and styled all barbarous, except themselves; then you must draw their pedigree through Agathyrsus, Gelonus, and Scytha, from Hercules; neither of this have, in this kind, their superior. If among them you desire learning, remember Zamolxis, Diceneus, and Anacharsis, before the rest. For although to some of these, other patronymics are given, yet know that anciently (which for the present matter observe seriously) as all, southward, were called Æthiopians, all eastward, Indians, all west, Celts, so all northerns were styled Scythians; as Ephorus is author (*d*). I could add the honourable allegories, of those their golden yoke, plough, hatchet, and cup, sent from Heaven, wittily enough delivered by Goropius (*e*), with other conjectural testimonies of their worth. But I abstain from such digression.

(*b*) Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap. 15.
(*c*) Herodot. Melpom. 3.
(*d*) Apud Strab. l. x.
(*e*) Amazon. Becceselan. 8.

POLY-OLBION.

THE NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse here Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud mountains highly chants.
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,
Stand for precedence from descent:
The rivers for them showing there
The wonders of their Pimble-mere.
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds
With Cambria's native princes' deeds.
The Muse then through Caernarvon makes,
And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druids' guise,
And manner of their sacrifice.
Her rillets she together calls;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

Of all the Cambrian shires their heads that bear so high, [ous eye,
And farth'st survey their soils with an ambitiMervinia[1] for her hills, as for their matchless crowds, [clouds,
The nearest that are said to kiss the wand'ring Especial audience craves, offended with the throng,
That she of all the rest neglected was so long:
Alledging for herself; when through the Saxons' pride,
The godlike race of Brute to Severn's setting side
Were cruelly inforc'd, her mountains did relieve
Those, whom devouring war else every-where did grieve. [might)
And when all Wales beside (by fortune or by
Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,
A constant maiden still she only did remain,
§. The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain. [things;
And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar
So only she is rich, in mountains, meres, and springs,
And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste, [grac'd.
As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their lins[2],
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins;
"Though Dovy, which doth far her neighbouring floods surmount [account)
(Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth
Hath Angel[3] for her own, and Keriog she doth clear,
With Towin, Gwedal then, and Dulas, all as dear,
Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withal:
Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
My country calleth hers, with many another brook, [look.
That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian
To Dovy next, of which Desunny sea-ward drives,
Lingerril goes alone: but plenteous Avon strives
The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,
Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by. [Cain,
So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth
Which in one channel meet, in going to the main, [aids;
As to their utmost power to lend her all their
So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.
And Velenrid the like, observing th' other's law,
Calls Cunnel; she again, fair Drurid forth doth draw,

[1] Merionethshire.
[2] Meres or pools, from whence rivers spring.
[3] The rivers as in order they fall into the Irish sea.

That from their mother earth, the rough Mervinia, pay
Their mixed plenteous springs, unto the lesser bay
§. Of those two noble arms into the land that bear,
Which through Gwinethia[4] be so famous every where, [mound,
On my Caernarvon side by nature made my
As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,
Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me:
So, Lavern and the Lue, themselves that headlong throw [doth flow.
§. Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmix'd
Trowerrin takes his stream, here from a native lin; [doth win,
Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himself
Along with him his lord full courteously doth glide:
So Rudock riseth here, and Cletor that do guide
Him in his rugged path, and make his greatness way,
Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to convey."
The lofty hills, this while attentively that stood,
As to survey the course of every several flood,
Sent forth such echoing shouts (which every way so shrill,
With the reverberate sound the spacious air did fill)
That they were eas'ly heard through the Vergivian main [constrain
To Neptune's inward court; and beating there,
That mighty god of sea t'awake: who full of dread, [head,
Thrice threw his three-fork'd mace about his grisly
And thrice above the rocks his forehead rais'd, to see [be.
Amongst the high-topt hills what tumult it should
So that with very sweat Cadoridric did drop,
And mighty Raran shook his proud sky-kissing top, [enrage;
Amongst the furious rout whom madness did
Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult to assuage,
Upon a modest sign of silence to the throng,
Consorting thus, in praise of their Mervinia, sung;
"Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom time ne'er shall prey,
O Edgar; who compell'dst our Ludwal hence to pay [thee:
Three hundred wolves a year for tribute unto
And for that tribute paid, as famous may'st thou be, [destroy'd
O conquer'd British king, by whom was first
§. The multitude of wolves, that long this land annoy'd; [flocks,
Regardless of their rape, that now our harmless
Securely here may sit upon the aged rocks;
Or wand'ring from their walks, and straggling here and there
Amongst the scatter'd cliffs, the lamb needs never fear; [creep
But from the threat'ning storm to save itself may
Into that darksome cave where once his foe did keep: [having fed,
That now the clamb'ring goat all day which
And climbing up to see the Sun go down to bed,
Is not at all in doubt her little kid to lose,
Which grazing in the vale, secure and safe she knows.

[4] North-wales.

"Where, from these lofty hills which spacious Heaven do threat,
Yet of as equal height, as thick by nature set,
We talk how we are stor'd, or what we greatly need, [feed,
Or how our flocks do fare, and how our herds do
When else the hanging rocks, and vallies dark and deep, [keep.
The summer's longest day would us from meeting
"Ye Cambrian shepherds then, whom these our mountains please,
And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light Oreades[5],
§. Saint Helen's wondrous way, and Herbert's let us go,
And our divided rocks with admiration show."
Not meaning there to end, but speaking as they were,
A suddain fearful noise surprised every ear.
The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged that frequent, [dew besprent,
With brows besmear'd with ooze, their locks with
Inhabiting the lake, in sedgy bow'rs below,
Their inward grounded grief that only sought to show [did take,
Against the mountain kind, which much on them
Above their wat'ry brood, thus proudly them bespake; [threat.
"Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus you
Esteeming us so mean, compar'd to you so great?
To make you know yourselves, you this must understand,
That our great Maker laid the surface of the land
As level as the lake until the general flood,
When over all so long the troubled waters stood:
Which, hurried with the blasts from angry Heaven that blew, [threw:
Up on huge massy heaps the loosen'd gravel
From hence we would ye know, your first beginning came; [tains name.
Which since, in tract of time, yourselves did moun-
So that the Earth, by you (to check her mirthful cheer) [poured were
May always see (from Heaven) those plagues that
Upon the former world; as 'twere by scars to show [blow:
That still she must remain disfigur'd with the
And by th' infectious slime that doomful deluge left,
Nature herself hath since of purity been reft;
And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortal man
Was shorten'd. With these plagues ye mountains first began.
"But, ceasing you to shame; what mountain is there found
In all your monstrous kind (seek ye the island round)
That truly of himself such wonders[6] can report,
As can this spacious Lin, the place of our resort?
That when Dee in his course fain in her lap would lie, [deny,
Commixtion with her store, his stream she doth
By his complexion prov'd, as he through her doth glide.
Her wealth again from his, she likewise doth divide. [abound,
Those white-fish that in her do wond'rously
Are never seen in him; nor are his salmons found

[5] Nymphs of the mountains.
[6] The wonders of Linteged, or Pemblemere.

At any time in her: but as she him disdains;
So he again, from her, as wilfully abstains.
Down from the neighbouring hills, those plenteous springs that fall,
Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.
And as in summer's heat, so always is she one,
Resembling that great lake which seems to care for none: [rank,
§. And with stern Æolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing
She only over-swells the surface of her bank."
But, whilst these nymphs report these wonders of their lake, [brake;
Their farther cause of speech the mighty Snowdon
Lest, if their wat'ry kind should suffer'd be too long, [ains wrong.
The licence that they took, might do the mount-
For quickly he had found that straiten'd point of land,
Into the Irish sea which puts his powerful hand,
Puft with their wat'ry praise, grew insolently proud,
And needs would have his rills for rivers be allow'd:
Short Darent, near'st unto the utmost point of all
That th'isle of Gelin greets, and Bardsey in her fall; [May,
And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the
Must rivers be at least, should all the world gainsay: [wide,
And those, whereas the land lies eastward, amply
That goodly Conway grace upon the other side,
Born near upon her banks, each from her proper lin, [mistress in.
Soon from their mothers out, soon with their
As Lædder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy; then
Goes Purloyd, Castel next, with Giffin, that agen
Observe fair Conway's course: and though their race be short, [resort,
Yet they their sovereign flood enrich with their
And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere did note [float)
(§. Still Delos like, wherein a wand'ring isle doth
Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground;
That pool, in which (besides) the one-ey'd fish are found,
As of her wonder proud, did with the floods partake.
So, when great Snowdon saw, a faction they would make
Against his general kind; both parties to appease,
He purposeth to sing their native princes' praise.
For Snowdony, a hill, imperial in his seat,
Is from his mighty foot, unto his head so great,
That were his Wales distrest, or of his help had need, [feed.
He all her flocks and herds for many months could
Therefore to do something were worthy of his name,
Both tending to his strength, and to the Britons' fame,
His country to content, a signal having made,
By this oration thinks both parties to persuade:
"Whilst here this general isle the ancient Britons ow'd, [show'd:
The valiant deeds before by Severn have been
But since our furious foe, these powerful Saxon swarms,
(As merciless in spoil, as well approv'd in arms)
Here called to our aid, Logria us bereft,
Those poor and scatter'd few of Brute's high lineage left,

For succour hither came; where that unmixed race
Remains unto this day, yet owners of this place:
Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath song.
These, then, shall be my theme: lest time too much should wrong [been;
Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have
And as themselves, their fame be limited between
The Severn and our sea, long pent within this place, [now embase
§. Till with the term of Welsh, the English
The nobler Britons' name, that well-near was destroy'd [annoy'd;
With pestilence and war, which this great isle
Cadwallader that drave to the Armoric shore:
To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long before,
His countrymen from hence auspiciously convey'd:
Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gratian's fall,
Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
Where Conan their great lord, as full of courage, drave [supply
The Celts out of their seats, and did their room
§. With people still from hence; which of our colony [king,
Was Little Britain call'd. Where that distressed
Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting
With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him detain) [reign
§. Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons'
A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
A recluse life in Rome injoining him to lead.
The king resigning all, his son young Edwal left
With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince should be bereft [fleet;
Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his unconquer'd
And as the generals then, for such an army meet,
His nephew Ivor chose, and Hiner for his pheer;
Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Britons were [war,
The first who West-sex[8] won. But by the ling'ring
When they those Saxons found t'have succour still. from far, [shore:
They took them to their friends on Severn's set'ing
Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to restore [pursu'd:
His son young Roderic, whom the Saxon pow'rs
But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be subdu'd,
With Aldred (that on Wales his strong invasion brought) [fought,
Garthmalac, and Peucoyd (those famous battles)
That North and South-wales sing, on the West-Sexians won. [had done,
Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword
But at Mount Carno[9] met the Mercians, and with wounds
Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our bounds; [slew;
Prevail'd against the Pict, before our force that
And in a valiant fight their king Dalargan slew.
"Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in ought [fought
Renowned Roderic's heir, who with the English

[7] The most famous mountain of all Wales, in Caernarvonshire.

[8] The West-Saxons' country, comprehending Devonshire, Somerset, Wiltshire, and their adjacents.

[9] A hill near Aber-gavenny in Monmouth.

The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with gore: [shore,
Who, to transfer the war from this his native
March'd through the Mercian towns with his revengeful blade:
And on the English there such mighty havoc made,
That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack)
From bick'ring with his folk, to keep us Britons back, [length
Cast up that mighty mound[10] of eighty miles in
Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mercians' strength
A witness tho' it stand, and Offa's name does bear,
Our courage was the cause why first he cut it there:
As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
Where under either's sword so many thousands fell [own;
With intermixed blood, that neither knew their
Nor which went victor thence, unto this day is known. [show'd,
" Nor Kettle's conflict then less martial courage
Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians and bestow'd [flight.
His nobler British blood on Burthred's recreant
" As Rodoric his great son, his father following right,
Bare not the Saxons' scorns, his Britons to outbrave;
At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion brought.
Whose no less valiant son, again at Conway fought
With Danes and Mercians mix'd, and on their hateful head [murthered.
Down-show'r'd their dire revenge whom they had
" And, wer't not that of us the English would report
(Abusing of our tongue in most malicious sort
As often-times they do) that more than any, we
(The Welsh, as they us term) love glorify'd to be,
Here could I else recount the slaughter'd Saxons' gore, [shore,
Our swords at Crossford spilt on Severn's wand'ring
And Griffith here produce, Lewellin's valiant son
(May we believe our bards) who five pitcht battles won; [wrought,
And to revenge the wrongs the envious English
His well train'd martial troops into the Marches brought
As far as Wor'ster walls: nor thence did he retire,
Till Powse lay well-near spent in our revengeful fire; [soils,
As Hereford laid waste: and from their plenteous
Brought back with him to Wales his prisoners and his spoils.
" Thus as we valiant were, when valour might us steed:
With those so much that dar'd, we had them that decreed.
For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever were
More excellent than those which our good Howel here [main.
Ordain'd to govern Wales? which still with us re-
" And when all-powerful fate had brought to pass again,
That as the Saxons erst did from the Britons win;
Upon them so (at last) the Normans coming in,
Took from those tyrants here, what treach'rously they got, [allot)
(To the perfidious French which th'angry Heavens
Ne'er could that conqueror's sword (which roughly did decide
His right in England here, and prostrated her pride)
Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear
Th'unwieldy Norman yoke: nor basely could we fear [rage) ours
His conquest, ent'ring Wales; but (with stout cou-
Defy'd him to his face, with all his English pow'rs.
" And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither came, [shame,
With vows us to subvert; with slaughter and with
O'er Severn him we sent, to gather stronger aid.
" So, when to England's power, Albania hers had lay'd, [wit,
By Henry Beauclark brought (for all his dev'lish
By which he raught the wreath) he not prevail'd a whit: [press'd,
And through our rugged straits when he so rudely
Had not his proved mail sat surely to his breast,
A skilful British hand his life had him bereft,
As his stern brother's heart, by Tirill's hand, was cleft.
" And let the English thus, which vilify our name,
If it their greatness please, report unto our shame,
The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's so deadly fight, [flight:
To Maud the empress' son, that there he put to
§. And from the English power th' imperial ensign took:
About his plumed head which valiant Owen shook.
" As when that king again, his fortune to advance
Above his former foil, procur'd fresh pow'rs from France,
A surely levell'd shaft if Sent-clear had not seen,
And in the very loose, not thrust himself between
His sovereign and the shaft, he our revenge had try'd:
Thus, to preserve the king, the noble subject dy'd.
" As Madoc his brave son, may come the rest among; [grandsires sprung,
Who like the godlike race, from which his
Whilst here his brothers tir'd in sad domestic strife,
On their unnatural breasts bent either's murtherous knife;
This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of fame,
With such as his great spirit did with high deeds inflame, [ground,
Put forth his well rigg'd fleet to seek him foreign
And sailed west so long, until that world he found
To Christians then unknown (save this advent'rous crew)
Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Vespucius knew;
And put the now nam'd Welsh on India's parched face,
Unto the endless praise of Brute's renowned race,
Ere the Iberian powers had toucht her long-sought bay,
§. Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.
" §. And with that Croggen's name let th'English us disgrace;
When there are to be seen, yet, in that ancient place [grandsires' graves:
From whence that name they fetch, their conquer'd
For which each ignorant sot, unjustly us depraves.

[10] Offa's Ditch.

"And when that tyrant John had our subversion vow'd,
§. To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd:
Nor to his mighty son; whose host we did enforce
(His succours cutting off) to eat their warlike horse.
"Until all-ruling Heaven would have us to resign:
When that brave prince, the last of all the British line,
Llewellin; Griffith's son, unluckily was slain,
§. As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.
Yet to the stock of Brute so true we ever were,
We would permit no prince, unless a native here.
Which, that most prudent king perceiving, wisely thought
To satisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
His queen being great with child, ev'n ready down to lie, [apply.
Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers
"Through every part of Wales he to the nobles sent,
That they unto his court should come incontinent,
Of things that much concern'd the country to debate:
But now behold the power of unavoided fate!
"When thus unto his will he fitly them had won, [son.
At her expected hour the queen brought forth a
And to this great design, all happ'ning as he would, [could)
He (his intended course that clerkly manage
Thus quaintly trains us on: since he perceiv'd us prone
Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
Our naturalness therein he greatly did approve;
And publicly protests, that for the ancient love
He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly see,
That he had found out one, their sovereign lord to be; [born)
Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their country
Could not one English word: of which he durst be sworn.
Besides, his upright heart, and innocence was such, [touch
As that (he was assur'd) black envy could not
His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not espy
His subtilty herein) in plain simplicity, [refuse:
Soon bound ourselves by oath, his choice not to
When as that crafty king, his little child doth chuse,
Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon call'd: [thrall'd.
Thus by the English craft, we Britons were en-
"Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare to say, [way.
Thou long as powerful wer't as England every
And if she overmuch should seek thee to imbase,
Tell her, thou art the nurse of all the British race
And he that was by Heaven appointed to unite
(After that tedious war) the red rose and the white;
A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,
From whom descends that king now sitting on her throne." [please

This speech, by Snowdon made, so lucky was to
Both parties, and them both with such content t'appease;
That as before they strove for sovereignty and place, [grace.
They only now contend, which most should other

Into the Irish sea then all those rills that ran,
In Snowdon's praise to speak immediately began;
Lewenny, Lynan next, then Gwelly gave it out,
And Kerriog her compeer, soon told it all about:
So did their sister nymphs, that into Mena strain;
The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cambrian main.
It Gorway greatly prais'd and Seint it loudly sung.
So, mighty Snowdon's speech was through Caernarvon rung;
That scarcely such a noise to Mon from Mena came, [same,
When with his puissant troops for conquest of the
On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers her sought,
Or Edward to her sack his English armies brought:
That Mona strangely stirr'd great Snowdon's praise to hear,
Although the stock of Troy to her was ever dear;
Yet (from her proper worth) as she before all other
§. Was call'd (in former times) her country Cambria's mother,
Persuaded was thereby her praises to pursue,
Or by neglect, to lose what to herself was due,
A sign to Neptune sent, his boist'rous rage to slake;
Which suddainly becalm'd, thus of herself she spake; [long
"What one of all the isles to Cambria doth be-
(To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her wrong)
Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and grain?
As should my Wales (where still Brute's offspring doth remain)
That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts doth breed,
By famine or by war constrained be to need,
And England's neighbouring shires their succour would deny;
My only self her wants could plenteously supply.
"What island is there found upon the Irish coast, [most,
In which that kingdom seems to be delighted
And seek you all along the rough Vergivian shore,
Where the encount'ring tides outrageously do roar)
That bows not at my beck, as they to me did owe
The duty subjects should unto their sovereign show;
§. So that th' Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known,
Which wisely hath been rul'd by princes of her own,
In my alliance joys, as in th' Albanian seas
The Arrans[11], and by them the scatter'd Eubides[11]
Rejoice even at my name; and put on mirthful cheer, [hear.
When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs
"Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood, [stood,
Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires withstood,
§. The fearless British priests, under an aged oak;
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke, [tree
And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred
The mistletoe cut down; then with a bended knee
On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires: [expires,
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh
As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest adore)
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,

[11] Isles upon the west of Scotland.

Up to th' eternal Heaven their bloodied hands did rear: [with fear,
And, whilst the murmuring woods even shudder'd as
Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state;
To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
That to contempt of death them strongly might excite. [delight,
" To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods did
Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,
As when the Roman came, it strook him sad with fear
To look upon my face, which then was call'd the Dark;
Until in after-time, the English for a mark
Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever bear,
And Anglesey from them am called every where.
" My brooks (to whose sweet brims the Sylvans did resort, [court,
In gliding through my shades to mighty Neptune's
Of their huge oaks bereft) to Heaven so open lie,
That now there's not a root discern'd by any eye:
My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's mouth,
With those her sister rills that bear upon the south,
Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth draw;
And next to them again, the fat and moory Fraw,
§. Which with my prince's court I sometime pleas'd to grace,
As those that to the west directly run their race.
Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take;
Mathanon, that amain doth tow'rds Moylroniad make, [shore,
The sea-calves to behold that bleach them on her,
Which Gweger to her gets, as to increase her store.
Then Dulas to the north that straineth, as to see
The isle that breedeth mice: whose store so loth-some be, [hide."
That she in Neptune's brack her bluish head doth
When now the wearied Muse her burthen having ply'd,
Herself awhile betakes to bathe her in the Sound;
And quitting in her course the goodly Monian ground, [throw
Assays the Penmenmaur, and her clear eyes doth
On Conway, tow'rds the east, to England back to go: [sight,
Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of
Cries yet afresh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient right.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

More western are you carried into Merioneth, Caernarvon, Anglesey, and those maritime coasts of North-wales.

The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-English (animated by the good success which Robert Fitz-hamon had first against Rees ap Tiddour, prince of South-Wales, and afterward against Jestin, lord of Glamorgan) being very desirous of the Welsh territories; Hugh, (*a*) surnamed Wolf, earl of Chester, did homage to the king for Tegengle and Ryvonioc, with all the land by the sea unto Conway. And thus pretending title, got also possession of Merioneth, from Gruffith ap Conan, prince of North-Wales: but he soon recovered it, and thence left it continued in his posterity, until Lhewellin ap Gruffith, under Edward the First, lost it himself, and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of South and West-Wales especially) had before subjected themselves to the English crown; this through frequency of craggy mountains, accessible with too much difficulty, being the last strong refuge until that period of fatal conquest.

(*a*) Powel. ad Caradoc Lhancarv. & Camd.

Of those two noble arms into the land that bear.

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where these rivers jointly pour themselves into the Irish ocean, are these two arms or creeks of the sea, famous, as he saith, through Guinethia (that is one of the old titles of this North-Wales) by their names Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bachan, i. e. as it were, the great haven and the little haven; traeth (*b*), in British, signifying a tract of sand whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers.

Into that spacious lake where Dee unmixt doth flow.

That is, Lhin tegid (otherwise call'd by the English, Pemelsmere) through which Deer rising in this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor river communicating to each other water or fish; as the author anon tells you. In the ancients (*c*), is remembered specially the like of the Rhosne running unmixt, and (as it were) over the lake of Geneva; as, for a greater wonder, the most learned Casaubon (*d*) hath delivered also of Arva, running whole through Rhosne; and divers other such like are in Pliny's collection of Nature's most strange effects in waters.

(*b*) Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap 6.
(*c*) Ammian. Marcel. hist. 15. Pomp. Mel. lib. 2. Plin. Hist. Nat. 2. cap. 103.
(*d*) Ad Strabon. lib. 3.

The multitude of wolves that long this land annoy'd.

Our excellent Edgar (having first enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his English, and confirmed the far-spread opinion of his greatness, by receipt of homage at Chester from eight kings; as you shall see in and to the next song) for increase of his benefits towards the isle, joined with preservation of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of the Welsh into three hundred wolves a year, as the author shows; the king that paid it;

Thre yer he huld is term-rent, ac the vorthe was behind; [vinde.
Nor he send e the king word that he migty ne mo

As, according to the story my old rhymer delivers it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king of Wales in the Welsh history, except Howel ap Jevaf, that made war against his uncle Jago, delivered his father, and took on himself the whole principality towards the later years of Edgar, I know not. But this was not an utter destruction of them; for, since that time (*e*), the manor of Piddlesly in Leicester-shire was held by one

(*e*) Itin. Leicest. 27. ann. Hen. 3. in Archiv. Turr. Lond.

Henry of Angage, per serjeantiam capiendi lupos, as the inquisition delivers it.

St. Helen's wondrous way————

By Festeneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this high-way of note; so called by the British, and supposed made by that Helen, mother to Constantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the last song before.

As level as the lake until the general flood.

So is the opinion of some divines (*f*), that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congestion of sand, earth, and such stuff as we now see hills strangely fraughted with, in the waters they were first cast up. But in that true secretary of divinity and nature, Selomoh (*g*) speaking as in the person of Wisdom, you read; "Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills I was formed," that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy writ (*h*) elsewhere, "the mountains ascend, and the valleys descend to the place where thou didst found them;" good authorities to justify mountains before the flood. The same question hath been of isles, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

And with stern Eolus' blasts, like Thetis waxing rank.

The south-west wind constrained between two hills on both sides of the lake, sometimes so violently fills the river out of the lake's store, that both have been affirmed (but somewhat against truth) never to be disturbed, or overflow, but upon tempestuous blasts, whereas indeed (as Powel delivers) they are overfilled with rain and land-floods, as well as other waters; but most of all moved by that impetuous wind.

Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth float.

Of this isle in the water on top of Snowdon, and on one side eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witness. Let him perform his word; I will not be his surety for it. The author alludes to that state of Delos, which is feigned (*i*) before it was with pillars fastened in the sea for Latona's child-birth.

That with the term of Welsh the English now imbase.

For this name of Welsh is unknown to the British themselves, and imposed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walsh, i. e. strangers. Others fabulously have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it should be derived. But you shall come nearer truth, if, upon the community of name, customs, and original, 'twixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walsh, as it were Gualsh (the W. oftentimes being instead of the Gu.) which expresses them to be Gauls rather than strangers; although in the Saxon (which is (*k*) observed) it was used for the name of Gauls, strangers, and barbarous, perhaps in such kind as in this kingdom the name of Frenchman (*l*), hath by inclusion comprehended all kind of aliens.

Was little Britain call'd————

See a touch of this in the passage of the virgins to the eighth song. Others affirm, that under Constantine (*m*), of our Britons colonies were there placed; and from some of these the name of that now dukedom, to have had its beginning. There be also that will justify the British name to have been in that tract long before (*n*), and for proof cite Dionysius Afer (*o*), and Pliny (*p*); but for the first, it is not likely that he ever meant that continent, but this of ours, as the learned tell you; and for Pliny, seeing he reckons his Britons of Gaul in the confines of the now France, and lower Germany, it is as unlikely that betwixt them and little Bretagne should be any such habitude. You want not authority, affirming that our Britons from them (*q*), before they from ours, had deduction of this national title; but my belief admits it not. The surer opinion is to refer the name unto those Britons, which (being expelled the island at the entry of the Saxons) got them new habitation in this maritime part, as beside other authority an express assertion is in an old fragment of a French history (*r*), which you may join with most worthy Camden's treatise on this matter; whither (for a learned declaration of it) I send you.

Forewarned was in dreams that of the Britons' reign.

Cadwallader, driven to forsake this land, especially by reason of plague and famine tyrannising among his subjects, joined with continual eruptions of the English, retired himself into little Bretagne, to his cozen Alan, there king: where in a dream he was admonished by an angel (I justify it but by the story) that a period of the British empire was now come, and until time of Merlin's prophecy, given to king Arthur, his country or posterity should have no restitution; and farther, that he should take his journey to Rome, where, for a transitory, he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this vision, compares it with the eagle's prophecies, the Sibyl's verses, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concording in prediction of this ceasing of the British monarchy. Through his advice, therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes voyage to Rome, received of P.P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very short time there died; his body very lately under pope Gregory the XIII. was found buried by S. Peter's tomb (*s*), where it yet remains; and White of Basingstoke says, he had a piece of his raiment, of a chesnut colour, taken up (with the corpse) uncorrupted;

(*f*) His post alios refragatur B. Pererius ad Genes. 1. quæst. 101.
(*g*) Prov. 8.
(*h*) Ps. 104.
(*i*) Pindar. ap. Strabon. lib. 10.
(*k*) Buchanan. Scotic. Hist. 2.

(*l*) Bract. lib. 3. tract. 2. cap. 15. Leg. Gul. Conquest. & D. Coke in Cas. Calvin.
(*m*) Malmesb. de gest. reg. 1.
(*n*) Paul Merul. Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. c. 31.
(*o*) Vid. Eustath. ad eundem.
(*p*) Hist. Nat. lib. 4. cap. 17. quem super Ligerim Britannos hos sitos dixisse, miror P. Merulam tam constanter affirmasse.
(*q*) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 3. quem secutus P. Merula.
(*r*) Ex Ms. Cœnob. Floriac. edit. per P. Pithœum.
(*s*) Anton. Major. ap. Basinstoch. lib. 9. not. 32.

which he accounts, as a Romish pupil, no slight miracle. It was added among British traditions, that, when Cadwallader's bones were brought into this isle (*t*), then should the posterity of their princes have restitution: concerning that, you have enough to the second song. Observing concurrence of time and difference of relation in the story of this prince, I know not well how to give myself or the reader satisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Glocester, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader is made the son of Cadwallo, king of the Britons before him, but so, that he descended also from English-Saxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda, king of Merckland. Our monks call him king of West-Saxons, successor of Kentwine, and son to Kenbrith. And where Caradoc Lhancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (successor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers, that Kentwine must be dead above three years before. But howsoever these things might be reconcileable, I think clearly that Cadwallader (*u*) in the British, and Cedwalla, king of West-Saxons in Bede, Malmesbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other stories of the English, are not the same, as Geffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Chester, and others since erroneously have affirmed. But strongly you may hold, that Cadwallo, or Caswallo, living about the year DCXL. slain by Oswald, king of Northumberland, was the same with Bede's first Cedwalla, whom he calls king of Britons, and that by misconceit of his two Cedwals, (the other being, almost fifty years after, king of West-Saxons) and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indistinct names, without observation of their several times, these discordant relations of them, which in story are too palpable, had their first being. But to satisfy you in present, I keep myself to the course of our ordinary stories, by reason of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome, thus: some will, that he was Christian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that he had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well willer to Christianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptised; and so also his epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

Percipiénsque alacer redivivæ præmia vitæ,
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde suum,
Conversus convertit ovans, Petrúmque vocari,
Sergius antistes, jussit ut ipse pater
Fonte renascentis quem Christi gratia purgans
Protinùs ablatum vexit in arce Poli (*x*).

(*t*) Ranulph. Higden. lib. 5. cap. 20.

(*u*) Cedwalla Rex Britonum Bed. Hist. Eccles. 3. cap. 1. Cæterum v. Nennium ap. Camd. in Ottadinis pag. 664. & 665. & Bed. lib. 5. cap. 7.

(*x*) Bed. eccles. hist. lib. 5. c. 7. Englished in substance, if you say, He was baptized, and soon This shows also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the English story. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleansing mark of regeneration, is seen in that kind respect given by him to Wilfrid, first bishop of Selesey, in Sussex; where the episcopal see of Chichester (hither was it translated from Selesey, under William the Conqueror) acknowledges in public monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch, the first Christian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it less appear, in that his paying tenths of such spoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatness: which notwithstanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either testament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, tithed much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon mystery in the number, or therein as paying first fruits (for the word עשרים which was for Abel's offerings, and עשר for Melchisedech's tithes, according to that less calculation in Cabalistic (*y*) concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by consequent of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning, Joseph Scaliger (*z*); affirming, tithes among those ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by express witness of an old inscription at Delphos (*a*), and the common report of Camillus, it is justified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no less among them and others together, was to Mars (*b*), Jupiter (*c*), Juno (*d*), and the number of gods in general, to whom the Athenians dedicated the tenth part of Lesbos (*e*). He which the author, after the British, calls here Ivor, is affirmed the same with Ine, king of West-sex, in our monkish chronicles, although there be scarce any congruity betwixt them in his descent. What follows is but historical and continued succession of their princes.

More excellent than those which our good Howel here.

For Howel Dha, first prince of South-Wales and Powis, after upon death of his cousin Edwal Voel, of North-Wales also, by mature advice, in a full council of barons and bishops, made divers universal constitutions. By these, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So some say; but the truth is, that

died, Anno Christi DC.LXXXVIII. Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the West-Saxon Cedwal, and not the British. See to the XI song.

(*y*) Ratio cabalistica minor, secundum quam 8 centenario quolibet & denario unitatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgonovens. in Dog. Cabalisticis.

(*z*) Ad Festum, verb. Decuma.

(*a*) Clemens Alexand. Strom. *a.* & Steph. περὶ πολ. in Ἀβαντίς tantundem: præter alios quamplurimos.

(*b*) Lucian. περὶ Ὀρχήσεως. & Varro ap. Macrob. 3. cap. 1. (*c*) Herodot. *a.*

(*d*) Samii apud. Herodot. *β.*

(*e*) Thucydid. hist. *γ.*

before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it seems, from XXVIII. but especially XXXV. of Henry III. his empire enlarged among them, the English king's writ did run there. For when Edward I. sent commission to Reginald of Grey (*f*), Thomas bishop of St. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to inquire of their customs, and by what laws they were ruled, divers cases were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themselves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's seizing it into his hands, until discovery of the title in his court; but also that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of them, in Lhuyd's annotations to the Welsh chronicle, you have some particulars, and in the roll which hath aided me. Touching those other of Molmutius and Martia, somewhat to the ninth song.

Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear
Th' unwieldy Norman yoke———

Snowdon properly speaks all for the glory of his country, and follows suppositions of the British story, discording herein with ours. For in Matthew Paris, and Florilegus, under the year CIↃ. LXXVIII. I read that the Conqueror subdued Wales, and took homage and hostages of the princes; so of Henry I. CIↃ. C. XIII. Henry II, in CIↃ. C. LVII. and other times: Of this Henry II. hath been understood that prophecy of Merlin, "When the freckle-faced prince (so was the king) passes over Rhyd Pencarn (*g*), then should the Welsh forces be weakened." For he, in this expedition against Rees ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his steed madded with sudden sound of trumpets, on the bank violently, out of the purposed way, carries him through the ford: which compared with that of Merlin, gave to the British army no small discomfiture; as a Cambro-Briton (*h*), then living, hath delivered. But, that their stories and ours are so different in these things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is used among historians (*i*), to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies. See the first note here for Rufus his time.

And from the English power th' imperial standard took.

Henry of Essex, at this time standard-bearer to Henry II. in a strait at Counsylth, near Flint, cast down the standard, thereby animating the Welsh, and discomfiting the English, adding much danger to the dishonour. He was afterward accused, by Robert of Montfort, of a traitorous design in the action. To clear himself, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal assent and judicial course by law of arms, enter the lists; where Montfort had the victory, and Essex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting all his substance (*k*), entered religion, and profess'd in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great clerk (*l*) of those times says, that Montfort spent a whole night of devotion to St. Denis, (so I understand him, although his copy seem corrupted), which could make champions invincible; whereto he refers the success. That it was usual for combatants to pray over night to several saints, it is plain by our law-annals (*m*).

Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.

About the year CIↃ. C. LXX. Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, prince of Wales, made this sea voyage; and, by probability, those names of Capo de Breton, in Norumbeg, and Penguin, in part of the northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were relics of this discovery. So that the Welsh may challenge priority of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marianus, Cortez, and the rest of that kind.

And with that Crogen's name let th' English us disgrace.

The first cause of this name, take thus: In one of Henry the second's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp sent to assay a passage over Offa's dike, at Crogen castle were entertained with prevention by British forces, most of them there slain, and, to present view, yet lying buried. Afterward, this word Crogen (*n*), the English used to the Welsh, but as remembering cause of revenge for such a slaughter, although time hath made it usual in ignorant mouths for a disgraceful attribute.

To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.

Sufficiently justifiable is this of king John, although our monks therein not much discording from British relation, deliver, that he subdued all Wales; especially this northern part unto Snowdon (*o*), and received XX. hostages for surety of future obedience. For, at first, Lhewelin ap Jorwerth, prince of North-Wales, had by force joined with stratagem the better hand, and compelled the English camp to victual themselves with horseflesh; but afterward indeed, upon a second road made into Wales, king John had the conquest. This compared with those changes ensuing upon the pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons' rebellion, and advantages in the meantime taken by the Welsh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragic stage. The stories may, but it fits not me, to inform you of large particulars.

As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.

But withal observe the truth of story in the meantime. Of all our kings until John, somewhat you have already. After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhewelin ap Jorwerth; who (a most

(*f*) Rot. Claus. de ann. 9. Ed. 1, in Archiv. Tur. Londin.

(*g*) The ford at the rock's head.

(*h*) Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 6.

(*i*) De quo, si placet, videas compendiosè apud Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom. 1. cap. 1.

(*k*) Guil. de Nova Burgo, lib. 9. c. 5.

(*l*) Joann. Sarisburiens. Ep. 159.

(*m*) 30 Ed. 3 fol. 20.

(*n*) Gutyn Owen in Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.

(*o*) Note that North-Wales was the chief principality, and to it South-Wales and Powis paid a tribute, as out of the laws of Howel Dha is noted by doctor Powel.

worthy prince) desiring to bless his feebler days with such composed quiet as inclining age affects, at last put himself into the king's protection. Within short space dying, left all to his sons, David and Gruffith; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter submits himself and his principality to the English crown (*p*), acknowledges that he would stand to the judgment of the king's court, in controversies betwixt his brother and himself, and that what portions soever were so allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himself and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and subjects of England. All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchased at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Cowey and Remer, was (according to persuasion of those times, the more easily induced, because gain of regal liberty was the consequent) soon released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner urged, for that the king had transferred the principality of Wales (by name of una cum conquestu nostro (*q*) Walliæ) to prince Edward Longshanks, (afterward Edward I.) since when our sovereigns' eldest sons have borne that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal conversion here spoken of by the author (*r*), even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Llewelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South-Wales) was constrained to enter a truce, (or rather subjection) resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesey, and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a yearly rent of CIↃ. marks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humfrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed; but at length the death of Llewelin, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors' rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there. What ensued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and subject to England, stories and the statute of Ruthlan (*s*) will largely show you; and see what I have to the VII. song. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, observe this proper personating of Snowdon hill, whose limits and adjacent territories are best witnesses, both of the English assaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

Was call'd in former times her country Cambria's mother.

In the Welsh proverb Mon mam Cymbry (*t*), in such sense as Sicily was styled Italy's storehouse (*u*), by reason of fertile ground, and plenteous liberality of corn thence yearly supplied. And Girald (*x*) tells me, that this little isle was wont to be able to furnish all Wales with such provision, as Snowdon hills were for pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now call'd) Isle of Man for this Mon, (now Anglesea) learned Lhuyd, in his Epistle to Ortelius, hath sufficient. Although it be divided as an isle, (but rather by a shallow ford, than a sea; and in the Roman times, we see by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's soldiers swam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a county by itself, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the rest neighbouring.

That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.

It is an isle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Irish Down county, almost in the mid sea, as long since Julius Cæsar could affirm, calling it Mona (*y*), which being equivalent, as well for this as for Anglesea, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. Nennius (the eldest historian amongst us extant) gives it the name of Eubonia Manay, like that here used by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may see in the chronicle of Russin, deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the Second. After this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown it belonged) honoured with that title, king of Man (*z*). It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath been in that noble family of the Stanleys, earls of Derby (*a*); as also is the patronage of the bishopric of Sodor, whereto is all judicial government of the isle referred. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England, (for you may see in the civil law (*b*), with which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire), and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did, adjudged it to our Britain (*c*). The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

The fearless British priests under an aged oak.

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnished with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to

(*p*) Charta Davidis 25 Hen. 3. Senen, wife to Griffith, then imprisoned, was with others a pledge for her husband's part.

(*q*) In Archiv. Scaccar. & Polydor. hist. Angl. 16.

(*r*) Ann. CIↃ CC. LXX.VII.

(*s*) 12 Ed. I.

(*t*) "Mon, the mother of Wales."

(*u*) Girald. Itinerar. 2. c. 7. & 9.

(*x*) Strab. l. 4.

(*y*) Comment. 5.

(*z*) Walsingh. in Ed. II.

(*a*) Camden. in Insulis.

(*b*) Ulpian ff. de Judiciis, l. 9. & verb. sig. l. 99.

(*c*) Topograph. Hibern. dist. 2. cap. 15.

satisfy you in their name, profession, sacrifice, places of assembling, and lastly, subversion. The name of Druids hath been drawn from Δρῦς, i. e. an oak, because of their continual using that tree as superstitiously hallowed (*d*): according as they are called also Σαρονίδαι, or Σαρωνίδες (*e*), which likewise, in Greek, is old oaks. To this compare the British word derw, of the same signification, and the original here sought for, will seem surely found. But one, that derives all from Dutch (*f*), and prodigiously supposes that the first tongue spoken, makes them so stiled from trow wis, i. e. truly wise, so expressing their nature in their name. Nor is this without good reason of conjecture, (if the ground were true) seeing that their like in proportion among the Jews and Gentiles were called (until Pythagoras his time) wisemen (*g*), and afterward by him turn'd into the name of philosophers, i. e. lovers of wisdom; and perhaps the old Dutch was, as some learned think, communicated to Gaul, and from thence hither; the conjecture being somewhat aided in that attribute which they have in Pomponius (*h*), calling them masters of wisdom. A late great scholar draws it from trutin (*i*), in an old Dutch copy of the gospel, signifying, as he says, God; which might be given them by hyperbole of superstitious reverence: nay, we see that it is justifiable by holy writ, so to call great magistrates and judges, as they were among the people. But that word trutin, or truchtin, in the old angelical salutation, Zachary's song, and Simeon's, published by Vulcan, is always Lord; as this Giwihit si truchtin got Israelo, i. e. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; and so in the Saxon ten commandments, Ic eom Dn hten ðin God (*k*), i. e. I am the Lord thy God. These are the etymologies which savour of any judgment. To speak of king Druis or Sarron, which that Dominican (*l*) friar hath cozened vulgar credulity withal, and thence fetch their name, according to doctor White of Basingstoke, were with him to suffer, and, at once, offer imposture. Of them all, I incline to the first, seeing it meet in both tongues, the Greek and British; and somewhat the rather too, because antiquity did crown their infernal deities (and from Dis, if you trust Cæsar, the Gauls, and by consequence our Britons, upon tradition of these priests, drew their descent) with oak; as Sophocles (*m*) hath it of Hecate, and Catullus (*n*) of the three Destinies. Neither will I desire you to spend conceit upon examination of that supposition which makes the name corrupted from durcergliis (*o*), which in Scotish were such as had a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale says St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and gross absurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, stuff'd himself withal. For their profession, it was both of learning profane and holy (I speak in all, applying my words to their times:) They sat as judges, and determined all causes emergent, civil and criminal, subjecting the disobedient, and such as made default, to interdicts and censures, prohibiting them from sacred assemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and so disabling them, that (as our now outlaws, excommunicates, and attainted persons) they might not commence suit against any man. In a multitude of verses they delivered what they taught, not suffering it to be committed to writing, so imitating both Cabalists, Pythagoreans, and ancient Christians (*p*); but used in other private and public business Greek letters, as Cæsar's copies have: but hereof see more to the tenth song. Their more private and sacred learning consisted in divinity and philosophy, (see somewhat of that to the first song), which was such, that although I think you may truly say with Origen (*q*), that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they should have done, or rather nearer, than most of other, either Greek or Roman, as by their positions in Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like discourse of them, you may be satisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury, were worshipped among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids' invocation was to One All-healing or All-saving Power (*r*). In morality, their instructions were so persuasive, and themselves of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counsels often quenched (*s*). Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual sacrifice (here described by the author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most usually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an oak, whereon a misletoe grew, on the sixth day of the Moon, (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiously and with invocation brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they placed under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or scithe cuts the misletoe, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the bulls, earnestly calling on the All healing deity (*t*), to make it prosperous and happy on whomsoever they shall bestow it, and accounted it both preservative against all poisons, and a remedy against barrenness. If I

(*d*) Plin. hist. nat. 16. cap. 44.
(*e*) Dio. Sicul. de Antiquor. gestis. fab. 5.
(*f*) Goropius Gallic. 5.
(*g*) חמלי הבטים.
i. e. docuerunt Sapientes Capnio de Art. Cabilistic. l. 3. quod Hebræis in usu ut δοκὸς ὕλη. Pythagoræis, nec Druidûm discipulis refragari sententiis magistror. fas erat.
(*h*) Geograph. 3. cap. 2.
(*i*) Paul. Merula. Cosmog. part. 2. l. 3. cap. 11.
(*k*) Prefat. ad Leg. Alnredi Saxonic.
(*l*) Berosus (ille Ammianus subditivus) non Chaldaic. Antiquit. 5.
(*m*) In Πίζοτομ. apud Scholiast. Apollonii, uti primum didici à Jos. Scaligero in Conjectaneis.
(*n*) De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos. —— §. His Corpus tremulum, &c. ubi vulgatis deest ista, quæ antiquorum codicum fide est vera lectio, uti Scaliger.
(*o*) Hector Boeth. Scot. hist. 2.
(*p*) Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 10. c. 1.
(*q*) Ad Ezech. 4.
(*r*) Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44.
(*s*) Strab. Geograph. 4.
(*t*) Omnia Sanantem.

should imagine by this All-healing deity, to be meant Apollo, whom they worshipped under name of Belin, (as I tell you to the eighth song) my conjecture were every way receiveable; seeing that Apollo (u) had both among Greeks and Latin, the divine titles of Ἀλεξίκακος Λοίμιος, Medicus (x) and to him the invocation was Ἰὴ Παιαν (y), all concurring in the same proof; but also if they had (as probability is enough to conjecture it) an altar inscribed for this devotion, and used Greek letters, (which to the next song shall be somewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceived.

ΒΕΑΙΝΩι. ΤΩι. ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ (z).

OR,

ΒΕΑΙΝΩι. ΘΕΩι. (a)

Which, very probably, was meant by some, making in Latin termination, and nearer Apollo's name

DEO ABELLIONI (b).

As, an inscription in Gaul, to abiding memory committed by that most noble Joseph Scaliger (c) is read; and perhaps some relics or allusion to this name is in that

DEO SANCTO BELATUCADRO——

yet remaining in Cumberland (d). Nor is it strange that Apollo's name should be thus far of ancient time, before communication of religion 'twixt these northern parts and the learned Gentiles, seeing that Cæsar affirms him for one of their deities; and long before that, Abaris, (about the beginning of the (e) Olympiads) an Hyperborean is recorded for Apollo's priest among the utmost Scythians (f), being farther from Hellenism than our British. But I return to the mistle: hereto hath some referred that which the Sibyl counselled Eneas to carry with him to Proserpine (g);

——latet arbore opacâ
Aureus & foliis & lento vimine ramus
Junoni infernæ dictus sacer: hunc tegit omnis
Lucus, & obscuris claudunt convallibus umbræ (h).

Which may as well so be applied, as to chymistry (i); seeing it agrees also with what I spake before of Dis, and that Virgil expressly compares it to the mistle,

——quod non sua seminat arbos (k):

for it springs out of some particular nature of the oaken stem, whereupon it is called by an old poet Δρὸς ἱερῶς (l): and although it be not ordinarily found upon oaks, yet, that oft times it is, any apothecary can tell, which preserveth it for medicine, as the ancients used to make lime of it to catch birds: of which Argentarius (m) hath an admonitory epigram to a black-bird, that she should not sing upon the oak, because that

——ἐπ' Ὀρνίθεσσι φέρει τὸν ἀνάρσιον Ἰξὸν (n),

but on the vine, dedicated to Bacchus, a great favourite of singers. Upon this Druidian custom (o), some have grounded that unto this day used in France, where the younger country fellows, about new-year's tide, in every village, give the wish of good fortune at the inhabitants' doors, with this acclamation, Au guy l'an neuf (p); which, as I remember, in Rabelais, is read all one word, for the same purpose. Whether this had any community with the institution of that temple Ἰξευτηρίας τύχης in Antium (q), or that Ovid alluded to it in that verse, commonly cited out of him,

At (some read ad) viscum Druidæ, viscum clamare solebant (r);

I cannot assure you, yet it is enough likely. But I see a custom in some parts among us, in our language (nor is the digression too faulty), the same in effect; I mean the yearly was-haile in the country on the vigil of the new year, which had its beginning, as some say (s), from that of Ronix, (daughter to Hengist) her drinking to Vortigern, by these words "Louerd king was-heil" (t), he answering her by direction of an interpreter, "Drinc-heile" (u); and then,

Kuste hire and fitte hire adoune and glad dronk hire heil,
And that was tho in this land the verst was-hail
As in langage of Saroyne that me might ever iwite,
And so wel he paith the folc about, that he is not yut voryute.

Afterward it appears that was-haile and drinc-heil were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we see in Thomas de la Moore (x), and before him that old Havillan (y), thus:

Ecce vagante cifo distento gutture wass-heil
Ingeminant wass-heil——————

But I rather conjecture it an usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of health-wishing, (and so perhaps you might make it wish-heil) which was exprest among other nations in that form of drinking to the health of their mistresses and friends.

(u) Macrob. Saturnal. cap. 17.
(x) All three words as much as physician.
(y) "Heal Apollo."
(z) "To all-healing Apollo:" & Salutaris Apollo in Numum ap. Goltzium. in Thes.
(a) "To god Belin."
(b) "To god Abellio."
(c) Ausoniar. lect. 1. c. 9.
(d) Camd. ibid.
(e) Hippostrat. ap. Suid. in Abar.
(f) Malchus vit. Pythag.
(g) Virgil Æneid. 6. Petr. Crinit. Hist. Poet. 6. cap. 10.
(h) She directs him to seek a golden branch in the dark woods, consecrate to Proserpine.
(i) Bracelch. in Ligno vitæ.
(k) "Which grows of itself."
(l) "Sweat of the oak." Ion. apud Athenæum, Dipnosoph. 10.
(m) Antholog. ω. cap. ξ.
(n) "Bred lime to catch her."
(o) Jo. Gorop. Gallic. 5. & alii.
(p) "To the mistle, this new year."
(q) Plutarch. Probl. Rom. & Cœlius Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 18. c. 14.
(r) As if you should say of mistled fortune, "To the mistle the Druids used to cry."
(s) Galfred. Monumeth. l. 3. cap. 1.
(t) "Lord king, a health."
(u) "Drink the health."
(x) Rob. Glouc.
(y) Vita Edw. II.

Benè vos, benè nos, benè te, benè me, benè Stephanium (z). [nostram etiam in Plautus (a), and infinite other testimonies of that nature, (in him Martial, Ovid, Horace, and such more) agreeing nearly with the fashion now used; we calling it a health, as they did also in direct terms (b); which with an idol called Heil, anciently worshipped at Cerne in Dorsetshire (c), by the English Saxons, in name expresses both the ceremony of drinking, and the new-year's acclamation, (whereto in some parts of this kingdom is joined also the solemnity of drinking out of a cup (d), ritually composed, decked, and filled with country liquor) just as much and as the same which that all-healing deity, or all-helping medicine, did among the Druids. You may to all this add, that, as an earnest of good luck to follow the new-year beginning, it was usual among the Romans (e), as with us, and I think, in all Europe, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say I unfitly expatiate: I omit, therefore, their sacrificing of human bodies, and such like, and come to the places of their assembly: this was about Chartres, in Gaul, as Cæsar tells us; Paul Merula (for affinity of name) imagines it to be Dreux, some eight miles on this side Chartres. And peradventure the Galatians' public council, called Drymenetum (f) had hence original. The British Druids took this isle of Anglesey, (then well stored with thick woods, and religious groves, insomuch that it was called (g) Inis-Dowil), for their chief residence; as, in the Roman story of Paulinus' and Agricola's adventuring on it (h), is delivered. For their subversion; under Augustus and Tiberius they were prohibited Rome (i); and Claudius endeavoured it in Gaul (k); yet in the succeeding emperor's times there were of them left, as appears in Lampridius and Vopiscus, mentioning them in their lives; and, long since that, Procopius (l) writing under Justinian above D. years after Christ, affirms that then the Gauls used sacrifices of human flesh, which was a part of Druidian doctrine. If I should upon testimony of (m), I know not what, Veremund Campbell and the Irish Cornill, tell you that some C.LX. years before Christ, Finnan, king of Scotland, first gave them the isle, or that king Crathlint, in Dioclesian's persecution, turned their religion into Christianism, and made Amphibalus first bishop of Soder, I should fabulously abuse time, as they have ignorantly mistook that isle of Man for this. Or to speak of the supposed Druttenfuss, i. e. a pentagonal figure, engraven with ΥΓΙΕΙΑ or *Tylus*, (it is the same, in fashion, with the victorious seal of Antiochus Soter (n), being admonished by Alexander in a dream, to take it) which in Germany they reckon for a preservative against hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives' traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I will note to you; Conrad Celtes observes (o), to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg hill, near Voitland, six statues of stone, set in the church-wall, some seven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloked and hooded, with a bag, a book, a staff, a beard hanging to his middle, and spreading a mustachio, an austere look, and eyes fixed on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon mistaking of Strabo, and applying what he saith in general, and bracelets and gold chains of the Gauls, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

(z) In Archit. lib. 2.
(a) Subintellige Ζήσαι, aut quid simile.
(b) In Sticho.
(c) Propino tibi salutem plenis faucib. Plautus eâdem comœdiâ.
(d) Camdenus. The wass-hail-boll.
(e) Ovid. Fast. 1. Fest. in Strena.
(f) Strab. Geogr. ιβ.
(g) The dark isle Brit.
(h) Tacit. An. 14. & Vit. Agricolæ.
(i) Suet. l. 5. cap. 24. & Plin. Hist. Nat. 30. c. 1.
(k) Senec. in Apocoloc. & Sueton. ubi supra.
(l) De bell. Gothic. β.
(m) Hector. Boet. Scotor. Hist. 2. & 6.

Which with my princes' court I sometimes pleas'd to grace.

For as in South-Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinevowr; in Powis, Shrewsbury, and then Mathraval, so in North-Wales was Aberfraw in Anglesey, chief place of the princes' residence (p).

A CHRONOLOGY

OF THE KINGS AND PRINCES OF WALES, FROM ARTHUR * UNTIL THE END OF THE BRITISH BLOOD IN THEM.

Year of Christ.	
516.	Arthur succeeded his father Uther Pendragon; of his death, see to the III. song.
542.	Constantine, son to Cador, duke of Cornwal, (understand governor, or lord lieutenant; for, neither in those times, nor long after, was any such title particularly honorary:) he lies buried at Stonehenge.
545.	Aurelius Conan.
578.	Vortipor.
581.	Malgo.
586.	Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverse fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, most of all, made that secession into Wales and Cornwal, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.
About 600.	Cadwan.
About 630.	Cadwalin, or Cadwallo: the Britons, as in token of his powerful resistance and dominion

(n) Lucian. ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἐν τῇ προσαγορεύσει πταίσματος; Alii. Et habetur apud Agrippam in 3. de Occulta Philosoph. cap. 31. atque ex Antiochi nummis apud J. Reuchlin. in 3. de arte Cabalisticâ.
(o) Tract. de Hercynia Sylva.
(p) Pris. in descrip. Wall.
* I will not justify the times of this Arthur, nor the rest, before Cadwallader; so discording are our chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath sufficient means to rectify them.

against the Saxons, put him (*q*), being dead, into a brazen horse, and set it on the top of the west gate of London; it seems he means Ludgate.

676. Cadwallader, son to Cadwallo; of him and his name, see before. Nor think I the British and English chronicles concerning him reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the British failed.

688. Ivor, son to Alan, king of Armoric Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) Ine, king of West-Saxons, in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.

720. Roderic Molwinoc, son of Edwal Ywrch (*r*).

755. Conan Tindaethwy, son of Roderic.

Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Esylht, daughter and heir to Roderic.

843. Roderic Mawr, son to Mervin and Esylht. Among his sons was the tripartite division of Wales (as to the VII. song) into Powis, North, and South-Wales.

877. Anarawd, son to Roderic.

913. Edward Voel, son of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, cousin german to Edwal, having before the principality of South-Wales and Powis. This is he whose laws are so famous and inquired of in Rot. Claus. Wall. 9 Ed. 1. in the Tower.

948. Jevaf and Jago, sons of Edwal Voel.

982. Howel ap Jevaf.

984. Cadwallon ap Jevaf.

986. Meredith ap Owen.

992. Edwal ap Meyric.

1003. Edan ap Blegored.

1015. Lhewelin ap Sitsylht.

1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.

1037. Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.

1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.

1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.

1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reform'd the Welsh poets and minstrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to instruct the Welsh, as to the IV. song.

1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother discovered part of the West Indies.

1194. Lhewelin ap Jorweth ap Owen Gwineth.

1240. David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.

1246. Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the last prince of Wales of the British blood.

1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhewelin then slain; and since that (Henry III. before gave it also to his son prince Edward) it hath been in the eldest sons, and heirs apparent of the English crown.

But note, that after the division among Roderic Mawr's sons, the principality was chiefly in North-Wales, and the rest as tributary to the prince of that part: and for him as supreme king of Wales, are all these deductions of time and persons, until this last Lhewelin.

(*q*) This report is, as the British story tells, hardly justifiable, if examined.

(*r*) The Ros.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The serious Muse her self applies
To Merlin's ancient prophecies
At Dinas Emris; where he show'd
How fate the Britons' rule bestow'd.
To Conway next she turns her tale,
And sings her Cluyd's renowned vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her well;
Makes Dee, Brute's history pursue:
At which, she bids her Wales adieu.

AWHILE thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view,
The Muse her former course doth seriously pursue.
From Penmen's[1] craggy height to try her sally wings,
Herself long having bath'd in the delicious springs
(That trembling from his top thro' long-worn crannies creep,
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep)
She meets with Conway first, which lieth next at hand: [sand,
Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:
Into the Irish sea which making out her race,
Supply'd by many a mere (through many several rills
Into her bosom pour'd) her plenteously she fills.
O goodly river! near unto thy sacred spring
§. Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
The changes long to come, auspiciously he told.
Most happy were thy nymphs, that wond'ring did behold
His graver wrinkled brow, amazed and did bear
The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous were.
Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way about)
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, whereout

[1] Penmenmaur.

Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy name
Perpetually is call'd, to register thy fame. [relate
For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wise Merlin first
The Destinies' decree, of Britain's future fate;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should lose:
As, when him from his seat the Saxons should de-
pose:
The forces that should here from Armoric [2] arrive,
Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to drive:
And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook
A strong-wall'd tower to rear, those earthly spirits
that shook
The great foundation still, in dragons' horrid shape,
That dreaming wizard told; making the mountain
gape [verge deep;
With his most powerful charms, to view those ca-
And from the top of Brith [3], so high and woodrous
steep,
Where Dinas Emris stood, show'd where the serpents
fought, [phet wrought
The white that tore the red; from whence the pro-
The Britons' sad decay then shortly to ensue.
O! happy ye, that heard the man who all
things knew [mir'd:
Until the general doom, through all the world ad-
By whose prophetic saws ye all became inspir'd;
As well the forked Neage, that near'st her fountain
springs,
With her beloved maid Melandidar, that brings
Her flow, where Conway forth into the sea doth
slide [side)
(That to their mistress make from the Denbighian
As those that from the hills of proud Caernarvon
fall. [quickly call
This scarce the Muse had said, but Cluyd doth
Her great recourse, to come and guard her while
she glide
Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy
pride
Much beautifies her banks; so naturally her own,
That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is
known [clos'd
With high-embattel'd hills that each way is en-
But only on the north: and to the north dispos'd,
Fierce Boreas finds access to court the dainty vale:
Who, whisp'ring in her ear with many a wanton
tale,
Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)
As one that in himself much suff'reth for her sake.
The Orcades [4], and all those Eubides [4] imbrac'd
In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune seeming
chaste, [glects
Yet prostitute themselves to Boreas; who ne-
The Caledonian downs, nor angst at all respects
The other inland dales, abroad that scatter'd lie,
Some on the English earth, and some in Albany;
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth
prefer. [her,
Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with
Oritha [5] not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her took,
And in his saily plumes the trembling virgin shook:
But through the extreme love he to this vale doth
bear, [fear,
Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth
Great Neptune, whom he sees to smug his horrid
face: [grace,
And, fearing lest the god should so obtain her
From the septentrion cold, in the breem freezing
air, [ing there,
Where the bleak north-wind keeps still domineer-
From Shetland straddling wide, his foot on Thuly
sets: [threats,
Whence storming, all the vast Deucalidon he
And bears his boisterous waves into the narrower
mouth [south,
Of the Vergivian sea [6]: where meeting, from the
Great Neptune's surlier tides, with their robustious
shocks,
Each other shoulder up against the grisely rocks;
As strong men when they meet, contending for the
path: [ling hath,
But coming near the coast where Cluyd her dwel-
The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to
wreak,
§. And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak:
"Dear Cluyd, th' abundant sweets that from
thy bosom flow,
When with my active wings into the air I throw,
Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds
to dwell,
Of aged become young, enamour'd with the smell
Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy most precious lap:
Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself enwrap,
They suffocate with scents; that (from my native
kind) [wind:
I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest
With joy, my Dyffren Cluyd, I see thee bravely
spread,
Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head;
Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their
meadowy pride [glide.
Are branch'd with rivery veins, meander-like that
I farther note in thee, more excellent than these
(Were there a thing that more the amorous eye
might please) [glebe doth bear
Thy plump and swelling womb, whose mellowy
The yellow ripened sheaf, that bendeth with the
ear."
Whilst in this sort his suit he amorously preferr'd,
Moylvennil near at hand, the north wind over-
heard:
And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,
Which long time in his breast had felt love's kindly
heat, [caught,
As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,
With inly rage to hear that valley so extoll'd;
And yet that brook, whose course so batful makes
her mould, [name,
And one that lends that vale her most renowned
Should of her meaner far, be over-gone in fame.
Wherefore Moylvennil will'd his Cluyd herself to
show: [flow,
Who, from her native font, as proudly she doth
Her hand-maids Manian [7] hath, and Hespin [7], her
to bring
To Ruthin. Whose fair seat first kindly visiting,
To lead her thence in state, Lewenny [7] lends her
source: [course,
That when Moylvennil sees his river's great re-

[2] Little Britain in France.
[3] Part of Snowdon.
[4] Isles upon the North-East and West of Scotland.
[5] In the sixth book of Ovid's Metamorph.
[6] The tides out of the North and South Seas, meeting in St. George's Channel.
[7] Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and Flintshire.

From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her supplies.
Claweddock [7] cometh in, and Istrad [7] likewise hies
Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as she to Denbigh draws: [daws,
And on the other side, from whence the morning
Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her to bear
To sacred Asaph's see, his hallow'd temple; where
Fair Elwy having won her sister Aled's power,
They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's bower:
Who likewise is sustain'd by Senien, last that falls,
And from the virgin's well doth wash old Ruthland's walls.
Moylvennil with her sight that never is suffic'd,
Now with excessive joy so strongly is surpris'd,
That thus he proudly spake; "On the Gwynethian ground [crown'd
(And look from east to west) what country is there
As thou Tegenia [8] art? that, with a vale so rich
(Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me bewitch) [been:
The fruitfull'st of all Wales, so long had honour'd
As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,
§. That naturally remote six British miles from sea,
And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day
Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired wise. [rise,
When Cynthia from the east unto the south doth
That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs thy well: [swell:
And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth
§. Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gives place;
Of all the Cambrian springs of such especial grace,
That oft the Devian [9] nymphs, as also those that keep
Amongst the coral-groves in the Vergivian deep,
Have left their wat'ry bowers, their secret safe retire,
To see her whom report so greatly should admire
(Whose waters to this day as perfect are and clear,
As her delightful eyes in their full beauties were,
A virgin while she liv'd) chaste Winifrid: who chose
Before her maiden-gem she forcibly would lose,
To have her harmless life by the lewd raptor spilt:
For which, still more and more to aggravate his guilt,
The lifeless tears she shed, into a fountain turn.
And that, for her alone the water should not mourn,
The pure vermilion blood, that issued from her veins,
Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains;
As erst the white and red were mixed in her cheek.
And, that one part of her might be the other like,
Her hair was turn'd to moss; whose sweetness doth declare,
In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she bare:
And of her holy life the innocence to show,
Whatever living thing into this well you throw,
She strongly bears it up, not suffering it to sink.
Besides, the wholesome use in bathing, or in drink,
Doth the diseased cure, as thereto she did leave
Her virtue with her name, that time should not bereave." [end,

Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvennil made an end,
But at the higher Yale [10], whose being doth ascend
Into the pleasant East, his loftier head advanc'd.
This region, as a man that long had been entranc'd
(Whilst thus himself to please, the mighty mountain tells [wells)
Such farlies [11] of his Cluyd, and of his wond'rous
Stood thinking what to do: lest fair Tegenia, plac'd
So admirably well, might hold herself disgrac'd
By his so barren site, being mountainous and cold,
To nothing more unlike than Dyffrea's bathful mould;
And in respect of her, to be accounted rude.
Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by Cluyd, [cuse)
(And for his common want, to coin some poor ex-
Unto his proper praise, discreetly doth produce
A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;
In goodness, breadth, and length, though Dyffren far behind: [frame,
On this yet dare he stand, that for the natural
§. That figure of the cross, of which it takes the name,
Is equal with the best, which else excel it far:
And by the power of that most sacred character,
Respect beyond the rest unto herself doth win.
When now the sterner Dee doth instantly begin
His ampler self to show that (down the verdant dale)
Strains in his nobler course along the rougher Yale,
T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that spacious lin [falleth in:
Through which he comes unmixt, first Alwin [12]
And going on along, still gathering up his force,
Gets Gerrow [12] to his aid, to hasten on his course.
With Christioneth [12] next, comes Keriog [12] in apace.
Out of the leaden mines, then with her sullied face
Claweddoc [12] casts about where Gwenrow she may greet, [meet,
Till like two loving friends they under Wrexam
Then Alen [12] makes approach (to Dee most inly dear)
Taking Tegiddog [12] in; who earnest to be there,
For haste, twice under earth her crystal head doth run:
When instantly again Dee's holiness begun,
By his contracted front and sterner waves to show,
That he had things to speak, might profit them to know; [seen,
A brook that was suppos'd much business to have
Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and England been,
And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told; of either's war or peace,
The sickness, or the health, the dearth, or the increase:
And that of all the floods of Britain, he might boast
His stream in former times to have been honour'd most, [court,
When as at Chester once king Edgar held his
§. To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort: [stow'd,
That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge be-
And was by all those kings about the river row'd.

[7] Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and Flintshire.
[8] Part of the vale called Teg-Engle, i. e. Fair England. [9] Of Dee.
[10] A place mountainous, and somewhat inaccessible. [11] Strange things.
[12] The rivers in the east of Denbigh, falling into Dee.

For which, the hallowed Dee so much upon him took, [brook,
And now the time was come, that this imperious
The long traduced Brute determin'd to awake,
And in the Britons' right thus boldly to them spake: [be,
" O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that
§. And thou, the queen of isles, Great Britain; why do ye [ful ear)
Your grandsire's godlike name (with a neglect-
In so reproachful terms and ignominy hear,
By every one of late contemptuously disgrac'd;
That he, whom time so long and strongly hath embrac'd,
Should be rejected quite? The reason urged why,
Is by the general foe thus answer'd by and by:
That Brutus, as you say, by sea who hither came,
From whom you would suppose this isle first took the name,
Merely fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear
(Most studious of the truth, and near'st those times that were)
Of any such as he: nay, they who most do strive,
From that great stock of Troy their lineage to derive,
In all the large descent of Julus, never found
That Brute, on whom we might our first beginning ground.
" To this assertion, thus I faithfully reply;
And as a friend to truth, do constantly deny
Antiquity to them, as nearer to those times;
Their writings to precede our ancient British rhymes:
But that our noble bards, which so divinely sung,
That remnant of old Troy, of which the Britons sprung, [duce;
Before those Romans were, as proof we can pro-
§. And learning long with us, ere 'twas with them in use.
And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies.
§. That Geffray Monmouth, first, our Brutus did devise,
Not heard of till his time our adversary says:
When pregnantly we prove, ere that historian's days, [song
A thousand ling'ring years, our prophets clearly
The Britain-founding Brute, most frequent them among
From Taliesin wise (approved so with us,
That what he spake was held to be oraculous,
So true his writings were) and such immortal men
As this now waning world shall hardly hear again
In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of Wales, [tales
Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were these idle
(As he may find, the truth of our descents that seeks)
Nor fabulous, like those devised by the Greeks:
But from the first of time, by judges still were heard, [err'd.
Discreetly every year[18] correcting where they
" And that whereon our foe his greatest hold doth take, [to make,
Against the handled cause and most doth seem
Is, that we show no book our Brutus to approve;
But that our idle bards, as their fond rage did move,
Sung what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I answer these;
That th' ancient British priests, the fearless Druides,
That minister'd the laws, and were so truly wise,
That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,
§. To letters never would their mysteries commit, [more fit,
For which the breasts of men they deem'd to be
Which questionless should seem from judgment to proceed.
For, when of ages past we look in books to read,
We retchlesly discharge our memory of those.
So when injurious time such monuments doth lose
(As what so great a work, by time that is not wrackt?)
We utterly forego that memorable act:
But when we lay it up within the minds of men,
They leave it their next age; that leaves it hers agen: [make,
So strongly which (methinks) doth for tradition
As if you from the world it altogether take,
You utterly subvert antiquity thereby.
For though time well may prove that often she doth lie,
Posterity by her yet many things hath known,
That ere men learn'd to write, could no way have been shown:
For, if the spirit of God did not our faith assure,
The scriptures be from Heaven, like Heaven, divinely pure,
Of Moses' mighty works, I reverently may say
(I speak with godly fear) tradition put away,
In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not lie
To prove before the flood the genealogy.
Nor any thing there is that kindly doth agree
With our descent from Troy (if things compar'd may be) [when,
Than peopling of this place, near to those ages
Exiled by the Greeks, those poor world-wand'ring men
(Of all hope to return into their country reft)
Sought shores whereon to set that little them was left: [spring,
From some such godlike race we questionless did
Who soon became so great here once inhabiting.
So barbarous nor were we, as many have us made,
And Cæsar's envious pen would all the world persuade,
His own ambitious ends in seeking to advance,
When with his Roman power arriving here from France,
If he the Britons found experienc'd so in war,
That they with such great skill could wield their armed car;
And, as he still came on, his skilful march to let,
Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers set
The sharp steel-pointed stakes, as he the fords should pass;
I fain would understand how 'tis that nation was
So ignorant he would make, and yet so knowing war. [are
But, in things past so long (for all the world) we
Like to a man embark'd, and travelling the deep:
Who sailing by some hill, or promontory steep
Which juts into the sea, with an amazed eye
Beholds the cliffs thrust up into the lofty sky,
And th' more that he doth look, the more it draws his sight;
Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous weight:

[18] At the Stethya: see to the fourth song.

But, from the passed shore still as the swelling sail
(Thrust forward by the wind) the floating bark doth hail,
The mighty giant-heap, so less and lesser still
Appeareth to the eye, until the moust'rous hill
At length shows like a cloud; and farther being cast,
Is out of kenning quite: so, of the ages past:
Those things that in their age much to be wonder'd were,
Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth bear,
Do lessen every hour." When now the mighty prease,
Impatient of his speech, entreat the flood to cease,
And cry with one consent, the Saxon state to show,
As angry with the Muse such labour to bestow
On Wales, but England still neglected thus to be.
And having past the time, the honourable Dee
At Chester was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu:
When our intended course with England we pursue.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

RETURNING into the land, the Muse leads you about Denbigh and Flint, most northern and maritime shires of Wales; which conclude these seven last books dedicated to the glory of that third part of great Britain.

Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king.

In the first declining state of the British empire (to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vortigern, by advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a strong fort in Snowdon hills (not far from Conway's head, in the edge of Merioneth) which might be as his last and surest refuge against the increasing power of the English. Masons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day, was always swallowed up in the earth next night. The king asks council of his magicians touching this prodigy: they advise, that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and that then the castle would stand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Merdhin (as you have it to the fifth song) was Merlin Ambrose found: he, being hither brought to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to show the true cause of that amazing ruin of the stone-work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy superstruction. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeches the king to cause them make farther inquisition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons: which proved so likewise, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons: and upon this event here in Dinas Emrys (*a*), as they call it, began he those prophecies to Vortigern, which are common in the British story. Hence questionless was that fiction of the Muses' best pupil, the noble Spenser (*b*), in supposing Merlin usually to visit his old Timon, whose dwelling he places

> ——— low in a valley green,
> Under the foot of Rauran mossy hoar,
> From whence the river Dee as silver cleen,
> His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.

For this Rauran-vaur hill is thereby in Merioneth: but observe withal, the difference of the Merlins, Ambrose, and Silvester, which is before to the fourth song; and permit it only as poetical, that he makes king Arthur and this Merlin of one time. These prophecies were by Geffrey ap Arthur at request of Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, under Henry I. turned into Latin, and some three hundred years since had interpretation bestowed on them by a German doctor, one Alanus de Insulis, who never before, but twice since that unhappy inauguration and mighty increase of dominion in our present sovereign, hath been imprinted. It is certain that oftentimes they may be directly and without constraint applied to some event of succeeding time; as that which we have before to the fifth song of Caerleon, and this, "the isle shall again be named after Brute;" which is now seen by a public edict, and in some of his majesty's present coins, and with more such: yet seeing learned men (*c*) account him but a professor of unjustifiable magic, and that all prophecies either fall true, or else are among the affecters of such vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the council of Trent have by their expurgatories prohibited it, I should abuse you, if I endeavoured to persuade your belief to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak.

If your conceit yet see not the purpose of this fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Cluyd (for so is the English of Dyphryn Clwyd) extended from the middle of Denbighshire to the sea, about eighteen miles long, and some five in breadth, having these three excellencies, a fertile soil, healthful air, and pleasant seat for habitation, washed through the middle with this river, and encompassed on the east, west, and south with high mountains, freely receives the wholesome blasts of the north wind (much accounted of among builders and geoponics for immission of pure air) coming in from that part which lies open to the sea: whereupon the Muse very properly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved; and in respect of his violence against the waters, supposeth him jealous of Neptune, whose ravishing waves in that troubled Irish sea, and the deprest state of the valley warrants it. And for that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly running by him; I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

That naturally remote six British miles from sea.

It is in the parish of Kilken, in Flintshire, where it ebbeth and floweth in direct opposite tides to the sea (*d*), as the author describes; they

(*a*) Ambrose's Bury, Itinerar. 2. c. 8.

(*b*) Faery Q. lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.
(*c*) Wier. de præstigiis Demon. 2. cap. 16. alii.
(*d*) Humf. Lhuid. descript.

call it Finon Leinw (e): Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn sea, by Newton, in Glamorganshire (f), and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common course of the Moon, ascending or setting) by Dinevor, in Caermerdhinshire (g). Nor think I any reasons more difficult to be given, than those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and springs; in which (before all other) nature seems as if she had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such unlooked for operations both of their first and second qualities (to use the school phrase of them) are in every chronographer, naturalist, and historian.

Yet to the sacred fount of Winifrid gives place.

At Haliwel, a maritime village, near Basingwerk, in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whose sweetness in the moss, wholesomeness for bath, and other such useful qualities, have been referred to her martydom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his first Welsh expedition fortified the castle of Basingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their dissolution under Edward II. (h) and was after converted to a nest of lubberly monks, whose superstitious honouring her more than truth, caused this dedication of the fountain; so much to their profit (in a kind of merchandize then too shamefully in request) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of those, which had there any medicine, beside increasing rents which accrued to them yearly out of pardons to such as came thither in solemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchased of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more such gaining pretences to themselves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the gospel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, dissipated those foggy mists of errour and smoke-selling imposture, ended these collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but observe times compared, and you shall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the supposed time of saint Winifred's martyrdom.

That figure of the cross, of which it takes the name.

Deprest among mountains this valley expresses the form of a cross, and so is called the Cross vale, and in British Lhan Gwest.

To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort.

Upon comparing our stories, I find them to be Kenneth, of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze king of the isles (whom Malmesbury gives only the name of archpirate) Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All these, he (thus toucht with imperious affection of glory) sitting at the stern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatness as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caused multitudes of aliens to admire and visit his court, as a place honored above all other by this so mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, such vicious courses followed by example, that, even now was the age, when first the more simple and frugal natures of the English grew infected with what (in some part) yet we languish. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduced being homines integri, and using, naturali simplicitate sua defensare, aliena non mirari (i), did now learn from the stranger Saxons an uncivil kind of fierceness, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenness, and such other; which so increased, that, for amendment of the last, the king was driven to constitute quantities in quaffing bowls by little pins of metal, set at certain distances, beyond which, none durst swallow in that provocation of good fellowship.

As thou, the queen of Isles, great Britain——

Both for excellence in soil and air, as also for large continent, she hath this title. And although in ancientest time of the Greeks (that hath any story or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the greatest isle (k), and by some Sicily, as the old verses of the Seven tell us (l), and that by Ptolemy (m), the East-Indian Taproban, now called Sumatra, had preheminence of quantity before this of ours; yet certainly, by comparison of that with this, either according to the measure took of it by Onesicrit (n), upon Alexander's commandment, or what later time teaches us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in substance, that

——————— οὐδέτις ἄλλη
Νήσοις ἐν πάσησι Βρετανίσιν ἰζοφαρίζει (o),

as long since, Dionysius Afer, of our Britain, which hath given cause to call it another world, as the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and others justify.

And learning long with us ere 'twas with them in use.

For the Druids, being in profession very proportionate in many things to Cabalistic and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be supposed much ancienter than any that had note of learning among the Romans, who before Livius Salinator (p), and Nævius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and others, not much preceding Cæsar, can scarce show steps of poesy, nor before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and some such now left only in their names (although by pretence of Annius there be a piece of Pictor published) can produce the title of a story: whereas we have some (q) that make that supposed eldest historian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares Phrygius, translated by Cornelius Nepos, and

(e) Powel. ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.
(f) Stradling. ap. Camd.
(g) Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.
(h) 5. Ed. 2.

(i) "Honest men by simplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others." Malmesbur.
(k) Scylax Caryand. in περιπλ. Edit. per D. Hoeschelium.
(l) Eustath. ad Dionys. Afrum.
(m) Geograph. lib. ζ. cap. ι.
(n) Solin. polyhist. cap. 66.
(o) "No other isle is equal to Britain."
(p) V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib. 6.
(q) Bal. centur. 1.

dedicated to Salust, to have lived here, but indeed upon no such warrant as I dare trust.

Our Geffrey Monmouth first our Brutus to devise.

It was so laid to Geffrey's charge (he was bishop of Saint Asaph, under king Stephen) by John of Whethamsted, abbot of Saint Alban's, William Petit, called William of Newborough, and some other; but plainly (let the rest of his story, and the particulars of Brute be as they can) the name of Brute was long before him in Welsh (out of which his story was partly translated) and Latin testimonies of the Britons, as I have, for the author, more largely spoken, to the first song. And (a little to continue my first justification, for this time) why may not we as well think that many stories and relations, anciently written here, have been by the Picts, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans, devoured up from posterity, which perhaps, had they been left to us, would have ended this controversy? Shall we doubt of what Livy, Polybius, Halicarnasseus, Plutarch, Strabo, and many others have had out of Fabius, Antias, Cherea, Solylus, Ephorus, Theopompus, Cato, Quadrigarius, with infinite other, now lost writers, because we see not the self authors? No, time hath ransackt more precious things, and even those super-excellent books, wherein that incomparable Solomon wrote from the cedar to the hyssop, were (upon fear of the facile multitude's too much respecting natural causes in them divinely handled) by king Ezechias supprest from succeeding ages, if my authority (r) deceive not. So that the loss in this, and all kinds, to the common-wealth of letters, hath been so grievous and irreparable, that we may well imagine, how errour of conceit in some, envy in others, and hostile invasion hath bereft us of many monuments most precious in all sorts of literature, if we now enjoyed their instructing use: and to conclude, the antiquities of these original ages are like those of Rome, between it built and burnt by the Gauls; Cum vetustate nimiâ obscuræ, velut quæ (s) (as Livy says, (t)) magno ex intervallo loci vix cernuntur: tum quod perraræ, per eadem tempora literæ fuêre, una custodia fidelis memoriæ rerum gestarum; &, quod etiam, si quæ in commentariis pontificum aliisque publicis privatisque erant monumentis, incensa urbe, pleraque interiere. But all this in effect the Muse tells you in the sixth canto.

To letters never would their mysteries commit.

What they taught their scholars for matter of law, heathenish religion, and such learning as they here were presidents of, was delivered only by word of mouth; and, lest memory unused might so fail, they permitted not commission of their lectures and instructions to the custody of writing, but delivered all in a multitude of verses and Pythagorean precepts, exactly imitating the Cabalists; which, until of late time, wrote not, but taught and learned by mouth and diligent hearing of their rabbins. In other matters, private and public (so is Cæsar's assertion (u)) they used Greek letters, which hath made some think that they wrote Greek. But be not easily thereto persuaded. Perhaps they might use Greek characters, seeing that those which the Greeks then had, and now use, were at first received from strangers (y), and as likely from the Druids as from any other, for it is sufficiently justifiable out of old coins, inscriptions, and express assertion (z), that the ancient character among the Greeks was almost the same with that which is now the Latins'. But thence to collect that therefore they wrote or spake Greek, is as if you should affirm the Syriac testament to be Hebrew, because published in Hebrew letters; or some Latin treatises, Saxon, because in that character; or that the Saxons wrote Irish, because they used the Irish form of writing (a); or that those books which are published in Dutch by some Jews, in a special kind of Hebrew letters, should also be of the same tongue. Observe but this passage in Cæsar: He sends by a Gaul (allured to this use against his country by large rewards) a letter to Q. Cicero, being then besieged about where now is Tournay (b), & Græcis conscripsit literis, ne, interceptâ epistolâ, nostra (said he himself) ab hostibus consilia cognoscantur (c). To what purpose did he thus, if the Gauls, or their statesmen the Druids understood Greek? I know what he writes (d) of those tables of account found in the now Switzerland, but shall not soon believe that they had much more Greek in them than the character. If you object Strabo his affirmance (e), that the Gauls (for as long as I speak of them in general in this kind, I will include our Druids, as sufficient reason is elsewhere given) were grown such lovers of that tongue, ὥστε καὶ τὰ συμβόλαια Ἑλλήνων γράφειν (f). It is soon answered, that he speaks only of those about Marseilles, which was, and is well known to all men, to have been a colony of Phocians, out of the now Natolia (which were Greeks) by appointment of fate arriving at the mouth of the Rhosne, about the time of Tarquin the Proud; where Protis, one of their chief leaders, entertained by Nannus king of that coast, was chosen (according to their custom) in a banquet by Gyptis the king's daughter for her husband; hereto success grew so fortunate, that honourable respect on both sides, joined with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it seemed, as my author says (g), as if Gaul had been turned into Greece, rather than Greece to have travelled into Gaul. Wonder

(r) In Zerror Hammon. apud Munst. ad Exod. 15.

(s) "Worn away by devouring time, and the enemies ransacking the city," &c.

(t) Dec. 1. lib. 6. Of the Druids see fully to the IX. song.

(u) Cæsar. de Bell. Gallic. lib. 6.

(y) Varro de ling. Lat. 7.

(z) Plin. Hist. Nat. 7. cap. 58. &, si placet, videas Annianos illos, Archiloch. de Temporib. & Xenoph. in Æquivocis.

(a) Camd. in Hibernia, &, per Græcas literas in ará Ulyssis in confinio Rhetiæ & Germaniæ, apud Tacitum, Lipsius characteres solummodò intelligit.

(b) Nervii de bello Gall. 5.

(c) "Wrote it in Greek, lest the enemy might, by intercepting the letters, discover his design."

(d) De Bell. Gallic. 1. (e) Geogr. 3.

(f) "That they wrote their instruments of contract in Greek."

(g) Trog. Pomp. Hist. 43.

not then why, about Marseilles, Greek was so respected, nor why in the Romaunt French now such Hellenisms are: here you see apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reasons, that the Druids and Gauls used a peculiar tongue, and very likely the same with the now Welsh, as most learned Camden hath even demonstrated; although I know some great scholars there are, which still suspend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of such antiquity will be. But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer Hotoman (*h*), who presumes that the word Græcis in Cæsar's text is crept in by ignorance of transcribers, as he well might, seeing those commentaries, titled with name of *J.* Cæsar, commonly published, and in divers MSS. with J. Celsus, are very unperfect, now and then abrupt, different in style, and so variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great critic Lipsius (*k*), lest some more impolite hand hath sowed many patches of base cloth into that more rich web, as his own metaphor expresses it. And if those characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas, in Denbighshire, are of the Druids, as some imagine (yet seeming very strange and uncouth) then might you more confidently concur in opinion with Hotoman. In sum, I know that Græcis literis may be taken as well for the language (as in Justin (*l*), I remember, and elsewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be understood in any but the last sense, although you admit Cæsar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very justifiable which the author here implies, by slighting Cæsar's authority in British originals, in respect that he never came farther into the isle than a little beyond Thames towards Berkshire (*m*); although some of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Chester, as the Scotish historians most senselessly of their Julis Hoff built by him, which others refer to Vespasian (*n*), some affirm it a temple of the god Terminus (*o*); whereas it seems expressly to be built by Carausius, in time of Diocletian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, this out my way.

(*h*) Franco-Gall. cap. 2. quem v. etiam ad Cæsar. Com.
(*k*) Elect. 2. cap. 7. Epistolic. quæst. 2. cap. 2.
(*l*) Hist. lib. 20. in extrema.
(*m*) Cæsarem si legas, tibi ipsi satisfacias, verùm & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Balu.
(*n*) Veremund. ap. Hect. Boet. hist. 3.
(*o*) Buchanan. hist. 4. in Donaldo.

POLY-OLBION.

THE ELEVENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, her native earth to see,
Returns to England over Dee;
Visits stout Cheshire, and there shows
To her and hers, what England owes;
And of the nymphlets sporting there
In Wyrral, and in Delamere.
Weever, the great devotion sings
Of the religious Saxon kings;
Those riverets doth together call,
That into him and Mersey fall.
Thence bearing to the side of Peak,
This zealous canto off doth break.

With as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait
As when we first set forth, observing every state,
The Muse from Cambria comes, with pinions summ'd and sound:
And having put herself upon the English ground,
First seizeth in her course the noblest Cestrian shore; [yore,
§. Of our great English bloods as careful here of
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be then; [of men.
For which, our proverb calls her, Cheshire, chief
§. And of our counties, place of palatine doth hold,
And thereto hath her high regalities enroll'd:
Besides, in many fields since conquering William came,
Her people she hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.
All, children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightiest, men of bone, in her full bosom bred;
And neither of them such as cold penurious need
Spurs to each rash attempt; but such as soundly feed, [they return
Clad in warm English cloth; and maim'd should
(Whom this false ruthless world else from their doors would spurn)
Have livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain.
Nor did the tenant's pay the landlord's charge maintain:
But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate;
Returning to his home, his hospitable gate
The richer and the poor stood open to receive.
They, of all England, most to ancient customs cleave,
Their yeomanry and still endeavour'd to uphold.
For rightly whilst herself brave England was of old,
And our courageous kings us forth to conquests led, [so dread)
Our armies in those times (near through the world
Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the most; [boast,
Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently
§. Our leopards they so long and bravely did advance [France.
Above the fleur de lis, even in the heart of
O! thou thrice happy shire, confined so to be
'Twixt two so famous floods, as Mersey is, and Dee! [divide:
Thy Dee upon the west from Wales doth thee
Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian side,
Thy natural sister-shire; and link'd unto thee so,
That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go.
As tow'rds the Derbian Peak, and Moreland, (which do draw [Shutlingslaw
More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd
And Molcop be thy mounds, with these proud hills whence rove
The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and Dove; [the west,
Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to
But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest,

(From which thou tak'st thy name) fair Chester,
call'd of old [did hold,
§. Carlegion; whilst proud Rome her conquests here
Of those her legions known the faithful station
then, [Wales men;
So stoutly held to tack by those near North-
Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
§. As her the Britons term'd, the fortress upon
Dee,
Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,
Th'imaginary work of some huge giant's hand:
Which if such ever were, tradition tells not who.
But back a while, my Muse: to Weever let
[doth scorn;
us go,
Which (with himself compar'd) each British flood
His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly
born; [doth divide,
The country in his course, that clean through
Cut in two equal shares upon his either side:
And, what the famous flood far more than that
enriches, [Wyches,
The bracky fountains are, those two renowned
The Nant-wych, and the North; whose either
briny well,
For store and sorts of salts, make Weever to excel.
Besides their general use, not had by him in vain,
§. But in himself thereby doth holiness retain
Above his fellow floods: whose healthful virtues
taught, [sought,
Hath of the sea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be
For physic in their need: and Thetis oft hath
seen, [been
When by their wanton sports her Ner'ides have
So sick, that Glaucus' self hath failed in their
cure:
Yet Weever, by his salts, recovery durst assure.
And Amphitrite oft this wizard river led
Into her secret walks (the depths profound and
dread)
Of him (suppos'd so wise) the hid events to know
Of things that were to come, as things done long
ago.
In which he had been prov'd most exquisite to be;
And bare his fame so far, that oft 'twixt him and
Dee [skill.
Much strife there hath arose in their prophetic
But to conclude his praise, our Weever here
doth will [he steers:
The Muse his source to sing; as how his course
Who from his nat'ral spring, as from his neighb'r-
ing meres
Sufficiently supply'd, shoots forth his silver breast,
As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the
east;
Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,
Till Ashbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the way,
Which to his journey's end him earnestly do haste:
Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taste
Of her most savory salt, is, by the sacred touch,
Forc'd faster in his course, his motion quicken'd
much [near
To North-wych: and at last, as he approacheth
Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that black
ominous mere
Accounted one of those that England's wonders
make; [Brereton's lake;
Of neighbours, Blackmere nam'd, of strangers,
Whose property seems far from reason's way to
stand:
For, near before his death that's owner of the land,
She sends up stocks of trees, that on the top do
float;
By which the world her first did for a wonder note.
His handmaid Howty next to Weever holds her
race: [apace
When Peever, with the help of Pickmere, makes
To put in with those streams his sacred steps that
tread,
Into the mighty waste of Mersey him to lead.
Where, when the rivers meet, with all their stately
train,
Proud Mersey is so great in ent'ring of the main,
As he would make a show for empery to stand,
And wrest the three-forkt mace from out grim
Neptune's hand;
To Cheshire highly bound for that his wat'ry store,
As to the grosser loughs[1] on the Lancastrian shore.
From hence he getteth Goyt down from her
peakish spring,
And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin bring
From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whose shagg'd
Sylvans she
Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to
be: [long,
Who in the darksome holes and caverns kept her
And that proud forest made a party to her wrong.
Yet could not all entreat the pretty brook to stay;
Which to her stream, sweet Bollen, creeps away.
To whom upon their road she pleasantly reports
The many mirthful jests, and wanton woodish
sports
In Maxfield they have had; as of that forest's fate:
Until they come at length, where Mersey for more
state
Assuming broader banks, himself so proudly bears,
That at his stern approach, extended Wyrral fears,
That (what betwixt his floods of Mersey, and the
Dee)
In very little time devoured he might be:
Out of the foaming surge till Hilbre lifts his head,
To let the foreland see how richly he had sped.
Which Mersey cheers so much, that with a smil-
ing brow [that throw
He fawns on both those floods; their amorous arms
About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling
breasts: [he rests,
On which whilst lull'd with ease, his pleased cheek
The Naiads, sitting near upon the aged rocks,
Are busied with their combs, to braid his verdant
locks,
Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids
look:
But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,
Who shows herself all drest in most delicious
flowers; [bowers
And sitting like a queen, sees from her shady
The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-
footed fauns,
To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,
As over holt[2] and heath, as thorough frith[3] and
fell[4];
And oft at barly-break, and prison-base to tell
(In carrolds as they course) each other all the joys,
The passages, deceits, the sleights, the amorous
toys

[1] Meres or standing lakes.
[2] A wood growing on a hill or knole.
[3] High wood.
[4] Low coppice.

The subtle sea-nymphs had, their Wyrral's love to win.
But Weever now again to warn them doth begin
To leave these trivial toys, which inly he did hate,
That neither them beseem'd, nor stood with his estate
(Being one that gave himself industriously to know
What monuments our kings erected long ago:
To which, the flood himself so wholly did apply,
As though upon his skill, the rest should all rely)
And bent himself to show, that yet the Britons bold,
Whom the laborious Muse so highly had extoll'd,
Those later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds,
And therefore with their praise thus zealously proceeds;
" Whilst the celestial powers th' arrived time attend, [end,
When o'er this general isle the Britons' reign should
And for the spoiling Pict here prosp'rously had wrought,
Into th' afflicted land which strong invasion brought,
And to that proud attempt, what yet his power might want, [supplant,
The ill-disposed Heavens, Brute's offspring to
Their angry plagues down pour'd, insatiate in their waste [struction haste.)
(Needs must they fall, whom Heaven doth to de-
And that which lastly came to consummate the rest, [press'd
Those prouder Saxon powers (which liberally they
Against th' invading Pict, of purpose hired in)
From those which paid them wage, the island soon did win;
And sooner overspread, being masters of the field;
Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent to wield
A land within itself that had so great a foe;
And therefore thought it fit them wisely to bestow;
Which over Severn here they in the mountains shut, [they put.
And some upon that point of Cornwal forth
Yet forced were they there their stations to defend.
" Nor could our men permit the Britons to descend [as high,
From Jove or Mars alone; but brought their blood
§. From Woden, by which name they styled Mercury. [fore,
Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here be-
More zealous to the gods they brought unto this shore,
Than Hengist's noble heirs; their idols that to raise, [days.
§. Here put their German names upon our weekly
" These noble Saxons were a nation hard and strong,
On sundry lands and seas in warfare nuzzled long;
Affliction throughly knew; and in proud fortune's spite, [might:
Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her utmost
Who under Hengist first, and Horsa, their brave chiefs,
From Germany [1] arriv'd, and with the strong reliefs
Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to supply,
Which anciently had been of their affinity,
By Scythia first sent out, which could not give them meat, [seat.
Were forc'd to seek a soil wherein themselves to
Them at the last on Dansk their ling'ring fortune drave, [gave.
Where Holst unto their troops sufficient harbour
These with the Saxons went, and fortunately wan:
Whose captain, Hengist, first a kingdom here began [rose
In Kent; where his great heirs, ere other princes
Of Saxony's descent, their fulness to oppose,
With swelling Humber's side their empire did confine.
And of the rest, not least renowned of their line,
§. Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' first christ'ned English king, [bring
To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hither
Wise Augustine the monk, from holy Gregory sent.
This most religious king, with most devout intent,
That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,
And privileges gave, this temple to protect.
" His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,
From that first christ'ned king, the second in that reign.
The gluttony then us'd severely to suppress,
And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd by excess)
§. That abstinence from flesh for forty days began,
Which by the name of Lent is known to every man. [done,
" As mighty Hengist here, by force of arms had
§. So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won
The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying from the main
Directly to the south, did properly obtain
The Southern Saxons' name; and not the last thereby [archy:
Amongst the other reigns which made the hept-
So in the high descent of that South-Saxon king,
We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring
Wise Ethelwald: alone who Christian not became,
But willing that his folk should all receive the name, [receiv'd
§. Saint Wilfrid (sent from York) into this realm
(Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his see bereav'd)
And on the south of Thames, a seat did him afford,
By whom that people first receiv'd the saving word.
" As likewise from the loins of Erchinwin (who rais'd [be prais'd:
Th' East-Saxons' kingdom first) brave Sebert may
Which, as that king of Kent, had with such cost and state
Built Paul's; his greatness so (this king to imitate)
Began the goodly church of Westminster to rear;
The primer English kings so truly zealous were.
" Then Sebba [2] of his seed, that did them all surpass,
Who fitter for a shrine than for a scepter was.
(Above the power of flesh, his appetite to starve
That his desired Christ he strictly might observe)
Even in his height of life, in health, in body strong,
Persuaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,
To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,
After religious sort themselves to dedicate.
" Whose nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his high praise
(Enriching that proud fane his grandsire first did raise)
Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,
And after liv'd in Rome a strict religious life.

[1] See, concerning their coming, to the 1st, 4th, and 8th songs.

[2] Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

" Nor these our princes here, of that pure Saxon strain,
Which took unto themselves each one their several [reign.
For their so goodly deeds deserved greater fame,
Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with them came;
Who sharing out themselves a kingdom in the east,
With th' Eastern Angles' name their circuit did in- [vest,
By Uffa in that part so happily begun: [won
Whose successors the crown for martyrdom have
From all before or since that ever suffer'd here;
§. Redwald's religious sons: who for their Saviour dear,
By cruel heathenish hands unmercifully slain,
Amongst us evermore remember'd shall remain,
And in the roll of saints must have a special room,
Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald shall come. [succeeds,
" When in that way they went, next Sebert them
Scarce seconded again for sanctimonious deeds:
Who for a private life when he his rule resign'd,
And to his cloyster long had strictly him confin'd,
A corslet for his cowl was glad again to take,
His country to defend (for his religion's sake)
Against proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan power,
Those christ'ned Angles then of purpose to devour:
And suff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heathenish pride,
As he a saint had liv'd, a constant martyr dy'd.
" When, after it fell out, that Offa had not long [wrong,
Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by
§. Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought him in, [win:
Even at what time the Danes this island sought to
Who christ'ned soon became, and as religious grown
As those most heathenish were who set him on his throne,
Did expiate in that place his predecessors' guilt,
Which so much Christian blood so cruelly had spilt.
For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures try,
His Saviour Jesus Christ to force him to deny;
First beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
His body full of shafts then cruelly they shot;
The constant martyr'd king, a saint thus justly crown'd.
To whom even in that place, that monument renown'd
Those after-ages built to his eternal fame.
What English hath not heard Saint Edmond Bury's[7] name?
" As of those Angles here, so from their loins again, [Saxon reign,
Whose hands hew'd out their way to the West-
(From Kenrick, or that claim from Cerdick to descend)
A partnership in fame great Ina might pretend
With any king since first the Saxons came to shore.
Of all those christ'ned here, who highlier did adore
The Godhead, than that man? or more that did apply
His power t' advance the church in true sincerity?
Great Glastonbury then so wondrously decay'd,
Whose old foundation first the ancient Britons laid,
He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
And many a sumptuous cope, to uses consecrate:
Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,
Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he shall stand.
" From Otta[8] (born with him who did this isle invade)
And had a conquest first of the Northumbrians made,
And tributary long of mightier Hengist held,
Till Ida (after born) the Kentish power expell'd,
And absolutely sat on the Dierian seat,
But afterward resign'd to Ethelfrid the Great;
An army into Wales who for invasion led,
At Chester and in fight their forces vanquished;
Into their utter spoil, then public way to make,
The long religious house of goodly Bangor brake,
§. And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.
For which his cruel spoil upon the Christians made
(Though with the just consent of Christian Saxons slain) [distain.
His blood, the heathenish hands of Redwald did
That murderer's issue next, this kingdom were exil'd: [mild
And Edwin took the rule; a prince as just and
As th' other faithless were: nor could time ever bring
In all the seven-fold rule an absoluter king;
And more t' advance the faith, his utmost power that lent:
§. Who re-ordained York a bishop's government;
And so much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of trade,
Where fountains fitly were, he iron dishes made,
And fast'ned them with chains the way-farer to ease, [pease.
And the poor pilgrim's thirst, there resting, to ap-
" As Mercia, 'mongst the rest, sought not the least to raise [praise.
The saving Christian faith, nor merits humbler
§. Nor those that from the stem of Saxon Creda came
(The Britons who expulst) were any whit in fame,
For piety and zeal, behind the others best;
Though heathenish Penda long and proudly did infest [all to bow;
The christ'ned neighbouring kings, and forc'd them
Till Oswy made to God a most religious vow,
Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to grant,
That he this Paynim prince in battle might supplant
A recluse he would give his daughter and delight,
Sweet Alfled then in youth, and as the morning, bright:
And having his request, he gave as he obtain'd;
Though his unnatural hands succeeding Wulpher stain'd [had
In his own children's blood, whom their dear mother
§. Confirm'd in Christ's belief, by that most reverend Chad:
Yet to embrace the faith when after he began
(For the unnatural'st deed that e'er was done by man)
If possible it were to expiate his guilt,
Here many a goodly house to holy uses built:
And she (to purge his crime on her dear children done)
A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.
" What age a godlier prince than Etheldred could bring?
Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?

[7] In Suffolk.

[8] Otta, brother to Hengist.

Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his flesh did tame,
The other went to Rome, and there a monk became.
" So, Ethelbald may well be set the rest among:
Who, though most vainly given when he was hot and young;
Yet, by the wise reproof of godly bishops, brought
From those unstay'd delights by which his youth was caught,
He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,
§. And (through his rule) the church from taxes strongly freed.
Then to the eastern sea, in that deep wat'ry fen
(Which seem'd a thing so much impossible to men)
He that great abbey built of Crowland, as though he
Would have no other's work like his foundation be.
" As, Offa greater far than any him before:
Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all the shore;
But over into Wales adventurously he shot
His Mercia's spacious mere [9], and Powisland to it got.
This king, even in that place, where with rude heaps of stones
§. The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's bones,
That goodly abbey built to Alban; as to show
How much the sons of Brute should to the Saxons owe.
" But when by powerful Heaven it was decreed
That all those sevenfold rules should into one be cast
(Which quickly to a head by Britrik's [10] death was brought)
Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been taught,
Returning home, was king of the West-Sexians made,
Whose people, then most rich and potent, him persuade
(As once it was of old) to monarchize the land.
Who following their advice, first with a warlike hand
The Cornish overcame; and thence, with prosperous sails,
O'er Severn set his powers into the heart of Wales;
And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle wag'd:
Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds enrag'd,
Went on against rest. Which, sadly when they saw
How those had sped before, with most subjective awe
Submit them to his sword: who prosperously alone
Reduc'd the seven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,
(§. Extirping other styles) and gave it England's name
Of th' Angles, from whose race his nobler fathers came.
" When scarcely Egbert here an entire rule began,
But instantly the Dane [11] the island over-ran;
A people, that their own those Saxons paid again.
For, as the Britons first they treacherously had slain,
This third upon their necks a heavier burden laid,
Than they had upon those whom falsely they betray'd.
And for each other's states, though oft they here did toil,
§. A people from their first bent naturally to spoil,
That cruelty with them from their beginning brought; [wrought,
Yet when the Christian faith in them had throughly
Of any in the world no story shall us tell,
Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:
That in these drowsy times should I in public bring
Each great peculiar act of every godly king,
The world might stand amaz'd in this our age to see
Those goodly fames of theirs, which irreligious we
Let every day decay; and yet we only live
By the great freedoms then those kings to these did give.
" Wise Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us the seat
§. Of famous Cambridge first, then with endowments great
The Muses to maintain, those sisters thither brought.
" By whose example, next, religious Alfred taught,
Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood;
And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly flood,
Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers provide,
§. He into several shires the kingdom did divide.
" So, valiant Edgar, first, most happily destroy'd
The multitudes of wolves, that long the land annoy'd,
And our good Edward here, the confessor and king,
(Unto whose sumptuous shrine our monarchs off'rings bring)
That cancred evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat and jaws,
When physic could not find the remedy nor cause,
And much it did afflict his sickly people here,
He of Almighty God obtain'd by earnest pray'r,
This tumour by a king might cured be alone:
§. Which he an heir-loom left unto the English throne.
So, our saint Edward here, for England's general use,
§. Our country's common laws did faithfully produce,
Both from th' old British writ, and from the Saxon tongue."
Of forests, hills and floods, when now a mighty throng
For audience cry'd aloud; because they late had heard,
That some high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly dar'd
With words that very much had stirr'd his rancorous spleen:
Where, though clear Severn set her princely self between
The English and the Welsh, yet could not make them cease:
Here Weever, as a flood affecting goodly peace,
His place of speech resigns; and to the Muse refers
The hearing of the cause, to stickle all these stirs.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now are you newly out of Wales, returned into England: and for conveniency of situation, imitating therein the ordinary course of chorography, the first shire eastward (from Denbigh and Flint, last sung by the Muse) Cheshire is here surveyed.

Of our great English bloods as careful——

For, as generally in these northern parts of England, the gentry is from ancient time left preserved in the continuance of name, blood, and place; so most particularly in this Cheshire, and the adjoining Lancashire: which, out of their numerous families, of the same name, with their chief houses and lordships, hath been observed (a).

(a) Camd. in Cornav. & Brigant.

[9] Offa's ditch.
[10] Egbert's predecessor.
[11] See song the first.

And, of our counties, place of palatine doth hold.

We have in England three more of that title, Lancaster, Durham, and Ely: and, until later time (*b*), Hexamshire, in the western part of Northumberland, was so reputed. William the Conqueror first created one Hugh Wolfe, a Norman, count palatine of Chester, and gave the earldom to hold, as freely as the king held his crown. By this supremacy of liberty he made to himself barons, which might assist him in council, and had their courts and cognisance of pleas in such sort, regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. Ego comes Hugo & mei barones confirmavimus ista omnia, is subscribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monastery of St. Werburg there For the name of palatine, know, that in ancient time, under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of count palatine was; but so, that it extended first only to him which had the care of the household and imperial revenue (*c*); which is now (so saith Wesembech (*d*); I affirm it not) as the marshal in other courts: but was also communicated by that honorary attribute of comitiva dignitas, to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or desert, as the code teacheth us. In later times, both in Germany, (as you see in the palsgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne shows long time since in the crown; yet keeping a distinct palatine government, as Peter Pithou (*e*) hath at large published) and in this kingdom, such were hereditarily honoured with it as, being near the prince in court, (which they, as we, called the palace) had by their state-carriage gained full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled countes de palais, as our law-annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the power and great state of this palatine earldom, I had rather (for a special reason) send you to the marriage of Henry III. and queen Eleanor, in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then earl of Chester, bare before the king St. Edward's sword, called curtein, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done, as duke of Lancaster (*f*); and wish you to examine the passage there, with what Bracton hath of earls (*g*), and our year books (*h*) of the high constable of England, than here offer it myself. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchises, forms of proceeding, even as at Westminster, or the diminution of its large liberties by the statute of Resumption (*i*), were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

Our leopards they so long and bravely did advance.

He well calls the coat of England, leopards.

(*b*) Stat. 14. Eliz. c. 13.
(*c*) C. de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. vid. Euseb. de vit. Constantin. 3. & Cod. lib. 12.
(*d*) In Parat. C. 1. tit. 34.
(*e*) Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Brie. Palatinorum nostrorum nomine Sarisbur. Policrat. 6. cap 16. & Epist. 263.
(*f*) Archiv. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commis. apud Crompt. Jurisdict. Cur.
(*g*) De acq rer. dom. cap. 16. § 3.
(*h*) 6 Hen. 8. Kelaway. & v. Brook. tit. prerog. 31. (*i*) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 24.

Neither can you justly object the common blazon of it, by name of lions, or that assertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three fleurs de lis, and three lions, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is, as all men know, at this present borne in our sovereign's arms for France and England; and so, that the quartering of the fleurs was not at all until Edward III. to publish his title, and gain the Flemish forces, (as you have it in Froissart) who bore the French arms (*k*), being then azure semy with fleurs de lis, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI. because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing: nor could that Italian have fallen into any errour more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently leopards, Misit ergo (saith Matthew Paris) Imperator (that is, Frederic II.) regi Anglorum tres leopardos in signum regalis clypei, in quo tres leopardi transeuntes figurantur (*l*). In a MS. of J. Gower's, Confessio Amantis, which the printed books have not,

Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,
Sit laus RICHARDI, quem sceptra colunt leopardi.

And Edward IV. (*m*) granted to Lewis of Bruges, earl of Winchester, that he should bear "d' azure, a dix Maseles enarme d' un canton de nostre propre armes d'Engleterre, c'est assavoir, de goules ung leopard passant d'or, arme d'azure," as the patent speaks: and likewise Henry VI. (*n*) to King's college, in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three roses, and summo scuti partitum principale de azoreo cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum peditante leopardo, and calls them parcellæ armorum, quæ nobis in regnis Angliæ & Franciæ jure debentur regio. I know it is otherwise now received, but withal, that princes being supreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologne's time (*o*); and it seems it hath been taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or the other, both for similitude of delineaments and composture, (as in the bearing of Normandy, the county of Zutphen, and such more) being blazoned in Hierom de Bara, and other French heralds, lion-leopards: and for that even under this Henry VI. a great student in heraldry (*p*), and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the lion of Guienne to the coat of Normandy, (which was by Henry II. his marriage with queen Eleanor divorced from Lewis of France) to be the first three lions borne by the English kings.

Caerlegion whilst proud Rome her conquests here did hold.

You have largely in that our most learned antiquary, the cause of this name from the tents of Roman legions there, about Vespasian's time. I will only note, that Leland (*q*) hath long since

(*k*) V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3. (*l*) 19 Hen. 3.
(*m*) Pat. 12. Ed. 4. part. 1. memb. 12.
(*n*) Pat. 27. Hen. 6. num. 46.
(*o*) Pont. Heut. de vet. Belgio. 2.
(*p*) Nichol. Upton. de re militari, l. 3.
(*q*) In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.

found fault with William of Malmesbury for affirming it so called, quod ibi emeriti Legionum Julianarum residêre (*r*); whereas it is plain, that Julius Cæsar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola, (then lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on that best of the monks unjust: to help it with reading militarium for Julianarum, as the printed book pretends, I find not sufficiently warrantable, in respect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmesbury's time as (it seems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of St. Augustines, in Canterbury, evidently persuades the contrary.

————the fortress upon Dee.

At this day, in British, she is called Cair Lheon ar dour dwy (*s*), i. e. the city of legions upon the river Dee. Some vulgar antiquaries have referred the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it: I, nor they, know not who, or when he lived. But indeed ridiculously they took Leon Daur (*t*) for king Leon the great; to whom the author alludes presently.

But in himself thereby doth holiness retain.

He compares it with Dee's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the seventh song. Weever, by reason of the salt-pits at Northwich, Nantwich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods' suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physic and prophecy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphon their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular cause, upon the most respected and divinely honoured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by express commandment of the true God (*u*), מלחכרים (*x*) in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol of perpetual friendship (*y*), that in Homer Πάσσι δ' Ἁλὸς Θείοιο (*z*), the title of Ἁγνίτης (*a*) given it by Lycophron, and passages of the ocean's medicinable epithets because of his saltness (*b*), you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

From Woden, by which name they styled Mercury.

Of the Britons' descent from Jove, if you remember but Æneas, son to Anchises, and Venus, with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's parents, sufficient declaration will offer itself. For this of Woden, see somewhat to the third song. To what you read there, I here more fitly add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is ascended to, as the chief ancestor of their most royal progenies; so you may see in Nennius, Bede, Ethelwerd, Florence of Worcester, an anonymus de Regali Prosapia, Huntingdon, and Hoveden; yet in such sort, that in some of them they go beyond him, through Frithwald, Frealaf, Frithulf, Fin, Godulph, Geta, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were just as true as the theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Prester John's, sometimes deriving himself very near from the loins of Salomon (*c*). Of this Woden, beside my authors named, special mention is found in Paul Warnfred (*d*), who makes Frea his wife, (others call her Fricco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam of Breme (*e*) which describe him as Mars; but in Geffrey of Monmouth, and Florilegus, in Hengist's own person, he is affirmed the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus' report was their chief deity; and that also is warranted in the denomination of our Wodensday, (according to the Dutch Wodensdagh) for the fourth day of the week, titled by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the illustrations of the third song to Merc, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by Lipsius (*f*), fetching Wodan from won or win, which is to gain, and so make his name Wondan, expressing in that sense the self name Ἑρμῆς Κερδῶος (*g*) used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.

Here put the German names upon the weekly days.

From their Sunnan for the Sun, Monan for the Moon, Tuisco, or Tuisto (of whom see to the fourth song) for Mars, Woden for Mercury, Thor for Jupiter, Fre, Frie, or Frigo, for Venus, Sætern for Saturn, they styled their days Sunnan-dæg, Monan-dæg, Tuisco-dæg, Woden-dæg, Thor-dæg, Frig-dæg, Sæter-dæg. Hence came our names now used Sunday, Munday, Tuesday, Wodensday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday; which planetary account was very ancient among the Egyptians (*h*), (having much Hebrew discipline) but so superstitious, that, being great astronomers, and very observant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish sabbath, and imposed the name of Saturn, on the next, Sun, then the Moon, as we now reckon, omitting two planets in every nomination, as you easily conceive it. One might seek, yet miss the reasons of that form; but nothing gives satisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joseph Scaliger (*i*), whose intended reason for it is thus. In a circle describe an heptagonal and equilateral figure; from whose every side shall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles respectively on the corners of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right side of any of the bases begin your account, from that to the oppositely noted planet, thence to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued course in that order, grounded perhaps among

(*r*) De Pontificib. lib. 4.
(*s*) Humf. Lhuid in Breviario.
(*t*) " A great legion."
(*u*) Levit. 2. comm. 13. & Num. 18.
(*x*) " Salt of the covenant."
(*y*) Cæl. Rhodigin. ant. Lect. 12. c. 1. V. Plutarch. Sympos. 5. cap. 10.
(*z*) Iliad. 5. Vid. Lips. Saturnal. 1. cap. 2.
(*a*) In Cassandra.
(*b*) Cæl. Ant. Lect. 11. cap. 22.
(*c*) Damian. a Goes de morib. Æthiopum.
(*d*) De Longobard. 1. c. 8.
(*e*) Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. 4. cap. 91.
(*f*) Ad Tacit. Germ. not. 32.
(*g*) " Mercury, president of gain."
(*h*) Dion. Hist. Rom. λζ.
(*i*) De Emendat. Temp. 1. Eundem de hâc re Prolegom. & lib. 7. Doctorem meritò agnoscimus.

the ancients upon mysteries of number, and interchanged government by those superior bodies over this habitable orb) which some have sweated at, in inquiry of proportions, music distances, and referred it to planetary hours: whereas they (the very name of hour for a twenty fourth part of a day, being unusual till about the Peloponnesiac war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar astrologers receive in supposition. At last, by Constantine the Great, and pope Silvester, the name of Sun-day was turned into the Lord's-day (*k*); as it is styled Dominicus & Κυριακή; of Saturday, into the Sabbath; and the rest, not long afterward, named according to their numeral order as the first, second, or third Feria, (that is, holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Easter-week, the beginning of the ecclesiastic year, which was kept every day holy) for Sunday, Munday, Tuesday. You may note here, that Cæsar (*l*) was deceived in telling us, the Germans worshipped no other gods but quos cernunt, & quorum opibus apertè juvantur, Solem, Vulcanum & Lunam, reliquos ne famâ quidem accepisse; for you see more than those thus honoured by them, as also they had their Eosten Monath (*m*) for April, dedicated to some adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the discovery of the northern parts was but in weakest infancy, when he delivered it,

Good Ethelbert of Kent first christ'ned English king.

About the year six hundred, Christianity was received among the Saxons: this Ethelbert (being first induced to taste that happiness by Berta his queen, a Christian, and daughter to Hilperic, or Lothar the Second, king of France) was afterward baptized by Augustine, a monk, sent hither, with other workmen, for such a harvest, by pope Gregory the First, zealously being moved to conversion of the English nation: so that, after the first coming of Hengist, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years, by the common account, without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you see to the eighth song) received it, at all impart it by instruction, which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White (*n*) of Basingstoke (I must cite his name, you would laugh at me, if I affirmed it) refers to Kent's paganism, and British Christianity before this conversion, the original of our vulgar by-word, "Nor in Christendom, nor in Kent."

That abstinence of flesh for forty days began.

Began it here, so understand him; for plainly that fasting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing epistle of pope Telesphorus (*o*) constituting that the clergy should fast from Quinquagesima (that is, Shrove-sunday) to Easter, whereas the laity and they both were before bound but to six weeks, accounted, as now, from the first Sunday in Lent; so that even from the first of Christianity (*p*), for remembrance of our Saviour, it seems, it hath been observed, although I know it hath been referred to Teleaphorus, as first author. He died in the year 140 of Christ. But if you compare this of him with that of pope Melchiades (*q*), (some 170 years after) taking away the fast upon a Sunday and Thursday, you will lose therein forty days, and the common name of Quadragesime; but again find it thus. Saint Gregory (*r*), after both these, makes Lent to be so kept, that yet no fasting be upon Sundays; because (among other reasons) he would have it as the tenth of time consecrated to God in prayer and abstinence (and the canonists (*s*), how justly I argue not, put it in their division of personal tithes). Then, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the first Sunday in Lent to Easter are six weeks, that is, forty-two days, whence six Sundays subtracted, remain thirty-six, which (fractions avoided) is the quotient of 365, being the number of the common year, divided by ten. But seeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his fasting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the first week, the four last days of the Quinquagesima, that is, Ashwednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; so keeping both his conceit of tithing, and also observation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our assayed abstinence. For proof of this in Erconbert, both Bede and Malmesbury, beside their later followers, are witnesses. Their Saxon name near ours was Lengcten-fæsten (*t*), as the other four fasts ymbren fæsten.

So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won.

Near forty years after the Saxons' first arrival, Ælla, (of the same nation) with his sons Pleucing, or Pleting, Cimen and Cissa, landed at Cimenshore, in the now Sussex, (it is supposed (*u*) to be near the Witterings by Chichester) and having his forces increased by supply, after much blood shed betwixt him and the Britons, and long siege of the city Andredceaster, now Newenden, in Kent, (as learned Camden conjectures) got supreme dominion of those southern parts, with title of king of Sussex, whose son and successor, Cissa's name, is yet there left in Cissa-ceastren (*x*), for Chichester, and in a hill encircled with a deep trench for military defence, called Cissa-bury, by Offington. The author fitly begins with him after the Kentish; for he was the first made the number of the Saxon kings plural, by planting and here reigning over the South-Saxons: and as one was always in the heptarchy, which had title of first, or chief king of the Angles and Saxons, so

(*k*) Nicephor. Callist. Eccles. Hist. ζ. cap. μϛ. Polyd. Invent. Rer. 6. cap. 5.
(*l*) Comment. Gallic. 6.
(*m*) Bed. lib. de Temporibus.
(*n*) Hist. 7. not. 24.
(*o*) Dist. 4. c. 4. statuimus & ibid. D. Ambrosius.

(*p*) Ita etiam Baronius, sed & vide Eusebii Chronic. in Sixto 1.
(*q*) Dist. 4. de Consecrat. cap. 14. Jejunium.
(*r*) In Homil. dist. 5. de Consecrat. cap. 16.
(*s*) Rebuff. tract. de decim. quæst. 3. num. 31.
(*t*) Canut. leg. 16.
(*u*) Ex antiq. charta Eccles. Selesens. ap. Camden.
(*x*) So is it called in Florent. Wigorn. p. 331. kingdom of Sussex.

this Ella not only was honoured with it (*y*), but also the prerogative, by priority of time, in first enjoying it, before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was, for the most part, still under the Kentish and West-Saxon kings.

Saint Wilfrid sent from York into his realm receiv'd.

This Wilfrid, archbishop of York, expelled that see by Egfrid, king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch, (otherwise Ethelwalch, being before christened, through religious persuasion of his godfather, Wulpher, king of Mercland) and converted the South-Saxons to the gospel. He endowed this Wilfrid with Selsey, a chersonese in Sussex, and was so founder of a bishopric, afterward translated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cichester, whose cathedral church in public monuments honours the name of Cedwalla, (of whom see to the ninth song) king of West-Sex, for her first creator: but the reason of that was rather because Cedwalla, after the death of Edilwalch, (whom he slew) so honoured Wilfrid, ut magistrum & dominum omnis provinciæ eum præfecit, nihil in tota provincia sine illius assensu faciendum arbitratus (*z*); whereupon it was, as it seems, thought fit (according to course of yielding with the sway of fortune) to forget Edilwalch, and acknowledge Cedwalla (then a pagan) for first patron of that episcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Christ's profession, continued without rain; in so much that famine, and her companion pestilence, so vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they used, hand in hand, to end their miseries in the swallowing waves of their neighbouring ocean: but that all ceased upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them also first (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fish, being before skilled only in taking of eels. I know, some make Eadbert abbot of the monastery in Selsey (*a*), under king Ine, first bishop there, adding, that before his time the province was subject to Winchester; but that, rightly understood, discords not; that is, if you refer it to instauration of what was discontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbishopric.

Adopting for his heir young Edmund——

Penda, king of Mercland, had slain Sigebert (or Sebert) and Anna, kings of East-Angles, and so in dominion might be said to have possessed that kingdom; but Anna had divers successors of his blood, of whom Ethelberth was traitorously slain in a plot dissembled by Offa, king of Mercland, and this part of the heptarchy confounded in the Mercian crown. Then did Offa adopt this Saint Edmund, a Saxon, into name of successor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoyed, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hingnar, a Dane, (Polydore will needs have his name Anger) he was with miserable torture martyred, upon the nineteenth of November, 870, whither his canonization directeth us for holy memory of him.

(*y*) Ethelwerd. hist. 3. cap. 2. Bed. hist. 2. cap. 5.
(*z*) Malmesb. de gest. Pontific. 3.
(*a*) Matth. Westmonasteriensis.

And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.

You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid, or Edilfrid, king of Northumberland, aspiring to increase his territories, made war against the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Chester, near the onset, he saw, with wonder, a multitude of monks assembled, in a place by, somewhat secure; demanded the cause, and was soon informed, that they were there ready to assist his enemies' swords with their devout orisons, and had one, called Brocmail, professing their defence from the English forces. The king no sooner heard this, but Ergo (saith he, being a heathen) si adversus nos, ad dominum suum clamant, profecto & ipsi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adversis nos imprecationibus persequuntur; presently commands their spoil: which so was performed by his soldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the sword. A strange slaughter of religious persons, at one time and place; but not so strange as their whole number in this one monastery, which was 2100; not such idle lubberly sots as later times pestered the world withal, truly pictured in that description of (their character) sloth (*b*).

——————With two slimy eyne
I must sit, said the segge, or else I must needs nap,
I may not stond ne stoupe, ne without mi stole kneele,
Were I brought a bed, (but if my talende it made)
Should ne ringing do me rise, or I were ripe to dine.
He began Benedicite with a bolke, and his brest knoked
And raskled, and rored, and rut at the last:
If I should dye by this daie, me lyste not to leke.
I can not perfitly my Pater nost, as the priest it singeth,
But I can rimes of Robin Hod, and Randal of Chester,
But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all.
I am occupied every day, holy day and other,
With idle tales at the ale, and other while in churches.
God's paine and his passion full selde think I thereon,
I visited never feblemen, ne fettred folke in pittes,
I have lever here an harlotrie, or a somer's game,
Or leasings to laugh at and bilye my neighbours,
Then all that ever Mark made, Math, John, and Lucas,
And vigiles and fasting daies, all these let I passe,
And lie in bed in Lent, and mi lemman in mine armes.
I have ben priest and parson passing thyrtie winter,
Yet can I nether sol fe ne sing, ne saints lives read,
But I can find in a feild, or in a furlong, an hare,
Better then in Beatus Vir, or in Beati Omnes.

Not such were those Bangor monks: but they Omnes de labore manuum suarum vivere solebant. Observe here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been so branded, and not unjustly, with dissembled bestial sensualities of monastic profession, that in the universal visitation under Henry VIII. every monastery afforded

(*b*) Rob. de Langland, sive Joannes Malvern. Pass. 5.

Comprehended in			Began in	Received the faith in
	IV. Northumberland.	Lancaster York Durham Westmoreland Northumberland, and the neighbouring territory, to Edinburgh Frith; whither, from Tine, was the name of Bernicland, and what lay on this side Tine, called Dierland.	IV. Ida, 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ella twelve years after began in Dierland; but both kingdoms soon were confounded in one.	Edwin, 626, christened by Paulin, first archbishop (in the Saxon times) of York.
	V. East-Sex.	Essex Middlesex Part of Hereford.	V. Sleda, after some (others say in Erchwin before) about 580, both uncertain, and their successors.	Sebert, 604, dipt in holy tincture by Mellitus, first bishop of London.
	VI. East-Angle.	Norfolk Suffolk Cambridgeshire Part of Ely.	VI. Redwald, about 600: but some talk of one Vuffa (whence these kings were called Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before.	Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were christened, for he soon fell to apostasy, by persuasion of his wife, and in the same chapel made one altar to Christ, another to the Devil.
	VII. Mereland.	Glocester Hereford Worcester Warwick Leicester Rutland Northampton Lincoln Huntingdon Bedford Buckingham Oxford Stafford Derby Salop Nottingham Chester The northern part of Hereford. But in these the inhabitants of them inlands were called Middle-Engles, and the Mercians divided into names of their local quarters.	VII. In Penda, 626. Others will in Crida, some 40 years before.	Penda, king of Middle-Engle, baptized by Finna, bishop of Lindisfarne, but enlarged the profession of it in Vulpher, next king there.

Perhaps as good authority may be given against some of my proposed chronology, as I can justify myself with. But although so, yet I am therefore freed of errour, because our old monks, exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing able to rectify. I know the East-Angles, by both ancient and later authority, began above one hundred years before; but if with synchronism you examine it, it will be found most absurd. For seeing it is affirmed expressly, that Redwald was slain by Ethelfrid, king of Northumberland, and being plain by Bede (*t*), (take his story together, and rely not upon syllables and false printed copies) that it must needs be near 600, (for Edwin succeeded Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was some thirty years before: what calculation will cast this into less than 500 years after Christ? Forget not, (if you desire accurate times) my admonition to the IVth song, of the twenty-two years' errour upon the Dionysian account, especially in the beginning of the kingdoms, because they are for the most part reckoned in old monks from the coming of the Saxons. Where you find different names from these, attribute it to misreading of old copies, by such as have published Carpenwald for Eorpenwold, or Earpwald; Penda also perhaps for Wenda, mistaking the

(*t*) Eccles. Hist. 2. cap. 9. ubi legendum sexcentesimo vice vel quingentesimo.

Saxon þ for our P. and other such, variably both written and printed. How in time they successively came under the West-Saxon rule, I must not tell you, unless I should untimely put on the person of an historian. Our common annals manifest it. But know here, that although seven were, yet but five had any long continuance of their supremacies:

The Saxons tho in ther power (tho thil were so rive)
Seve kingdomes made in Engelonde and suthe (u) but vive,
The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastaugle also,
Of Kent and of Westsex, and of the March therto.

as Robert of Glocester, according to truth of story, hath it; for Estsex and Southsex were not long after their beginnings (as it were) annexed to their ruling neighbour princes.

A nation from their first bent naturally to spoil.

Indeed so were universally the Germans (out of whom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us: Nec arare terram aut exspectare annum tam facile persuaseris, quam vocare hostes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum quinimò & iners videtur sudore acquirere quod possis sanguine parare, and more of that nature we read in him.

Of famous Cambridge first———

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of Eorpwald) returning out of France, whither his father Redwald had banished him, and receiving the East-Angle crown, assisted by Fœlix, a Burgognone, and first bishop of Dunwich, (then called Dunmoc) in Suffolk: desiring to imitate what he had seen observable in France, for the common good, instituit scholam (read it scholas, if you will, as some do; I see no consequence of worth) in qua pueri literis erudirentur, as Bede writeth. Out of these words, thus general, Cambridge being in East-Angle, hath been taken for this school, and the school for the university. I will believe it (insomuch as makes it then an university) not much sooner than that (I know not what) Gurgunsius with Cantaber, some 150 years before Christ, founded it; or, those charters of king Arthur, bulls of pope Honorius and Sergius sent thither; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their studies there, with more such pretended and absurd unlikelihoods; unless every grammar school be an university, as this was, where children were taught by pædagogi & magistri juxta morem Cantuariorum, as Bede hath expressly: which so makes Canterbury an university also. But neither is there any touch in authentic and ancient story, which justifies these schools instituted at Cambridge, but generally somewhere in East-Angle. Reasons of inducement are framed in multitudes on both sides. But, for my own part, I never saw any sufficiently probable, and therefore most of all rely upon what authorities are afforded. Among them I ever preferred the Appendix to the story of Crowland, supposed done by Peter of Blois, affirming, that under Henry I. (he lived very near the same time: therefore believe him in a matter not subject to causes of historians temporising) Joffred, abbot of Crowland, with one Gilbert, his commoigne, and three other mouks, came to his manor of Cotenham, as they used oft times, to read; and thence daily going to Cambridge, Conducto quodam horreo publico suas scientias palàm profitentes, in brevi temporis excursu, grandeun discipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno verò secundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit discipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido, quòd quælibet domus maxima, horreum, nec ulla ecclesia sufficeret eorum receptaculo: and so goes on with an ensuing frequency of schools. If before this there were an university, I imagine that in it was not profest Aristotle's Ethics, which tell us, περὶ τῆς Σπουδῆς φιλίας: for then would they not have permitted learned readers of the sciences (whom all, that hated not the Muses, could not but love) to be compelled into a barn, instead of schools. Nor is it tolerable in conceit, that for near five hundred years (which inerceded betwixt this and Sigebert) no fitter place of profession should be erected. To this time others have referred the beginning of that famous seminary of good literature: and if room be left for me, I offer subscription; but always under reformation of that most honoured tutoress's pupils, which shall (omitting fabulous trash) judiciously instruct otherwise. But the author here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of later time, relying upon conjecture, hath his warrant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater of that Arcadian original, which some have so violently patronised.

Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood.

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was past twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others; grounding themselves upon what Alfred's beneficence and most deserving care hath manifested in royal provision for that sacred nurse of learning. But justly it may be doubted, lest they took instauration of what was deficient, for institution: for although you grant that he first founded University College; yet it follows not, but there might be common schools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Giesse, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you please, fetch hither that of Greeklade (to the third song) which I will not importune you to believe: but without scruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of St. Dewi's (x), (made grammar and rhetoric reader there by king Alfred) in these words of the year 886: Exorta est pessima ac teterrima Oxoniæ discordia inter Grimboldum, (this was a great and devout scholar, whose aid Alfred used in his disposition of lectures) doctissimosque illos viros secum illuc adduxit, & veteres illos scholasticos quos ibidem invenisset: qui ejus adventu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimboldo institutas, omni ex parte amplecti recusabant. And a little after, Quinetiam probabant & ostendebant, idque indubitato veterum annalium testimonio, illius loci ordines ac instituta, à nonnullis piis & eruditis hominibus fuisse sancita, ut à Gildâ (Melkino, he was a great mathematician, and as Gildas also lived between 5 and 600) Nennio, (the printed book hath falsely Nemrio) Kentigerno, (he lived about 509) & aliis, qui omnes literis illic consenuerunt, omnia ibidem

(u) Afterward.

(x) Asser. Menevens. de gest. Alfred.

fœlici pace & concordia administrantes; and affirmed also, that letters had there been happily profest in very ancient time, with frequency of scholars, until irruptions of (*y*) pagans (they meant Danes) had brought them to this lately,restored deficiency. After this testimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of this pillar of the Muses long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great question, but that, where in an old copy of Gildas's life, (published lately by a (*z*) Frenchman) it is printed, that he studied at Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land, it should be Ichen, (and I confess, before me, one hath well published the conjecture) for Ryd-Ichin, the Welsh name of that city, expressing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Memprikes, as some do; that were but vain affectation to dote on my reverend mother. But because in those remote ages, not only universities and public schools, (being (*a*) for a time prohibited by P. P. Gregory, for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monasteries and cloisters were great auditories (*b*) of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's professing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Malmesbury, (this Aldelm first taught the English to write (*c*) Latin prose and verse) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarrow, and such other more, I guess that hence came much obscurity to their name, omitted or suppressed by envious monks of those times, then whose traditions descending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which soever of these two sisters have prerogative of primogeniture, (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them less attribute, than to be two radiant eyes fixed in this island, as the beauteous face of the Earth's body. To what others have by industrious search communicated, I add concerning Oxford, out of an ancient (*d*) MS. (but since the Clementines) what I there read: Apud montem Pessulanum, Parisios, Oxoniam, Colonias, Boloniam, generalia studia ordinamus. Ad quæ Prior provincialis quilibet possit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant studentium libertatem: and also admonish the reader of an imposture thrust into the world this last autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of bishoprics by a profest antiquary and popish canon of Antwerp (*e*), telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St. Victor's library at Paris, was written 500 years since, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written Oxoniensis, I imagined might have been mistaken for Exoniensis, (as Exonia for Oxonia sometimes) until I saw Exoniensis joined also; by which stood Petroburgensis, which bruised all the credit of the monument, but especially of him that published it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no bishopric till Henry the Eighth? Nor indeed was Oxford, which might easily be thought much otherwise, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promising title. I abstain from expatiating in matter of our Muses' seat, so largely, and too largely, treated of by others.

And into several shires the kingdom did divide.

To those shires (*f*) he constituted justices and sheriffs, called ȝeꞃeꝼas and ꞅcẏꞃȝeꞃeꝼas, the office of those two being before confounded in vice-domini, i. e. lieutenants; but so, that vicedominus, and vicecomes, remained indifferent words for the name of sheriff, as in a charter of king Edred, 950.—Ego Bingulph vicedominus consului ✠. Ego Alfer vicecomes audivi ✠. I find together subscribed. The justices were, as I think, no other than those whom they called Ealdoꞃ mannum, being the same with Eoꞃles, now earls, in whose disposition and government, upon delegation from the king, (the title being officiary, not hereditary, except in some particular shire, as Leicester, &c.) the county was; with the bishop of the diocese: the earl sat (*g*) in the Sẏꞃeȝemote twice every year, where charge was given touching Godeꞅ ꞃihteꞅ ⁊ ȝeꞃeoꞃulde ꞃihte (*h*): but by the Conqueror (*i*), this meddling of the bishop in tournes was prohibited. The sheriff had then his monthly court also, as the now county court instituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the tourn by king Edgar. The sheriff is now immediate officer to the king's court, but it seems that then the earl (having always the third part of the shire's profits, both before and since the Normans) had charge upon him. For this division of counties: how many he made, I know not, but Malmesbury, under Ethelred, affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Glocester thirty-five) about which time Winchelcomb was one (*k*), but then joined to Glocestershire; those thirty-two were (*l*)

Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hantshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Dorset, Devonshire; these nine governed by the West Saxon law. Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; these fifteen by the Danish law. Oxford, Warwick, Gloucester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, Cheshire, Worcester; these eight by the Mercian law.

Here was none of Cornwal, Cumberland, (styled also Carlisleshire) Northumberland, Lancaster, Westmoreland, (which was since titled Applebyshire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (besides the twelve

(*y*) About Alfred's time, before his instauration, a grammarian was not found in his kingdom to teach him. Florent. Wigorn. p. 309.

(*z*) Joan à Bosco. Paris. in Biblioth. Floriacens. vit. Gild. cap. 6.

(*a*) Bri. Tuin. Apolog. Ox. 2. §. 84.

(*b*) Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Grantâ.

(*c*) Camd. in Wiltoniâ.

(*d*) Constitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magist. Student.

(*e*) Aubert Miræus in Notit. Episcopat. edit. Parisiis, 1610.

(*f*) Histor. Crowlandensis.

(*g*) Edgar leg. Human. cap. 5. Edw. cap. 11. Canut. cap. 17.

(*h*) "God's right and the world's."

(*i*) Rot. Chart. 2. Rich. 2. pro Decan. & capit. Lincoln. transcripsimus in Jano Anglorum l. 2. §. 14. & videas apud Fox. hist. eccles. 4.

(*k*) Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunis.

(*l*) Polychronicon, lib. 1. cap. de provinciis.

in Wales) forty. Cornwal (because of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother, Robert of Moreton, continued out of the division. Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, seem to have been then under Scotish or Danish power. But thé two first received their division, as it seems, before the conquest: for Cumberland had its particular governors (*m*), and Northumberland earls (*n*): Westmoreland, perhaps, began when king John gave it Robert Vipont, an ·estor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the sheriffdom. Durham religiously was with large immunities (*o*) given to the bishop since the Norman invasion. Lancaster, until Henry III. created his younger son, Edmund Crook-back, earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned judge affirms (*p*), that in this Henry's time, was the first sheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (first son to Edmund Langley, duke of York, and afterward duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know, for number and time of those, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon selected. As Alured divided the shires first; so to him is owing the constitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whosoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his boroughs, i. e. pledges, admitted in some of them for a good subject, should be reckoned as suspicious of life and loyalty. Some steps thereof remain in our ancient and later law-books.

Which he an heirloom left unto the English throne.

The first healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward the Confessor (*q*): and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old monument is left to posterity (*r*). In France, such a kind of cure is attributed to their kings also; both of that and this, if you desire particular inquisition, take Dr. Tooker's Charisma sanationis.

Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.

In Lambard's Archæonomy, and Roger of Hoveden's Henry II. are laws under the name of the Confessor and Conqueror, joined and deduced, for the most part, out of their predecessors; but those of the Confessor seem to be the same, if Malmesbury deceive not (*s*), which king Cnut collected, of whom his words are, Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maximè antecessore suo Ethelredo latas, sub interminatione regiæ mulctæ, perpetuis temporibus observari præcepit, in quarum custodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum sub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille statuerit, sed quod observaverit; and under this name have they been humbly desired by the subject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and first part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conquest.

(*m*) Mat. West. fol. 366.
(*n*) Ingulph. hist. Crowland.
(*o*) Thorp. 17 Ed. 3. fol. 56. h.
(*p*) Bract. lib. 3. tract. de Corona, cap. 10. Quàmplurimi casus in annis Ed. 3. & 5. Jacob. apud Dom. Ed. Cok. lib. 6. fol. 77. maximè vero huc faciunt Itin. illa H. 3. & Ed. 1.
(*q*) Polydor. hist 8.
(*r*) Eilred. Rhivallens. ap. Took. in Charismat. Sanat. c. 6.
(*s*) De gest. Reg. 2. cap. 11.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWELFTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, that part of Shropshire plies
Which on the east of Severn lies:
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian mountains' spite,
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,
Which the most famous warriors were.
And as she in her course proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth strain
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous battles try'd
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironside,
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,
Visits the springs of Trent and Dove;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings;
An end which to this canto brings.

The haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their praise,
(As they who only sought ambitiously to raise
The blood of godlike Brute) their heads do proudly bear: [air
And having crown'd themselves sole regents of the
(Another war with Heaven as though they meant to make)
Did seem in great disdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill upon the English side, [pride.
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to veil unto their
When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth that knew,
And understood from whence their insolency grew,
For all that they appear'd so terrible in sight,
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.
And when they star'd on him, to them the like he gave, [brave:
And answer'd glance for glance, and brave for
That, when some other hills which English dwellers were,
The lusty Wrekin saw himself so well to bear
Against the Cambrian part, respectless of their power;
His eminent disgrace expecting every hour, [look)
Those flatterers that before (with many cheerful
Had grac'd his goodly sight, him utterly forsook,
And muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd in black, [wrack:
Which of their utmost hope attend the ruinous
That those delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Rodon clear [him dear;
(Two brooks of him below'd, and two that held
He, having none but them, they having none but he,
Which to their mutual joy might either's object be)
Within their secret breasts conceived sundry fears,
And as they mix'd their streams, for him so mix'd their tears.

Whom, in their coming down, when plainly he discerns,
For them his nobler heart in his strong bosom yearns:
But, constantly resolv'd, that (dearer if they were)
The Britons should not yet all from the English bear; [by Cambria[1] brought,
"Therefore," quoth he, "brave flood, tho' forth
Yet as fair England's friend, or mine thou would'st be thought [take:"
(O Severn!) let thine ear my just defence par-
Which said, in the behalf of th' English thus he spake;
"Wise Weever (I suppose) sufficiently hath said
Of those our princes here, which fasted, watch'd and pray'd, [deeds:
Whose deep devotion went for other's vent'rous
But in this song of mine, he seriously that reads,
Shall find, ere I have done, the Briton (so extoll'd,
Whose height each mountain strives so vainly to uphold) [might,
Match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a
As skilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.
Who, when their fortune will'd that after they should scorse [for force,
Blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging
(When first he put from sea to forage on this shore,
Two hundred years[2] distain'd with either's equal gore;
Now this aloft, now that, oft did the English reign,
And oftentimes again depressed by the Dane)
The Saxons then, I say, themselves as bravely show'd, [bestow'd.
As those on whom the Welsh such glorious praise
"Nor could his angry sword, who Egbert overthrew, [subdue)
(Through which he thought at once the Saxons to
His kingly courage quell: but from his short retire,
His reinforced troops (new forg'd with sprightly fire)
Before them drave the Dane, and made the Briton run
(Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had won)
Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight were slain, [neighb'ring plain.
Till their huge murthered heaps manur'd each
"As Ethelwolf again, his utmost powers that bent [mark sent
Against those fresh supplies each year from Den-
(Which prowling up and down in their rude Danish oars, [shores)
Here put themselves by stealth upon the pest'red
In many a doubtful fight much fame in England won.
So did the king of Kent, courageous Athelstan,
Which here against the Dane got such victorious days. [praise,
"So we the Wiltshire men as worthily may
That buckled with those Danes, by Ceorl and Osrick brought. [that fought,
"And Ethelred, with them nine sundry fields
Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one year.
You right nam'd English then, courageous men you were, [lord:
When Reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant
Where Basrig ye out-brav'd, and Haldon, sword to sword;

The most redoubted spirits that Denmark here address'd.
"And Alured, not much inferior to the rest:
Who having in his days so many dangers past,
In seven brave fought'en fields their champion Hubba chas'd,
And slew him in the end, at Abington, that day,
Whose like the Sun ne'er saw in his diurnal way:
Where those, that from the field sore wounded sadly fled, [dead,
Were well-near overwhelm'd with mountains of the
His force and fortune made the foes so much to fear,
As they the land at last did utterly forswear.
"And when proud Rollo[3], next, their former powers repair'd
(Yea, when the worst of all it with the English far'd)
Whose countries near at hand, his force did still supply, [mandy,
And Denmark to her drew the strengths of Nor-
This prince in many a fight their forces still defy'd.
The goodly river Lee he wisely did divide,
By which the Danes had then their full-fraught navies tow'd: [ru'd.
The greatness of whose stream besieged Hartford
This Alfred, whose foresight had politicly found
Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the ground,
A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put,
§. And into lesser streams that spacious current cut.
Their ships thus set on shore (to frustrate their desire)
Those Danish hulks became the food of English fire.
"Great Alfred left his life: when Elfida up grew,
That far beyond the pitch of other women flew:
Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,
§. Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more would know:
But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)
This most courageous queen, by conquest to aspire,
The puissant Danish powers victoriously pursu'd,
And resolutely here through their thick squadrons hew'd
Her way into the north. Where Derby having won,
And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,
She sav'd besieged York; and in the Danes' despite, [might,
When most they were upheld with all the eastern
More towns and cities built out of her wealth and power,
Than all their hostile flames could any way devour.
And, when the Danish here the country most destroy'd, [ploy'd;
Yet all our powers on them not wholly were em-
But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam,
To fetch in foreign spoils, to help our loss at home.
And all the land, from us they never clearly wan:
But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,
In the Northumbrian fields, with most victorious might
Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious flight;
And more than any king of th' English him before,
Each way from north to south, from west to th' eastern shore,
Made all the isle his own: his seat who firmly fix'd,
The Caledonian hills and Caithness point betwixt,
§. And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hither brought; [sought:
Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons

[1] Out of Plinlimmon, in the confines of Cardigan and Montgomery.
[2] See to song I.
[3] See to the next song of Rollo.

Where he their princes forc'd from that their strong
In England to appear at his imperial seat. [retreat,
" But after, when the Danes, who never wearied were,
Came with intent to make a general conquest here,
They brought with them a man deem'd of so wondrous might,
As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight:
For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;
Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly wield: [spirit,
And (to enforce that strength) of such a dauntless
A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
That to the English oft they off'red him (in pride)
The ending of the war by combat to decide:
Much scandal which procur'd unto the English name. [with shame,
When, some out of their love, and some spur'd on
By envy some provok'd, some out of courage, fain
Would undertake the cause to combat with the Dane.
But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment found,
Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a
It likely was to leave to his defensive war. [wound
" Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts perplexed are, [famous Guy
It pleas'd all-powerful Heaven, that Warwick's
(The knight through all the world renown'd for chivalry) [long.
Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held him
His honourable arms devoutly having hung
In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise
To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays
(Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a Christian freed,
And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy deed)
Himself, a palmer poor, in homely russet clad
(And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)
Tow'rds Winchester alone (so) sadly took his way,
Where Athelstan, that time the king of England, lay; [abide,
And where the Danish camp then strongly did
Near to a goodly mead, which men there call the Hide. [bring
" The day that Guy arriv'd (when silent night did
Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious king [suppress'd)
(Whose strong and constant heart all grievous cares
His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.
To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,
Sent to him from that God whom he invok'd by pray'r;
Commanding him the time not idly to fore-slow,
But rathe as he could rise, to such a gate to go,
Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight
In palmer's poor attire: though very meanly dight,
Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding strong,
He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;
And bade him not to fear, but chuse him for the man. [stan;
" No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athel-
And as the vision show'd, he such a palmer found,
With others of his sort, there sitting on the ground:
Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd to stay,
Else ready to depart each one upon his way:
When secretly the king revealed to the knight
His comfortable dreams that lately-passed night:
With mild and princely words bespeaking him; quoth he, [than me
' Far better you are known to Heaven (it seems)
For this great action fit: by whose most dread command
(Before a world of men) it's laid upon your hand.
Then, stout and valiant knight, here to my court repair,
Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care
With comfortable wines and meats what you will ask:
And chuse my richest arms to fit you for this task.
" The palmer (gray with age) with countenance lowting low,
His head e'en to the earth before the king did bow,
Him softly answering thus; " Dread lord, it fits me ill [will:
(A wretched man) t' oppose high Heaven's eternal
Yet my most sovereign liege, no more of me esteem
Than this poor habit shows, a pilgrim as I seem;
But yet I must confess, have seen in former days,
The best knights of the world, and scuffled in some frays.
Those times are gone with me; and, being aged now [vow
Have off'red up my arms, to Heav'n and made my
Ne'er more to bear a shield, nor my declining age
(Except some palmer's tent, or homely hermitage)
Shall ever enter roof: but if, by Heaven and thee,
This action be impos'd, great English king, on me,
Send to the Danish camp, their challenge to accept,
In some convenient place proclaiming it be kept:
Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England I'll appear.' [wonted cheer,
" The king, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his
And to the Danish power his choicest herald sent.
When, both through camp and court, this combat quickly went.
Which suddenly divulg'd, whilst ev'ry list'ning ear,
As thirsting after news, desirous was to hear,
Who for the English side durst undertake the day,
The puissant kings accord, that in the middle way
Betwixt the tent and town, to either's equal sight,
Within a goodly mead, most fit for such a fight,
The lists should be prepar'd for this material prize.
" The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and English rise, [throng:
And to th' appointed place th' unnumber'd people
The weaker female sex, old men, and children young
Into the windows get, and up on stalls, to see
The man on whose brave hand their hope that day must be.
In noting of it well, there might a man behold
More sundry forms of fear than thought imagine could.
One looks upon his friend with sad and heavy cheer,
Who seems in this distress a part with him to bear:
Their passions do express much pity mix'd with rage.
Whilst one his wife's laments is labouring to assuage,
His little infant near, in childish gibberish shows,
What addeth to his grief who sought to calm her woes. [descry
One having climb'd some roof, the concourse to
From thence upon the earth dejects his humble eye,
As since he thither came he suddenly had found
Some danger them amongst which lurk'd upon the ground.

One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were aghast:
Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were past. [him to break
This bark'neth with his friend, as though with
Off some intended act. Whilst they together speak,
Another standeth near to listen what they say,
Or what should be the end of this so doubtful day,
One great and general face the gathered people seem: [deem
So that the perfect'st sight beholding could not
What looks most sorrow show'd; their griefs so equal were. [so near
Upon the heads of two, whose cheeks were join'd
As if together grown, a third his chin doth rest:
Another looks o'er his: and others hardly press,
Look'd underneath their arms. Thus, whilst in crowds they throng [along;
(Led by the king himself) the champion comes
A man well strook in years, in homely palmer's gray,
And in his hand his staff, his reverend steps to stay,
Holding a comely pace: which at his passing by,
In every censuring tongue, as every serious eye,
Compassion mix'd with fear, distrust and courage bred. [ireful red;

" Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in
Before him (from the camp) an ensign first display'd
Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously array'd [sound
Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike
Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty bound,
Come with their country's march, as they to Mars should dance. [advance:
Thus, forward to the fight, both champions them
And each without respect doth resolutely chuse
The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's refuse. [feel,
The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to
Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted with steel, [points
And armed down along with pikes; whose hard'ned
(Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power to tear the joints
Of cuirass or of mail, or whatsoe'er they took:
Which caus'd him at the knight disdainfully to look.

" When our stout palmer soon (unknown for valiant Guy)
The cord from his straight loins doth presently untie, [bore
Puts off his palmer's weed unto his truss, which
The stains of ancient arms, but show'd it had before
Been costly cloth of gold; and off his hood he threw:
Out of his hermit's staff his two-hand sword he drew
(The unsuspected sheath which long to it had been)
Which till that instant time the people had not seen,
A sword so often try'd. Then to himself, quoth he,
'Arms, let me crave your aid, to set my country free:
And never shall my heart your help again require,
But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r.'

" Here, Colebrond forward made, and soon the Christian knight
Encounters him again with equal power and spite:
Whereas, betwixt them two, might ear'ly have been seen [been,
Such blows, in public throngs as used had they
Of many these the least might many men have slain: [they sustain;
Which none but they could strike, nor none but
The most relentless eye that had the power to awe,
And so great wonder bred in those the fight that saw,
As verily they thought, that nature until then
Had purposely reserv'd the utmost power of men,
Where strength still answer'd strength, on courage courage grew. [pursue

" Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both
One sweet and self-same prey, at one another fly,
And with their armed paws ingrappled dreadfully,
The thunder of their rage, and boist'rous struggling make [quake:
The neighbouring forests round affrightedly to
Their sad encounter such. The mighty Colebrond struck [broke,
A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely
Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient bilt it split, [hit
And (thereby lessened much) the champion lightly
Upon the reverend brow: immediately from whence
The blood dropt softly down, as if the wound had sense [see.
Of their much inward woe that it with grief should

" The Danes, a deadly blow supposing it to be,
Sent such an echoing shout, that rent the troubled air. [fear,
The English, at the noise, wax'd all so wan with
As though they lost the blood their aged champion shed; [red:
Yet were not these so pale, but th' other were as
As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks had staid.

" Here Guy, his better spirits recalling to his aid,
Came fresh upon his foe; when mighty Colebrond makes [takes
Another desperate stroke: which Guy of Warwick
Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow
Upon his shorter ribs, that the excessive flow
Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound so gap'd withal, [fall
As though it meant to say, 'Behold your champion's
By this proud palmer's hand.' Such claps again and cries
The joyful English gave, as cleft the very skies.
Which coming on along from those that were without, [shout,
When those within the town receiv'd this cheerful
They answer'd them with like: as those their joy that knew. [pursue,

" Then with such eager blows each other they
As every offer made should threaten imminent death; [breath,
Until, through heat and toil both hardly drawing
They desperately do close. Look how two boars being set [whet,
Together side to side, their threat'ning tusks do
And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam do bite,
Whilst still they should'ring seek, each other where to smite: [at length
Thus stood those ireful knights; till flying back,
The palmer, of the two the first recovering strength,
Upon the left-arm lent great Colebrond such a wound, [ground,
That whilst his weapon's point fell well-near to the
And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again
Sent thro' his cloven scalp his blade into his brain,

When downward went his head, and up his heels he threw;
As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.
" The English part, which thought an end he would have made, [said,
And seeming as they much would in his praise have
He bid them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his fame,
That to this passed king next in succession came;
That great and puissant knight, (in whose victorious days [serving praise)
Those knight-like deeds were done, no less de-
Brave Edmond, Edward's son, that Stafford having ta'en,
With as successful speed won Derby from the Dane.
From Lie'ster then again, and Lincoln at the length,
Drave out the Dacian powers by his resistless strength: [flood [4],
And this his England clear'd beyond that raging
Which that proud king of Huns once christ'ned with his blood. [shown,
By which, great Edmond's power apparently was
The land from Humber south recovering for his own;
That Edgar after him so much disdain'd the Dane
Unworthy of a war that should disturb his reign,
As generally he seem'd regardless of their hate.
And studying every way magnificence in state,
At Chester whilst he liv'd at more than kingly charge, [barge:
Eight tributary kings[5] there row'd him in his
His shores from pirates sack the king that strongly kept: [swept.
§. A Neptune, whose proud sails the British Ocean
" But after his decease, when his more hopeful son, [done,
§. By cruel stepdame's hate to death was lastly
To set his rightful crown upon a wrongful head
(When by thy fatal curse, licentious Ethelred,
Through dissoluteness, sloth, and thy abhorred life,
As grievous were thy sins, so were thy sorrows rife)
The Dane, possessing all, the English forc'd to bear [were;
A heavier yoke than first those heathen slaveries
Subjected, bought, and sold, in that most wretched plight, [affright.
As even their thraldom seem'd their neighbours to
Yet could not all their plagues the English height abate:
But even in their low'st ebb, and miserablest state,
Courageously themselves they into action put,
§. And in one night, the throats of all the Danish cut. [Dane
" And when in their revenge, the most insatiate
Unshipp'd them on our shores, under their puissant Swane: [force
And swoln with hate and ire, their huge unwieldy
Came clust'ring like the Greeks out of the wooden horse:
And the Norfolcian towns, the near'st unto the east,
With sacrilege and rape did terriblest infest;
Those Danes yet from the shores we with such violence drave, [hardly save.
That from our swords their ships could them but
" And to renew the war, that year ensuing, when,
With fit supplies for spoil they landed here again,

[4] Humber.
[5] See to song X.

And all the southern shores from Kent to Cornwal spread,
With those disorder'd troops by Alaff hither led,
In seconding their Swane, which cry'd to them for aid;
Their multitudes so much sad Ethelred dismay'd,
As from his country forc'd the wretched king to fly.
An English yet there was, when England seem'd to lie
Under the heaviest yoke that ever kingdom bore,
Who wash'd his secret knife in Swane's relentless gore,
Whilst (swelling in excess) his lavish cups he ply'd.
Such means t' redeem themselves th' afflicted nation try'd. [Swanus' son,
And when courageous Knute, th' late murther'd
Came in t' revenge that act on his great father done, [rose,
He found so rare a spirit that here against him
As though ordain'd by Heaven his greatness to oppose: [stand
Who with him foot to foot, and face to face durst
When Knute, which here alone affected the command,
The crown upon his head at fair South-hampton set: [get,
And Edmond, loth to lose what Knute desir'd to
At London caus'd himself inaugurate to be.
King Knute would conquer all, king Edmond would be free. [prest:
The kingdom is the prize for which they both are
And with their equal powers both meeting in the west,
The green Dersetian fields a deep vermillion dy'd:
Where Gillingham gave way to their great hosts (in pride)
Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.
But Edmond, on whose side that day the better went [suppress.
(And with like fortune thought the remnant to
That Sarum then besieg'd, which was in great distress)
With his victorious troops to Salisbury retires:
When with fresh bleeding wounds, Knute, as with fresh desires, [yet unsubdu'd,
Whose might though somewhat maim'd, his mind
His lately conquering foe courageously pursu'd:
And finding out a way, sent to his friends with speed,
Who him supply'd with aid: and being help'd at need,
Tempts Edmond still to fight, still hoping for a day.
Towards Worcestershire their powers both well upon their way,
There, falling to the field, in a continual fight
Two days the angry hosts still parted were by night:
Where twice the rising Sun, and twice the setting, saw [to draw:
Them with their equal wounds their wearied breath
" Great London to surprise, then (next) Canutus makes:
And thitherward as fast king Edmond Ironside takes. [gate,
Whilst Knute set down his siege before the eastern
King Edmond through the west past in triumphal state. [pride,
But this courageous king, that scorned, in his
A town should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,
Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.
Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did lose,

Provokes him still to fight: and falling back where they [display,
Might field-roomth find at large; their ensigns to
Together flew again; that Brentford, with the blood [stood.
Of Danes and English mix'd, discolour'd long time
Yet Edmond, as before, went victor still away.
" When soon that valiant Knute, whom nothing could dismay,
Recall'd his scatter'd troops, and into Essex hies,
Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with fresh supplies [makes;
Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironside
But Knute to him again as soon fresh courage tak-s:
And Fortune (as her self) determining to show
That she could bring an ebb on valiant Edmond's flow, [chance,
And eas'ly cast him down from off the top of
By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.
Where she beheld that prince which she had favour'd long [among
(Even in her proud despite) his murther'd troops
With sweat and blood besmear'd (dukes, earls and bishops slain, [Dane)
In that most dreadful day, when all went to the
Through worlds of dangers wade; and with his sword and shield,
Such wonders there to act, as made her in the field
Ashamed of herself, so brave a spirit as he [be.
By her unconstant hand should so much wronged
" But, having lost the day, to Gloucester he draws,
To raise a second power in his slain soldiers' cause.
When late-encourag'd, Knute, whilst fortune yet doth last, [fast.
Who oft from Ironside fled, now follow'd him as
" Whilst thus in civil arms continually they toil,
And what th' one strives to make, the other seeks to spoil, [noxious hands
With threat'ning swords still drawn; and with ob-
Attending their revenge, whilst either enemy stands,
One man amongst the rest from this confusion breaks,
And to the ireful kings with courage boldly speaks;
" ' Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous outrage fill?
Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
But what your swords admit? as nature did ordain
Our lives for nothing else, but only to maintain
Your murthers, sack, and spoil? If by this wasteful war
The land unpeopled lie, some nation shall from far,
By ruin of you both, into the isle be brought,
Obtaining that for which you twain so long have fought. [mean
Unless then through your thirst of empery you
Both nations in these broils shall be extinguish'd clean, [right,
Select you champions fit, by them to prove your
Or try it man to man yourselves in single fight.'
" When as those warlike kings, provok'd with courage high,
It willingly accept in person by and by.
And whilst they them prepare, the shapeless course grows
In little time so great, that their unusual flows
Surrounded Severn's banks, whose stream amazed stood,
Her Birlich to behold, misled with her flood,
That with refulgent arms then flamed; whilst the kings, [springs,
Whose rage out of the hate of either's empire
Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horse
Together fiercely flew; that in their violent course
(Like thunder when it speaks most horribly and loud, [cloud)
Tearing the full-stuft paunch of some congealed
Their strong hoofs strook the earth: and with the fearful shock, [unlock.
Their spears in splinters flew, their beavers both
" Canutus, of the two that farthest was from hope, [cope,
Who found with what a foe his fortune was to
Cries, ' Noble Edmond, hold; let us the land divide.' [side
Here th' English and the Danes, from either equal
Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry,
' Courageous kings, divide; 'twere pity such should die.' " [to suppress
When now the neighbouring floods will'd Wrekin
His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess.
And time had brought about, that now they all began
To listen to a long told prophecy, which ran [see
Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously to
A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be
The third of this large isle: which saw did first arise
From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies.
The Druids (as some say) by her instructed were.
In many secret skills she had been conn'd her lere.
The ledden of the birds most perfectly she knew;
And also from their flight strange auguries she drew;
Supremest in her place: whose circuit was extent
From Avon to the banks of Severn and to Trent:
Where empress-like she sate with nature's bounties blest, [the rest,
And serv'd by many a nymph; but two, of all
That Staffordshire calls hers, there both of high account. [surmount
The eld'st of which is Cank: though Needwood her
In excellence of soil, by being richly plac'd
'Twixt Trent and batt'ning Dove; and equally embrac'd
By their abounding banks, participates their store;
Of Britain's forests all (from th' less unto the more)
For fineness of her turf surpassing; and doth bear
Her curled head so high, that forests far and near
Oft grutch at her estate; her flourishing to see,
Of all their stately tyers disrobed when they be.
But (as the world goes now) O woful Cank the while,
As brave a wood-nymph once as any of this isle;
Great Arden's eldest child: which, in her mother's ground. [crown'd;
Before fair Feck'nham's self, her old age might have
When as those fallow deer, and huge-haunch'd stags that graz'd
Upon her shaggy heaths, the passenger amaz'd
To see their mighty herds, with high palm'd heads to threat [meant to set
The woods of o'ergrown oaks; as though they
Their horns to th' other's heights. But now, both those and these
Are by vile gain devour'd: so abject are our days!
She now, unlike herself, a neat-herd's life doth live,
And her dejected mind to country cares doth give.

But Muse, thou seem'st to leave the Morelands too too long; [among).
Of whom report may speak (our mighty wastes
She from her chilly site, as from her barren feed,
For body, horn, and hair, as fair a beast doth breed
As scarcely this great isle can equal: then of her,
Why should'st thou all this while the prophecy defer? [grew,
Who bearing many springs, which pretty rivers
She could not be content, until she fully knew
Which child it was of hers (born under such a fate)
As should in time be rais'd unto that high estate.
(I fain would have you think, that this was long ago,
When many a river, now that furiously doth flow,
Had scarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore she doth will
Wise Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,
To tell her which of these her rills it was she meant.
To satisfy her will, the wizard answers; "Trent."
For, as a skilful seer, the aged forest wist,
A more than usual power did in that name consist,
Which thirty doth import; by which she thus divin'd,
There should be found in her, of fishes thirty kind;
And thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,
Should in succeeding time be builded on her bank;
And thirty several streams from many a sundry way,
Unto her greatness should their wat'ry tribute pay.
This Moreland greatly lik'd: yet in that tender love,
Which she had ever born unto her darling Dove,
She could have wish'd it his: because the dainty grass
That grows upon his bank, all other doth surpass.
But, subject he must be: as Sow, which from her spring [bring
At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth
To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Astons' ancient seat;
Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet retreat.
The noble owners now of which beloved place,
Good fortunes them and theirs with honour'd titles grace: [you see
May Heaven still bless that house, till happy floods
Yourselves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.
Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall confess,
As when she shall want words, her signs shall it express. [sovereign Trent:
So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rds her dear
But nothing in the world gives Moreland such content,
As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold
Of floods in sundry strains: as, crankling Manyfold,
The first that lends him force: of whose meandred strays, [strays)
And labyrinth-like turns (as in the moors she
She first receiv'd her name, by growing strangely mad, [lad,
O'ergone with love of Hanse, a dapper Moreland
Who near their crystal springs as in those wastes they play'd,
Bewitch'd the wanton heart of that delicious maid:
Which instantly was turn'd so much from being coy, [boy.
That she might seem to doat upon the moorish
Who closely stole away (perceiving her intent)
With his dear lord the Dove, in quest of princely Trent,
With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train
That draweth Dunsmore on, with Yendon, then clear Tain, [would be.
That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanse one
And for himself he fain of Manyfold would free
(Thinking this amorous nymph by some means to beguile)
He closely under earth conveys his head a while.
But, when the river fears some policy of his,
And her beloved Hanse immediately doth miss,
Distracted in her course, improvidently rash,
She oft against the cleefs her crystal front doth dash: [to bear;
Now forward, then again she backward seems
As, like to lose herself by straggling here and there. [of her sight,
Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quite out
No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerful light,
But Manyfold that still the run-away doth watch,
Him (ere he was aware) about the neck doth catch:
And, as the angry Hanse would fain her hold remove, [Dove.
They struggling tumble down into their lord, the
Thus though th' industrious Muse hath been employ'd so long,
Yet is she loth to do poor little Smestal wrong,
That from her Wilfrune's spring near Hampton plies, to pour [Stour.
The wealth she there receives, into her friendly
Nor shall the little Bourn have cause the Muse to blame, [the Thame:
From these Staffordian heaths that strives to catch
Whom she in her next song shall greet with mirthful cheer,
So happily arriv'd now in her native shire.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Taking her progress into the land, the Muse comes southward from Cheshire into adjoining Stafford, and that part of Shropshire which lies in the English side east from Severn,

And into lesser streams the spacious current cut.

In that raging devastation over this kingdom by the Danes, they had gotten divers of their ships fraught with provision out of Thames into the river Ley (which divides Middlesex and Essex) some twenty miles from London; Alfred holding his tents near that territory, especially to prevent their spoil of the instant harvest, observed that by dividing the river, then navigable between them and Thames, their ships would be grounded, and themselves bereft of what confidence their navy had promised them. He thought it, and did it, by parting the water into three channels. The Danes betook themselves to flight, their ships left as a prey to the Londoners.

Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more would know.

This Alured left his son Edward successor, and, among other children, this Elfled, or Ethelfled his daughter, married to Ethelred earl of Mercland. Of Alfred's worth and troublous reign, because here the author leaves him, I offer you these of an ancient English wit;

Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis honorem
Armipotens Alfrede dedit, probitasque laborem
Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolori
Gaudia semper erant, spes semper mixta timori.
Si modo victor eras, ad crastina bella pavebas:
Si modo victus eras, ad crastina bella parabas.
Cui vestes sudore jugi, cui sicca cruore
Tincta jugi, quantum sit onus regnare probarunt.

Huntingdon cites these as his own; and if he deal plainly with us (I doubted it because his MS. epigrams, which make in some copies the eleventh and twelfth of his history, are of most different strain, and seem made when Apollo was either angry, or had not leisure to overlook them) he shows his Muse (as also in another written by him upon Edgar, beginning Auctor opum, vindex scelerum, largitor honorum, &c. in that still declining time of learning's state, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelfled, in William of Malmesbury, is the Latin of this English: "She was the love of the subject, fear of the enemy, a woman of a mighty heart; having once endured the grievous pains of child-birth, ever afterward denied her husband those sweeter desires; protesting, that yielding indulgence towards a pleasure, having so much consequent pain, was unseemly in a king's daughter." She was buried at saint Peter's in Gloucester; her name loaden by monks with numbers of her excellencies.

For Constantine their king, an hostage hither brought.

After he had taken Wales and Scotland (as our historians say) from Howel, Malmesbury calls him Ludwal, and Constantine; he restored presently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more for his majesty to make a king than be one. The Scotish stories (*a*) are not agreeing here with ours; against whom Buchanan storms, for affirming what I see not how he is so well able to confute, as they to justify. And for matter of that nature, I rather send you to the collections in Edward the First, by Thomas of Walsingham, and thence for the same and other to Edward Hall's Henry VIII (*b*).

A Neptune, whose proud sails the British ocean swept.

That flower and delight of the English world, in whose birth-time Saint Dunstan (as is said) at Glastenbury, heard this angelical voice;

To holy church and to the Lord pays is ybore and blis
By thulke child's time, that nouthe ybore is.

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of 3600 sail (*c*); which by tripartite division in the east, west, and northern coasts, both defended what was subject to pirates' rapine, and so made strong his own nation against the enemies' invasion.

By civil stepdame's hate to death was lastly done.

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains showed themselves in this variety and unlawful obtaining of lustful sensuality, as stories will tell you, in that of earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young lass of Andover) called Egelfled, surnamed Ened, daughter to Odmer, a great nobleman, Edward, and by queen Elfrith, daughter to Orgar earl of Devonshire, Ethelred, of some seven years' age at his death. That Egelfled was a profest nun (*d*), some have argued, and so make Ethelred the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except Alfrith, he was married to any of the ladies on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in these days was that use of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in king Alfred) but not without disliking grudges of his stepmother's faction, which half nevertheless in substance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straining to every point of sovereignty, not thus satisfied, compelled in her this cruelty. King Edward, not suspecting her dissembled purposes, with simple kindness of an open nature, wearied after the chase in Purbeck Isle, in Dorsetshire, without guard or attendance, visits her at Corfe Castle; she under sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish design, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirsty (without imagination of treason) was in pledging her, she, or one of her appointed servants (*e*), stabbed the innocent king. His corpse, within a little space expiring its last breath, was buried at Wareham, thence afterward by Alfer, earl of Mercland, translated into Shaftsbury, which (as to the second song I note) was hereby for a time called Saint Edward's (*f*). Thus did his brother-in-law Ethelred (according to wicked Elfrith's cruel and traitorous project) succeed him. As, of Constantine Copronymus, the Greeks, so of this Ethelred is affirmed, that, in his holy tincture, he abused the font with natural excrements, which made Saint Dunstan, then christening him, angerly exclaim, Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo erit. Some ten years of age was he, when his brother Edward was slain, and, out of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murther only for his sake, most cruelly beat him herself with a handful of wax (*g*).

——— Candlen long and towe
Heo (*h*) ne bileved noght ar he lay at hir vet yswowe (*i*): [he was
War thoru this child afterward such hey mon as
Was the worse wan he ysey (*k*) candlen vor this cas.

But I have read it affirmed (*l*), that Ethelred never would endure any wax candles, because he had seen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good Saint Edward. It is not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the first. To expiate all, she afterward built two nunneries, one at Werwel, the other at Ambresbury; and

(*a*) Hector Boeth. lib. 11. & Buchanan.
(*b*) Rob. Gloucestrens. Hist. 6. reg. 85.
(*c*) Some say CIO. CIO. CIO. CIO.
(*d*) Ex Osberno in Vita Dunstan. Fox. Eccles. Hist. 4.
(*e*) Vide Malmesb. lib. 2. cap. 9. & Huntingdon. Hist. 5.
(*f*) Malmesb. lib. de Pontific. 2.
(*g*) Rob. Gloucestrensis.
(*h*) Shee. (*i*) Fret in wue. (*k*) Saw.
(*l*) Vit. S. Edwardi apud Ranulph. Cest. lib. 6.

by all means of penitence and satisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

And in one night the throats of all the Danish cut.

History, not this place, must inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him see to the first song. But for this slaughter, I thus ease his inquisition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miseries, long continued through their exactions and devastations, being so large, that sixteen shires had endured their cruel and even conquering spoils) in the twenty-third year of his reign, strengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, sent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably resided, to the English, commanding them, all as one, on the self-same day and hour appointed (the day was saint Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) suddenly to put them, as respective occasion best fitted, to fire or sword; which was performed.

A CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER AND DESCENT OF THE KINGS HERE INCLUDED IN WREKIN'S SONG.

Year of Christ.

800. Egbert, son to Inegild (others call him Alhmund) grandchild to king Ine. After him scarce any (*m*), none long, had the name of king in the isle, but governors or earls; the common titles being duces, comites, consules, and such like; which in some writers after the conquest were indifferent names, and William the First is often called earl of Normandy.

836. Ethelulph, son to Egbert.

853. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, sons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's testament.

860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.

866. Ethelred, third son of Ethelulph.

871. Alfred, youngest son to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's life time, anointed by pope Leo the Fourth, as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.

901. Edward the First, surnamed in story Senior, son to Alfred.

924. Athelstan, eldest son to Edward, by Egwine, a shepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble spirit denied, what base parentage required. She, before the king lay with her, dreamed (you remember that of Olympias, as many such like) that out of her womb did shine a moon, enlightening all England, which in her birth (Athelstan) proved true.

940. Edmund the First, son of Edward by his queen Edgive (*n*).

946. Edred, brother to Edmund.

955. Edwy, first son of Edmund.

959. Edgar (second son of Edmund) Honor ac Deliciæ Anglorum.

975. Edward the Second, son to Edgar by Egelfled, murthered by his stepmother Alfrith, and thence called Saint Edward.

979. Ethelred the Second, son to Edgar, by queen Alfrith, daughter to Orgar, earl of Devonshire.

1016. Edmund the Second, son to Ethelred by his first wife Elfgive, surnamed Irouside.

Between him and Cnut (or Canutus) the Dane, son to Swane, was that intended single combat; so by their own particular fortunes to end the miseries, which the English soil bore recorded in very great characters, written with streams of her children's blood. It properly here breaks off: for the composition being, that Edmund should have his part Westsex, Estsex, Estangle, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Sussex, and the Dane (who durst not fight it out, but first moved for a treaty) Mercland and the northern territories. Edmund died the same year (some report was, that traitorous Edric Streona, earl of Mercland, poisoned him) leaving sons Edmund and Edward; but they were, by Danish ambition, and traitorous perjury of the unnatural English state, disinherited, and all the kingdom cast under Cnut. After him reigned his son Harold I. Lightfoot, a shoemaker's son (*o*) (but dissembled, as begotten by him on his queen Alfgive:) then, with Harold, Hardcnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, king Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whose glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavour; and therefore should transcend his purpose, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confessor, following Hardcnut, son to Ethelred, by the same queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Danish princes.

(*m*) See to the last song before. Because in Westsex all the rest were at last confounded. These are most commonly written kings of Westsex, although in seigniory (as it were) or, as the civilians call it, direct property, all the other provinces (except some northern, and what the Danes unjustly possest) were theirs.

(*n*) Malè enim & ineptè Veremundi sequax Hector ille Boeth. lib. 11. qui Ed. & Edredum Æthelstano scribit prognatos.

(*o*) Marian. Scot. & Florent. Wigorn.

POLY-OLBION.

THE THIRTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

This song our shire of Warwick sounds;
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many shapes the Muse here roves;
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
Then finding herds of lusty deer,

She huntress-like the hart pursues;
And like a hermit walks to chuse
The simples every where that grow;
Comes Ancor's glory next to show;
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To th' vale of Red-horse then proceeds,
To play her part the rest among;
There shutteth up her thirteenth song.

Upon the midlands now th' industrious Muse doth fall; [may call,
That shire which we the heart[1] of England well
As she herself extends (the midst which is decreed)
Betwixt Saint Michael's mount, and Barwick-bord'ring Tweed, [bear[2],
Brave Warwick; that abroad so long advanc'd her
§. By her illustrious earls renowned every where;
Above her neigbouring shires which always bore her head. [bast bred,
My native country then, which so brave spirits
If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own; whilst now I sing of thee;
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.
Muse, first of Arden tell[3], whose footsteps yet are found [ground,
In her rough woodlands more than any other
§. That mighty Arden held even in her height of pride; [side.
Her one hand touching Trent, the other Severn's
The very sound of these, the wood-nymphs doth awake:
When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake:
"My many goodly sites when first I came to show,
Here open'd I the way to mine own overthrow:
For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds enclose:
By which, in little time my bounds I came to lose.
"When Britain first her fields with villages had fill'd, [build,
Her people wexing still, and wanting where to
They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses, where [his leyre.
He in the broom and brakes had long time made
Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,
If those old Britons then me sovereign did instile,
I needs must be the great'st; for greatness 'tis alone [many a one
That gives our kind the place: else were there
For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.
But of our forest's kind the quality to tell,
We equally partake with woodland as with plain,
Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious wastes, [chase."
That men for profit breed, as well as those of
Here Arden of herself ceas'd any more to show;
And with her sylvan joys the Muse along doth go.
When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring, [sing:
But hunts-up to the morn the feath'red sylvans
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are perch'd with many a speckled breast. [east
Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night [sight:
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats, [notes,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air [where.
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every
The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
T' awake the lustless Sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill:
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be: [May;
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant
Upon his dulcet pipe, the merle doth only play[4].
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply, [draw.
As though the other birds she to her tunes would
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then, [wren,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the
The yellow-pate: which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind, [kind.
That hath so many sorts descending from her
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,
The softer with the shrill some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting Sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run, [creeps
And through the twisted tops of our close covert
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweely sleeps. [ful herds,
And near to these our thicks, the wild and fright-
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds, [deer:
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there; [strew'd,
The bucks and lusty stags among the rascals
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

[1] Warwickshire is the middle shire of England.
[2] The ancient coat of that earldom.
[3] Divers towns expressing her name: as Henly in Arden, Hampton in Arden, &c.
[4] Of all birds, only the black-bird whistleth.

Of all the beasts which we for our venerial name[5], [game:
The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest
Of which most prinsely chase sith none did ere report, [sport
Or by description touch, t' express that wond'rous
(Yet might have well beseem'd th' ancients' nobler songs)
To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall she not invoke the Muses to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove, [to rove)
Which oft hast born thy bow (great huntress, us'd
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce; [queen,
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forests'
With thy disheveled nymphs attir'd in youthful green, [far and near,
About the lawns hath scour'd, and wastes both
Brave huntress: but no beast shall prove thy quarries here; [red,
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds [grounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed
Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his feed [heed,
The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful
The huntsman by his slot[6], or breaking earth perceives,
Or entering of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
The often bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he makes,
He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes, [to weep;
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep, [place:
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
Rechating[7] with his horn, which then the hunter chears, [bears,
Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head up-
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing (from all beasts) his courage in his flight. [perceives,
But when th' approaching foes still following he
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves; [semibly find,
And o'er the champain flies: which when th' as-
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.
But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil: [foil,
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can

[5] Of hunting, or chase.
[6] The track of the foot.
[7] One of the measures in winding the horn.

And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag wool'd sheep, [their keep.
Them frighting from the guard of those who had
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries. [letteth stand
Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he
T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand, [halloo:
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow;
Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of strength, [length,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at
The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near, [fear,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but
Some bank or quick-set finds: to which his haunch oppos'd,
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him enclos'd.
The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds. [hounds,
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied
He desperately assails; until opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall[8].
To forests that belongs; but yet this is not all:
With solitude what sorts, that here's not wond'rous rife?
Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,
From villages replete with ragg'd and sweating clowns,
And from the loathsome airs of smoky-citied towns.
Suppose twixt noon and night, the Sun his half way wrought [brought)
(The shadows to be large, by his descending
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twyring glades,
And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades,
Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried long,
And on the ranker grass till past the noon-sted hung; [cell[9],
When as the hermit comes out of his homely
Where from all rude resort he happily doth dwell:
Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms hath been;
Or one who of this world the vileness having seen,
Retires him from it quite; and with a constant mind [kind,
Man's beastliness so loaths, that flying human
The black and darksome nights, the bright and gladsome days
Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.
Each little village yields his short and homely fare:
To gather wind-fall'n sticks, his great'st and only care;
Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.
This man, that is alone a king in his desire,

[8] The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.
[9] Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways that lie through forests.

By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
Nor his false praise affects, who grossly being claw'd,
Stands like an itchy moil; nor of a pin he weighs
What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies raise. [grace
His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the
That often-times is given unto a bawd most base,
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile,
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually beguile
The sottish purblind world: but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to see,
In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty grow: [know.
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to
And in a little maund, being made of osiers small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.
Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging polypode;
And in some open place that to the Sun doth lie,
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye;
The yarrow, wherewithal he stops the wound-made gore;
The healing tutsan then, and plantane for a sore;
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,
Which he about his head that hath the megrim binds. [these,
The wonder-working dill he gets not far from
Which curious women use in many a nice disease.
For them that are with newts, or snakes, or adders stung,
He seeketh out an herb that's called adder's-tongue;
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,
And sportive did herself to niceties inure.
Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stamp,
T'apply unto the place that's haled with the cramp;
As centaury, to close the wideness of a wound;
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make sound.
His chickweed cures the heat that in the face doth rise:
For physic, some again he inwardly applies.
For comforting the spleen and liver, gets for juice
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of most especial use.
So saxifrage is good, and hart's-tongue for the stone,
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.
To him that hath a flux, of shepherds-purse he gives, [grieves.
And mouse-ear unto him whom some sharp rupture
And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with a cough, [and tough,
Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard
Campana here he crops, approved wondrous good;
As comfrey unto him that's bruised, spitting blood;
And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth restore,
And melancholy cures by sovereign hellebore.
Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a few,
To those unnumb'red sorts of simples here that grew.
Which justly to set down, even Dodon[10] short doth fall;
Nor skilful Gerard[10], yet, shall ever find them all.
But from our hermit here the Muse we must enforce,
And zealously proceed in our intended course:
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth dispose;
By Alcester how Aln to Arro easily flows;
And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way:
And likewise taw'rd the north, how lively-tripping Rhea,
T' attend the lustier Thame, is from her fountain sent:
So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.
His Tamworth at the last, he in his way doth win:
There playing him a while, till Ancor should come in, [slow,
Which trifleth 'twixt her banks, observing state, so
As though into his arms she scorn'd herself to throw: [knee[11];
Yet Arden will'd her Thame to serve her on his
For by that nymph alone, they both should honor'd be. [fore,
The forest, so much fall'n from what she was be-
That to her former height fate could her not restore;
Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land
Importun'd the Heavens with an auspicious hand.
Yet granted at the last (the aged nymph to grace),
They by a lady's birth would more renown that place, [seat;
Than if her woods their heads above the hills should
And for that purpose, first made Coventry so great [all,
(A poor thatch'd village then, or scarcely none at
That could not once have dream'd of her now stately wall) [band,
§. And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin-
Th' eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's command, [to press,
Whom then the Briton kings gave her full power
For matches to their friends in Britanny the less.
At whose departure thence, each by her just bequest
Some special virtue gave, ordaining it to rest
With one of their own sex, that there her birth should have, [save
Till fulness of the time which fate did choicely
Until the Saxons' reign, when Coventry at length,
From her small, mean regard, recover'd state and strength,
§. By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage who expell'd:
Whose dutchess, which desir'd this tribute to release, [her cease,
Their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to make
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was, she should ride stark nak'd upon a horse [he thought,
By day-light through the street: which certainly
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought,
That in her former sute she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devour'd with zeal,
Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.
The first part of whose name, Godiva, doth fore-reed
Th' first syllable of hers, and Geodere half doth sound; [found.
For by agreeing words, great matters have been
But farther than this place the mystery extends.
What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends:
For in the British tongue, the Britons could not find,
Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd;
Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had known, [shown,
But that her being here was by this name fore-
As prophesying her. For, as the first did tell
Her sirname, so again doth Ancor lively spell

[10] The authors of two famous herbals.

[11] Ancor.

Her christ'ned title Anne. And as those virgins there
Did sanctify that place: so holy Edith here
A recluse long time liv'd, in that fair abbey plac'd,
Which Alured enrich'd, and Powlsworth highly grac'd.
A princess being born, and abbess, with those maids,
All noble like herself, in bidding of their beads
Their holiness bequeath'd upon her to descend
Which there should after live: in whose dear self should end
Th' intent of Ancer's name, her coming that decreed,
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that freed.
But whilst about this tale smooth Ancor trifling stays,
Unto the lustier Thame as loth to come her ways,
The flood entreats her thus, "Dear brook, why dost thou wrong
Our mutual love so much, and tediously prolong
Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I still prepare?
Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only care.
For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame;
When frankly thou shalt yield thine honour to my name,
I will protect thy state: then do not wrong thy kind. [may'st not find?"
What pleasure hath the world, that here thou
Hence, Muse, divert thy course to Dunsmore, by that cross[12] [the Foss,
Where those two mighty ways[13], the Watling and
Our centre seem to cut. (The first doth hold her way,
From Dover, to the farth'st of fruitful Anglesey:
The second south and north, from Michael's utmost mount, [account.)
To Cathness, which the farth'st of Scotland we
And then proceed to show, how Avon from her spring, [blandishing,
By Newnham's fount[14] is blest; and how she,
By Dunsmore drives along. Whom Sow doth first assist,
Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great while miss'd;
Though Coventry[15] from thence her name at first did raise,
Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides;
Her walls in good repair, her ports so bravely built,
Her halls in good estate, her cross so richly gilt,
As scorning all the towns that stand within her view: [claim her due.
Yet must she not be griev'd, that Cune should
Tow'rds Warwick with this train as Avon trips along, [song:
To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus bravely
"To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we owe,
And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits show;
Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to advance, [France,
Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat: and sailing into
At tilt, from his proud steed, duke Otton threw'st to ground: [crown'd,
And with th' involued prize of Blanch the beauteous
(The Almain emperor's heir) high acts didst there atchieve:
As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.
Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword imbru'd'st;
And then in single fight, great Amerant subdu'd'st.
'Twas thy Herculian hand, which happily destroy'd
That dragon, which so long Northumberland annoy'd; [lands laid,
And slew that cruel boar, which waste our wood-
Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in meadows made:
Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till now; [strous cow
And, at our humble suit, did quell that mon-
The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to affright.
Of all our English (yet) O most renowned knight,
That Colebrond overcam'st: at whose amazing fall [ter's sieg'd wall.
The Danes remov'd their camp from Winches-
Thy statue Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to please; [culee)
Warwick, thy mighty arms, (thou English Her-
Thy strong and massy sword, that never was controll'd: [hold."
Which, as her ancient right, her castle still shall
Scarce ended they their song, but Avon's winding stream, [Leam:
By Warwick, entertains the high-complection'd
And as she thence along to Stratford on doth strain,
Receiveth little Heil the next into her train:
Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the rest [best,
Which that most goodly vale of Red-horse loveth
A valley that enjoys a very great estate,
Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate:
Now, for report had been too partial in her praise,
Her just-conceived grief, fair Red-horse thus bewrays; [and I,
"Shall every vale be heard to boast her wealth?
The needy countries near that with my corn supply
As bravely as the best, shall only I endure
The dull and beastly world my glories to obscure;
Near wayless Arden's side, .sith my retir'd abode
Stood quite out of the way from every common road? [extoll'd?
Great Eusham's fertile glebe, what tongue hath not
As though to her alone belong'd the garb of gold[16].
Of Bever's batful earth, men seem as though to feign,
Reporting in what store she multiplies her grain:
And folk such wondrous things of Aylsbury will tell, [to swell.
As though abundance strove her burthen'd womb
Her room amongst the rest, so White-horse is decreed: [stead
She wants no setting forth: her brave Pegasian
(The wonder of the west) exalted to the skies:
My Red-horse of you all contemned only lies.
The fault is not in me, but in the wretched time:
On whom, upon good cause, I well may lay the crime:
Which as all noble things, so me it doth neglect.
But when th' industrious Muse shall purchase me respect

[12] The high cross, supposed to be the midst of England.
[13] See to the xvi. song.
[14] Newnham-Wells.
[15] Otherwise, Cune-tre: that is, the town upon Cune.
[16] The sheaf.

Of countries near my site, and win me foreign
(The Eden of you all deservedly that am) [fame
I shall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,
As now in small account with vile and barbarous men. [doth lie,
For, from the lofty Edge [17] that on my side
Upon my spacious earth who casts a curious eye,
As many goodly seats shall in my compass see,
As many sweet delights and rarities in me
As in the greatest vale: from where my head I couch [I touch
At Cotswold's country's foot [18], till with my heels
The Northamptonian-fields, and fatning pastures; where
I ravish every eye with my inticing cheer.
As still the year grows on, that Ceres once doth load [strow'd
The full earth with her store; my plenteous bosom
With all abundant sweets: my frim and lusty flank [rank.
Her bravery then displays, with meadows hugely
The thick and well-grown fog doth mat my smoother slades,
And on the lower leas, as on the higher hades,
The dainty clover grows (of grass the only silk)
That makes each udder strut abundantly with milk.
"As an unletter'd man, at the desired sight
Of some rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight,
Not out of his own spirit, but by that power divine, [shine,
Which through a sparkling eye perspicuously doth
Feels his hard temper yield, that he in passion breaks, [speaks:
And things beyond his height, transported strangely
So those that dwell in me, and live by frugal toil,
When they in my defence are reasoning of my soil, [grow,
As rapted with my wealth and beauties, learned
And in well-fitting terms, and noble language, show [remains
The lordships in my lands, from Rolright (which
§. A witness of that day we won upon the Danes)
To Tawcester well-near: 'twixt which, they use to tell
Of places which they say do Rumney's self excel.
Of Dasset [19] they dare boast, and give Wormlighton [19] prize,
As of that fertile flat by Bishopton [19] that lies.
"For showing of my bounds, of men may rightly guess
By my continued form which best doth me express,
On either of my sides, and by the rising grounds,
Which in one fashion hold, as my most certain mounds,
In length near thirty miles I am discern'd to be."
Thus Red-horse ends her tale; and I therewith agree [ask,
To finish here my song: the Muse some ease doth
As wearied with the toil in this her serious task.

[17] Edge-hill.
[18] The bounds of the vale of Red-horse.
[19] Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Into the heart of England and Wales the Muse here is entered, that is, Warwickshire, her native country; whose territory you might call Middle-Engle (for here was that part of Mercland, spoken of in story) for equality of distance from the inarming ocean.

By her illustrious earls renowned every where.

Permit to yourself credit of those, loaden with antique fables, as Guy (of whom the author in the twelfth song, and here presently) Morind and such like, and no more testimony might be given, to exceed. But, more sure justification hereof is, in those great princes Henry Beauchamp earl of Warwick, and præcomes Anglia (as the record calls him) under Henry VI (*a*), and Richard Nevill making it (as it were) his gain to crown and depose kings in that bloody dissension 'twixt the white and red roses.

That mighty Arden held———

What is now the Woodland in Warwickshire, was heretofore part of a larger wild or forest called Arden. The relics of whose name in Dene of Monmouthshire, and that Arduenna or La forest d' Ardenne, by Henault and Luxemburg, shows likelihood of interpretation of the yet used English name of Woodland. And, whereas, in old inscriptions, Diana Nemorensis (*b*), with other additions, hath been found among the Latins, the like seems to be exprest in an old marble, now in Italy, graven under Domitian, in part thus (*c*):

DIS. MANIBVS.
Q. CARSIVS, Q. F. CLAVD.
ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.
DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehensive largeness which this Arden once extended (before ruin of her woods) makes the author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By rea- of this her greatness join'd with antiquity, he also made choice of this place for description of the chase, the English simples, and hermit, as you read in him.

And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin band.

Sufficient justification of making a poem, may be from tradition, which the author here uses: but see to the eighth song, where you have this incredible number of virgins shipp'd at London; nor skills it much on which you bestow your faith, or if on neither. Their request (as the genius' prayer) are the author's own fictions, to come to express the worth of his native soil's city.

By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held.

The ensuing story of this Leofric and Godiva, was under the Confessor. I find it reported in Matthew of Westminster, that Nuda, equum ascendens, crines capitis & tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit. This Leofric (buried at Coventry) was earl of Leicester, not Chester (as some ill took it by turning Legecestra, being indeed sometimes for Chester, of old called urbs legionum, as to ninth song already)

(*a*) Parl. rot. 23 Hen. 6. ap. Cam.
(*b*) Hubert Goltz. Thesaur. in Aris.
(*c*) Jul. Jacobon. ap. Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap. 11.

which is without scruple showed in a charter of the manor of Spalding in Lincolnshire (*d*), made to Wulgat, abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: Ego Thoraldus de Buckenhale coram nobilissimo domino meo Leofrico comite Leicestriæ, & nobilissima comitissa sua domina Godiva sorore mea, & cum consensu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei comitis Algari primogenti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c. This Algar succeeded him, and, as a special title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons so singular, that it was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conquest, from king Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmesbury, he is styled earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it seems, had large dominion over most part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good king Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of those times had for granting, releasing, or imposing liberties and exactions, which since only the crown hath as inseparably annexed to it. Nay, since the Normans, I find that William Fitz-Osbern (*e*). earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, ut nullus miles pro qualicunque commisso plus septem solidis solvat, which was observed without controversy in Malmesbury's time; and I have seen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard earl of Poiters and Cornwal, brother to Henry III. sent to the sheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford: and it is well known, that his successor Edmund left no small tokens of such supremacy in constitutions, liberties, and imposed subsidies in the stannaries of Cornwal; with more such like extant in monuments. But whatsoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceased with that custom (*f*) of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was also in the Saxon times usual, as appears in that; In Ipswich (*g*), regina Edeva duas partes habuit & comes Guert tertiam; Norwich reddebat XX. libras regi, & comiti X. libras: of the borough of Lewes, its profits erant duas partes regis, tertia comitis; & Oxford reddebat regi XX. libras, & sex sextarios mellis, comiti verò Algaro X. libras. And under king John. Geffrey Fitz-Peter earl of Essex, and William le Marshall, earl of Striguil, Administrationem suorum comitatuum habebant (*h*), saith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now use.

A witness of that day we won upon the Danes.

He means Rollritch-stones, in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordshire; of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongst them, converted into stones: a tale not having his superior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a most learned man) the Muse refers it to some battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incursion, and for her country takes the better side (as justifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the English. But, to suppose this a monument of that battle fought at Hochnorton, seems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name: of whose story, both for a passage in the last song, and here, permit a short examination. The Norman tradition is (*i*), that he, with divers other Danes transplanting themselves, as well for dissension 'twixt him and his king, as for new seat of habitation, arriv'd here, had some skirmishes with the English, defending their territories; and soon afterward being admonished in a dream, aided and advised by king Athelstan, entered Seine, in France, wasted and won part of it about Paris, Baieux, elsewhere; returned upon request by embassage to assist the English king against rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and christianity, his name of Robert, with Ægidia or Gilla (for wife) daughter to Charles, surnamed the Simple; as to the fourth song I have, according to the credit of the story, touched it. But how came such habitude 'twixt Athelstan and him, before this 912, when, as it is plain, that Athelstan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is any concordance 'twixt Athelstan and this Charles, whose kingdom was taken from him by Rodulph duke of Burgundy, two years before our king Edward I. (of the Saxons) died. In the 9th year of whose reign, falling under 906, was that battle of Hochnorton; so that unless the name of Athelstan be mistook for this Edward or be wanting to the dominical year of those twenty-two of the Dionysian calculation (whereof to the fourth song), I see no means to make this story stand with itself, nor our monks; in whom (most of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, ancestor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather guess to have been in our maritime parts, than inlands, unless when (if that were at all) he assisted king Athelstan. Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the supposed times, and you will scarce find him to have been, or else there under some other name (*k*); as Godfrey, which some have conjectured to be the same with Rollo. You may see in Æmilius, what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no question, but of that unknown nation so much mistaken hath been of names and times, that scarce any undoubted truth therein now can justify itself. For observe but what is here delivered, and compare it with them (*l*) which say in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard duke of Burgundy, and Ebal earl of Poiters, assisting Walzelm bishop of that city; and, my question is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Hastings, Godfrey, Hrorac and others (if

(*d*) Ingulphus Hist. fol. 519.
(*e*) Malmesb. de gest. reg. 3.
(*f*) Lib. vetust. Monast. de Bello ap. Cambd.
(*g*) Lib. Domesday in Scaccario.
(*h*) Job. Carnoteus. Epist. 263, Nicol. Vicecomiti Essexiæ.

(*i*) Guil. Gemeticens. de Ducid. Norm. 2. cap. 4. & seq. Tho. de Walsingham in Hypodig. Neust. secundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem spectat, plerique alii.
(*k*) Ita quidam apud P. Æmil. hist. Franc. 3. quem de hac revide, & Polydor. ejusdem sequacem hist. 5.
(*l*) Floren. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part. 1. fol. 241.

none of these were the same) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that Robert earl of Paris (m), and in some sort a king 'twixt Charles and Rodulph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Loire (they first entered there in 853) (n) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 922, which agrees with that gift of the same tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than harshest discords. And so doth that of Rollo's being aided by the English king, and in league with him against the French, with another received truth: which is, that Charles was (by marriage with Edgith (o) of the English king's loins) son-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelstan, in whose protection (p) here Lewis (afterward the sixth) was, while Rodulph of Burgundy held the crown. For that unmannerly homage also, spoken of to the fourth song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Malmesbury and others, to be done by Rollo himself; and touching that Egidia, wife to Rollo, the judicious French historiographer, P. Emilius (from whom the Italian Polydore had many odd pieces of his best context) tells clearly, that she was daughter to Lothar king of Romans, and given by his cousin Charles the Gross, to Godfrey, king of the Normans, with Westrich (that is, Neustria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman historians were deceived by equivocation of name, mistaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Gross, living near one time; as also, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) supposed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think also that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confusion of name. But both times, reigns and persons are so disturbed in the stories, that being insufficient to rectify the contrarieties, I leave you to the liberty of common report.

(m) Frodoard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc.
(n) Reicherspergens.
(o) Oginia dicta P. Æmilio.
(p) Membran. vetust. Cænob. Floriacens. edit. a P. Pithæo.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FOURTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Her sundry strains the Muse to prove,
Now sings of homely country love;
What moan th' old herdsman Clent doth make,
For his coy wood-nymph Feckn'ham's sake;
And, how the nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severn meet.
The vale of Eusham then doth tell,
How far the vales do hills excell.
Ascending, next, fair Cotswold's plains,
She revels with the shepherd swains;
And sends the dainty nymphs away,
'Gainst Thame and Isis' wedding-day.

At length, attain'd those lands that south of Severn lie, [apply,
As to the varying earth the Muse doth her
Poor sheep-hook and plain goad, she many times doth sound: [bound.
Then in a buskin'd stream, she instantly doth
Smooth as the lowly stream she softly now doth glide: [pride.
And with the mountains straight contendeth in her
Now back again I turn, the land with me to take, [doth make.
From the Staffordian heaths as Stour[1] her course
Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly doth view:
But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rue
His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her state bemoan;
To please his amorous eye, whose like the world had none.
For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)
Had to that forest-nymph a special liking still:
The least regard of him who never seems to take,
But suff'reth in herself for Salwarp's only sake;
And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.
Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood she would prefer,
All pleasure he forsakes; that at the full bagg'd cow, [low,
Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle stray,
At nine-holes on the heath whilst they together play,
He never seems to smile; nor ever taketh keep
To hear the harmless swain pipe to his grazing sheep:
Nor to the carter's tune in whistling to his team:
Nor lends his list'ning ear (once) to the ambling stream, [rush
That in the evening calm against the stones doth
With such a murmuring noise, as it would seem to hush
The silent meads asleep; but, void of all delight,
Remedilessly drown'd in sorrow day and night,
Nor Licky his ally and neighbour doth respect:
And therewith being charg'd, thus answereth in effect:
"That Lickey[2] to his height seem'd slowly but to rise, [lies,
And that in length and breadth he all extended
Nor doth like other hills to sudden sharpness mount,
That of their kingly kind they scarce can him account;
Tho' by his swelling soil set in so high a place,
That Malvern's mighty self he seemeth to outface."
Whilst Clent and Licky, thus, do both express their pride, [side,
As Salwarpe slips along by Feck'nham's shady
That forest him affects in wand'ring to the Wych[2]:
But he, himself by salts there seeking to enrich,
His Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affection free. [to be,
But she, that to the flood most constant means
More prodigally gives her woods to those strong fires [much admires,
Which boil the source to salts. Which Clent so
That love, and her disdain, to madness him provoke: [tain spoke:
When to the wood-nymph thus the jealous mono-

[1] Running by Stourbridge in Worcestershire, wards Severn.
[2] The salt fountain of Worcestershire.

"Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which were all my care, [bare
Thou lett'st the furnace waste; that miserably I hope to see thee left, which so dost me despise;
Whose beauties many a morn have blest my longing eyes:
And, till the weary Sun sunk down unto the west,
Thou still my object wast, thou once my only best. [pleasant springs,
The time shall quickly come, thy groves and
Where to the mirthful merle the warbling mavis sings, [to burn;
The painful labourer's hand shall stock the roots,
The branch and body spent, yet could not serve his turn.
Which when, most wilful nymph, thy chance shall be to see,
Too late thou shalt repent thy small regard for me." [doth ply,
But Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler feet
Great Severn to attend along to Tewksbury,
With others to partake the joy that there is seen,
When beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign queen[1]. [attend,
Here down from Eusham's vale, their greatness to
Comes Swilliat sweeping in, which Cotswold down doth send:
And Garran there arrives, the great recourse to see. [glee,
Where thus together met, with most delightful
The cheerful nymphs that haunt the valley rank and low
(Where full Pomona seems most plenteously to flow, [pride)
And with her fruitery swells by Pershore, in her
Amongst the batful meads on Severn's either side,
To these their confluent floods, full bowls of perry brought: [fetch'd draught,
Where, to each other's health past many a deep-
And many a sound carouse from friend to friend doth go.
Thus whilst the mellowed earth with her own juice doth flow,
Inflamed with excess the lusty pamper'd vale,
In praise of her great self, thus frames her glorious tale; [said,
"I doubt not but some vale enough for us hath
To answer them that most with baseness us upbraid; [utmost might,
Those high presumptuous hills, which bend their
Us only to deject, in their inveterate spite:
But I would have them think, that I (which am the queen
Of all the British vales, and so have ever been
Since Gomer's giant-brood inhabited this isle,
And that of all the rest, myself may so enstile)
Against the highest hill dare put myself for place,
That ever threat'ned Heaven with the austerest face. [they forth
And for our praise, then thus: What fountain send
(That finds a river's name, though of the smallest worth)
But it invales itself, and on its either side
Doth make those fruitful meads, which with their painted pride
Embroider his proud bank? whilst, in lascivious gyres
He swiftly sallieth out, and suddenly retires
In mazdry works and trails, now shallow, and then deep, [to sweep
Searching the spacious shores, as though it meant
Their sweets with it away, with which they are replete. [seat.
And men, first building towns, themselves did wisely
Still in the bounteous vale: whose burden'd pasture bears
The most abundant swathe, whose glebe such goodly ears,
As to the weighty sheaf with scythe or sickle cut,
When as his harden'd hand the labourer comes to put, [wields;
Sinks him in his own sweat, which it but hardly
And on the corn strew'd lands, then in the stubble fields,
There feed the herds of neat, by them the flocks of sheep,
Seeking the scatt'red corn upon the ridges steep:
And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much spill'd) [ing fill'd,
Th' unwieldy lardine swine his maw then harLies wallowing in the mire, thence able scarce to rise. [despise,
When as those monstrous hills so much that us
(The mountain, which forsooth the lowly valley mocks)
Have nothing in the world upon their barren rocks,
But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, banish'd quite
From every fertile place as rascals, that delight
In base and barren plots, and at good earth repine.
And though in winter we to moisture much incline,
Yet those that be our own, and dwell upon our land,
When 'twixt their burly stacks and full-stuft barns they stand,
Into the softer clay as eas'ly they do sink,
Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter spirits, to think [toil,
That autumn shall produce, to recompense their
A rich and goodly crop from that unpleasant soil.
And from that envious foe which seeks us to deprave, [clearly have,
Though much against his will this good we
We still are highly prais'd, and honour'd by his height,
For, who will us survey, their clear and judging sight [ing'st eye,
May see us thence at full; which else the searchBy reason that so flat and levelled we lie,
Could never throughly view, ourselves nor could we show. [owe,
"Yet more; what lofty hills to humble vallies,
And what high grace they have which near to us are plac'd, [brac'd
In Breedon[4] may be seen, being amorously em-
In cincture of my arms. Who tho' he do not vaunt
His head like those that look as they would Heaven supplant:
Yet let them wisely note, in what excessive pride
He in my bosom sits; while him on every side
With my delicious sweets and delicates I trim.
And when great Malvern looks most terrible and grim,
He with a pleased brow continually doth smile."
Here Breedon, having heard his praises all the while,

[1] Severn.

[4] A hill environed on every side with the vale of Eusham.

Grew insolently proud; and doth upon him take
Such state, as he would but small account to make
Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiser vale
To his instruction turns the process of her tale.
"T' avoid the greater's wrath, and shun the meaner's hate,"
Quoth she, "take my advice, abandon idle state;
And by that way I go, do thou thy course contrive: [thrive.
Give others leave to vaunt, and let us closely
Whilst idly but for place the lofty mountains toil,
Let us have store of grain, and quantity of soil.
To what end serve their tops (that seem to threat the sky)
But to be rent with storms? whilst we in safety lie.
Their rocks but barren be, and they which rashly climb, [time.
Stand most in envy's sight, the fairest prey for
And when the lowly vales are clad in summer's green,
The grisled winter's snow upon their heads is seen.
Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be:
Who though his site be such as seems to equal thee,
And destitute of nought that Arden him can yield,
Nor of th' special grace of many a goodly field;
Nor of dear Clifford's seat (the place of health and sport)
Which many a time hath been the Muses' quiet port;
Yet brags not he of that, nor of himself esteems
The more for his fair site; but richer than he seems,
Clad in a gown of grass, so soft and wondrous warm,
As him the summer's heat, nor winter's cold can harm.
Of whom I well may say, as I may speak of thee;
From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,
To paradise may think a second he had found,
If any like the first were ever on the ground."
Her long and zealous speech thus Eusham doth conclude:
When straight the active Muse industriously pursu'd
This noble country's praise, as matter still did rise.
For Glo'ster in times past herself did highly prize,
When in her pride of strength she nourish'd goodly vines,
§. And oft her cares repress'd with her delicious wines.
But now, th' all-cheering Sun the colder soil deceives, [southward leaves:
§. And us (here towards the pole) still falling
So that the sullen Earth th' effect thereof doth prove; [move
According to their books, who hold that he doth
From his first zenith's point; the cause we feel his want. [plant
But of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ster learns to
The pear-tree every where: whose fruit she strains for juice, [duce
That her pur'st perry is, which first she did pro-
From Wor'stershire, and there is common as the fields; [yields.
Which naturally that soil in most abundance
But the laborious Muse, which still new work assays, [Severn plays
Here sallieth through the glades, where beauteous
Until that river gets her Glo'ster's wished sight:
Where she her stream divides, that with the more delight [ous proud:
She might behold the town, of which she's wond'r-
Then takes she in the Frome, then Cam, and next the Stroud,
As thence upon her course she wantonly doth strain.
Supposing then herself a sea-god by her train,
She Neptune-like doth float upon the bracky marsh; [and harsh,
Where, lest she should become too cumbersome
Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for a chase, [grace,
Contending to have stood the high'st in Severn's
Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her shore)
With her cool amorous shades, and all her sylvan store, [powers,
To please the goodly flood employs her utmost
Supposing the proud nymph might like her woody bowers. [strong grew,
But Severn (on her way) so large and head-
That she the wood-nymph scorns, and Avon doth pursue; [crown'd,
A river with no less than goodly King's-wood
A forest and a flood by either's fame renown'd;
And each with other's pride and beauty much bewitch'd; [rich'd.
Besides, with Bristol's state both wond'rously en-
Which soon to Severn sent th' report of that fair road' [load
(So burdened still with barks, as it would over-
Great Neptune with the weight) whose fame so far doth ring; [ing,
When as that mighty flood, most bravely flourish-
Like Thetis' goodly self majestically glides;
Upon her spacious breast tossing the surgeful tides,
To have the river see the state to which she grows,
And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon owes.
But, noble Muse, proceed immediately to tell
How Eusham's fertile vale at first in liking fell
With Cotswold, that great king of shepherds: whose proud site [delight,
When that fair vale first saw, so nourish'd her
That him she only lov'd: for wisely she beheld
The beauties clean throughout that on his surface dwell'd:
Of just and equal height two banks arising, which
Grew poor (as it should seem) to make some valley rich: [height,
Betwixt them thrusting out an elbow of such
As shrouds the lower soil; which shadowed from the light, [day
Shoots forth a little grove, that in the summer's
Invites the flocks, for shade that to the covert stray. [tale,
A hill there holds his head, as though it told a
Or stooped to look down, or whisper with a vale;
Where little purling winds like wantons seem to dally, [valley,
And skip from bank to bank, from valley trip to
Such sundry shapes of soil where nature doth devise,
That she may rather seem fantastical, than wise.
T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: tho' famous for her flocks, [locks,
Yet hardly doth she tithe our Coswold's wealthy
Though Lemster him exceed for fineness of her ore,
Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant store.
A match so fit as he, contenting to her mind,
Few vales (as I suppose) like Eusham happ'd to find:

? King's road.

Nor any other wold, like Cotswold ever sped,
So fair and rich a vale by fortuning to wed.
He hath the goodly wool, and she the wealthy grain: [maintain.
Through which they wisely seem their household to
He hath pure wholesome air, and dainty crystal springs.
To those delights of his, she daily profit brings:
As to his large expense, she multiplies her heaps:
Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that she reaps; [grace.
As th' one with what it hath, the other strove to
And now, that every thing may in the proper place [breed
Most aptly be contriv'd, the sheep our wold doth
(The simplest though it seem) shall our description need, [doth speak:
And shepherd-like, the Muse thus of that kind
No brown, nor sullied black the face or legs doth streak,
Like those of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambrian hills,
That lightly laden are: but Cotswold wisely fills
Her with the whitest kind: whose brows so woolly be,
As men in her fair sheep no emptiness should see.
The staple deep and thick, through to the very grain,
Most strongly keepeth out the violentest rain:
A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad
As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.
And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing lack,
But every where is stor'd; the belly as the back.
The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only pride,
As white as winter's snow, when from the river's side [ing-day,
He drives his new-wash'd sheep: or on the shear-
When as the lusty ram, with these rich spoils of May [so brave,
His crooked horns hath crown'd; the bell-wether
As none in all the flock they like themselves would have. [herd's king,
But, Muse, return to tell how there the shep-
Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest lamb to bring,
In his gay baldric sits at his low grassy board,
With fawns, curds, clouted cream, and country dainties stor'd: [swain
And whilst the bag-pipe plays, each lusty jocund
Quaffs sillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they do wear. [hear.
Some roundelays do sing: the rest, the burthen
But Cotswold, be this spoke to th' only praise of thee, [be,
That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st
Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great Thames)
With whose delicious brooks, by whose immortal streams
Her greatness is begun: so that our rivers' king,
When he his long descent shall from his sel-sires bring, [by thee,
Must needs (great pastures' prince!) derive his stem
From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third degree: [of yore,
As th' old world's heroes wont, that in the times
On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so highly bore.

But eas'ly from her source as Isis gently dades;
Unto her present aid, down through the deeper slades,
The nimbler-footed Churn, by Cisseter doth slide;
And first at Greeklade gets pre-eminence to guide
Queen Isis on her way, ere she receive her train,
Clear Coln, and lively Leech, so down from Cotswold's plain [support
At Leechlade linking hands, come likewise to
The mother of great Thames. When, seeing the resort, [doth cast
From Cotswold Windrush scours, and with herself
The train to overtake, and therefore hies her fast
Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last of all [fall,
Those floods, that into Thames out of our Cotswold
And farth'st unto the north) bright Enload forth doth bear. [to hear
For, though it had been long, at length she came
That Isis was to Thame in wedlock to be ty'd:
And therefore she prepar'd t' attend upon the bride;
Expecting, at the feast, past ordinary grace.
And being near of kin to that most springful place, [flow,
Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains
That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold cannot show [hills
The like: as though from far, his long and many
These emptied all their veins, wherewith those founts he fills,
Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do float, [throat,
Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open
As though the cleves consum'd in humour; they alone,
So crystalline and cold, as hard'neth stick to stone.
But whilst this while we talk, the far divulged fame [name,
Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty
Doth bid the Muse make haste, and to the bride-house speed; [need.
Of her attendance there lest they should stand in

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Somewhat returning now near the way you descended from the northern parts, the Muse leads you through that part of Worcestershire, which is on this side Severn, and the neighbouring Stafford, viewing also Cotteswold, and so Gloucester. The fictions of this song are not so covert, nor the allusions so difficult, but that I presume your conceit, for the most part, willingly discharges my labour.

And of her cares repress with her delicious wines.

In this tract of Gloucestershire (where to this day many places are styled vineyards) was of ancient time, among other fruits of a fertile soil, great store of vines, and more than in any other place of the kingdom. Now in many parts of this realm we have some: but what comes of them in the press is scarce worth respect. Long since, the emperor Probus (*a*), Et Gallis omnibus & Hispanis ac Britannis permisit ut vites haberent vinumque conficerent. But Tacitus (*b*), before that, speak-

(*a*) Flav. Vopiscus in ejusd. vitâ.
(*b*) In Jul. Agricola.

ing of this island, commends it with Solum præter oleam vitémque & cætera callidioribus terris oriri sueta, patiens frugum, fœcundum. Long since Probus, England had its vineyards also and some store of wine, as appears by that in Domesday, Unus & parcus & VI. arpenni vineæ (that is, between five and six acres; arpent in French signifying a content of ground of a hundred rods square, every rod eighteen foot) & reddit XX. modios vini, si benè procedit, being recorded (c) of a place by Raleigh, in Essex. This was under William I. and since him in time of Henry I. much wine was made here in Gloucestershire (d). That now the isle enjoys not frequency of this benefit, as in old time, whether it be through the soil's old age, and so like a woman growing sterile (as in another kind Tremellius (e) many hundred years since thought) or by reason of the Earth's change of place, as upon difference in astronomical observations Stadius guess'd, or that some part of singular influence, whereon astrology hangs most, of inferior qualities, is altered by that slow course (yet of great power in alteration of Heaven's system) of the eighth sphere (or precession of the æquinoctial) or by reason of industry wanting in the husbandman, I leave it to others' examination.

——————— still falling southward leaves.

He alludes to the difference of the zodiac's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in Ptolemy's time, about 1460 years since the utmost declination of the Sun in the first of Cancer (where she is nearest to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. Since that Albategni (about Charlemain's time) observed it some 15 scruples less: after him near 1000 year of Christ) Arzachel found it 23 gr. 34 scr. and in this later age John of Coningsburg, and Copernicus (f), brought it to 23 gr. 28 scrup. which concords also with the Prutenic account, and as many as thence traduce their ephemerides. So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the Sun comes not so near our zenith, as it did in Ptolemy's time. But in truth (for in these things I account that truth, which is warranted by most accurate observation; and those learned mathematicians, by admitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31 scrup. and ½. as that noble Dane, and most honoured restorer of astronomical motions, Tycho Brahe, hath taught us: which, although it be greater than that of Copernicus and his followers; yet is much less than what is in Ptolemy, and by two scruples different from Arzachel's, so justifying the author's conceit, supposing the cause of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the Sun's declination from us, which for every scruple answers in Earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large distance in the celestial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetched cause, being upon difference of so few minutes in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the Platonic year, abridged into near his half by Copernicus, those consequents foretold upon the change of eccentrics (g) out of one sign into another, the equinoctial precession, and such like; as others may their conversion of a planet's state into fortunate, opprest, or combust, by measuring or missing their 16 scruples of Cazimi, their orbes moities, and such curiosities. Neither can you salve the effect of this declination, by the Sun's much nearer approach to the Earth, upon that decrease of his eccentricity which Copernicus and his followers have published. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial astrology relies more upon aspect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obliquity in the zodiac) than distance of every singular star from the Earth. But indeed, upon mistaking the poles' altitude, and other errour in observation, Copernicus (h) was deceived, and in this present age the Sun's eccentricity (in Ptolemy, being the 24th of the eccentric's semidiameter, divided into 60) hath been found (i) between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that in Copernicus, erroneously making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it.

(c) Cambd. in Trinobantibus.
(d) Malmesb. de Pontificum gestis 4.
(e) Ap Columell. de re Rustic. 2. cap. 1.
(f) Copernic. Re. 3. cap. 3.

(g) Cardan. ad 2. Tetrabibl. & de Varietat. Rer. 2. qui prophanè nimium, à motibus octavæ sphæræ, iis scilicet, quos circa CIↃ Ↄ CCC. contrario velut fieri modo supponit sacrosanctæ religionis mutationem ineptè simul & impiè prædixit, & hujus generis sexcenta.

(h) Cui, hoc nomine, gravitèr minitatus est Jul. Scalig. exercitat. 90. sect. 2.

(i) Tycho Brahe in Progymnasm.

POLY-OLBION.

THE FIFTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The guests here to the bride-house hie.
The goodly vale of Aylsbury
Sets her son (Thame) forth, brave as May,
Upon the joyful wedding day:
Who, deck'd up, tow'rds his bride is gone.
So lovely Isis coming on,
At Oxford all the Muses meet her,
And with a prothalamion greet her.
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs.
Some strowing sweets, some sorting flow'rs:
Where lusty Charwel himself raises,
And sings of rivers, and their praises.
Then Thames his way tow'rd Windsor tends.
Thus, with the song, the marriage ends.

Now fame had through this isle divulg'd in every ear,
The long-expected day of marriage to be near,
That Isis, Cotswold's heir, long woo'd, was lastly won, [tern's son.
And instantly should wed with Thame[1], old Chil-

[1] Thame arises in the vale of Aylsbury, at the foot of the Chiltern.

And now that woodman's wife, the mother of the flood,
The rich and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that stood
So much upon her Thame, was busied in her bowers,
Preparing for her son as many suites of flowers,
As Cotswold for the bride, his Isis, lately made;
Who for the lovely Thame, her bridegroom, only stay'd. [prest,
Whilst every crystal flood is to this business
The cause of their greet speed and many thus request; [doth blow
"O! whither go ye floods? what sudding wind
Than other of your kind, that you so fast should flow?
What business in hand, that spurs you thus away?
Fair Windrush, let me hear; I pray thee, Charwel, say." [not see
They suddainly reply, "What lets you should
That for this nuptial feast we all prepared be?
Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but offend:
Our leisure serves not now these trifles to attend."
But whilst things are in hand, old Chiltern (for his life)
From prodigal expense can no way keep his wife;
Who feeds her Thame with marle, in cordial-wise prepar'd,
And thinks all idly spent, that now she only spar'd
In setting forth her son: nor can she think it well,
Unless her lavish charge do Cotswold's far excel.
For Aylsbury's a vale that walloweth in her wealth,
And (by her wholesome air continually in health)
Is lusty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful strength. [and length,
Besides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth
Doth Chiltern fitly match: which mountainously high,
And being very long, so likewise she doth lie
From the Bedfordian fields, where first she doth begin, [doth win,
To fashion like a vale, to th' place where Thame
His Isis' wished bed; her soil throughout so sure,
For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture pure,
That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth breed,
For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:
And she, which thus in wealth abundantly doth flow, [stow:
Now cares not on her child what cost she do be-
Which when wise Chiltern saw (the world who long had try'd,
And now at last had laid all garish pomp aside;
Whose hoar and chalky head descry'd him to be old, [cold)
His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the
Would fain persuade the vale to hold a steady rate;
And with his curious wife, thus wisely doth debate:
Quoth he, "You might allow what needeth, to the most: [cost?
But whereas less will serve, what means this idle
Too much a surfeit breeds, and may our child annoy: [cloy.
These fat and luscious meats do but our stomachs
The modest comely mean, in all things likes the
Apparel often shows us womanish precise. [wise.
And what will Cotswold think when he shall hear of this? [cost, I wiss."
He'll rather blame your waste, than praise your
But women wilful be, and she her will must have; [be brave.
Nor cares how Chiltern chides, as that her Thame
Alone which tow'rds his love she eas'ly doth convey:
For the Oxonian Ouse [2] was lately sent away [feet;
From Buckingham, where first he finds his nimbler
Tow'rds Whittlewood then takes: where, past the noblest street†,
He to the forest gives his farewel, and doth keep
His course directly down into the German deep,
To publish that great day in mighty Neptune's hall,
That all the sea-gods there might keep it festival.
As we have told how Thame holds on his even course,
Return we to report, how Isis from her source
Comes tripping with delight down from her daintier springs; [brings
And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage,
Clear Churnet [3], Coln [3], and Leech [3], which first she did retain, [restrain
With Windrush [3]; and with her (all outrage to
Which well might off'red be to Isis as she went)
Came Yenload with a guard of satyrs which were sent [like dame.
From Whichwood [3], to await the bright and god-
So, Bernwood [3] did bequeath his satyrs to the Thame,
For sticklers in those stirs that at the feast should be.
These preparations great when Charwell comes to see,
To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,
Apollo's aid he begs, with all his sacred brood,
To that most learned place to welcome her repair.
Who in her coming on, was wax'd so wond'rous fair, [they
That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether
Her beauty should extol, or she admire their bay [4].
On whom their several gifts (to amplify her dow'r)
The Muses there bestow; which ever have the pow'r
Immortal her to make. And as she pass'd along,
Those modest Thespian maids [5] thus to their Isis sung; [every side,
"Ye daughters of the hills, come down from
And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:
Go, strew the paths with flowers, by which she is to pass.
For be ye thus assur'd, in Albion never was
A beauty (yet) like hers: where have you ever seen
So absolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?
Give instantly in charge the day be wond'rous fair,
That no disorder'd blast attempt her braided hair.
Go, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit,
The bride-chamber adorn'd with all beseeming it.
And for the princely groom, who ever yet could name
A flood that is so fit for Isis as the Thame? [tell,
Ye both so lovely are, that knowledge scarce can
For feature whether he, or beauty she excel:
That ravished with joy each other to behold,
When as your crystal waists you closely do enfold,
Betwixt your beauteous selves you shall beget a son, [begun,
That when your lives shall end, in him shall be
The pleasant Surryan shores shall in that flood delight,
And Kent esteem herself most happy in his sight.

[2] Arising near Brackley, running into the German sea. † Watling.
[3] Rivers arising in Cotswold, spoke of in the former song.
[4] Laurel for learning. [5] The Muses.

The shire that London loves, shall only him prefer,
And give full many a gift to hold him near to her.
The Scheld[4], the goodly Meuse, the rich and viny Rhine,
Shall come to meet the Thames in Neptune's wat'ry plain,
And all the Belgian streams and neighbouring floods of Gaul,
Of him shall stand in awe, his tributaries all."

As of fair Isis thus the learned virgins spake,
A shrill and sudden bruit this prothalamion brake;
That White-horse, for the love she bare to her ally,
And honoured sister vale, the beauteous Aylsbury,
Sent presents to the Thame by Ock her only flood,
Which for his mother vale so much on greatness stood.

From Oxford, Isis hastes more speedily, to see
That river like his birth might entertained be:
For that ambitious vale, still striving to command,
And using for her place continually to stand,
Proud White-horse to persuade, much business there hath been
T' acknowledge that great vale of Eusham for her queen.
And but that Eusham is so opulent and great,
That thereby she herself holds in the sovereign seat,
This White-horse all the vales of Britain would o'erbear,
And absolutely sit in the imperial chair; to feed,
And boasts as goodly herds, and numerous flocks
To have as soft a glebe, as good increase of seed;
As pure and fresh an air upon her face to flow,
As Eusham for her life: and from her steed doth show,
Her lusty riding downs, as fair a prospect take
As that imperious wold[5]: which her great queen doth make
So weal'rously admir'd, and her so far extend.
But to the marriage hence, industrious Muse, descend.

The Naiads and the nymphs extremely overjoy'd,
And on the winding banks all busily employ'd,
Upon this joyful day, some dainty chaplets twine:
Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and fine,
Brave anadems[6] do make: some baldrics up do bind: assign'd;
Some, garlands: and to some the nosegays were
As best their skill did serve. But for that Thame should be
Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that he
Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that belong
(His bride that better fit) but only such as sprung
From the replenish'd meads, and fruitful pastures near. lands were;
To sort which flowers, some sit; some making ger-
The primrose placing first, because that in the spring
Is is the first appears, then only flourishing;
The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly mix'd: betwixt.
T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind plac'd
Amongst those things of scent, there prick they in the lily:
And near to that again her sister daffadilly.
To sort these flowers of show, with th' other that were sweet, her meet:
The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxlip, for
The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious fret,
And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,
By which again a course of lady-smocks they lay:
The crow-flower, and thereby the clover flow'r they stick,
The daisy, over all those sundry sweets so thick,
As Nature doth herself; to imitate her right:
Who seems in that her pearl[7] so greatly to delight,
That every plain therewith she powd'reth to beholds
The crimson darnel flower, the blue-bottle and gold, dainty hues,
Which though esteem'd but weeds, yet for their
And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose chuse. Thame was drest,
Thus having told you how the bridegroom
I'll show you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest;
Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of state,
Which scorns a meaner sort, than fits a princely
In anadems for whom they curiously dispose rate.
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask rose,
For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst, men place
In kings' imperial crowns, the circle that enchase.
The brave carnation then, with sweet and sovereign power
(So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)
With th' other of his kind, the speckled and the pale:
Then th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a gale
Of sweetness; yet in scents as various as in sorts.
The purple violet then, the pansy there supports:
The marygold above t' adorn the arched bar:
The double daisy, thrift, the button-batchelor,
Sweet-william, sops-in-wine, the campion: and to these
Some lavender they put, with rosemary and bays:
Sweet marjoram, with her like, sweet basil rare for smell, to tell:
With many a flower, whose name were now too long
And rarely with the rest, the goodly flower-de-lis.
Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted point-de-vice, bride,
Whilst some still busied are in decking of the
Some others were again as seriously employ'd
In strewing of those herbs, at bridals us'd that be;
Which every where they throw with bounteous hands and free. do fly,
The healthful balm and mint, from their full laps
The scentful camomile, the verd'rous costmary;
They hot muscado oft with milder maudlin cast;
Strong tansey, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:
Clear hyssop, and therewith the comfortable thyme,
Germander with the rest, each thing then in her prime; flower,
As well of wholesome herbs, as every pleasant
Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy hour. that grow,
Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wild
As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they throw.
Thus all things falling out to every one's desire,
The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,
The bride and bridegroom set, and serv'd with sundry cates,
And every other plac'd, as fitted their estates;
Amongst this confluence great, wise Charwel here was thought been taught
The fitt'st to cheer the guests: who throughly had

[4] They all three, rivers of greatest note in Lower Germany, cast themselves into the ocean, in the coast opposite to the mouth of Thames.

[5] Cotswold. [6] Crowns of flowers.

[7] Marguerite is both a pearl and a daisy.

In all that could pertain to courtship, long agon,
As coming from his sire, the fruitful Heliđon [10],
He travelleth to Thames; where passing by those towns [clowns,
Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful
With tabor and the pipe, on holydays do use,
Upon the May-pole green, to trample out their shoes: [rings [11],
And having in his ears the deep and solemn
Which sound him all the way, unto the learned : [sprites [12],
Where he, his sovereign Ouse most happily doth [meet,
And hims, the thrice three maids, Apollo's offspring, greet [grown
With all their sacred gifts: thus, expert being
In music; and besides, a curious maker known:
This Charwel (as I said) the first these floods among, [sang:
For silence having call'd, thus to th' assembly
"Stand fast, ye higher hills; low vallies, easily
And forests, that to both you equally apply [lie;
(But for the greater part, both wild and barren be)
Retire ye to your wastes; and rivers, only we,
Of meeting let us mix: and with delightful grace,
Let every beauteous nymph her best-lov'd flood embrace,
An alien be he born, or near to her own spring,
So from his native fount he bravely flourishing,
Along the flow'ry fields licentiously do strain,
Greeting each curled grove, and circling every plain;
Or hasting to his fall, his shoaly gravel stow'rs,
And with his crystal front then courts the climbing tow'rs. [a name,
"Let all the world be judge, what mountain hath
Like that from whose proud foot there springs some flood of fame: [is set,
And in the Earth's survey, what seat like that
Whose streets some ample stream abundantly doth wet? [road,
Where is there haven found, or harbour, like that
Int' which some goodly flood his burthen doth unload? [foreign fraught
By whose rank swelling stream the far-fetch'd
May up to inland towns conveniently be brought.
Of any part of Earth, we be the most renown'd;
That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we bound.
As Rubicon, much fam'd both for his fount and fall,
The ancient limit held 'twixt Italy and Gaul [13].
Europe and Asia keep on Tanais' either side.
Such honour have we floods, the world (even) to divide. [by us;
Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are christen'd oft
Iberia takes her name of crystal Iberus.
Such reverence to our kind the wiser ancients gave,
As they suppos'd each flood a deity to have.
"But with our fame at home return we to proceed. [Tweed,
In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our
The tripartited isle do generally divide, [her side.
To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep
Trent cuts the land in two so equally, as though
Nature it pointed out, to our great Brute to show
How to his mighty sons the island he might share.
A thousand of this kind, and nearer, I will spare;
Where, if the state of floods at large I list to show,
I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw
Up grains of perfect gold; and of great Ganges tell,
Which when full India's showers enforceth him to swell, [shore:
Gilds with his glistering sands the over-pamper'd
How wealthy Tagus first, by tumbling down his ore,
The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia taught
To search into those hills, from which such wealth he brought. [bring,
Beyond these, if I pleas'd, I to your praise could
In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plough'd spring)
The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed ground,
Recounting heavenly hymns, eternally are crown'd.
And as the Earth doth us in her own bowels nourish; [flourish.
So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and
To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are:
To be so in themselves, that do not only care,
But by a sacred power, which goodness doth await,
Do make those virtuous too, that them associate.[14]
By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the show: [flow
And Thames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth
To Windsor-ward amain, (that with a wond'ring
The forest might behold his awful empery) [eye,
And soon becometh great, with waters wext so rank,
That with his wealth he seems to fetch his wid'ned bank: [grounds,
Till happily attain'd his grandsire Chiltern's
Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers crowns. [makes,
Amongst his bolts and hills, as on his way he
At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes
Her lord, the stately Thames, which that great flood again,
With many signs of joy, doth kindly entertain.
Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her store;
As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.
Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial stream
Himself establish'd sees amidst his wat'ry realm,
His much-lov'd Henley leaves, and proudly doth pursue [view.
His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to
Whose most delightful face when once the river sees, [trees,
Which shows herself attir'd in tall and stately
He in such earnest love with amorous gestures woos,
That looking still at her, his way was like to lose;
And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,
As headlong he himself into her lap would throw.
Him with the like desire the forest doth embrace,
And with her presence strives her Thames as much to grace.
No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,
When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will command; [seen,
No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever
Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor
Nor any ever had so many solemn days, [been;
So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich assays [15].

[10] A hill betwixt Northamptonshire and Warwick.
[11] Famous rings of bells in Oxfordshire called, the cross-ring.
[12] Oxford.
[13] That which was called Gallia Cisalpina, and is Lombardy, Romagnia, and the western part of Italy.
[14] Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

Then, hand in hand, her Thames the forest softly brings
To that supremest place of the great English kings,
§. The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance [France;
That princely order first, our first that conquer'd
The temple of Saint George, whereas his honour'd knights,
Upon his hallow'd day, observe their ancient rites:
Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned brood,
To keep the Muses still near to this princely flood;
That nothing there may want, to beautify that seat, [complete.
With every pleasure stor'd: and here my song

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I SHALL here be shorter than in the last before. The Muse is so full in herself, employed wholly about the nuptials of Thame and Isis. In the garlands of Thame are wreathed most of our English field-flowers: in them of Isis, our more sweet and those of the garden; yet upon that,

The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance.

I cannot but remember the institution, (touched to the fourth song) of his most honourable order, dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is yearly at this place celebrated by that noble company of 26. Whether the cause were upon the word of garter given in the French wars among the English, or upon the queen's, or countess of Salisbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon different and more ancient original whatsoever, know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our country's glory) that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world; and (excepting those of Templars, St. James, Calatrava, Alcantara, and such like other, which were more religious than military) hath precedence of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour, of that kind any where established. The Anunciada instituted by Amades VI. earl of Savoy (*a*), about 1409. although others have it by Amades IV. and so create it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip, duke of Burgundy, 1429, of St. Michael, by Lewes XI., Della Banda, by Alfonso of Spain, and such like, ensued it, as imitating institutions, after a regard of the far-extended fame, worth, and glory of St. George's knights.

(*a*) V. Aubert Mir. Orig. Equest. 2. cap. 4. & Sansovin. Orig. de Cavalieri.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SIXTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Ver, near to Saint Alban's, brings
Watling to talk of ancient things;
What Ver'lam was before she fell,
And many more sad ruins tell.
Of the four old imperial ways,
The course they held, and to what seas;
Of those seven Saxon kingdoms here,
Their sites, and how they bounded were.
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich estate:
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.
The Muse, led on with much delight,
Delivers London's happy site;
Shows this loose age's lewd abuse:
And for this time there stays the Muse.

THE bridal of our Thame and princely Isis past:
And Tamesis their son, Begot, and waxing fast,
Inviteth crystal Coln[1] his wealth on him to lay,
Whose beauties had entic'd his sovereign Thames to stay,
Had he not been enforc'd, by his unruly train.
For Brent, a pretty brook, allures him on again,
Great London to salute, whose high-rear'd turrets throng
To gaze upon the flood, as he doth pass along.
Now as the Thames is great, so most transparent Coln [swoln,
Feels, with excessive joy, her amorous bosom
That Ver of long esteem'd a famous ancient flood
(Upon whose aged bank old Ver'lamchester stood,
Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,
Unto her clearer banks contributed his store;
Enlarging both her stream, and strength'ning his renown, [do crown.
Where the delicious meads her through her course
This Ver[2] (as I have said) Coln's tributary brook,
On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as sadly he doth look.
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich shrine was set,
Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.
Where after reverence done, "Ver," quoth the ancient street, [meet."
"'Tis long since thou and I first in this place did
"And so it is," quoth Ver, "and we have liv'd to see
Things in far better state than at this time they be:
But he that made, amend: for much there goes amiss." [it is:
Quoth Watling, "Gentle flood, yea, so in truth
And sith of this thou speak'st; the very sooth to say, [way,
Since great Mulmutius first made me the noblest
The soil is alter'd much: the cause I pray thee show. [much to know.
The time that thou hast liv'd, hath taught thee
I fain would understand, why this delightful place,
In former time that stood so high in nature's grace,
(Which bare such store of grain, and that so wondrous great, [of wheat[3])
That all the neighbouring coast was call'd the soil
Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry sand,
Which scarce repays the seed first cast into the land."
At which the silent brook shrunk in his silver head,
And feign'd as he away would instantly have fled;
Suspecting, present speech might passed grief renew,
Whom Watling thus again doth seriously pursue;
"I pray thee be not coy, but answer my demand:
The cause of this (dear flood!) I fain would understand.

[1] The river running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.
[2] The little clear river by St. Alban's.
[3] Whethamsted.

§. Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear,
(Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here)
With alabaster, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,
When (well-near) in her pride great Troynovant she scorn'd. [thy vallies pass,
§. Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through these
Where now the sharp-edg'd scythe shears up the spiring grass:
That where the ugly seal and porpoise us'd to play,
The grass-hopper and ant now lord it all the day:
Where now St. Alban's stands, was called Holmhurst then;
Whose sumptuous fane ye see neglected now again,
" This rich and goodly fane, which ruin'd thou dost see," [me:
Quoth Ver, " the motive is, that thou importun'st
But to another thing thou cunningly dost fly,
And reason seem'st to urge of her sterility."
With that he fetch'd a sigh, and ground his teeth in rage;
Quoth Ver, " Ev'n for the sin of this accursed age.
Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth stand,
To holy Albion[4] built, first martyr of the land;
Who in the faith of Christ from Rome to Britain came:
And dying in this place, resign'd his glorious name.
In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)
Our English Offa rear'd a rich and sumptuous shrine
And monastery here: which our succeeding kings
From time to time endow'd with many goodly things. [before
And many a christian knight was buried here,
The Norman set his foot upon this conquer'd shore; [stowrs,
And after those brave spirits in all those baleful
That with duke Robert[5] went against the pagan powers, [stood,
And in their country's right at Cressy those that
And that at Poicters bath'd their bilbows in French blood; [fought,
Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt that
Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was brought:
In this religious house, at some their returns,
When Nature claim'd her due, here plac'd their hallow'd urns:
Which now devouring Time, in his so mighty waste,
Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defac'd,
So that the Earth to feel the ruinous heaps of stones,
That with the burd'nous weight now press their sacred bones,
Forbids this wicked brood should by her fruits be fed; [bred."
As loathing her own womb, that such loose children
Herewith transported quite, to these exclaims he fell: [dare tell?
" Lives no man, that this world her grievous crimes
Where be those noble spirits for ancient things that stood?
When in my prime of youth I was a gallant flood;
In those free golden days, it was the satyr's use
To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuse:

But soothers find the way preferment most to win;
Who, serving great men's turns, become the bawds to sin." [delight,
When Watling in his words that took but small
Hearing the angry brook so cruelly to bite;
As one that fain would drive these fancies from his mind, [gentler kind.
Quoth he, " I'll tell thee things that suit thy
My song is of myself, and my three sister streets,
Which way each of us run, where each her fellow meets,
Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius first began,
From sea again to sea, that through the island ran
Which that in mind to keep posterity might have,
Appointing first our course, this privilege he gave,
That no man might arrest, or debtors' goods might
In any of us four his military ways. [seize
And though the Foss in length exceed me many a mile, [isle,
That holds from shore to shore the length of all the
From where rich Cornwal points to the Iberian seas,
Till colder Cathness tells the scattered Orcades,
I measuring but the breadth, that is not half his gaet; [state,
Yet, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's
And Thames and Severn both since in my course I cross, [Foss.
And in much greater trade, am [6]worthier far than
But oh unhappy chance! through time's disastrous
Our other fellow streets lie utterly forgot: [lot,
As Iceing, that set out from Yarmouth in the east,
By the Iceni then being generally possest,
Was of that people first term'd Iceing in her race,
Upon the Chiltern[7] here that did my course embrace:
Into the dropping south and bearing then outright,
Upon the solent sea stopt on the isle of Wight.
" And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cambria's farther shore, [promontore;
Where South Wales now shoots forth Saint David's
And, on his mid-way near, did me in England meet; [street
Then in his oblique course the lusty straggling
Soon overtook the Foss; and toward the fall of Tine,
Into the German sea dissolv'd at his decline."
Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as having told: [would hold;
But now this flood, that fain the street in talk
Those ancient things to hear, which well old Watling knew,
With these enticing words, her fairly forward drew.
" Right noble street," quoth he, " thou hast liv'd long, gone far,
Much traffic had in peace, much travailed in war;
And in thy larger course survey'st as sundry grounds [narrower bounds,
(Where I poor flood am lock'd within these
And like my ruin'd self these ruins only see,
And there remains not one to pity them or me)
On with thy former speech: I pray thee somewhat
For, Watling, as thou art a military way, [say.
Thy story of old streets likes me so wond'rous well,
That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee tell."
With these persuasive words, smooth Ver the Watling wan: [began:
Stroking her dusty face, when thus the street

[4] Look before to the eleventh song.
[5] With the eldest son of the conqueror in the Holy Land.
[6] Watling, chiefest of the four great ways.
[7] Not far from Dunstable.

" When once their sevenfold rule the Saxons came to rear,
And yet with half this isle sufficed scarcely were,
Though from the inland part the Britons they had chas'd, [plac'd.
Then understand how here themselves the Saxons
Where in great Britain's state four people of her own [known
Were by the several names of their abodes well
(As, in that horn which juts into the sea so far,
Wherein our Devonshire now, and farthest Cornwal are,
The old Danmonii dwelt: so hard again at hand,
The Durotriges sat on the Dorsetian sand:
And where from sea to sea the Belgæ forth were let, [Somerset,
Even from Southampton's shore, through Wilt and
The Atrebates in Bark unto the bank of Thames,
Betwixt the Celtic sleeve and the Sabrinian streams)
The Saxons there set down one kingdom: which install'd, [call'd,
And being west, they it their [8] western kingdom
So eastward where by Thames the Trinobants were set, [debt,
To Trinovant their town, for that their name in
That London now we term, the Saxons did possess,
And their east kingdom call'd, as Essex' doth express; [tear;
The greatest part thereof, and still their name doth
Though Middlesex therein, and part of Hartford were;
From Cola upon the west, upon the east to Stour*,
Where mighty Thames himself doth into Neptune pour. [lean,
As to our farthest rise, where forth those fore-lands
Which bear their chalky brows into the German main,
The Angles, which arose out of the Saxon race,
Allured with delights and fitness of that place,
Where the Iceni liv'd did set their kingdom down,
From where the wallowing seas those queachy washes drown
That Ely do inisle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,
Till those Norfolcian shores vast Neptune doth enrich:
Which (farthest to the east of this divided isle)
Th' East-Angles' kingdom, then, those English did instile. [mouth,
" And Sussex seemeth still, as with an open
Those Saxons' rule to show, that of the utmost south
The name to them assum'd, who rigorously expell'd
The Kentish Britons thence, and those rough woodlands held [doth sweep,
From where the goodly Thames the Surryan grounds
Until the smiling downs salute the Celtic deep.
" Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring Cateuchlani,
Cornavii more remote, and where the Coritani,
Where Dee and Mersey shoot into the Irish sea;
(Which well-near o'er this part, now called England, lay, [plain,
From Severn to the ditch that cuts New-market
And from the banks of Thames to Humber, which contain

So many goodly shires of Mersey, Mercia height)
Their mightier empire, there, the middle English pight. [not end:
Which farthest though it raught, yet there it did
But Offa, king thereof, it after did extend
Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut,
Through Wales from north to south, into wide Mercia put [there,
Well near the half thereof, and from three peoples
To whom three special parts divided justly were
(The Ordovices, now which North-Wales people be,
From Cheshire which of old divided was by Dee:
And from our Marchers now, that were Demetæ then; [men)
And those Silures call'd, by us the South-Wales
Beyond the Severn, much the English Offa took,
To shut the Britons up within a little nook.
From whence, by Mersey's banks, the rest a kingdom made: [sway'd;
Where in the Britons' rule (before) the Brigants
The powerful English there establish'd were to stand: [Northumberland;
Which, north from Humber set, they term'd
Two kingdoms which had been with several thrones enstall'd:
Bernitia hight the one; Diera th' other call'd.
The first from Humber stretch'd unto the bank of Tine:
Which river and the Frith the other did confine.
Diera beareth through the spacious Yorkish bounds,
From Durham down along to the Lancastrian bounds [10],
With Mersey and clear Tine continuing to their fall,
To England-ward within the Picts' renowned wall,
And did the greater part of Cumberland [11] contain:
With whom the Britons' name for ever shall remain; [long,
Who there amongst the rocks and mountains lived
When they Logria left, enforc'd through powerful
Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay, [wrong:
To where the Frith [12] falls out into the German sea."
This said, the aged street sagg'd sadly on alone:
And Ver upon his course, now hasted to be gone
T' accompany his Coln: which as she gently glides,
Doth kindly him embrace: whom soon this hap betides;
As Coln come on along, and chane'd to cast her eye
Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands so high, [of wheat,
She Peryvale [13] perceiv'd prank'd up with wreaths
And with exulting terms thus glorying in her seat;
" Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties nice, [price?
Since this my goodly grain is held of greatest
No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,
As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fertile leaze.
Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,
For whiteness of the bread doth look like common cheat.

[8] For a more plain division of the English kingdoms see to the XI. song.
[9] So call'd, of the East-Saxons.
* A river upon the confines of Suffolk and Essex.

[10] Sea-depths near the shores.
[11] The Cymbries' land.
[12] A river running by Edenborough into the sea.
[13] Peryvale, or Pure-vale, yieldeth the finest meal of England.

What barley is there found, whose fair and bearded ear [beer?
Makes stouter English ale or stronger English
The oat, the bean, and pease, with me but pulses are; [and tare.
The coarse and browner rye, no more than fitch
What seed doth any soil in England bring, that I
Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply?
Besides, my sure abode next goodly *London* is,
To vent my fruitful store, that me doth never miss.
And those poor baser things, they cannot put away,
How'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapmen stay.

When presently the hill that maketh her a vale,
With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale,
With Hampstead being fall'n and High-gate at debate; [state,
As one before them both that would advance his
From either for his height to bear away the praise,
Besides that he alone rich Peryvale surveys.
But Hampstead pleads, himself in simples to have skill,
And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill;
As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth rely
In learned physic's use, and skilful surgery;
And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place her own, [known.
Since that old Watling once, o'er him to pass was
Then High-gate boasts his way, which men do most frequent; [scent;
His long-confinued fame, his high and great de-
Appointed for a gate of London to have been,
When first the mighty Brute that city did begin.
And that he is the hill, next Endfield which hath place,
A forest for her pride, though titled but a chase.
Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit full as large, [charge.
As some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater
Whose holts[14] that view the east, do wistly stand to look
Upon the winding course of Lee's delightful brook.
Where Mimer coming in, invites her sister Bean,
Amongst the chalky banks t' increase their mistress' train;
Whom by the dainty hand obsequiously they lead
(By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleasant mead.
And coming in her course to cross the common fare,
For kindness she doth kiss that hospitable Ware.)
Yet scarcely comfort Lee (alas!) so woe begun,
Complaining in her course, thus to herself alone;
"How should my beauty now give Waltham such delight,
Or I, poor silly brook, take pleasure in her sight?
Antiquity (for that it stands so far from view,
And would her doating dreams should be believ'd for true)
Dare loudly lie for Coln, that sometimes ships did pass, [was;
To Ver'lam by her stream, when Ver'lam famous
But, by the later times, suspected but to feign,
She planks and anchors shows, her errour to maintain; [to row
Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleasure there
Upon her, (then a lake) the Roman pomp to show,
When Rome her forces here did every year supply,
And at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.

But I, distressed Lee, whose course doth plainly tell,
That what of Coln is said, of me none could refell,
Whom Alfred[15] but too wise (poor river!) I may say,
(When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,
Which Hartford then besieg'd, whose navy there abode,
And on my spacious breast before the castle rode)
By 'vantage of my soil, he did divide my stream;
That they might ne'er return to Neptune's wat'ry realm.
And since, distressed Lee, I have been left forlorn,
A by-word to each brook, and to the world a scorn."
When Sturt, a nymph of her's, (whose faith she oft had prov'd,
And whom, of all her train, Lee most entirely lov'd)
Lest so excessive grief her mistress might invade,
Thus (by fair gentle speech) to patience doth persuade: [fore;
"Though you be not so great to others as be-
Yet not a jot for that dislike yourself the more.
Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;
Sith every thing on Earth subjects itself to change.
Where rivers sometime ran, in first and certain ground: [are found.
And where before were hills, now standing lakes
And that which most you urge, your beauty to despoil,
Doth recompense your bank with quantity of soil,
Beset with ranks of swans; that, in their wonted pride, [side,
Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant
And Waltham wooes you still, and smiles with wonted cheer: [dear."
And Thames as at the first, so still doth hold you
To much-beloved Lee, this scarcely Sturt had spoke, [broke;
But goodly London's sight their farther purpose
When Thames his either banks adorn'd with buildings fair,
The city to salute doth bid the Muse prepare;
Whose turrets, fanes, and spires, when wistly she beholds,
Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:
"At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder may?
Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall say:
'O more than mortal man, that did this town begin!
Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it in.
What god, or heavenly power, was harbour'd in thy breast, [be blest?
From whom with such success thy labours should
Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,
And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix'd with sand. [casts,
And where fair Thames his course into a crescent
(That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,
He might his surging waves into her bosom send)
Because too far in length his town should not extend.' [reach,
"And to the north and south, upon an equal
Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to stretch,
Those two extremer winds from hurting it to let;
And only level lies upon the rise and set.
Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most cheerful air, [fair;
And every way thereto the ways most smooth and

[14] High woody banks.

[15] See to the 12th song.

As in the fittest place by man that could be thought,
To which, by land or sea, provision might be brought.
And such a road for ships scarce all the world com-mands,
As is the goodly Thames, near where Brute's city stands.
Nor any haven lies to which is more resort,
Commodities to bring, as also to transport:
Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we flourish'd long)
Ere idle gentry up in such abundance sprung,
Now pest'ring all this isle: whose disproportion draws
The public wealth so dry, and only is the cause
Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foreign things,
Which upstart gentry still into our country brings;
Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintain
By that, which only serves to uses vile and vain:
Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,
Before the costly coach, and silken stock came in;
Before that Indian weed [16] so strongly was embrac'd,
Wherein such mighty sums we prodigally waste;
That merchants, long train'd up in gain's deceitful school,
And subtly having learn'd to soothe the humorous fool,
Present their painted toys unto this frantic gull,
Disparaging our tin, our leather, corn and wool;
When foreigners, with ours, them warmly clothe and feed,
Transporting trash to us, of which we ne'er had need."
But whilst the angry Muse thus on the time exclaims,
Sith every thing therein consisteth in extremes;
Lest she, enforc'd with wrongs, her limits should transcend,
Here of this present song she briefly makes an end.

[16] Tobacco.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In wandering passage the Muse returns from the wedding, somewhat into the land, and first to Hartford; whence, after matter of description, to London.

Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear.

For, under Nero, the Britons, intolerably loaden with weight of the Roman government, and especially the Iceus, (now Norfolk and Suffolk men) provoked by that cruel servitude, into which not themselves only, but the wife also and posterity of their king Prasutagus were, even beyond right of victory, constrained, at length breathing for liberty, (and in a farther continuance of war, having for their general R. Boudicea, Bunduica, or as the difference of her name is) rebelled against their foreign conqueror, and in martial opposition committing a slaughter of no less than 80,000, (as Dio hath, although Tacitus miss 10,000 of this number) ransacked and spoiled Maldon, (then Camalodunum) and also this Verulam, near St. Alban's) which were the two chief towns of the isle (*a*); the first a colony, (whereof the 8th song) this a municipal city (*b*), called expressly, in a catalogue at the end of Nennius, Caer-Municip. Out of Agellius || I thus note to you its nature: Municipes sunt cives Romani, ex municipiis suo jure & legibus suis utentes, muneris tantum cum pop. Rom. honorarii participes, a quo munere capessendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis necessitatibus neque ulla pop. Rom. lege astricti, quùm nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus esset. It differed from a colony, most of all in that a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of such as were received into state-favour and friendship by the Roman. Personating the genius of Ver'lam, that ever-famous Spenser (*c*) sung:

I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:
Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass?

As under the Romans, so in the Saxon times afterward, it endured a second ruin; and, out of its corruption, after the abbey erected by king Offa, was generated that of St. Alban's; whither, in later times (*d*), most of the stone-works, and whatsoever fit for building, was by the abbots translated. So that,

——————Now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the traveller that fares that way,
"This once was she," may warned be to say (*e*).

The name hath been thought, from the river there running called Ver, and Humphrey Lhuid (*f*) makes it, as if it were Uer-lhan, i. e. a church upon Ver.

Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through these thy vallies pass.

Lay not here unlikelihoods to the author's charge; he tells you more judiciously towards the end of the song. But the cause why some have thought so is, for that, Gildas (*g*), speaking of St. Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous passing through the river at Verlamcestre, calls it iter ignotum trans Thamesis fluvii alveum: so by collection they guessed that Thames had then his full course this way, being thereto farther moved by anchors and such like here digged up. This conjecture hath been followed by that noble Muse (*h*) thus in the person of Verlam:

And where the crystal Thamis wont to slide
In silver channel down along the Lee,
About whose flow'ry banks, on either side,
A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
Were wont to play from all annoyance free;
There now no river's course is to be seen,
But moorish fens, and marshes ever green.

(*a*) Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.
(*b*) Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.
|| Noct. Attic. 16. cap. 13.
(*c*) In his Ruins of Time.
(*d*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant.
(*e*) Spens. ubi supra.
(*f*) In Brev. Brit.
(*g*) In Epist. de Excid. Britan.
(*h*) Spenser.

There also where the winged ships were seen,
In liquid waves to cut their foamy way;
A thousand fishers number'd to have been
In that wide lake looking for plenteous prey
Of fish, with baits which they us'd to betray,
Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.

But, for this matter of the Thames, those two grand antiquaries, – Leland and Camden, have joined in judgment against it: and for the anchors, they may be supposed of fish-boats in large pools, which have here been; and yet are left relics of their name.

Since us his kingly ways Molmutius first began.

Near 500 years before our Saviour, this king Molmutius (take it upon credit of the British story) constituted divers laws; especially that churches, ploughs, and highways, should have liberties of sanctuary, by no authority violable. That churches should be free, and enjoy liberty for refuge, consenting allowance of most nations have tolerated, and in this kingdom (it being affirmed also by constitution of king Lucius (*i*), a Christian) every church-yard was a sanctuary, until by act of parliament (*k*) under Henry VIII. that licence, for protection of offences, being too much abused, was taken away; but, whether now restored in the last parliament (*l*), wherein all statutes concerning abjuration or sanctuary made before 35th Elizabeth are repealed, I examine not. The plough and husbandmen have by our statutes (*m*), and so especially by civil (*n*) and Persian law (*o*), great freedoms. Highways being, without exception, necessary, as well for peace as war, have been defended in the Roman laws (*p*), and are taken in ours, to be in that respect (as they are by implication of the name) the king's highways, and res sacræ (*q*): & qui aliquid inde occupaverit excedendo fines & terminos terræ suæ, dicitur fecisse purpresturam super ipsum regem. According to this privilege of Molmutius in the statute of Marlbridge (*r*) it is enacted, that none should distrain in the king's highway, or the common street, but the king and his ministers, specialem authoritatem ad hoc habentibus; which I particularly transcribe, because the printed books are therein so generally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latin: you see it alters the law much, and we have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king by common bailiffs, without special authority, distress may be taken (*s*), as for an amerciament in the sheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament knights' fees. But the old rolls of the statute (as I have seen in a fair MS. examined by the exemplification, for the record itself is with many other lost) had not those words, as the register (*t*) also specially admonishes, nor is any part of that chapter in some MSS. which I marvel at, seeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it. Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse fault, but continually received, in the charter of the forest, article VII. where you read Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat nisi per visum & sacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt regardum. Tot forestarii, &c. the truth of the best copies (and so was the record) being in this digestion: Nullus forestarius, &c. aliquam collectam faciat. Et per visum sacramentum XII. regardatorum, quando faciunt regardum, tot forestarii ponantur, &c. as, beside authentic MSS. it is expressly in the like charter, almost word for word, given first by king John, and printed in Matthew Paris; 'twixt which, and that of ours commonly read, he may be made a time-deserving comparison. Were it not for digression, I would speak of the senseless making of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury, witness to the grand charter in 9th Henry III. when as it is plain that he was not bishop until the 25th. The best copy that ever I saw had Simon, archbishop of Canterbury; which indeed was worse, there being no such prelate of that see in those times; but the mistake was by the transcriber's turning the single S. (according to the form of writing in that age) into Simon for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton) archbishop at that time. But I forget myself in following matter of my more particular study, and return to Molmutius. His constitution being general for liberty of highways, controversy grew about the course and limits of them; whereupon his son, king Belin, to quit the subject of that doubt, caused more especially these four, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called military, (a name given by the Romans to such highways as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit (*u*) and judicious authority, these our ways have been thought a work of the Romans also. But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The author calls them Watling-street, the Fosse, Ikinild, and Rickeneld. This name of Rickeneld is in Randall of Chester, and by him derived from Saint Dewy's in Pembroke into Hereford, and so through Worcester, Warwick, Derby, and York-shires to Tinmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is also justifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Birmingham, in Warwickshire, by Rickeneld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuse time and you. Of Watling (who is here personated, and so much the more proper, because Verlam was called also by the English (*x*) Watling-chester) it is said that it went from Dover, in Kent, and so by west of London (yet

(*i*) Florilegus. (*k*) 22 Hen. 8. cap. 14.
(*l*) Jacob. Sess. 1. c. 25.
(*m*) Westm. 2. c. 20 & 21 Ed. 1. District. Scaccarii.
(*n*) C. Quæ res pignori oblig. l. 7. Executores & alibi.
(*o*) Xenoph. Cyropæd. 8.
(*p*) ff. de via public.
(*q*) Bract. lib. 4. tract. Assis. Nov. diss. c. 16. §. 8.
(*r*) 52 Hen. 3. cap. 16. & V. Art. Cler. cap. 9. Statutum Marlbridge sibi restitutum.
(*s*) 34 Ed. 1. Avoury 232. 8. Rich. 2. ibid. 194. 11 Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19. Ed. 2. Avoury, 221. & 225. alibi.

(*t*) Original. fol. 97. b. Charta de Foresta ad MS. emendat.
(*u*) V. Camden Roman.
(*x*) Lhuid. Breviar. Brit.

part of the name seems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropshire by Wrekin hill into Cerdigan (*y*); but others (*z*) say from Verlam to Chester; and where all is referred to Belin by Geffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, another (*a*) tells you that the sons of (I know not what) king Wethle made, and denominated it. The Fosse is derived, by one consent out of Cornwall into Devonshire, through Somerset, over Coteswold by Tewkesbury, along near Coventry, to Leicester, through Lincoln to Berwick, and thence to Caithness, the utmost of Scotland. Of restitution of the other you may be desperate; Rickeneld I have told you of; in Henry of Huntingdon no such name is found, but with the first two, Ickenild and Erming-street. Ickenild, saith he, goes from east to west: Erming-street, from south to north: another tells me, that Erming-street begins at St. Dewy's, and conveys itself to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ichning, begun upon the word's community with Icens) in the eastern parts. It is not in my power to reconcile all these, or elect the best; I only add, that Erming-street, which, being of English idiom, seems to have had its name from Ermunrull in that signification, whereby it interprets (*b*) an universal pillar worshipped for Mercury, president of ways, is like enough (if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from south to north) to have left its part in Stanstreet, in Surrey, where a way made with stones and gravel, in a soil on both sides very different, continues near a mile; and thence towards the eastern shore, in Sussex, are some places seeming as other relics of it. But I here determine nothing.

(*y*) Polychron. lib. 1. cap. de Plat. reg.
(*z*) Henric. Huntingd. hist. 1.
(*a*) Roger. Hoveden, part 1. fol. 248.
(*b*) Adam. Bremens. hist. Eccles. cap. 5. and see to the 3d song.

POLY-OLBION.

THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

To Medway, Thames a suitor goes;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homesdale, holds her in:
She digs through earth, the Thames to win.
Great Thames, as king of rivers, sings
The catalogue of th' English kings.
Thence light the Muse, to th' southward soars,
The Surrian and Sussexian shores;
The forests and the downs surveys,
With rillets running to those seas;
This song of hers then cutteth short,
For things to come, of much import.

At length it came to pass, that Isis and her Thame
Of Medway understood, a nymph of wondrous fame;
And much desirous were, their princely Thames
If (as a wooer) he could win her maiden-love;
That of so great descent, and of so large a dower,
Might well ally their house, and much increase his power;
And striving to prefer their son, the best they may,
Set forth the lusty flood in rich and brave array,
Bank'd with embroider'd meads, of sundry sutes of flowers,
His breast adorn'd with seams, oft wash'd with silver showers:
A train of gallant floods, at such a costly rate
As might beseem their care, and fitting his estate.
Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,
They send him to the court of great Oceanus,
The world's huge wealth to see; yet with a full intent,
To woo the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he went.
Who to his dame and sire his duty scarce had done,
And whilst they sadly wept at parting of their son,
See what the Thames befel, when 'twas suspected least.
As still his goodly train yet every hour increas'd,
And from the Surrian shores clear Wey came down to meet greet,
His greatness, whom the Thames so graciously doth
That with the fern-crown'd flood[1] he minion-like doth play:
Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to stay.
But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the shoal,
'Gainst Hampton-court he meets the soft and gentle Mole;
Whose eyes so pierc'd his breast, that seeming to foreslow
The way which he so long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth here and there;
And that he in her sight transparent might appear,
Applies himself to fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in her sight,
Then Isis and the Thame from their conjoined bed,
Desirous still to learn how Thames their son had sped
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had so been spent,
That he ere this had won the goodly heir of Kent)
And sending to inquire, had news return'd again
(By such as they employ'd, on purpose in his train)
How this their only heir, the isle's imperial flood,
Had loiter'd thus in love, neglectful of his good.
No marvail (at the news) though Ouse[2] and Thame were sad,
More comfort of their son expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow though they show'd:
Who fearing lest he might thus meanly be bestow'd,
And knowing danger still increased by delay,
Employ their utmost power to hasten him away.
But Thames would hardly on: oft turning back, to show
From his much-loved Mole how loth he was to go,
The mother of the Mole, old Homesdale[3], likewise bears
Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs:
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been content descent.
T' have match'd her with a flood of far more mean

[1] Coming by Fernham, so called of fern there growing.
[2] Isis. [3] A very woody vale in Surry.

But Mole respects her words as vain and idle dreams, [Thames:
Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of
And headlong holds her course, his company to win. [in;
But Homesdale raised hills, to keep the straggler
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to doubt: [out.)
(Yet never was there help, but love could find it
§. Mole digs her self a path, by working day and night
(According to her name, to show her nature right)
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth creep: [keep,
Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's
Her fore-intended course the wanton nymph doth run;
As longing to embrace old Thame and Isis' son.
When Thames now understood what pains the Mole did take,
How far the loving nymph adventur'd for his sake,
Although with Medway match'd, yet never could remove [love.
The often-quick'ning sparks of his more ancient
So that it comes to pass, when by great nature's guide
The Ocean doth return, and thrusteth in the tide;
Up tow'rds the place, where first his much-lov'd Mole was seen,
§. He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Shene[4].
Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved mate,
So amiable, fair, so pure, so delicate, [appear,
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous clear:
And first unto her lord, at Wandsworth doth
That in the goodly court of their great sovereign streams,
Thames, [bore.
There might no other speech be had amongst the
But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she wore;
Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she
But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage prest [increas'd,
(That found how with his strength, his beauties still
From where brave Windsor stood on tip-toe to behold [could,
The fair and goodly Thames, so far as ere he
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earthly pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long course pursue,
Where Oatlands, Hampton court, and Richmond he doth view, [entertain;
Then Westminster the next great Thames doth
That vaunts her palace large, and her most sumptuous fane:
The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for her's,
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little space,
The all-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies, [skies;
Whose windows seem to mock the star-bespeckled

Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that show, [grow.
As do the bristling reeds within his banks that
There sees his crowded wharfs, and people-pest'red shores,
His bosom over-spread with shoals of labouring oars:
With that most costly bridge that doth him most renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.
Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to state,
Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)
That as the rest before, so somewhat he would sing,
Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their king;
A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,
The princely Thames recites, and thus his song he laid: [came,
"As bastard William first, by conquest hither
And brought the Norman rule upon the English name:
So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,
Throughout his troubled reign, here held his hard-got spoils.
Deceasing at the last, through his unsettled state,
§. Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.
For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad
(Who in the holy war his person then bestow'd)
His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged reign:
And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,
Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,
Through craft into the throne, the younger Beauclerk crept. [to wrest,
From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert strove
The other (of his power that amply was possest)
With him in battle join'd: and in that dreadful day [sway)
(Where Fortune show'd herself all human power to
Duke Robert went to wreck; and taken in the flight,
§. Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight,
And in close prison put; where miserably he dy'd.
"But Henry's whole intent was by just Heav'n deny'd.
For, as of light and life he that sad lord bereft;
So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have left,
The raging seas devour'd[5], as hitherward they sail'd.
"When in this line direct, the Conqueror's issue fail'd, [emperor's bride
Twixt Henry's daughter Maud, the Almain
(Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd)
And Stephen earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sister's son,
A fierce and cruel war immediately begun; [France,
Who with their several powers arrived here from
By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.
But Stephen, what by coin, and what by foreign strength, [goal at length.
Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious
"But, left without an heir, the empress' issue next,
No title else on foot; upon so fair pretext,
The second Henry soon upon the throne was set,
(Which Maud to Jeffray bare) the first Plantaginet. [subjection spurn'd:
Who held strong wars with Wales, that his
Which often times he beat, and beaten off, return'd:

[4] Thames ebbs and flows beyond Richmond.

[5] See the last note of the 4th song.

With his stern children vex'd: who (whilst he strove t' advance [France.
His right within this isle) rais'd war on him in
With his high fame in fight, what cold breast was not fir'd? [admir'd.
Through all the western world, for wisdom most
" Then Richard got the rule, his most renowned son, [won.
Whose courage, him the name of Cœur de Lion
With those first earthly gods had this brave prince been born,
His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn
The Nemean lion's hide: who in the Holy Land
So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Neptune's hand, [had reft,
The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he
And him to rule their charge they only then had left. [away
" Him John again succeeds; who having put
Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took to sway. [made,
Who, of the commonwealth first havoc having
§. His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,
In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign;
That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,
The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raise,
Their daughters to redeem, that he by force would seize.
Which the first civil war in England here begun.
And for his sake such hate his son young Henry won, [thought;
That to depose their prince, th' revengeful people
And from the line of France young Lewis to have brought [throne,
To take on him our rule: but, Henry got the
By his more forceful friends: who, wise and puissant grown, [drew
§. The general charter seiz'd: that into slavery
The freest born English blood. Of which such discord grew, [rais'd,
And in the barons' breasts so rough combustions
With much expense of blood as long was not appeas'd,
By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,
Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power and pride. [barons strong;
He knew the worst of war, match'd with the
Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and long.
" This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next succeeded; he,
Of us, that for a god might well related be.
Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge: who to the Orcads raught [brought
His sceptre, and with him from wild Albania
The relics of her crown (by him first placed here)
§. The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.
He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long had stood, [English blood.
And made them take a prince[6], sprung of the
This isle from sea to sea, he generally control'd,
And made the other parts of England both to hold.
" This Edward, first of ours's, a second then ensues; [abuse;
Who both his name and birth, by looseness did
Fair Ganimedes and fools who rais'd to princely places;
And chose not them for wit, but only for their faces.

In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust,
Who south'd him in his ways apparently unjust;
For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,
In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.
" A third then of that name, amends for this did make: [take.
Who from his idle sire seem'd nought at all to
But as his grandsire did his empire's verge advance:
So led he forth his powers into the heart of France.
And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,
Against the Salique law, which utterly forbade
Their women to inherit; to propagate his cause,
At Cressy with his sword first cancelled those laws:
Then like a furious storm, through troubled France he ran; [wan
And by the hopeful hand of brave Black Edward
Proud Poictiers, where king John he valiantly subdu'd, [hew'd;
The miserable French and there in mammocs
Then with his battering rams made earthquakes in their towers,
Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded ours.
As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard then [of men,
(Soon to that famous prince Black-Edward, man
Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth apply'd
To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw
Unworthy ignorant sots, with whose dull eyes he saw:
Who plac'd their like in court, and made them great in state
(Which wise and virtuous men, beyond all plagues, might hate).
To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent again,
And oft oppress'd his land, their riot to maintain.
He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;
His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd:
And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend
To ribalds, so again by villains had his end.
" Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard, then
Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,
Desirous first of change, which to that height him brought,
Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;
And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him down:
For whom he hardly held his ill-achieved crown;
That treasons to suppress which oft he did disclose, [foes,
And raising public arms against his powerful
His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,
His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful reign. [father got
" A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his
The crown, by right or wrong, the son respecteth not.
Nor farther hopes for that e'er leaveth to pursue;
But doth his claim to France courageously renew;
Upon her wealthy shores unlades his warlike fraught; [fought,
And showing us the fields where our brave fathers
First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such a light,
As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,
That her pale genius sunk; which trembling seem'd to stand,
When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.

[6] See Song the IXth.

That all his grandaire's deeds did over, and thereto
Those high achievements add the former could not do:
At Agincourt's proud fight, that quite put Poictiers down; [renown.
Of all that time who liv'd, the king of most
Whose too untimely end the fates too soon did haste: [to last:
Whose nine years' noble acts, nine worlds deserve
"A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the mighty son [had won.
Of him, in England's right that spacious France
Who coming young to reign, protected by the peers
Until his non-age out: and grown to riper years,
Prov'd upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving war;
But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.
Whose mildness over-much did his destruction bring:
A wondrous godly man, but not so good a king.
Like whom yet never man try'd fortune's change so oft;
So many times thrown down, so many times aloft
(When with the utmost power their friends could them afford,
The Yorkists put their right upon the dint of sword)
(As still he lost and won, in that long bloody war,
§. From those two factions styl'd, of York and Lancaster. [power,
But by his foes inforc'd to yield him to their
His wretched reign and life both ended in the Tower. [regal wreath:
"Of th' Edward's name the fourth put on the
Whom furious bloody war (that seem'd a while to breathe,
Not utterly forsook. For Henry's queen and heir
Their once-possessed reign still seeking to repair)
Put forward with their friends their title to maintain.
Whose blood did Barnet's streets and Tewksbury's distain,
Till no man left to stir. The title then at rest,
The old Lancastrian line being utterly suppress,
Himself the wanton king to amorous pleasures gave;
§. Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.
"His son an infant left: who had he liv'd to reign,
Edward the fifth had been. But justly see again,
As he a king and prince before had caus'd to die
(The father in the Tower, the son at Tewksbury)
So were his children young, being left to be protected [spected.
By Richard; who nor God, nor human laws re-
This viper, this most vile devourer of his kind
(Whom his ambitious ends had struck so grossly blind) [prey,
From their dear mother's lap them seizing for a
Himself in right the next, could they be made away) [kept;
Most wrongfully usurp'd, and them in prison
Whom cruelly at last he smothered as they slept.
As his unnatural hands were in their blood imbrew'd:
So (guilty in himself) with murder he pursu'd
Such, on his heinous acts as look'd not fair and right; [might
Yea, such as were not his expressly, and had
T' oppose him in his course; 'till (as a monster loath'd,
The man, to Hell and Death himself that had betroth'd) [down;
They brought another in, to thrust that tyrant
In battle who at last resign'd both life and crown.
"A seventh Henry, then, the imperial seat attain'd,
In banishment who long in Britain had remain'd,
What time the Yorkists sought his life to have bereft,
Of the Lancastrian house then only being left
(Deriv'd from John of Gaunt) whom Richmond did beget,
§. Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.
Elizabeth of York this noble prince affy'd,
To make his title strong thereby on either side.
And grafting of the white and red rose firm together, [of Tether.
Was first, that to the throne advanc'd the name
In Bosworth's fatal field, who having Richard slain, [reign,
Then in that prosperous peace of his successful
Of all that ever rul'd, was most precise in state,
And in his life and death a king most fortunate.
"This seventh that was of ours, the eighth succeeds in name: [came
Who by prince Arthur's death (his elder brother)
Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:
Abundantly again so he the same bestow'd,
In banquets, masks, and tilts, all pleasures prone to try,
Besides his secret 'scapes who lov'd polygamy.
The abbeys he suppress'd; a thousand ling'ring year, [to rear.
Which with revenues large the world had sought
And through his awful might, for temporal ends did save,
To other uses erst what frank devotion gave;
And here the papal power, first utterly deny'd,
Defender of the faith that was enstyl'd, and dy'd.
"His son the empire had, our Edward sixth that made;
Untimely as he sprang, untimely who did fade.
A protestant being bred; and in his infant reign,
Th' religion then receiv'd, here stoutly did maintain: [reft,
But ere he raught to man, from his sad people
His sceptre he again unto his sisters left.
"Of which the eldest of two, queen Mary, mounts the chair:
The ruin'd Roman state who striving to repair,
With persecuting hands the Protestants pursu'd;
Whose martyr'd ashes oft the wond'ring streets bestrew'd. [Philip hither,
She match'd herself with Spain, and brought king
Which with an equal hand, the sceptre sway'd together.
But issueless she dy'd; and under six years' reign,
To her wise sister gave the kingdom up again.
"Elizabeth, the next, this falling sceptre hent;
Digressing from her sex, with man-like government [tend
This island kept in awe, and did her power ex-
Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;
Against th' Iberian rule, the Flemings' sure defence: [hence
Rude Ireland's deadly scourge; who sent her navies
Unto the either Ind, and to that shore so green,
Verginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:

In Portugal 'gainst Spain, her English ensigns spread; [tled.
Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia
Most flourishing in state: that, all our kings among [so long."
Scarce any rul'd so well: but two [7], that reign'd
Here suddenly he stay'd: and with his kingly song,
Whilst yet on every side the city loudly rung,
He with the eddy turn'd, a space to look about:
The tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him out. [vance,
And soon the pliant Muse, doth her brave wing ad-
Tow'rds those sea-bord'ring shores of ours, that point at France;
The harder Surreyan heath, and the Sussexian down, [not crown,
Which with so great increase though nature do
As many other shires of this inviron'd isle,
Yet on the weather's [8] head, when as the Sun doth smile, [blow,
Nurst by the southern winds, that soft and gently
Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flow;
The earth as soon puts on her gaudy Summer's suit; [with fruit.
The woods as soon in green, and orchards great
To sea-ward, from the seat where first our song begun,
Exhaled to the south by the ascending Sun,
Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Sussexian ground, [did abound
Great Andredsweld's [9] sometime: who, when she
In circuit and in growth, all other quite suppress'd:
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength decreas'd, [delight.
Her nymphs assum'd the names, each one to her
As, Water-down, so call'd of her depressed site:
And Ash-down, of those trees that most in her do grow,
Set hither to the downs, as th' other standeth low.
Saint Leonard's, of the seat by which she next is plac'd, [grac'd.
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be
These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breasts had long their grief conceal'd)
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast came on,
Under the ax's stroke fetch'd many a grievous groan, [ful sound,
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dread-
Even rent the hallow woods, and shook the queachy ground. [ghastly fear,
So that the trembling nymphs, opprest through
Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevell'd hair, [did dwell,
The sylvans that about the neighbouring woods
Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell,
Forsook their gloomy bow'rs, and wand'red far abroad,
Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily trade, [shade.
Where they in summer wont to sport them in the
"Could we," say they, "suppose, that any would us cherish, [perish?
Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to

[7] Hen. III. & Ed. III. [8] The Sun in Aries.
[9] A forest, containing most part of Kent, and Surrey.

Or to our daily want to minister supply?
These iron times bred none that mind posterity.
'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,
Or changes of the world, that we in time have seen; [waste,
When, not devising how to spend our wealth with
We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast,
But now, alas, ourselves we have not to sustain,
Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from rain. [beech,
Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the softer
Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending wych, [burn:
Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether
What should the builder serve, supplies the forger's turn; [hold,
When under public good, base private gain takes
And we poor woful woods to ruin lastly sold."
This utter'd they with grief: and more they would have spoke,
But that the envious downs, int' open laughter broke; [given,
As joying in those wants, which nature them had
Sith to as great distress the forests should be driven. [envy'd,
Like him that long time hath another's state
And sees a following ebb, unto his former tide;
The more he is deprest, and bruis'd with fortune's might,
The larger reign his foe doth give to his despite:
So did the envious downs; but that again the floods
(Their fountains that derive from these unpitied woods, [dales they creep,
And so much grace thy downs, as through their
Their glories to convey unto the Celtic deep)
It very hardly took, much murmuring at their pride. [side
Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southamptonian
(Dividing it well near from the Sussexian lands
That Selsey doth survey, and Solent's troubled sands)
To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth tell: [Arundel)
§. And Arun (which doth name the beauteous
As on her course she came, it to her forest told,
Which, nettled with the news, had not the power to hold: [rive;
But breaking into rage, wish'd tempests them might
And on their barren scalps, still flint and chalk might thrive, [upbraid,
The brave and nobler woods which basely thus
§. And Adur coming on, to Shoreham softly said,
"The downs did very ill, poor woods, so to debase."
But now, the Ouse, a nymph of very scornful grace, [grown,
So touchy wax'd therewith, and was so squeamish
That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be known.
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
The lately-passed times denominate the new.
So Cuckmer with the rest, put to her utmost might:
As Ashburn undertakes to do the forests right
(At Pemsey, where she pours her soft and gentler flood) [blood:
And Asten, once distain'd with native English
(Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,
§. Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slain, [power,
When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman
Whose name and honour now are denizen'd for ours)

That bodiag ominous brook, it through the forest rung:
Which echoing it again the mighty Weald along,
Great stir was like to grow; but that the Muse did charm
Their furies, and herself for nobler things did arm.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

After your travels (thus led by the Muse) through the inlands, out of the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into Surrey and Sussex, the southern shires from London to the ocean: and Thames, as king of all our rivers, summarily sings the kings of England, from Norman William to yesterday's age.

Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night.

This Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Darking, in Surrey, and after some two miles, sees the light again, which to be certain hath been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of the river Deveril, near Warminster, in Wiltshire, is said as much; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) called Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixt with the sea, which hath been both tried by a cup (*a*), lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old oracle to Archias (*b*), a Corinthian, advising him he should hither deduce a colony.

———'Ιν Αλφειῶ στόμα βλάξει,
Μιγάμενον πηγαῖς Εὐρυσθίης Ἀρεθούσης.

Like this, Pausanias (*c*) reckons more; Erasin (*d*) in Greece, Lycus (*e*) that runs into Meander, Tiger (*f*), and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the ancient limit of Portugal and the Bætic Spain) is specially famous for this form of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicious of that country (*g*), is put for an unfeigned truth.

He ever since doth flow beyond delightful Sheene.

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the Heavens, or Moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over crooky, I cannot guess. I incline to this of the Heavens, because such testimony (*h*) is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judicially not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported; "I constitute no heir of the crown of England (*i*): but to the universal Creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I commend it. For I had it not by inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much effusion of blood I took it from that perjured Harold, and by death of his favourites, have I subdued it to my empire." And somewhat after: "Therefore I dare not bequeath the sceptre of this kingdom to any but to God alone, lest after my death worse troubles happen in it by my occasion. For my son William (always, as it became him, obedient to me) I wish that God may give him his graces, and that, if so it please the Almighty, he may reign after me." This William the second (called Rufus) was his second son, Robert his eldest having upon discontent (taken because the dukedom of Normandy, then as it were by birthright, nearly like the principality of Wales anciently, or dutchy of Cornwal at this day, belonging to our kings' heirs apparent, was denied him) revolted unnaturally, and moved war against him, aided by Philip I. of France, which caused his merited disinheritance. Betwixt this William and Robert, as also betwixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and sons to the conqueror) were divers oppositions for the kingdom and dukedom, which here the author alludes to. Our stories in every hand inform you: and will discover also the conqueror's adoption by the Confessor, Harold's oath to him, and such institutions of his lawful title enforced by a case reported of one English (*k*), who, deriving his right from seisin before the conquest, recovered by judgment of king William I. the manor of Sharboa, in Norfolk, against one Warren, a Norman, to whom the king had before granted it: which had been unjust, if he had by right of war only gotten the kingdom; for then had all titles (*l*) of subjects before, been utterly extinct. But, (admit this case as you please, or any cause of right beside his sword) it is plain that his will and imperious affection (moved by their rebellious which had stood for the sworn Harold) disposed all things as a conqueror: Upon observation of his subjection of all lands to tenures, his change of laws, disinheriting the English, and such other reported (which could be but where the profitable dominion, as civilians call it, was universally acquired into the prince's hand) and

(*a*) Strab. Geograph. 5.
(*b*) Pausan. Eliac. 1.
(*c*) There Alpheus springeth again, embracing fair Arethusa.
(*d*) Herodot. hist. 5.
(*e*) Idem. 7. Polyhym.
(*f*) Justin. hist. 42.
(*g*) Ludov. Nonius in Fluv. Hispa.
(*h*) Scalig. de subtilit. exercitat. 52.
(*i*) Guil. Pictavens. in hist. Cadomens.
(*k*) Antiq. Sched. in Icen. Camd.
(*l*) Atqui ad hanc rem enucleatiùs dilucidandam, jure & gentium & Anglicano, visendi sunt Hottoman. illust. quæst. 5. Alberic. Gentil. de Jure Belli 3. cap. 5. & cas. Calv. in D. Coke l. 7.

in reading the disgraceful account then made of the English name, it will be manifest.

Who by a fatal dart in vast New Forest slain.

His death by an infortunate loosing at a deer, out of one Walter Tirrel's hand in New Forest, his brother Richard being blasted there with infection, and Richard, duke Robert's son, having his neck broken there in a bough's twist catching him from his horse, have been thought as divine revenges on William the first, who destroyed in Hantshire thirty-six parish churches to make dens for wild beasts; although it is probable enough, that it was for security of landing new forces there, if the wheel of Fortune, or change of Mars, should have dispossest him of the English crown. Our stories will of these things better instruct you: but, if you seek Matthew Paris for it, amend the absurdity of both the London and Tigurin prints in An. 1086. and for Rex magnificus & bonæ indolis adolescens, read Rich. magnificus &c. for Richard brother to this Red William.

Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight.

Thus did the conqueror's posterity unquietly possess their father's inheritance. William had much to do with his brother Robert, justly grudging at his usurping the crown from right of primogeniture; but so much the less, in that Robert, with divers other German and French princes, left all private respects for the holy war, which after the cross undertaken (as those times used) had most fortunate success in recovery of Palestine. Robert had no more but the dutchy of Normandy, nor that without swords often drawn, before his holy expedition: about which (having first offer of, but refusing the kingdom of Jerusalem) after he had some five years been absent, he returned into England, finding his younger brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary throne. For, although it were undoubtedly agreed that Robert was eldest son of the Conqueror; yet the pretence which gave Henry the crown (beside the means of his working favourites) was, that he was the only issue born after his father was a king: upon which point a great question is disputed among civilians (*o*). Robert was no sooner returned into Normandy, but presently (first animated by Randal bishop of Durham, a great disturber of the common peace betwixt the prince and subject by intolerable exactions and unlimited injustice under William II. whose chief justice (*p*) it seems he was, newly escaped out of prison (whither for those state-misdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he dispatches and intercharges intelligence with most of the baronage, claiming his primogeniture-right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gained to him most of the English nobility, he lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching towards Winchester: but before any encounter the two brothers were persuaded to a peace; covenant was made and confirmed by oath of twelve barons on both parts, that Henry should pay him yearly 2000 pounds of silver, and that the survivor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, because, at request of queen Maud, the duke prodigally released his 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant) was soon broken. The king (to prevent what mischief might follow a second arrival of his brother) assisted by the greatest favours of Normandy and Anjou, besieged duke Robert in one of his castles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length using that course (next secure to death) so often read of in Choniates, Cantacuzen, and other oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all this time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle, in Glamorgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It is by Polydore added, out of some authority, that king Henry after a few years' imprisonment released him, and commanded that within forty days and twelve hours (these hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring England and Normandy, pass the seas as in perpetual exile; and that in the mean time, upon new treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: yet, because it gives some kind of example of our obsolete law of abjuration (which it seems had its beginning from one of the statutes published under name of the Confessor) a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage: which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the statute of Clarindom (*q*), which gave the accused of felony or treason, although quitted by the ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the statute published, speaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner (*r*) persons) forty days to pass out of the realm with his substance, which to other felons taking sanctuary and confessing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for provision of their voyage necessaries, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, observing these opposite authors and no express resolution. Since them, the oath of abjuration published among our manual statutes nearly agrees with this of duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; "I will (proceeds the oath) diligently endeavour to passover at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; so God me help," &c. So here the forty days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary: compare this with other authorities (*s*), and you shall find all

(*o*) Hottom. illust. quæst. 2.

(*p*) Placitator & exactor totius regni, Flor. Wig. & monarchorum turba.

(*q*) Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved. fol. 314.

(*r*) Glanvil. lib. 14. cap. 1. ceterum, si placet, adeas Janum nostrum lib. 2. §. 67.

(*s*) Itin. North. 3. Ed. 3. Coron. 313. Lectur. ap. Br. tit. Coron. 181. V. Stamfordum lib. 2. cap. 40. qui de his gravitèr & modestè, sed ἐφιστικῶς.

so discount, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (earl of Kent, and chief justice of England, under Henry III.) having incurred the king's high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hereford and Essex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, decernentes ibi XL. dierum excubiis observare (*t*): And whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for return? as in case of disseisin, the law hath beenthat the disseisor could not re-enter without action (*u*), unless he had as it were made a present and continual claim, yet if he had been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land) or in the king's service in France, or so, he had allowance of forty days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and fifteen days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond sea, he might have been essoigned de ultra mare, and for a year and a day, after which he had forty days, one flood, and one ebb (which is easily understood as the other for two floods) to come into England. This is certain, that the space of forty days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the assise of Freshforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's quarentine, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of administration, as in another country (*x*) the reason of the like is given: or else from the forty days in the essoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry asked him what he would give him? "Ioo. pounds of silver (said he) and be contented, my son; for, in time, thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than either of thy brethren."

His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid.

The great controversy about electing the archbishop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade him, commanding that John bishop of Norwich should have the prelacy, the pope, being Innocent III. for his own gain, aided with some disloyal monks of Canterbury, desiring, and at last consecrating Stephen of Langton, a cardinal) was first cause of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjust election at Rome, but banished the monks, and stoutly menaces the pope. He presently makes delegation to William bishop of London, Eustace of Ely, and Malgere of Worcester, that they should, with monitory advice, offer persuasion to the king of conformity to the Romish behest; if he persisted in constancy, they should denounce England under an interdict. The bishops tell king John as much, who suddenly, moved with imperious affection and scorn of papal usurpation, swears, "By God's truth, if they or any other, with unadvised attempt, subject his kingdom to an interdict, he would presently drive every prelate and priest of England to the pope, and confiscate all their substance, and of all the Romans amongst them, he would first pull out their eyes, and cut off their noses, and then send them all packing," with other like threatening terms, which notwithstanding were not able to cause them to desist; but within little time following in public denunciation they performed their authority; and the king, in some sort, his threatenings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymen's custody, and compelling every priest's concubine at a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine sacraments or exercise, excepted only confession, extreme unction, and baptism; the king being also excommunicated, and burials allowed only in high-ways and ditches without ecclesiastic ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procured by archbishop Langton, who purchased favour that in all the monasteries, excepting of White-friars, might be divine service once a week) had no change for some four or five years, when the pope in a solemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, deposed king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II. of France the kingdom of England. This, with suspicion of the subjects' hearts at home, and another cause then more esteemed than either of these, that is, the prophecy of one Peter, an hermit in Yorkshire, foretelling to his face, "that before holy Thursday following he should be no king," altered his stiff and resolute, but too disturbed affections; and persuaded him by oath of himself and sixteen more of his barons, to make submission to the church of Rome, and condescend to give for satisfaction, Iɔɔ. cIɔ. cIɔ. cIɔ. pounds sterling (that name of sterling began (*y*), as I am instructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from some Esterling, making that kind of money, which hath its essence in particular weight and fineness, not of the starling bird, as some, nor of Sterling, in Scotland, under Edward I. as others absurdly; for in records (*z*) much more ancient, the express name Sterlingorum I have read) to the clergy, and subject all his dominions to the pope (*a*); and so had absolution, and after four years, release of the interdict (*b*). I was the willinger to insert it all, because you might see what injurious opposition, by papal usurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings against the church were not without intolerable provocation, which madded rather than amended his troubled spirits. Easily you shall not find a prince more beneficial to the holy cause than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's elec-

(*t*) Math. Par. pag. 507.

(*u*) Bract. lib. 4. tract. assis. Nov. Diss. cap. 5. & lib. 5. tract. de Esson. cap. 3. Vid. de Consuetudine in Oxonia 21. Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.

(*x*) Cust. Generaulx, de Artois art. 164.

(*y*) Jo. Stou. in Notit. Londini, pag. 52. Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. alios.

(*z*) Polydor. Hist. 16.

(*a*) Norff. 6. Rich. I. fin. rot. 13. & alibi in eisdem archivis V.

(*b*) Ante alios de his consulendus sit Math. Paris.

tion exasperated desire of revenge. Most kind habitude then was betwixt him and the pope, and for alms towards Jerusalem's aid, he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and caused his baronage to second his example. Although therefore he be no ways excusable of many of those faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was so besieged with continual and undigestable incentives of the clergy with traitorous confidence striking at his crown, and in such sort, as humanity must have exceeded itself, to have endured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever shall I impute that his wicked attempt of sending ambassadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiramully, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, so much to his own will and nature, as to the persecuting bulls, interdicts, excommunications, deposings, and such like, published and acted by them, which counterfeiting the vain name of pastors, shearing, and not feeding their sheep, made this poor king (for they brought him so poor, that he was called Johannes (c) sine terra) even as a phrenetic, commit what posterity receives now among the worst actions (and in themselves they are so) of princes.

His baronage were forc'd defensive arms to raise.

No sooner had Pandulph transacted with the king, and Stephen of Langton was quietly possest of his archbishopric, but he presently, in a council of both orders at Paul's, stirs up the hearts of the barons against John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an instauration of saint Edward's laws, as they were amended by the conquerur, and provoking them to challenge observation thereof as an absolute duty to subjects of free state. He was easily heard, and his thoughts seconded with rebellious designs: and after denials of this purposed request, armies were mustered to extort these liberties. But at length by treaty in Runingmede, near Staines, he gave them two charters; the one, of liberties general, the other of the forest: both which were not very different from our grand charter and that of the forest. The pope at his request confirmed all: but the same year, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the king to divers strangers, whom since the composition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteem entertained) renewing among the barons, ambassadors were sent to advertise the pope what injury the see of Rome had by this late exaction of such liberties out of the kingdom, in which it had such great interest (for king John had been very prodigal to it, of his best and most majestical titles) and with what commotion, the barons had rebelled against him, soon obtained a bull cursing in thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted charters. This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new, but almost incurable broils in the state betwixt king and subject: but in whom more, than in the pope and his archbishop, was cause of this dissention? Both, as wicked boutefeus, applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subject by censorious exauthorizing the prince; then assisting and moving forward his proneness, to faithless abrogation, by pretence of an interceding universal authority.

The general charter seiz'd———

The last note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by king John; his son Henry III. of some nine years' age (under protection first of William Marshal, earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches, bishop of Winchester) in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Westminster, desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch proposing it) a fifteenth: whereto upon deliberation, they gave answer, quod legis petitionibus gratanter adquiescerent, si illis diù petitas libertates concedere voluisset. The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of king John (saith Paris) ita quòd chartæ utrorúmque regum in nullo inveniuntur dissimiles. Yet those which we have, published want of that which is in king John's, wherein you have a special chapter that, if a Jew's debtor die, and leave his heir within age subject to payment, the usury during the nonage should cease, which explains the meaning of the statute of Merton, chap. v. otherwise but ill interpreted in some of our year books (f): after this, follows further, that no aid, except to redeem the king's person out of captivity (example of that was in Richard I. whose ransom out of the hands of Leopold, duke of Austria, was near cccl000. pounds of silver, collected from the subject) make his eldest son knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be levied of the subject, but by parliament. Yet, reason why these are omitted in Henry III, his charter, it seems, easily may be given; seeing ten years before time of Edward Longshank's exemplification (which is that whereon we now rely, and only have) all Jews were banished the kingdom: and among the petitions and grievances of the commons at time of his instauration of this charter to them, one was thus consented to; Nullum tallagium vel auxilium, per nos vel hæredes nostros de cætero in regno nostro imponatur seu levetur sine voluntate & consensu communi archiepiscoporum, episcoporum, abbatum & aliorum prælatorum, comitum, baronum, militum, burgensium, & aliorum liberorum hominum (g): which although compared with that of aids by tenure, be no law, yet I conjecture that upon this article was that chapter of aids omitted. But I return to Henry: he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his protection; but taking all upon his personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancelled, and repealed the rest, (for so I take it, although my author speak chiefly of that of the forest) and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his chief justice Hugh de

(c) John Hadland.

(f) 35 Hen. 6. fol. 61. & 3. Eliz. Plowd. 1. fol. 236. atque vid. Bract. lib. 2. cap. 26. §. 2.

(g) Thom. de Walsingham in 26. Ed. 1. Polyd. Hist. 17.

Rush, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible: which, with its like (in disinheriting and seizing on his subjects' possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard earl of Cornwal his brother, and William le Marshal earl of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguished even till his declining days of enthroned felicity. Observe among this, that where our historians and chronologers talk of a desire by the baronage, to have the constitutions of Oxford restored, you must understand those charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppositions, the king at last, by oath of himself and his son Edward, in full parliament (*k*) (having nevertheless oft times before made show of as much) granted again their desired freedom: which in his spacious reign was not so much impeached by himself, as through ill counsel of alien caterpillars crawling about him, being as scourges then sent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloucester shall summarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

The meste wo that here vel bi king Henry's day
In this lond, ichulle beginne to tell yuf ich may.
He adde thre brethren that is modre's sons were (*i*),
And the king of Almaine the verthe that to heie
them here (*k*), [thereto,
Ac sir William de Valence and sir Eimer (*l*)
Elit of Wincetre and sir Guy de Lisewi also
Thoru hom and thoru the quene (*m*) was so much
frenss folc ibrought
That of English men me told as right nought,
And the king hom let her will that each was as
king
And nome poure men god, and ne paiede nothing
To eni of this brethren yuf ther pleinide eny wight
Hii sede, yuf we doth ou wrong, wo shall ou do
right:
As wo seith we beth kings, ur wille we mowe do,
And many Engliss alas hulde mid hom also.
So that thorou Godes grace the erles at last,
And the bishops of the lond, and barons bespeake
vaste, [caste,
That the kiad Englismen of Londe hii wolde out
And that long bring adoun, yuf her poer laste.
Thereof hii nome (*n*) conseil, and to the king hii
send, [amend
To abbe (*o*) pite of his londand suiche manners
So ther at laste hii brought him therto
To make a purveiance amendment to do,
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond vor to
seyte, [eyghte,
Twelf hundred as in yer of grace and fifty and
Right aboute missomer fourtene night it laste
The erles and the barons were well stude vaste (*p*)

Vor to amendi that lond as the erle of Glocestre,
Sir Richard, and sir Simond erle of Leicetre
And sir John le Fiz-Geffry and other barons inowe,
So that at last the king thereto hii drowe,
To remue the Frenss men to libbe (*q*). beyonde se
Bi hor londs her and ther and ne come noght
age (*r*). [also
And to granti god (*s*) lawes and the Old Charter
That so ofte was igranted er, and so ofte undo.
Hereof was the chartre imade and aseled vast there
Of the king and of other heye men that there were,
Tho nome tende tapers (*t*) the bishops in hor hond
And the king himself and other heye men of the
lond,
The bishops amaused (*u*) all that there agon were
And ever eft undude the lawes that loked were
there,
Mid berninge taperes; and such as laste,
The king and others seid Amen and the tapers
adoun caste.

If particulars of the story, with precedents and consequents be desired, above all I send you to Matthew Paris, and William Rishanger, and end in adding, that these so controverted charters had not their settled surety until Edward I. since whom they have been more than thirty times in parliament confirmed.

The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.

Which is the chair and stone at Westminster, whereon our sovereigns are inaugurated. The Scottish (*w*) stories (on whose credit, in the first part hereof I importune you not to rely) affirm that the stone was first in Gallicia, of Spain, at Brigantia (whether that be Compostella, as Francis Tarapha wills, or Corunna, as Florian del Campo conjectures, or Betanzos, according to Mariana, I cannot determine) where Gathel, king of Scots there, sat on it as his throne: thence was it brought into Ireland by Simon Brech, first king of Scots, transplanted into that isle about 700 years before Christ; out of Ireland king Fergus (in him, by some, is the beginning of the now continuing Scottish reign) about 370 years afterwards, brought it into Scotland, king Kenneth, some 850 of the incarnation, placed it at the abbey of Scone (in the sheriffdom of Perth) where the coronation of his successors was usual, as of our monarchs now at Westminster, and in the Saxon times at Kingston upon Thames. This Kenneth, some say, caused that distich to be engraven on it,

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum,
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

—(Whereupon it is called fatale marmor in Hect. Boetius) and enclosed it in a wooden chair. It is now at Westminster, and on it are the coronations of our sovereign; thither first brought † (as the author here speaks) among infinite other spoils, by Edward Longshanks, after his wars and victories against king John Baliol.

Their women to inherit———

So they commonly affirm: but that denial of sovereignty to their women cost the lives of many

(*h*) 42 Hen. 3.

(*i*) Guy of Lusignan, William of Valence, and Athelmar, his half brothers, sons of Isabel, king John's dowager, daughter to Aimar, earl of Engolisme, married to Hugh Brown, earl of March, in Poiters.

(*k*) Richard, earl of Cornwal, son to king John.

(*l*) Athelmarus.

(*m*) Elianor, daughter to Raymund earl of Provence.

(*n*) They took. (*o*) Have. (*p*) Stedfast.

(*q*) Live. (*r*) Again. (*s*) Good.

(*t*) Kindled tapers. (*u*) Curséd.

(*w*) Hector Boeth. Hist. l. 10. & 14. Buchanan. rer. Scotic. 6. & 8.

† 1297. 24 Ed. I.

thousands of their men, both under this victorious Edward, and his son the Black Prince, and others of his successors. His case stood briefly thus: Philip IV. surnamed the Fair, had issue three sons, Lewis the Contentious (*x*), Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, (all these successively reigned after him, and died without issue inheritable:) he had likewise a daughter Isabel (I purposely omit the other, being out of the present matter.) married to Edward II, and so was mother to Edward III. The issue made of Philip the Fair thus failing, Philip, son and heir of Charles earl of Valois, Beaumont, Alenson, &c. (which was brother to Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France as next heir male against this Edward, who answered to the objections of the Salic law, that (admitting it as their assertion was, yet) he was heir male, although descended of a daughter: and in a public assembly of the states first about protectorship of the womb, (for queen Joan, dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterward delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards dutchess of Orleans) was this had in a solemn disputation by lawyers on both sides, and applied at length also to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given against his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his English, recorded in Walsingham, Froissart, Æmilius, and the multitude of later collected stories make manifest. But for the law itself every mouth speaks of it; few, I think, understand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Sallans (the same with Franks) under king Pharamond, about 1200 years since, had thence denomination; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians' name from Sal, which in contraction he makes from Sadel (*y*) * (inventors whereof the Franks, saith he, were) interprets them as it were horsemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and most noble of any nation, as Chivalers (*z*) in French, and Equites in Latin allows likewise. So that, upon collection, the Salic law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salic land, quæ ad equestris ordinis dignitatem & in capite summo, & in cæteris membris conservandum pertinebat: which very well agrees with a sentence (*a*) given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient testament, devising all the testator's Salic lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted fief (*b*). And who knows not that fiefs were originally military gifts? But then, if so, how comes Salic to extend to the crown, which is merely without tenure? Therefore Ego scio (*c*) (saith a later lawyer) legem privato salicam agere de patrimonio tantum. It was composed (not this alone, but with others as they say) by Wisogast, Bodogast, Salogast, and Windogast, wise counsellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us by Claude de Seissell, bishop of Marseilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the original of the name, and in these words, De terra salica nulla portio hereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terræ hereditas perveniat; and in substance, as referred to the person of the king's heir female; so much is remembered by that great civilian Baldus (*d*), and divers others, but rather as custom than any particular law, as one (*f*) of that kingdom also hath expressly and newly written; Ce n'est point une loy écritte, mais nee avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventée, mais l'avons puisse de la nature même, qui le nous a ainsi apris & donné cet instinct: But why the same author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, seeing all story and carriage of state in those times is so manifestly opposite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the first cause, which excluded gynæcocracy among them, guessing it to be upon their observation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yssel, in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, first derive the Franks) endured in time of Vespasian, under the conduct and empire of one Velleda (*g*), a lady even of divine esteem amongst them. But howsoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill beseem me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an use of ancient time (*h*), which commits to the care of some of the greatest peers, that they, when the queen is in child-birth, be present, and warily observe, lest the ladies privily should counterfeit the inheritable sex, by supposing some other made when the true birth is female, or, by any such means, wrong their ancient custom royal, as of the birth of this present Lewis the XIIIth, on the last of September in 1601, is, after other such remembered.

(*x*) Hunting. (*y*) Francic. lib. 2.
* As our word saddle. (*z*) Knights.
(*a*) Bodin. de Repub. 6. cap. 5. vid. Barth. Chassan. Cons. Burgund. Rubric. 3. §. 5. num. 7.
(*b*) Knights' fees, or lands held.
(*c*) Paul Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. l. 3. cap. 17.
(*d*) Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.
(*f*) Hierome Bignon. de l'excel. des Rois, Livre 3.
(*g*) V. Tacit. Hist. 4.
(*h*) Rodulph. Boter. Commentar. 8.

Of these two factions styl'd, of York and Lancaster.

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the IIId had seven sons, Edward the Black Prince, William of Hatfield †, Lionel, duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, Edmund of Langley, duke of York, Thomas of Woodstock, and William of Windsor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Bourdeaux (afterward the IId). William of Hatfield died without issue; Henry, duke of Lancaster (son to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) deposed Richard the IId. and to the Vth and VIth of his name, left the kingdom descending in right line of the family of Lancaster. On the other side Lionel, duke of Clarence, the third brother, had only issue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, (who, upon this title, was designed heir apparent to Richard IId). Edmund, by her had

† Ex Archiv. Parl. 1. Ed. 4. in lucem edit 9. Ed. 4. fol. 9.

Roger; to Roger was issue two sons and two daughters; but all died without posterity, excepting Anne; through her, married to Richard earl of Cambridge, son to Edmund of Langley, was conveyed (to their issue Richard duke of York, father to king Edward IV.) that right which Lionel (whose heir she was) had before the rest of that royal stem. So that Lancaster derived itself from the fourth brother; York from the blood of the third and fifth united. And in time of the sixth Henry was this fatal and enduring misery over England, about determination of these titles, first conceived in the 30th year of his reign, by Richard duke of York, whose son Edward IV. deposed Henry some nine years after; and having reigned near like space, was also, by readoption of Henry, deprived for a time, but restored, and died of it possest, in whose family it continued until after death of Richard III. Henry earl of Richmond, and heir of Lancaster, marrying Elizabeth the heir of York, made that happy union. Some have referred the utmost root of the Lancastrian title to Edmund(*i*), indeed eldest son to Henry III. but that by reason of his unfit deformity, his younger brother Edward had the succession, which is absurd and false. For one whom I believe before most of our monks, and the king's chronologer of those times, Matthew Paris, tells expressly the days and years of both their births, and makes Edward four years elder than Crookback. All these had that most honoured surname Plantagenet(*k*); which hath been extinct among us ever since Margaret, countess of Salisbury, (daughter to George Plantagenet, duke of Clarence) was beheaded in the tower. By reason of John of Gaunt's device being a red rose, and Edmund of Langley's a white rose, these two factions afterward, as for cognizances of their descent and inclinations, were by the same flowers distinguished.

Yet jealous of his right, descended to his grave.

So jealous, that towards them of the Lancastrian faction, nought but death (as there, reason of state was enough) was his kindness. Towards strangers, whose slipping words were in wrested sense, seeming interpretable to his hurt, how he carried himself, the relations of sir John Markham, his chief justice, Thomas Burdett, an esquire of Warwickshire, and some citizens, for idle speeches are testimony. How to his own blood, in that miserable end of his brother George duke of Clarence, is showed: Whose death hath divers reported causes, as our late chroniclers tell you. One is supposed upon a prophecy forespeaking that Edward's successor's name should begin with G; which made him suspect this George (a kind of superstition not exampled, as I remember, among our princes; but in proportion very frequent in the oriental empire, as passages of the names in Alexius, Manuel, and others, discover in Nicetas Choniates) and many more serious, yet insufficient faults (tasting of Richard duke of Glocester's practices) are laid to his charge. Let Polydore, Hall, and the rest disclose them. But of his death, I cannot omit what I have newly seen. You know it is commonly affirmed, that he was drowned in a hogshead of malmsey at the Tower. One (*l*) that very lately would needs dissuade men from drinking healths to their princes, friends, and mistresses, as the fashion is, a bachelor of divinity, and professor of history and Greek at Cologn, in his division of drunken natures, makes one part of them, Qui in balsenas mutari cuperent, dummodo mare in generosissimum vinum transformaretur: and for want of another example, dares deliver, that, "such a one was George earl of Clarence (*m*), who, when for suspicion of treason he was judged to die by his brother Edward IV. and had election of his form of death given him, made choice to be drowned in malmsey." First, why he calls him earl of Clarence, I believe not all his profest history, can justify; neither indeed was ever among us any such honour. Earls of Clare long since were (*n*): but the title of Clarence began when that earldom was converted into a dukedom by creation of Lionel (who married with the heir of the Clares) duke of Clarence third son to Edward III. since whom never have been other than dukes of dignity. But unto what I should impute this inexcusable injury to the dead prince, unless to Icarius's shadow dazzling the writer's eyes, or Bacchus his revengeful causing him to slip in matter of his own profession, I know not. Our stories make the death little better than a tyrannous murder, privily committed without any such election. If he have other authority for it, I would his margin had been so kind, as to have imparted it.

Upon a daughter born to John of Somerset.

John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, had issue by Catharine Swinford, John of Beaufort, earl of Somerset, and marquis Dorset. To him succeeded his second son, John (Henry the eldest dead), and was created first duke of Somerset by Henry V. Of this John's loins was Margaret, mother to Henry VII. His father was Edmund of Hadam (made earl Richmond by Henry VI.) son to Owen Tyddour (deriving himself from the British Cadwallader) by his wife queen Catharine, dowager to Henry V. and hence came that royally ennobled name of Tyddour, which in the late queen of happy memory ended.

Defender of the faith.———

When amongst those turbulent commotions of Lutherans and Romanists under Charles V. such oppositions increased, that the pope's three crowns even tottered at such arguments as were published against his pardons, mass, monastic profession, and the rest of such doctrine; this king Henry (that Luther might want no sort of antagonists) wrote particularly against him in defence of pardons, the papacy, and of their seven sacraments: of which is yet remaining the original in the Vatican at Rome (*o*), and with the king's own hand thus inscribed,

(*i*) Ap. Polyd. hist. 16.

(*k*) 33 Hen. 6. J. Stow. p. 717.

(*l*) Francisc. Matenes de ritu bibend. l. cap. 1. edit. superioribus mundinis.

(*m*) Comes Clarentiæ. Cæterum ævo Normanico indiscriminatim comes & dux usurpantur & Will. Conquestor supius dictus Comes Norm.

(*n*) From Clare in Suffolk, V. Polydor. hist. 19. & Camd. in Iceni.

(*o*) Francisc. Swert. in Delic. orbis Christ.

Angloyum Rex, HENRICUS, LEONI X. mittit hoc opus, & filei testem & amicitiæ.

Hereupon, this Leo sent him the title of "Defender of the faith (*p*):" which was as ominous to what ensued. For towards the 25th year of his reign he began so to examine their traditions, doctrine, lives, and the numerous faults of the corrupted time, that he was indeed founder of reformation for inducement of the true ancient faith: which by his son Edward VI. queen Elizabeth, and our present sovereign, hath been to this piously established and defended.

To ease your conceit of these kings here sung, I add this chronology of them.

1066. William I. conquered England.
1087. William the Red (Rufus) second son of the conqueror.
1100. Henry I. surnamed Beauclerc, third son to the first William.
1135. Stephen earl of Morton and Bologne, son to Stephen earl of Blois by Adela daughter to the conqueror. In both the prints of Math. Paris, (Anno 1086) you must mend Beccensis Comitis, and read Blesensis Comitis; and howsoever it comes to pass, he is, in the same author, made son to Tedbald, earl of Blois, which indeed was his brother.
1154. Henry II. son to Geffrey Plantagenet earl of Anjou, and Maud the empress, daughter to Henry Beauclerc.
1189. Richard I. Cœur de Lion, son to Henry II.
1199. John, brother to Cœur de Lion.
1216. Henry III. son to king John.
1273. Edward I. Longshanks, son to Henry III.
1308. Edward II. of Caernarvon, son to Edward I. deposed by his wife and son.
1326. Edward III. son to Edward II.
1387. Richard II. of Bourdeaux (son to Edward the Black Prince, son to Ed. III.) deposed by Henry duke of Lancaster.
1399. Henry IV. of Bolingbroke: son to John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward III.
1413. Henry V. of Monmouth, son to Henry IV.
1422. Henry VI. of Windsor, son to Henry V. deposed by Edward earl of March, son and heir to Richard duke of York, deriving title from Lionel duke of Clarence, and Edmund of Langley, third and fourth sons of Edward III.
1460. Edward IV. of Roan, son and heir of York. In the tenth of his reign Henry VI. got again the crown, but soon lost both it and life.
1483. Edward V. son to the IV. of that name, murdered with his brother Richard duke of York, by his uncle Richard duke of Glocester.
1483. Richard III. brother to Edward IV. slain at Bosworth field, by Henry earl of Richmond. In him ended the name of Plantagenet in our kings.
1485. Henry VII. heir to the Lancastrian family, married with Elizabeth, heir to the house of York. In him the name of Tyddour, began in the crown.
1509. Henry VIII. of Greenwich, son to Henry VII.
1546. Edward VI. of Hampton court, son to Henry VIII.
1553. Mary, sister to Edward VI.
1558. Elizabeth, daughter to Henry VIII.

Great Andredswalde sometime———

All that maritime tract comprehending Sussex, and part of Kent, so much as was not mountains, now called the Downs, which in British (*q*), old Gaulish, Low Dutch, and our English, signifies but hills) being all woody, was called Andredsweald, i. e. Andred's wood (*r*), often mentioned in our stories, and Newenden, in Kent, by it Andredchester (as most learned Camden upon good reason guesses) whence perhaps the wood had his name. To this day we call those wood lands, by north the downs, the Weald: and the channel of the river that comes out of those parts, and discontinues the Downs about Bramber, is yet known in Shoreham ferry, by the name of Weald-ditch; and, in another Saxon word equivalent to it, are many of the parishes' terminations on this side the Downs, that is, Herst, or Hurst, i. e. a wood. It is called by Ethelwerd expressly Immanis sylva, quæ vulgo Andredsnuda nuncupatur, and was 120 miles long (*s*), and 30 broad. The author's conceit of these forests being nymphs of this great Andredsnuda, and their complaint for loss of woods in Sussex, so decayed, is plain enough to every reader.

As Arun which doth name the beauteous Arundel.

So it is conjectured and is without controversy justifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of Bevis' horse: it were so as tolerable as Bucephalon (*t*); from Alexander's horse, Tymenna (*u*), in Lycia, from a goat of that name, and such like, if time would endure it: But Bevis was about the conquest, and this town is by name of Erundele, known in time

(*p*) Defensor Ecclesiæ L. Sleidano Comment. 3.

(*q*) Dunum uti ex Clitophonte apud Plut. habet Camd. & Duynen Belgis dicuntur tumuli arenarii, & Q. Curt. Oceano objecti Gorop. Gallic. 1. alii.

(*r*) We yet call a desert, a wilderness from this root.

(*s*) Hen. Huntingd. hist. 5. in Alfredo.

(*t*) Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib. 9.

(*u*) Steph. περι πολ.

of king Alfred (w) who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men Goropius (x) had somewhat a violent conjecture, when he derived Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomy, towards the utmost of the now Jutland) part of whom he imagines (about the Saxon and Danish irruptions) planted themselves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their country title.

And Adur coming on to Shoreham.

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be understood in that port of Adur (y), about this coast, the relic whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here so calls it Adur.

Doth blush, as put in mind of those there sadly slain.

In the plain near Hastings, where the Norman William after his victory found king Harold slain, he built Battle-abbey, which at last (as divers other monasteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which some have (z) (by that authority the Muse also) attributed to a very bloody sweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of so great a slaughter.

(w) Testament. Alfred. ubi etiam, Ritheramfeild, Diccalingum, Angmeringum, Feltham, & alias in hoc agro villas legantur Osfertho ejusdem cognat.
(x) Gothodanic. lib. 7.
(y) Portus Adurni in notit. provinc.
(z) Guil. Parvus hist. 1. cap. 1.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE EIGHTEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Rother thro' the Weald doth rove,
Till he with Oxney fall in love:
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And win the river from the isle.
Medway, with her attending streams,
Goes forth to meet her lord great Thames:
And where in breadth she her disperses,
Our famous captains she rehearses,
With many of their valiant deeds.
Then with Kent's praise the Muse proceeds,
And tells when Albion o'er sea rode,
How he his daughter-isles bestow'd;
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets:
Where to this Song an end she sets.

Our Argus, scarcely yet deliver'd of her son,
When as the river down, thro' Andredsweald doth run:
Nor can the aged hill have comfort of her child.
For, living in the woods, her Rother waxed wild;
His banks with aged oaks, and bushes overgrown,
That from the Sylvans' kind he hardly could be known;
Yea, many a time the nymphs, which happ'd this flood to see,
Fled from him, whom they sure a satyr thought to be,
As satyr-like he held all pleasures in disdain,
And would not once vouchsafe, to look upon a plain;
Till chancing in his course to view a goodly plot,
Which Albion in his youth upon a sea-nymph got,
For Oxney's love he pines: who being wildly chaste,
And never woo'd before, was coy to be embrac'd.
But what obdurate heart was ever so perverse,
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could not pierce?
For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,
In-isled in his arms, he clips her for his own.
Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river well. [heard tell,
Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marsh
Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth apply,
And falleth in her sight into the sea at Rye,
She thinketh with herself how she a way might find [mind;
To put the homely isle quite out of Rother's
Appearing to the flood, most bravely like a queen,
Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's green; [and weeds;
Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers
Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of quivering reeds:
Which loosely flowing down, upon her lusty thighs, [eyes.
Most strongly seem to tempt the river's amorous
And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling plait, [full-fed neat.
Emboss'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and
Some wallowing in the grass, there lie a while to batten; [fatten;
Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to
With villages amongst, oft powthered here and there;
And (that the same more like to landscape should appear)
With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat
(In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding neat, [the velvet buds)
Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brooz'd
In which, they lick their hides, and chew their savoury cuds. [know,
Of these her amorous toys, when Oxney came to
Suspecting lest in time her rival she might grow,
Th' allurements of the marsh the jealous isle doth move, [love:
That to a constant course, she thus persuades her
"With Rumney though for dower I stand in no degree;
In this, to be belov'd yet liker far than she:
Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour lack, [black,
The soul is said deform'd: and she, extremely
And though her rich attire so curious be and rare,
From her there yet proceeds unwholsome putrid air: [ground,
Where my complexion more suits with the higher
Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still abound
The good gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for grace, [brace;
Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suff'ring to em-

Where, to great Neptune she may one day be a prey:
The sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.
And what, tho' of her strength she seem to make no doubt? [out."
Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him
With this persuasive speech which Oxney lately us'd;
With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother stood confus'd,
Old Andredsweald[1] at length doth take her time to tell. [befell,
The changes of the world, that since her youth
When yet upon her soil, scarce human foot had trod:
A place where only then the Sylvans made abode.
Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood, [wood;
And every where walk'd free, a burgess of the
Until those Danish routs, whom hunger-starv'd at home, [roam.
(Like wolves pursuing prey) about the world did
And stemming the rude stream dividing us from France,
Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by chance)
§. That Lymen then was nam'd, when, (with most irksome care)
The heavy Danish yoke, the servile English bare.
And when at last she found, there was no way to leave [ceive;
Those, whom she had at first been forced to re-
And by her great resort, she was through very need,
Constrained to provide her peopled towns to feed,
She learn'd the churlish ax and twybill to prepare,
To steel the coulter's edge, and sharp the furrowing share:
And more industrious still, and only hating sloth,
A housewife she became, most skill'd in making cloth.
That now the draper comes from London every year,
And of the Kentish sorts makes his provision there.
Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fifty furlongs went, [Kent[2].
Have lost their ancient bounds, now limited in
Which strongly to improve, she Medway forth did bring, [spring.
From Sussex who ('tis known) receives her silver
Who tow'rds the lordly Thames, as she along doth strain, [limber train
Where Teise, clear Beule, and Len bear up her
As she removes in state: so for her more renown,
Her only name she leaves, t'her only christ'ned town[3];
And Rochester doth reach, in ent'ring to the bower
Of that most matchless Thames, her princely paramour. [her pride)
Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign (with
Whereas the royal fleet continually doth ride,
That where she told her Thames, she did intend to sing [bring;
What to the English name immortal praise should
To grace his goodly queen, Thames presently proclaims, [names,
That all the Kentish floods, resigning him their
Should presently repair unto his mighty hall,
And by the posting tides, towards London sends to call [among)
Clear Ravensburn (though small, rememb'red them
At Deptford ent'ring. Whence as down she comes along,
She Darent thither warns: who calls her sister Cray, [may.
Which hasten to the court with all the speed they
And but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd such grace, [in place,
Except her country nymphs, that none should be
More rivers from each part, had instantly been there, [were.
Than at their marriage, first, by Spenser[4] numb'red
This Medway still had nurst those navies in her road,
Our armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad;
And not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
Whom she not going out, or coming in hath seen:
Or by some passing ship, hath news to her been brought, [they fought.
What brave exploits they did; as where, and how,
Wherefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly calls,
The captains to recite when seriously she falls.
"Of noble warriors now," saith she, "shall be my song; [sprung,
Of those renowned spirits, that from the conquest
Of th' English Norman blood; which, matchless for their might, [fight,
Have with their flaming swords, in many a dreadful
Illustrated this isle, and bore her fame so far;
Our heroes, which the first wan, in that holy war, [more red,
Such fear from every foe, and made the east
With splendour of their arms, than when from Tithon's bed [our fame begun,
The blushing dawn doth break; towards which
By Robert (Curt-huse call'd) the Conqueror's eldest son, [went
Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit
The sepulchre to free, with most devout intent.
"And to that title which the Norman William got, [the Scot,
When in our conquest here, he strove t'include
The general of our power, that stout and warlike earl,
Who English being born, was styl'd of Aubemerle;
Those Lacyes then no less courageous, which had there [were.
The leading of the day, all brave commanders
"Sir Walter Especk, match'd with Peverel, which as far [war,
Adventur'd for our fame: who in that bishops'
Immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign:
That day ten thousand Scots upon the field were slain. [first that won
"The earl of Strigule then our Strong-bow,
Wild Ireland with the sword (which, to the glorious Sun, [stand.
Lifts up his nobler name) amongst the rest may
"In Cœur de Lion's charge unto the holy-land,
Our earl of Le'ster, next, to rank with them we bring: [king.
And Turnham, he that took th' impost'rous Cyprian
Strong Tuchet chose to wield the English standard there; [mer:
Pole, Gournay, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mortimer,

[1] See song 17.
[2] The Weald of Kent.
[3] Maidstone, i. e. Medway's town.
[4] In the Fairy Queen.

And more, for want of pens whose deeds not brought to light, [right.
It grieves my zealous soul, I can not do them
" The noble Pembroke then, who, Strong-bow did succeed, [Irish bleed,
Like his brave grand-sire, made th' revolting
When yielding oft, they oft their due subjection broke; [glish yoke,
And when the Britons scorn'd to bear the En-
Lewellin prince of Wales in battle overthrew,
Nine thousand valiant Welsh and either took or slew. [less strain,
Earl Richard, his brave son, of Strong-bow's match-
As he a marshal was, did in himself retain
The nature of that word, being martial, like his name:
Who, as his valiant sire, the Irish oft did tame.
" With him we may compare Marisco (king of men)
That lord chief justice was of Ireland, whereas then
Those two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard, had their place, [did chase;
Which through the bloodied bogs, those Irish oft
Whose deeds may with the best deservedly be read.
" As those two Lacyes then, our English powers that led: [quell,
Which twenty thousand, there, did in one battle
Amongst whom (trodden down) the king of Connaught fell. [we set:
" Then Richard, that lov'd earl of Cornwal, here
Who, rightly of the race of great Plantagenet,
Our English armies shipp'd, to gain that hallow'd ground [mond:
With Long-sword the brave son of beauteous Rosa-
The pagans through the breasts, like thunderbolts that shot;
And in the utmost east such admiration got,
That the shrill-sounding blast, and terrour of our fame [came:
Hath often conquer'd, where our swords yet never
As Gifford, not forgot, their stout associate there.
" So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous here, [shall have:
Guy Beauchamp, that great earl of Warwick, place
From whom the Cambrian hills the Welshmen could not save;
Whom he, their general plague, impetuously pursu'd, [imbru'd.
And in the British gore his slaughtering sword
" In order as they rise (next Beauchamp) we prefer [Mortimer;
The lord John Gifford, match'd with Edmond
Men rightly moulded up, for high advent'rous deeds.
" In this renowned rank of warriors then succeeds [guide;
Walwin, who with such skill our armies oft did
In many a dangerous strait, that had his knowledge try'd, [flight,
And in that fierce assault, which caus'd the fatal
Where the distressed Welsh resign'd their ancient right, [Lewellin fell.
Stout Frampton: by whose hand, their prince
" Then followeth (as the first who have deserv'd as well) [cover'd Guyn:
Great Saint John; from the French, which twice re-
And he, all him before that clearly did outshine,
Warren, the puissant earl of Surrey, which led forth
Our English armies oft into our utmost north;
And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to hear, [banks, for fear.
When Tweed hath sunk down flat, within her
On him there shall attend, that most adventurous Twbing,
That at Seambekin fight, the English off did bring
Before the furious Scot, that else were like to fall.
" As Basset, last of these, yet not the least of all
Those most renowned spirits that Fowkerk bravely fought; [brought.
Where Long-shanks, to our lore, Albania lastly
" As, when our Edward first his title did advance, [France,
And led his English hence, to win his right in
That most deserving earl of Derby we prefer,
Henry's third valiant son, the earl of Lancaster,
That only Mars of men; who (as a general scourge, [to purge)
Sent by just-judging Heaven, outrageous France
At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flemings that she rais'd, [sell seas'd,
Against the English force: which as a hand-
Into her very heart he march'd in warlike wise;
Took Bergera, Langobeck, Mountdurant, and Mountguyse; [won;
Leau, Foudra, and Funach, Mount-Segre, Forsa,
Mountpesans, and Beaumount, the Eyal, Aiguillon, [surpris'd;
Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angolisme
With castles, cities, forts, nor provinces suffic'd.
Then took the earl of Leyle: to conduct whom there came
Nine viscounts, lords, and earls, astonish'd at his name. [prest.)
To Gascoyne then he goes (to plague her, being
And manfully himself of Mirabel possest,
Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain struck:
And with a fearful siege, he Taleburg lastly took;
With prosperous success, in lesser time did win
Maximien, Lusingham, Mount-sorrel, and Bovin;
Sack'd Poicters: which did, then, that country's treasure hold; [not gold.
That not a man of ours would touch what was
" With whom our Maney[5] here deservedly doth stand,
Which first inventor was of that courageous band,
Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be freed, [t'rous deed.
Till there they had achiev'd some high adven-
He first into the press at Cagant conflict flew;
And from amidst a grove of gleaves, and halberds drew [war,
Great Derby beaten down; t'amaze the men of
When he for England cry'd, "St. George, and Lancaster." [proud)
And as mine author tells (in his high courage
Before his going forth, unto his mistress vow'd,
He would begin the war: and, to make good the same, [flame
Then setting foot in France, there first with hostile
Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neighbouring towns to light;
That suddenly they caught a fever with the fright.
This castle (near the town of Cambray) ours he made; [invade,
And when the Spanish powers came Britain[6] to

[5] Sir Walter Maney.
[6] Little Britain in France.

Both of their side and spoils, them utterly bereft,
This English lion, there, the Spaniards never left, [fly.
Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis
And fame herself, to him, so amply did apply,
That when the most unjust Calicians had fore-thought, [brought,
Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to have
The king of England's self', and his renowned son
(By those perfidious French to see what would be done)
Under his guydon march'd, as private soldiers there. [were;
"So had we still of ours, in France that famous
Warwick, of England then high-constable that was,
As other of that race, here well I cannot pass;
That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamps, which so long [strong,
Them earls of Warwick held; so hardy, great, and
That after of that name it to an adage grew,
If any man himself advent'rous happ'd to shew,
Bold Beauchamp[8] men him term'd if none so bold as he. [cheers rock'ned be.
"With those our Beauchamps, may our Bour-
Of which, that valiant lord, most famous in those days,
That hazarded in France so many dangerous frays: [and us,
Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French
Like to a blazing star was ever ominous;
A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.
"Next him, stout Cobham comes, that with as prosp'rous lot [hand,
The Englishmen hath led; by whose auspicious
We often have been known the Frenchmen to command. [won,
And Harcourt, though by birth an alien; yet, ours
By England after held her dear adopted son:
Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to do,
Who with the hard'st attempts fame earnestly did woo; [stealth
To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by
(Within her mighty walls to have enclos'd their wealth)
Before her bulwark'd gates the burgesses he took;
Whilst the Parisians, thence that sadly stood to look,
And saw their faithful friends so wofully bested,
Not once durst issue out to help them, for their head. [home
"And our John Copland; here courageously at
(Whilst every where in France, those far abroad do roam)
That at Newcastle fight (the battle of the queen,
Where most the English hearts were to their sovereign seen)
Took David king of Scots, his prisoner in the fight. [might:
Nor could these wars employ our only men of
But as the queen by these did mighty things achieve;
So those, to Britain sent the countess to relieve,
As any yet of ours, two knights as much that dar'd,
Stout Dangorn, and with him strong Hartwel honour shar'd;

[7] Edward III. and the Black Prince.
[8] Bold Beauchamp; a proverb.

The dreadful Charles de Bloys, that at Rochdarien beat,
And on the royal seat, the countess Mountfort set. [ours.
In each place where they came so fortunate were
"Then, Audley, most renown'd amongst those valiant powers, [fought;
That with the prince of Wales at conquer'd Poictiers
Such wonders that in arms before both armies wrought;
The first that charg'd the French; and, all that dreadful day, [way;
Through still renewing worlds of danger made his
The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through his pride)
But by plain down-right death the title to decide.
And after the retreat, that famous battle done,
Wherein rich spacious France was by the English won, [stow'd
Five hundred marks in fee, that noblest prince be-
For his so brave attempts, through his high courage show'd. [there
Which to his four esquires he freely gave[9], who
Vy'd valour with their lord; and in despite of fear, [gap'd wide as Hell;
Oft fetch'd that day from death, where wounds
And cries, and parting groans, whereas the Frenchmen fell,
Even made the victors grieve, so horrible they were. [b'red here,
"Our Dabridgecourt the next shall be remem-
At Poictiers who brake in upon the Alman horse
Through his too forward speed: but, taken by their force,
And after, by the turn of that so doubtful fight,
Being resou'd by his friends in Poictiers' fearful sight,
Then like a lion rang'd about the enemy's host:
And where he might suppose the danger to be most, [dismay,
Like lightning ent'red there, to his French foes'
To gratify his friends which rescu'd him that day.
"Then Chandos: whose great deeds found fame so much to do, [woo;
That she was lastly forc'd, him for her ease to
That minion of dread Mars, which almost over-shone [known,
All those before him were, and for him none scarce
At Cambray's scaled wall his credit first that won;
And by the high exploits in France by him were done,
Had all so over-aw'd, that by his very name
He could remove a siege: and cities where he came [below'd,
Would at his summons yield. That man, the most
In all the ways of war so skilful and approv'd,
The prince[10] at Poictiers chose his person to assist.
This stout Herculean stem, this noble martialist,
In battle 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mountfort, try'd
At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,
Rag'd like a furious storm beyond the power of man, [English wan
Where valiant Charles was slain, and the stern
The royal British rule to Mountfort's nobler name.
He took strong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did tame.

[9] The honourable bounty of the lord Audley.
[10] The Black Prince.

Gevaches he regain'd; and us Rochmador got.
Where ever lay'd he siege that he invested not?
" As this brave warrior was, so no less dear to us,
The rival in his fame, his only emulus,
Renown'd sir Robert Knowles, that in his glories shar'd,
His chivalry and oft in present perils dar'd;
As nature should with time, at once by these consent [spent.
To show, that all their store they idly had not
He Vermandoise o'er-ran with skill and courage high:
Notoriously he plagu'd revolting Picardy:
That up to Paris walls did all before him win,
And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time within)
A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.
" Then those stout Percies, John, and Thomas, men of name.
The valiant Gourney, next, deservedly we grace,
And Howet, that with him assumes as high a place;
Strong Trivet, all whose ends at great adventures shot:
That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and castle Careilot,
As famous in the French, as in the Belgic war;
Who took the lord Brimewe; and with the great Navarre,
In Papaloon, attain'd an everlasting praise.
" Courageous Corill next, than whom those glorious days [swam.
Produc'd not any spirit that through more dangers
" That princely Thomas, next, the earl of Buckingham, [brought,
To Britany through France that our stout English
Which under his command with such high fortune fought [rose,
As put the world in fear Rome from her cinders
And of this earth again meant only to dispose.
" Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-shining all the rest, [prest
From London at the first a poor mean soldier
(That time but very young) to those great wars in France,
By his brave service there himself did so advance
That afterward, the heat of those great battles done
(In which he to his name immortal glory won)
Leading six thousand horse, let his brave guydon fly. [bardy,
So, passing through east France, and ent'ring Lom-
By th' greatness of his fame, attain'd so high command,
That to his charge he got the white Italian band.
With Mountferato[11] then in all his wars he went:
Whose clear report abroad by Fame's shrill trumpet sent,
Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan after won,
To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then begun;
By Barnaby[12], there made the Milanese's guide:
His daughter, who to him, fair Domina, affied.
For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous battles stroke,
And with a noble siege revolted Pavia took.
And there, as fortune rose, or as she did decline,
Now with the Pisan serv'd, then with the Florentine:

The use of th' English bows to Italy that brought;
By which he, in those wars, seem'd wonders to have wrought.
" Our Henry Hotspur next, for high achievement meet, [sers' feet,
Who with the thund'ring noise of his swift cour-
Astunn'd the earth, that day, that he in Holmdon's strife [Fife,
Took Douglas, with the earls of Angus, and of
And whilst those hardy Scots, upon the firm earth bled, [fled,
With his revengeful sword switch'd after them that
" Then Calverly, which kept us Calais with such skill,
His honour'd room shall have our catalogue to fill:
Who, when th' rebellious French, their liberty to gain,
From us our ancient right unjustly did detain
(T' let Bullen understand our just conceived ire)
Her suburbs, and her ships, sent up to Heaven in fire;
Estaples then took, in that day she held her fair,
Whose merchandise he let his soldiers freely share;
And got us back saint Mark's, which loosely we had lost. [most,
" Amongst these famous men, of us deserving
In these of great'st report, we gloriously prefer,
For that his naval fight, John duke of Exeter;
The puissant fleet of Jean (which France to her did call)
Who mercilessly sunk, and slew her admiral.
" And one, for single fight, amongst our martial men,
Deserves remembrance here as worthily again;
Our Clifford, that brave, young, and most courageous squire:
Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great desire
Unto the English name a high report to win,
Slew Bockmel hand to hand at castle Jocelin,
Suppos'd the noblest spirit that France could then produce. [Muse,
" Now, forward to thy task proceed, industrious
To him, above them all, our power that did advance; [France:
John duke of Bedford, styl'd the fire-brand to sad
Who to remove the foe from sieged Harflew, sent,
Affrighted them like death; and as at sea he went,
The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Neptune roar'd, [pour'd
The whilst those mighty ships out of their scuppers
Their traitorous clutt'red gore upon his wrinkled face.
He took strong Ivery in: and like his kingly race,
There down before Vernoyle the English standard stuck: [luck,
And having on his helm his conquering brother's
Alanzon on the field and doughty Douglas laid,
Which brought the Scottish power unto the Dauphin's aid; [death,
And with his fatal sword, gave France her fill of
Till wearied with her wounds, she gasping lay for breath. [abet,
" Then, as if powerful Heaven our part did there
Still did on: noble spirit, a noble spirit beget.
So, Salisbury arose; from whom, as from a source
All valour seem'd to flow, and to maintain her force.
From whom not all their forts could hold our treacherous foes.
Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did lose.

[11] The marquess of Mountferato.
[12] Brother to Galeazo, viscount of Milan.

Against the envious French, at Cravant then came
As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd Ilion, [on,
The gods descending, mix'd with mortals in the
fight; [might,
And in his leading, show'd such valour and such
As though his hand had held a more than earthly
power;
Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,
The French and Scottish force that day, which
bravely led; [fled.
Where few at all escap'd, and yet the wounded
Mount Aguilon, and Meaux, great Salisbury sur-
pris'd: [devis'd,
6. What time (I think in Hell) that instrument[12]
The first appear'd in France, as a prodigious birth
To plague the wretched world, sent from the envious
Earth; [shake,
Whose very roaring seem'd the mighty round to
As though of all again it would a chaos make.
This famous gunsel then got Gueriand to our use,
And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and La
Suise, [Lyle,
St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Susan, Mayou,
The Hermitage, Mountmore, Baugency, and Yas-
ville. [seen,
"Thus lie (in all her shapes that dreadful war had
And that with danger oft so conversant had been,
As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to
care,
And fortune to her face advent'rously durst dare)
The earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marshal that great
day [lay
At Agincourt, where France before us prostrate
(Our battles every where that Hector-like supply'd,
And march'd o'er murder'd piles of Frenchmen as
they dy'd)
Invested Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making ours,
And at the Bishop's Pard o'erthrew the Dauphin's
powers [crem'd,
Through whose long time in war, his credit so in-
That he supply'd the room of Salisbury deceas'd.
"In this our warlike rank, the two stout Astons
then,
Sir Richard and sir John, so truly valiant men,
That ages yet to come shall hardly over-top 'em,
Umfreril, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton,
Popham. [serv'd:
All men of great command, and highly that de-
"Courageous Ramston next, so faithfully that
serv'd [gave
At Paris, and St. James de Beucon, where we
The French those deadly foils, that ages since de-
prave [things,
The credit of those times, with these so wond'rous
"The memory of which, great Warwick forward
brings. [herit,
Who (as though in his blood he conquest did in-
Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)
Being chosen for these wars in our great regent's
place [race)
(A deadly foe to France, like his brave Roman
The castilets of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,
Mountdublian, and the strong Pountorson beat to
ground. [raise,
"Then he, above them all, himself that sought to
Upon some mountain top, like a pirramides;
Our Talbot, to the French so terrible in war, [scare,
That with his very name their babes they us'd to

[12] Great ordnance.

Took in the strong Lavall, and Main all over-ran
As the betrayed Mons he from the marshal won,
And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suffolk
freed. [to bleed.
His sharp and dreadful sword made France so oft
Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wreck
did fall; [wall;
Took Joing, where he hung her traitors on the
And with as fair success won Beaumant upon Oyse,
The new town in Esmay, and Crispin in Valloyes:
Creile, with Saint Maxine's-bridge; and at An-
ranche's aid, [laid,
Before whose batter'd walls the foe was strongly
March'd in, as of the siege at all he had not
known;
And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan:
Who at the very hint came with suspicious feet,
Whereon the traitorous French he miserably beat.
And having over-spread all Picardy with war,
Proud Burgaine to the field he lastly sent to dare,
Which with his English friends so oft his faith had
broke: [d'ring smoke;
Whose countries he made mourn in clouds of smoul-
Then Guysors he again, then did saint Denis raise:
"His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we
praise; [did set:
Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot
And that the first alone the garland might not get,
With him hath hand in hand leap'd into danger's
jaws; [pause;
And oft would forward put, where Talbot stood to
Equality in fame, which with an equal lot, [got.
Both at Saint Denis' siege, and batter'd Guysors
Before Pont-Orson's walls, who, when great War-
wick lay
(And he with soldiers sent a foraging for prey)
Six thousand French o'erthrew with half their
numb'red powers,
And absolutely made both Main and Anjou ours.
"To Willoughby the next, the place by turn
doth fall; [all:
Whose courage likely was to bear it from them
With admiration oft on whom they stood to look,
St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges shook:
In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to fly,
And beat the rebels down disordering Normandy:
That Amiens near laid waste (whose strengths her
could not save) [drave.
And the perfidious French out of the country
"With these, another troop of noble spirits there
sprung, [throng.
That with the foremost press'd into the warlike
The first of whom we place that stout sir Philip Hall,
So famous in the fight against the count Saint Paul,
That Crotoy us regain'd: and in the conflict 'twixt
The English and the French, that with the Scot
were mix'd, [slay:
On proud Charles Clermont won that admirable
"Strong Fastolph with this man compare we
justly may,
By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd
In many a brave attempt, the general foe annoy'd;
With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought:
And many a bulwark there into our keeping
brought;
And chosen to go forth with Vademont in war,
Most resolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.
"The valiant Draytons then, sir Richard and
sir John,
By any English spirits yet hardly over-gone;

The fame they got in France, with costly wounds that bought:
In Guscony and Guyne, who oft and stoutly fought.
" Then valiant Matthew Gough: for whom the English were
Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles there,
Or sieging or besieg'd that never fail'd our force,
Oft hazarding his blood in many a desperate course.
He beat the bastard Bulme with his selected band,
And at his castle gate surpris'd him hand to hand,
And spite of all his power away him prisoner bare.
" Our hardy Burdet then with him we will compare,
Besieg'd within Saint James de Beneon, issuing out,
Crying 'Salisbury, Saint George,' with such a horrid shout, [liant crew
That cleft the wand'ring clouds; and with his va-
Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,
And Arthur earl of Bure and Richmont took in fight: [flight:
Then following them (in heat) the army put to
The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a general sack,
As, flying, one fell still upon another's back;
Where our six hundred slew so many thousands more. [swore
At our so good success that once a Frenchman
That God was wholly turn'd unto the English side,
And to assist the French the Devil had deny'd.
" Then here our Herril claims his room amongst the rest, [best.
Who justly if compar'd might match our very
He in our wars in France with our great Talbot oft,
With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and then aloft,
Endur'd the sundry turns of often varying fate;
At Clermont seiz'd the earl before his city gate,
Eight hundred faithless French who took or put to sword;
And, by his valour, twice to Artois us restor'd.
" In this our service then great Arundel doth ensue,
The marshal Bousack who in Beauvois overthrew;
And, in despite of France and all her power, did win
The castles Darle, Nelly, Saint Lawrence, Bomelin;
Took Silly, and count Lore at Selleris subdu'd,
Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he imbru'd:
Revolted Lovcers sack'd, and manfully suppress'd
Those rebels that so oft did Normandy molest.
" As Poynings, such high praise in Guelderland that got,
On the Savoyan side, that with our English shot
Struck warlike Aisk, and Straale, when Flanders shook with fear. [were:
" An Howard, by whose hand we so renowned
Whose great success at sea, much fam'd our English fleet:
That in a naval fight the Scottish Barton beat;
And setting foot in France, her horribly did fright:
(As if great Chandos' ghost, or feared Talbot's sp'rit
Had come to be their scourge, their fame again to earn) [vearne,
Who having stoutly sack'd both Narbin and De-
The castles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took as there,
Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Paveere;
In Scotland, and again the marches east to west,
Did with invasive war most terribly infest.

" A nobler of that name, the earl of Surrey then,
That famous hero fit both for the spear and pen
(From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward Scottish king [bring)
In his victorious troop who home with him did
Rebellious Ireland scourg'd, in Britany and wan
Us Morles. Happy time that bredd'st so brave a man! [fall's
" To Cobham, next, the place deservedly doth
In France who then employ'd with our great admiral,
In his successful road blew Sailois up in fire,
Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Sambertke and Mansier. [be hid,
" Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas shall
That at the field of Sparres by Tirwyn stoutly did.
Sands, Guyldford, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams, and with them,
Brave Dacres, Musgrave, Bray, Coe, Wharton, Jerningham,
Great martialists, and men that were renowned far
At sea; some in the French, some in the Scottish war. [great command,
" Courageous Randolph then, that serv'd with
Before Newhaven first, and then in Ireland.
The long-renown'd lord Gray, whose spirit we oft did try; [high.
A man that with dread Mars stood in account most
Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us that wan,
When in our maiden reign the Belgic war began:
Who with our friends the Dutch, for England stoutly stood, [blood.
When Netherland first learn'd to lavish gold and
Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales might vaunt)
His martial compeer then, and brave commilitant:
Whose conflicts, with the French and Spanish manly fought, [brought.
Much honour to their names, and to the Britons
" Th' lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd with the rest,
Inferior not a whit to any of our best; [spring.
A man so made for war, as though from Pallas
Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
Himself in Belgia welf, and Ireland, who did bear;
Our only schools of war this later time that were.
As Stanley whose brave act at Zutphen's service done [won.
Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood
" Our noblest Norris next, whose fame shall never die
Whilst Belgia shall be known; or there's a Britany:
In whose brave height of spirit, time seem'd as to restore [of yore.
Those, who to th' English name such honour gain'd
" Great Essex of our peers the last that ere we knew; [new;
The old world's heroes' lives who likel'st did re-
The soldier's only hope, who stoutly serv'd in France; [vance
And on the towers of Cales as proudly did advance
Our English ensigns then, and made Iberia quake,
When as our warlike fleet rode on the surging lake,
T' receive that city's spoil, which set her better'd gate [state.
Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to see her wretched
" Next Charles, lord Mountjoy, sent to Ireland to suppress [cess,
The envious rebel there; by whose most fair suc-

The trowsed Irish led by their unjust Tyrone,
And the proud Spanish force were justly overthrown. [bear,
That still Kingsale shall keep and faithful record
What by the English prowess was executed there.
" Then liv'd those valiant Veres, both men of great command
In our employments long: whose either martial hand
Reach'd at the highest wreath, it fom the top to get, [set.
Which on the proudest head, fame yet had ever
Our Dockwray, Morgan next, sir Samuel Bagnall, then
Stout Lambert, such as well deserve a living pen;
True martialists and knights, of noble spirit and wit. [fit,
" The valiant Cecil last, for great employment
Deservedly in war the lat'st of ours that rose:
Whose honour every hour, and fame still greater grows." [song,
When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt her
By letting Medway know she tarried had too long
Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.
When as the pliant Muse, straight turning her about,
And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
Saluting the dear soil, " O famous Kent," quoth she, [with thee,
" What country hath this isle that can compare
Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst wish? [fish?
Thy conies, venison, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and
As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy corn, thy wood: [good.
Nor any thing doth want, that any where is
Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots upon the rise,
Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice
With cherries, which we say, the Summer in doth bring, [Spring;
Wherewith Pomona crowns the plump and lustful
From whose deep raddy cheek, sweet Zephyr kisses steals, [heals.
With their delicious touch his love-sick heart that
Whose golden gardens seem th' Hesperides to mock:
Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apricock,
Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the king,
The apple-orange; then the savoury russetin:
The pear-main, which to France long ere to us was known, [own.
Which careful fruit'rers now have denizen'd our
The renat: which though first it from the pippin came, [curious name,
Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that
Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set;
As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget
(Both by the sire and dame being anciently descended) [amended.
The issue born of them, his blood hath much
The sweeting, for whose sake the ploughboys oft make war: [water,
The wilding, costard, then the well-known pom-
And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several taste,
That have their sundry names in sundry countries plac'd:
Unto whose dear increase the gardener spends his life,
With piercer, wimble, saw, his mallet, and his knife; [root,
Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned
As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly suit:
And their selected plants doth workman-like bestow,
That in true order they conveniently may grow;
And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labouring ant, [plant:
Which many times annoy the graft and tender
Or else maintains the plot much starved with the wet,
Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set:
Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft annoy" [toy;
But with these trifling things why idly do I
Who any way the time intend not to prolong?
To those Thamisian isles now nimbly turns my song,
Fair Sheppey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,
To beautify the place where Medway shows her pride.
But Greane seems most of all the Medway to adore,
And Tenet standing forth to the Rutupian shore[16],
By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again
From Gaul; where after he by Hercules was slain.
For earth-born Albion, then great Neptune's eldest son,
Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won, [fight,
Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard
Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his might; [his care)
His daughters then but young (on whom was all
Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare:
With whom those isles he left; and will'd her for his sake, [would make:
That in their grandsire's court she much of them
But Tenet, th' eld'st of three, when Albion was to go, [so,
Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave him
There at the giant raught; which was perceiv'd by chance: [France;
This loving isle would else have follow'd him to
To make the channel wide that then he forced was,
§. Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to pass.
Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled there,
Who nothing less than want and idleness could bear,
Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.
With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth abound, [by Wye,
She falls in love with Stour, which coming down
And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly ply.
To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts,
His famous country thus he gloriously reports:
" O noble Kent," quoth he, " this praise doth thee belong,
The hard'st to be control'd, impatientest of wrong.
Who, when the Norman first with pride and horrour sway'd, [laid;
Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English
And with a high resolve, most bravely didst restore
That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.
§. Not suff'ring foreign laws should thy free customs bind, [kind,
Then only show'dst thyself of th' ancient Saxon

[16] Near Sandwich.

Of all the English shires be thou surnam'd the free, [reck'ned be.
And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall
And let this town, which chief of thy rich country is,
Of all the British seas be still metropolis." [hie,
Which having said, the Stour to Tenet him doth
Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth
The other thrusting out into the Celtic sea. [lay,
Grim Goodwin all this while seems grievously to lower,
Nor cares he of a straw for Tenet, nor her Stour;
Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France
Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain chance, [is had,
Who, since his wish'd revenge not all this while
'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;
That when the rolling tide doth stir him with her waves, [raves,
Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he
And strives to swallow up the sea-marks in his deep, [keep.
That warn the wand'ring ships out of his jaws to
The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,
If possibly, to cure his grievous malady:
As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmost prove,
By all the means they could, his madness to remove. [do bring,
From Greenwich to these sands, some scurvy-grass
That inwardly apply'd's a wondrous sovereign thing. [blood;
From Shepey, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling
Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood, [to excite
Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of sampyre,
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.
Now, Shepey, when she found she could no farther wade
After her mighty sire, betakes her to his trade,
With sheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to heed, [breed.
And cherisheth the kind of those choice Kentish
Of villages she holds as husbandly a port,
As any British isle that neighboureth Neptune's court. [love
But Greane, as much as she her father that did
(And, then the inner land, no farther could remove)
In such continual grief for Albion doth abide,
That almost under flood she weepeth every tide.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Out of Sussex, into its eastern neighbour, Kent, this canto leads you. It begins with Rother, whose running through the woods, insiling Oxney, and such like, poetically here described, is plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and upon Medway's song of our martial and heroic spirits, because a large volume might be written to explain their glory in particular action, and in less comprehension, without wrong to many worthies it is not performable, I have omitted all illustration of that kind, and left you to the Muse herself.

That Limen then was named.——

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth was the place called Limen, at which the Danes in the time of king Alfred made irruption; which he must (I think) maintain by adding likelihood, that Rother then fell into the ocean about Hith; where (as the relics of the name in Lime, and the distance from Canterbury in Antoninus, making Portus Lemanis (*a*), which is misprinted in Surata's edition, Pontem Lemanis, sixteen miles off) it seems Limen, then also, there was it discharged out of the land. But for the author's words read this; Equestris Paganorum exercitus cum suis equis CCL. navibus Cantiam transvectus in Ostio Amnis Limen qui de sylva magna Andred nominata decurrit, applicuit, à cujus ostio IIII. milliariis in eandem sylvam naves suas sursum traxit, ubi quandam arcem semistructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt, aliamque sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apultrea construxerunt, which are the syllables of Florence of Worcester; and with him in substance fully agrees Matthew of Westminster; nor can I think but that they imagined Rye (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the Muse here; if you respect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdon names no river at all, but lands them ad portum Limene cum 250 navibus qui portus est in Orientali parte Cnet juxta magnum nemus Andredslaige. How Rother's mouth can be properly said in the east (but rather in the south part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverse part, thinking clearly that Hith must be Portus Lemanis, which is that coast, as also learned Camden teaches, whose authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the same time with Florence, might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witness (that lived (*b*) not much past E. years after his arrival) in these words: In Limneo portu constituunt puppes, Apoldre (so I read, for the print is corrupted) loco condicto Orientali Cantiæ parte, destruuntque ibi prisco opere castrum propter quod rustica manus exigua quippe intrinsecus erat, illicoque hiberna castra confirmant. Out of which you note both that no river, but a port only, is spoken of, and that the ships were left in the shore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Appledore. The words of this Ethelwerd I respect much more than the later stories, and I would advise my reader to incline so with me.

What time I think in Hell that instrument devised.

He means a gun; wherewith that most noble and right martial Thomas Montague, earl of Salisbury, at the siege of Orleans, in the time of Henry VI. was slain. The first inventor of them (I guess you dislike not the addition) was one Berthold Swartz (*c*), (others say Constantius Anklitzen, a Dutch monk and chymist) who having in a mortar, sulphurous powder for medicine, covered with a stone, a spark of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame removed the stone; which he observing, made use afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron, and showed the use to the Venetians in their war with the Genoese at Chioggia, about 1380. Thus is the common assertion: but I see as good authority (*d*) that it was used above twenty years

(*a*) Lemanis in notit. utr. provinc.
(*b*) Ethelwerd. lib. 4. cap. 4.
(*c*) V. Polyd. de Invent. rer. 2. cap. 3. & Salmath. ad G. Panciroll. 2. tit. 18.
(*d*) Achilles Gasser. ap. Munst. Cosmog. 2.

before in the Danish seas. I will not dispute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmoneus's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and such like; nor tell you that the Chinese had it, and printing, so many ages before us, as Mendoza Maffy and others deliver; but not with persuading credit to all their readers.

Whereas some say before he used on foot to pass.

The allusion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this strait betwixt Dover and Calais (some thirty miles over) as some moderns have conjectured. That learned antiquary I. Twine is very confident in it, and derives the name from Brith, signifying (as he says) as much as Guith, i. e. a separation, in Welsh, whence the isle of Wight (*e*) was so called; Guith and Wight being soon made of each other. Of this opinion is the late Verstegan, as you may read in him; and for examination of it, our great light of antiquity Camden hath proposed divers considerations, in which, experience of particulars must direct. Howsoever this was in truth, it is as likely, for aught I see, as that Cyprus was once joined to Syria, Eubœa (now Negropont) to Bœotia, Atalante to Eubœa, Belbicum to Bithynia, Leucosia to Thrace, as is affirmed (*f*); and Sicily (whose like our island is) was certainly broken off from the continent of Italy, as both Virgil expressly, Strabo and Pliny deliver; and also the names of Rhegium, παρὰ τὸ Ῥηγνύναι (*g*), and of the self Sicily; which rather than from secare, I derive from sicilire (*h*), which is of the same signification and nearer in analogy: Claudian calls the isle

———Diducta Britannia Mundo;

and Virgil hath

———Toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for this purpose, the learned poet used that phrase. And it deserves inquisition, how beasts of rapine, as foxes and such like, came first into this island, (for England and Wales, as now Scotland and Ireland, had store of wolves, until some three hundred years since) if it were not joined to a firm land, that either by like conjunction, or narrow passage of swimming, might receive them from that continent where the ark rested, which is Armenia. That men desired to transport them, is not likely; and a learned jesuit (*i*), hath conjectured, that the West Indies are therefore, or have been, joined with firm land, because they have lions, wolves, panthers, and such like, which in the Bermudas, Cuba, Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and other remote isles, are not found. But no place here to dispute the question.

Not suffering foreign laws should thy free customs bind.

To explain it, I thus english you a fragment of an old monk (*k*): "When the Norman conqueror had the day, he came to Dover castle, that he might with the same subdue Kent also: wherefore Stigand, archbishop, and Egelsin, abbot, as the chief of that shire, observing that now whereas heretofore no villains (the Latin is, nullus fuerat servus, and applying it to our law-phrase, I translate it) had been in England, they should be now all in bondage to the Normans, they assembled all the county, and showed the imminent dangers, the insolence of the Normans, and the hard condition of villainage: they, resolving all rather to die than lose their freedom, purpose to encounter with the duke for their country's liberty. Their captains are the archbishop and the abbot. Upon an appointed day they meet all at Swanescomb, and harbouring themselves in the woods, with boughs in every man's hand, they encompass his way. The next day, the duke coming by Swanescomb, seemed to see with amazement, as it were, a wood approaching towards him; the Kentish men at the sound of a trumpet take themselves to arms, when presently the archbishop and abbot were sent to the duke, and saluted him with these words: 'Behold, sir duke, the Kentish men come to meet you, willing to receive you as their liege lord, upon that condition, that they may for ever enjoy their ancient liberties and laws used among their ancestors; otherwise presently offering war; being ready rather to die, than undergo a yoke of bondage, and lose their ancient laws.' The Norman, in this narrow pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted the desire; and hostages given on both sides, the Kentish men direct the Normans to Rochester, and deliver them the county and the castle of Dover." Hither is commonly referred the retaining of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is certain that special customs they have in their Gavelkind, (although now many of their gentlemen's possessions (*l*) are altered in that part) suffering for felony, without forfeiture of estate, and such like, as in particular, with many other diligent traditions you have in Lambard's Perambulation; yet the report of Thomas Spot, is not, methinks, of clear credit, as well by reason that no warrant of the historians about the Conquest affirms it, (and this monk lived under Edward I.) as also for his commixture of a fauxete about villainage, saying it was not in England before that time, which is apparently false by divers testimonies. Gıꝼ þeoƿ (says king Ines's laws) ƿẏꞃce on Sunnan dæʒ be hıꞅ Hlaꝼoꞃdeꞅ hæꞅꞇ ꞅy heꝼꞃeo (*m*); and, under Edward the Confessor, Thorold of Beauchenale grants to the abbey of Crowland his manor of Spalding, with all the appurtenances, scilicet Colgrinum præpositum meum, & totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis & catallis, quæ habet in dicta villa, &c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam sequelam suam; and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in it, seeing since that time it hath been adjudged in our law (*n*), that one born there could not without cognisance of record be a villain.

(*e*) Sam. Beulan. ad Nennium.
(*f*) Plin. hist. Nat. 2. cap. 88.
(*g*) From breaking off. Trog. hist. 4. & Strab. 2.
(*h*) Varr. de re rustic. 1. cap. 49.
(*i*) Joseph. Acost. de natur. novi orbis 1. cap. 20. & 21.
(*k*) Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic. verb.

(*l*) Stat. 31 Hen. 8. cap. 3.
(*m*) "If a villain work on Sunday by his Lord's command, he shall be free."
(*n*) Itin. Cornub. 30 Ed. 1. Villenage 46. & Mich. 5 Ed. 2. Ms. in Bibliothec. Int. Templ. cas. John de Garton.

And foremost ever plac'd when they shall reckon'd be.

For this honour of the Kentish, hear one (*o*) that wrote it about Henry II. Exodus (as some copies are, but others, Cinidus; and perhaps it should be so, or rather Cnudus, for king Cnut, or else I cannot conjecture what) quantâ virtute Anglorum, Dacos Danosque fregerit motusque compescuerit Noricorum, vel ex eo perspicuum est, quod ob egregias virtutis meritum quam ibidem potenter & patenter exercuit, Cantia nostra, primæ cohortis honorem & primus congressus hostium usque in hodiernum diem in omnibus præliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana, quæ moderno usu & nomine ab incolis Wiltesira vocatur, eadem jure sibi vendicat Cohortem subsidiariam, adjecta sibi Devoniâ & Cornubiâ. Briefly, it had the first English king, in it was the first Christianity among the English, and Canterbury then honoured with the metropolitic see; all which give note of honourable prerogative.

Grim Goodwin but the while seems grievously to lower.

That is Goodwin sands, which is reported to have been the patrimony of that Goodwin earl of Kent (*p*), under Edward the Confessor, swallowed into the ocean by a strange tempest somewhat after the conquest, and is now as a floating isle or quicksand, very dangerous to sailors, sometimes as fixt, sometimes moving, as the Muse describes.

(*o*) Joh. Sarisbur. de Nugis curial. 6. cap. 18.

(*p*) Hect. Boeth. hist. Scotic. 12. & Jo. Twin. Albionic. 1.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE NINETEENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progress to the North,
From Cauney with a full career,
She up against the stream doth bear;
Where Waltham Forest's pride exprest,
She points directly to the east,
And shows how all those rivers strain
Through Essex, to the German main;
When Stour, with Orwel's aid prefers,
Our British brave sea-voyagers;
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,
Where of this song an end she makes.

Bear bravely up my Muse, the way thou went'st before, [shore,
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian
Stem up his tideful stream, upon that side to rise,
Where Canney [1], Albion's child in-isled richly lies,
Which, though her lower scite doth make her seem but mean,
Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,
And him as dearly lov'd; for when he would depart,
With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart,
That falling low and flat, her blubber'd face to hide,
By Thames she well near is surrounded every tide:
And since of worldly state she never taketh keep,
But only gives her self, to tend and milk her sheep. [set song
But Muse, from her so low, divert thy high-
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with thee along
The forests, and the floods, and most exactly show,
How these in order stand, how those directly flow:
For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever won,
Through forests, where clear rills in wild meanders run; [made,
Where dainty summer bowers, and arborets are
Cut out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade.
Fools gaze at painted courts, to th' country let me go,
To climb the easy hill, then walk the valley low:
No gold-embossed roofs, to me are like the woods;
No bed like to the grass, no liquor like the floods:
A city's but a sink, gay houses gaudy graves,
The Muses have free leave, to starve or live in caves.
But Waltham forest [2], still in prosperous estate,
As standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)
Above her neighbour nymphs, and holds her head aloft; [soft,
A turf beyond them all, so sleek and wond'rous
Upon her setting side, by goodly London grac'd,
Upon the north by Lea, her south by Thames embrac'd.
Upon her rising point, she chanced to espy
A dainty forest-nymph of her society.
Fair Hatfield [3], which in height all other did surmount,
And of the Dryades held in very high account;
Yet in respect of her stood far out of the way,
Who doubting of herself, by others' late decay,
Her sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,
Whom Waltham wisely thus reproveth by and by.
"Dear sister, rest content, nor our declining rue,
What thing is in this world, that we can say is new; [plough,
The ridge and furrow shows, that once the crooked
Turn'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are rooted now:
And at this hour we see, the share and coulter tear
The full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes forests were; [our spoil,
And those but caitiffs are, which most do seek
Who having sold our woods, do lastly sell our soil;
'Tis virtue to give place to these ungodly times,
When as the fost'red ill proceeds from others' crimes: [their force?
'Gainst lunatics, and fools, what wise folk spend
For folly headlong falls, when it hath had the course: [and vile,
And when God gives men up, to ways abhorr'd
Of understanding he deprives them quite, the while
They into errour run, confounded in their sin,
As simple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.

[1] An island lying in the Thames, on Essex side.

[2] The situation of Waltham forest.

[3] Hatfield forest, lying lower towards the east, between Stortford and Dunmow.

And for these pretty birds, that wont in us to sing,
They shall at last forbear to welcome in the spring,
When wanting where to perch, they sit upon the ground, [confound.
And curse them in their notes, who first did woods
Dear sister Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping head,
We feel no such decay, nor is all succour fled:
For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth abound
With every simple good, that in the isle is found:
And though we go to wreck in this so general waste,
This hope to us remains, we yet may be the last."
When Hatfield taking heart, where late she sadly stood,
Sends little Roding forth, her best beloved flood;
Which from her christal font, as to enlarge her fame,
To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as she wand'reth on, through Waltham holds her way, [wondrous gay;
With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her
But making at the last into the wat'ry marsh,
Where though the blady grass unwholesome be and harsh, [Waltham gave,
Those wreaths away she casts, which bountyous
With bulrush, flags, and reed, to make her wondrous brave, [streams,
And herself's strength divides, to sundry lesser
So wantoning she falls into her sovereign Thames.
From whose vast beechy banks a rumour straight resounds, [grounds,
Which quickly ran itself through the Essexian
That Crouch amongst the rest, a river's name should seek,
As scorning any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furnish'd with a stream, that from the fill to fall, [withal.
Wants nothing that a flood should be adorn'd
On Benge's [4] batful side, and at her going out.
With Walnot, Foulnesse fair, near wat'red round about. [stand,
Two isles for greater state to stay her up that
Thrust far into the sea, yet fixed to the land;
As nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,
That she by sea and land, should every way be grac'd. [were) that took,
Some sea-nymphs and besides, her part (there
As angry that their Crouch should not be call'd a brook; [wrong.
And bade her to complain to Neptune of her
But whilst these grievous stirs thus happ'ned them among, [neatly clear,
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph most
Which well near through the midst doth cut the wealthy shire, (her chase,
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds
To which she gives the name, which as she doth embrace
Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with Chelmer close: [greater grows
With whose supply (though small as yet) she
She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing by,
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,
And all those ominous signs her fall that did forego,
As that which most express'd their fatal overthrow;
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas she stood,
And the vast greenish sea, discolour'd like to blood.

[4] The fruitfullest hundred of Essex.

Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their deaths at hand,
The pourtraitures of men imprinted in the sand.
When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wished bay, [ed way,
But Blackwater comes in, through many a crook-
Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time exil'd,
She Froshwell after hight, then Blackwater instyl'd,
But few such titles have the British floods among.
When Northey near at hand, and th' isle of Ousey rung
With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their arrive,
As either of those isles in courtesy do strive, [do
To Thetis' darlings, which should greatest honour
And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.
But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester her name, [fame)
(On all th' Essexian shore, the town of greatest
Perceiving how they still in courtship did contend,
Quoth she, "Wherefore the time thus idly do you spend? [worth,
What is there nothing here, that you esteem of
That our big-bellied sea, or our rich land brings forth?
Think you our oysters here, unworthy of your praise? [please,
Pure Walfleet [5], which do still the dainties palates
As excellent as those, which are esteemed most,
The Cyzic shells [6], or those on the Lucrinian coast;
Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter sends; [commends.
Whose tack the hungry clown, and ploughman so
If you esteem not these, as things above the ground,
Look under, where the urns of ancient times are found; [dust,
The Roman emp'rors' coins, oft digg'd out of the
And warlike weapons, now consum'd with cankering rust; [men,
The huge and massy bones [7], of mighty fearful
To tell the world's frail strength, what creatures lived then; [earth
When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful
Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants in their birth."
Thus spoke she, when from sea they suddenly do hear
A strong and horrid noise, which struck the land with fear; [tune sent,
For with their crooked trumps, his Tritons Nep-
To warn the wanton nymphs, that they incontinent [sant road;
Should straight repair to Stour, in Orwell's plea-
For it had been divulg'd the ocean all abroad,
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting in one bay,
Two, that each other's good intended every way,
Prepar'd to sing a song, that should precisely show,
That Medway [8], for her life, their skill could not outgo;

[5] Walfleet oysters.

[6] Cyzicum is a city of Bithynia.—Lucrinis is a city of Apulia upon the Adriatic sea; the oysters of which places were reckoned for great delicates with the Romans.

[7] The bones of giant-like people found in those parts.

[8] Medway, in the 18th song, reciteth the catalogue of the English Rivers.

For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth divide
Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her other side;
By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth show,
The even course she keeps; when far she doth not flow,
But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succour to her brings;
Yet is she not so proud of her superfluous springs,
But Orwell, coming in from Ipswich, thinks that she,
Should stand for it with Stour, and lastly they agree, [made,
That since the Britons hence their first discoveries
And that into the east they first were taught to trade;
Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the east,
This harbour where they meet, is reckoned for the best.
Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries known,
Their argument they make, and thus they sing their own; [the west,
"In Severn's late tun'd lay[9], that empress of
In which great Arthur's acts are to the life express'd; [vade,
His conquests to the north, who Norway did in-
Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lapland lastly made
His awful empire's bounds, the Britons' acts among,
This godlike hero's deeds exactly have been sung;
His valiant people then, who to those countries brought, [coveries thought.
With many an age since that, our great'st dis-
This worthiest then of ours, our Argonauts[10] shall lead.
"Next Malgo, who again that conqueror's steps to tread,
Succeeding him in reign, in conquests so no less,
Plough'd up the frozen sea, and with as fair success,
By that great conqueror's claim, first Orkney over-ran;
Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious Norway won,
Seiz'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each shore, [before.
Where Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd
"And when the Britons' reign came after to decline, [confine,
And to the Cambrian hills their fate did them
The Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful reign,
Our English Octer put a fleet to sea again,
Of th' huge Norwegian hills and news did hither bring, [travelling.
Whose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days'
But leaving Norway then a starboard, forward kept, [swept,
And with our English sails that mighty ocean
Where those stern people won, whom hope of gain doth call, [whale;
In hulks with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadful
And great Duina[11] down from her first springing place, [face.
Doth roll her swelling waves in churlish Neptune's
"Then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzic found, [sound,
Where Wexel's[12] mighty mouth is pour'd into the
And towing up his stream, first taught the English oars,
The useful way of trade to those most gainful shores.
"And when the Norman stem here strong and potent grew,
And their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,
One Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he breath'd the air, [hold him dear;
Though Oxford taught him art, and well may
I'th' mathematics learn'd (although a friar profess'd) [possess'd,
To see those northern climes, with great desire
Himself he thither shipp'd, and skilful in the globe,
Took every several height with his true astrolobe;
The whirlpools[13] of the seas, and came to understand,
From the four cardinal winds, four indraughts that command;
Int' any of whose falls, if th' wandering bark doth light,
It hurried is away with such tempestuous flight,
Into that swallowing gulph, which seems as it would draw
The very earth itself into th' infernal maw.
Four such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree,
I' th' four parts of the world undoubtedly to be:
From which they have suppos'd, nature the winds doth raise, [seas.
And from them to proceed the flowing of the
"And when our civil wars began at last to cease,
And these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,
Gave leisure to great minds, far regions to descry;
That brave advent'rous knight, our sir Hugh Willoughby, [gealed piles,
Shipp'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those con-
Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and like isles, (great mind,
(In all her fearfull'st shapes saw horrour, whose
In lesser bounds than these, that could not be confin'd; [keep)
Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth
When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep) [took,
In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland
Where Kegor from her scite, on those grim seas doth look.
"Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,
Our chancellor, and with him, compare we Jenkinson;
For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there,
Ent'ring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did steer,
To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state,
Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate,
Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria pass'd, [waste,
To Boghor's bulwark walls, then to the liquid
Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far distant shores, [oars,
And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired
Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride,
Whose true report thereof, the English since have tried. [is,
"With Fitch our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed
Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.
The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was shown) [known,
To view those parts, to us that were the most un-

[9] See the fourth song.
[10] Sea voyagers.
[11] The great river of Russia.
[12] The greatest river of Dantzic.
[13] The greatest wonder of nature.

On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then,
To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echuvar, again
Cross's Ganges' mighty stream, and his large banks did view,
To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu;
And for Mallacan then, Zaiten, and Cochin cast,
Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indian waste.
"The other from that place, the first before had
Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon,
Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty stream;
Licia, and Gaza saw, with great Hierusalem,
And our dear Saviour's seat, bless'd Bethlem did behold,
And Jordan, of whose waves much is in scripture told.
"Then Macham, who (through love to long adventures led)
Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered,
Who having stole a maid, to whom he was affy'd,
Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deny'd,
Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger pass'd,
Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast;
And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,
Which very ill bad brook'd the rough and boist'rous seas;
And ling'ring for her health, within the quiet bay,
The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,
When as it was not long, but she gave up her breath;
When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her timeless death;
That their deserved rites her funeral could not have,
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.
When with his folk but few, not passing two or three,
[14] There making them a boat, but rudely of one tree,
Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,
Such as before themselves, scarce mortal ever saw;
Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,
Now swallowed with the waves, and then spew'd up again;
At length were on the coast of sun-burnt Afric thrown,
T' amaze that further world, and to amuse her own.
"Then Windham who new ways, for us and ours to try,
For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary.
"Lock, Towerson, Fenner next, vast Guinea forth that sought,
And of her ivory home in great abundance brought.
"Th' East-Indian voyager then, the valiant Lancaster,
To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanzibar,
To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,
Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent;
And sailing to Brazil another time he took
Olinda's chiefest town, and harbour Farnhambuke,
And with their precious wood, sugar and cotton fraught,
It by his safe return into his country brought.
"Then Forbisher, whose fame flew all the ocean o'er,
Who to the north-west sought huge China's wealthy shore,
When nearer to the north, that wand'ring seaman met,
Where he in our hott'st months of June and July
With snow, frost, hail, and sleet, and found stern winter strong,
With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and long.
Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal light
Makes half the year still day, and half continual night.
Then for those bounds unknown, he bravely set again,
As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.
"The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer
Both voyagers, that were with famous Forbisher.
"And Davies, three times forth that for the north-west made;
Still striving by that course, t' enrich the English trade;
And as he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,
There by a mighty sea, immortaliz'd his name.
"With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who took in hand,
To clear the course scarce known into the New-found land,
And view'd the plenteous seas, and fishful havens, where
Our neighbouring nations since have stor'd them every year.
"Then globe-engirdling Drake, the naval palm that won,
Who strove in his long course to emulate the Sun;
Of whom the Spaniard us'd a prophecy to tell,
That from the British isles should rise a dragon fell,
That with his armed wings, should strike th' Iberian main
And bring in after time much horrour upon Spain.
This more than man (or what) this demi-god at sea,
Leaving behind his back, the great America,
Upon the surging main his well-stretch'd tacklings flew'd,
To forty-three degrees of northly latitude;
Unto that land before to th' Christian world unknown,
Which in his country's right he nam'd New Albion;
And in the western Ind, spite of the power of Spain,
He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagene;
And leaving of his prowess, a mark in every bay,
Saint Augustine surpris'd, in Terra Florida.
"Then those that forth for sea, industrious Rawleigh wrought,
And them with every thing, fit for discovery
That Amadas, (whose name doth scarcely English sound)
With Barlow, who the first Virginia thoroughly
As Greenvile, whom he got to undertake that sea,
Three sundry times from hence, who touch'd Virginia.
(In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd his wit;
That with so brave a spirit, his turn so well could fit.)
O Greenvile, thy great name for ever be renown'd,
And borne by Neptune still, about this mighty round;
Whose naval conflict won thy nation so much fame,
And in th' Iberians bred fear of the English name.
"Nor should fame speak her loud'st, of Lane, she could not lie,
Who in Virginia left, with th' English colony,
Himself so bravely bare, amongst our people there,
That him they only lov'd, when others they did fear.
And from those barbarous, brute, and wild Virginians wan
Such reverence, as in him there had been more than man.
"Then he which favoured still such high attempts as these,
Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'd in all the seas,

[14] The wonderful adventure of Macham.

Imbark'd his worthy self, and his adventurous crew,
And with a prosperous sail to those fair countries flew,
Where Oronoque, as he, on in his course doth roll,
Seems as his greatness meant, grim Neptune to controul;
Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,
That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana,
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brimm'd Orellana;
And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,
The land (by nature's power) with wonders most replete.
"So Leigh, Cape Breton saw, and Ramea's isles again;
As Thompson undertook the voyage to New Spain:
And Hawkins not behind the best of these before,
Who hoisting sail, to seek the most remotest shore,
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney sought
his prize, [suffice,
As one whose mighty mind small things could not
The son of this brave sire, who with his furrowing
keel, [Brazil.
Long ere that time had touch'd the goodly rich
"Courageous Ca'ndish then, a second Neptune here, [ear.
Whose fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every
What man could in his time discourse of any seas,
But of brave Ca'ndish talk'd, and of his voyages;
Who through the South seas pass'd, about this earthly ball, [fall,
And saw those stars, to them that only rise and
And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,
Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.
"Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' Azores sent,
And to the Western-Inds, to Porto Rico went,
And with the English power it bravely did surprise.
"Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that sought to rise, [dado:
Hoist'd sails with happy winds to th' isles of Trini-
Paria then he passed, the islands of Granado;
As those of Sancta Cruz, and Porto Rico: then
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men,
Is Preston sent to sea, with Summers forth to find,
Adventures in the parts upon the Western-Ind;
Porto Santo who surpris'd, and Coches, with the fort
Of Cero, and the town, when in submissive sort,
Cumana ransom crav'd, Saint James of Leon sack'd;
Jamaica went not free, but as the rest they wreck'd. [renown hath won)
"Then Shirley, (since whose name such high
That voyage undertook, as they before had done:
He Saint Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,
By Terra-firma sail'd to th' islands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a prosperous hand,
Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-found-land,
Where at Jamaica's isles, courageous Parker met
With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce set,
Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran, [eatan.
And took Campeche's town, the chief'st of Ju-
A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring, [dian king."
With most strange tribute fraught, due to that In-
At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their song,
When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,
Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to the shore, [loved Stour,
Wherewith th' Essexian nymphs applaud their
From the Suffolcean side yet those with Stour prefer [her:
Their princely Orwell praise, as much as th' other;
For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her spring, [bring,
Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth
Yet Deben of herself a stout and stedfast friend,
Her succour to that sea, near Orwel's road doth send. [meere,
When Waueney to the north, rich Suffolk's only
As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this shire; [away,
Lest Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs
In Neptune's name commands, that here their force should stay:
For that herself and Yar in honour of the deep,
Were purposed a feast in Loving-land to keep.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTIETH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse that part of Suffolk sings,
That lies to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to guest
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feast;
To Ouze the less then down she takes,
Where she a flight at river makes:
And thence to Marsh-land she descends,
With whose free praise this song she ends.

From Suffolk rose a sound, through the Norfolcean shore
That ran itself, the like had not been heard before:
For he that doth of sea the powerful trident wield,
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphal to be held
In honour of himself, in Loving-land, where he
The most selected nymphs appointed had to be.
Those seamaids that about his secret walks do dwell,
Which tend his mighty herds of whales and fishes fell,
As of the rivers those, amongst the meadows rank,
That play in every ford, and sport on every bank,
Were summon'd to be there, on pain of Neptune's hate: [state.
For he would have his feast, observ'd with god-like
When those Suffolcean floods that sided not with Stour,
Their streams but of themselves into the ocean pour,
As Or, through all the coast a flood of wondrous fame,
Whose honour'd fall begets a haven[1] of her name.
And Blyth a dainty brook, their speedy course do cast,
For Neptune with the rest, to Loving-land to haste:
When Waueney in her way, on this septentrial side,
That these two eastern shires doth equally divide,

[1] Orford-haven.

From Lapham ford leads on, her stream into the east,
By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when possest
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms she throws, [enclose,
With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who And her an island make, fam'd for her scite so far.
But leave her, Muse a while, and let us on with Yar, [name;
Which Garienna some, some Hier, some Yar do
Who rising from her spring not far from Walsingham, [play,
Through the Norfolcean fields seems wantonly to
To Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth on her way, [bear
Where Wentsum from the south, and Barident do
Up with her, by whose wealth she much is honour'd there,
To entertain her Yar, that in her state doth stand,
With towns of high'st account the fourth of all the land:
That hospitable place to the industrious Dutch,
Whose skill in making stuffs, and workmanship is such,
(For refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,
By labour sore that live, whilst oft the English starve; [spare,
On roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton
So frugally they live, not gluttons as we are.
But from my former theme, since thus I have digress'd [dress'd
I'll borrow more of time, until my nymphs be
And since these floods fall out so fitly in my way,
A little while to them I will convert my lay.
The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their season, [peason;
The rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening
The onion, scallion, leek, which housewives highly rate; [date;
Their kinsman garlic then, the poor man's Mithri-
The savoury parsnip next, and carrot pleasing food; [blood;
The skirret (which some say) in sallads stirs the
The turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter weather: [together.
Thus in our verse we put, roots, herbs and fruits
The great moist pumpion then, that on the ground doth lie,
A purer of this kind, the sweet musk-mellon by;
Which dainty palates now, because they would not want,
Have kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant:
The radish somewhat hot, yet urine doth provoke;
The cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke;
The citrons, which our soil not easily doth afford;
The rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.
But in these trivial things, Muse, wander not too long,
But now to nimble Yar, turn we our active song,
Which in her winding course, from Norwich to the main,
By many a stately seat lasciviously doth strain,
To Yarmouth till she come, her only christ'ned town,
Whose fishing thro' the realm doth her so much renown,
Where those that with their nets still haunt the boundless lake, [make,
Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings
As they had robb'd the sea of all his former store,
And past that very hour, it could produce no more.
Her ownselves harbour here, when Yar doth hard
But kindly she again saluted is by Thrift, [ly win'
A fair Norfolcean nymph, which gratifies her full
Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to call, [bravely bear,
Which Neptune's great commands, before them
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that were, [plashes,
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy
Or play them on the sands, upon the foamy washes,
As all the wat'ry brood, which haunt the German deeps,
Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,
To Loving-land to come, and in their best attires,
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.
When Erix, Neptune's son by Venus, to the shore [fore,
To see them safely brought, their herald came be-
And for a mace, he held in his huge hand the horn
Of that so-much-esteem'd, sea-honouring unicorn.
Next Proto [1] wondrous swift, led all the rest the way, [dice [2],
Then she which makes the calms, the mild Cymo-
With god-like Dorida [1], and Galatea [1] fair,
With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided hair: [keep;
Analiis [2] which the sea doth salt, and season'd
And Batheas [2], most supreme and sovereign in the deep, [colour gives;
Brings Cyane [2], to the waves which that green
Then Atmis [2], which in fogs and misty vapours lives: [strides,
Phrimax [2], the billows rough, and surges that be-
And Rothion [2], that by her on the wild waters rides; [tain,
With Icthias [2], that of frye the keeping doth re-
As Pholoë [2], most that rules the monsters of the main: [fall,
Which brought to bear them out, if any need should
The dolphin, sea-horse, gramp, the wherlpoole, and the whale.
An hundred more besides, I readily could name,
With these, as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land that came. [delight,
These nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the sea-gods to
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the white; [fair;
With many sundry shells, the scallop large and
The cockle small and round, the periwinkle spare,
The oyster, wherein oft the pearl is found to breed,
The mussel, which retains that dainty orient seed:
In chains and bracelets made, with links of sundry twists, [the wrists.
Some worn about their waists, their necks, some on
Great store of amber there, and jet they did not miss; [grease.
Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly amber-
Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the seas,
But from the fresher streams the brighter Naides,
To Loving-land make haste with all the speed they may, [stay,
For fear their fellow-nymphs should for their coming
Ofico the running streams in sweetness still that keeps, [deeps.
And Clymene which rules, when they surround their

[1] The virtual properties incident to waters, as well seas, as rivers, expressed by their names in the persons of nymphs, as hath been used by the antients.

Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide:
With Opis that doth bear them backward with the tide.
Semais that for sights doth keep the water clear:
Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,
Thea Brymo for the oaks that shadow every bank,
Philodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank,
Which the clear Naides make them anadems withal,
When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's mighty hall.
Then Ligea, which maintains the birds' harmonious lays,
Which sing on rivers' banks amongst the slender sprays,
With Rhodia, which for them doth nurse the roseate sets,
Ibida, which preserves the azure violets.
Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general charge,
And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the marge.
Some of these lovely nymphs were on their flaxen hair were:
Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd
With water-cans again, some wantonly them dight,
Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful delight again,
To those that wistly view'd their beauties: some show,
That sovereign places held among the wat'ry train,
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the sedge doth grow,
Which neatly woven were, and some to grace the bow,
Of lady-smocks most white, do rob each neighbouring mead,
Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they braid.

Now thus together come, they friendly do devise,
Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and wise. sounds,
But to break off their speech, her reed when Syrinx blew
Some cast themselves in rings, and fell to hornpipe rounds:
They ceasing, as again to others' turns it falls,
The lusty galiards tread, some others jigge, and braules.
This done, upon the bank together being set,
Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were met, sing:
In mighty Neptune's praise, these sea-born virgins
"Let earth, and air," say they, "with the high praises ring,
Of Saturn by his Ops, the most renowned son,
From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,
Whose offspring wise and strong, dear nymphs, let us relate, state,
On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in
And with his trident rules the universal stream,
To be the only sire of mighty Polypheme.
On fair Thoösa got old Phorcus' loved child,
Who in a feigned shape that god of sea beguil'd.
Three thousand princely sons, and lovely nymphs as we, be:
Were to great Neptune born, of which we sparing
Some by his goodly queen, some in his leman's bed;
Chrysaor grim begot, on stern Medusa's head.
Swift Bronties, for his own so mighty Neptune takes, that makes.
One of the Cyclops strong, Jove's thunder-bolts
Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wisdom seek)
Who was old Nestor's sire, the grav'st and wisest Greek.
Or from this king of waves, of such thou lov'st to hear, were;
Of famous nations first, that mighty founders
Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes contriv'd,
From Neptune god of sea, his pedigree deriv'd,
By Agenor his old sire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:
So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and strong
Claim'd kindred of this king, and by some beauteous niece,
So did Pelasgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.
A world of mighty kings and princes I could name,
From our god Neptune sprung; let this suffice, his fame rise,
Incompasseth the world; those stars which never
Above the lower south, are never from his eyes:
As those again to him do every day appear,
Continually that keep the northern hemisphere;
Who, like a mighty king, doth cast his watched robe, globe.
Far wider than the land, quite round about the
Where is there one to him that may compared be, see;
That both the poles at once continually doth
And giant-like with Heaven as often maketh wars;
The islands in his power as numberless as stars,
He washeth at his will, and with his mighty hands,
He makes the even shores, oft mountainous with sands: sent,
Whose creatures, which observe his wide imperial
Like his immeasur'd self, are infinite and great."
Thus ended they their song, and off th' assembly brake, doth take;
When quickly tow'rds the west, the Muse her way
Whereas the swelling soil, as from one bank doth bring whose spring
This Waveney [1] sung before and Ouse-the-less [1],
Towards Ouse-the-greater points, and down by Thetford glides,
Where she clear Thet receives, her glory that divides, she,
With her new-named town, as wondrous glad that
For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should be;
Where since these confluent floods, so fit for hawking, lie,
And store of fowl entice skill'd falconers there to fly. be:
Now of a flight at Brooke shall my description.
What subject can be found, that lies not fair for me.
Of simple shepherds now, my Muse exactly sings,
And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.
Then in a buskin strain, the warlike spear and shield,
And instantly again of the disports of field;
What can this isle produce, that lies from my report, sport.
Industrious Muse, proceed then to my hawking
When making for the brook, the falconer doth espy, lie,
One river, pitch, or mere, where store of fowl doth
Whence forced over land, by skilful falconer's trade,
A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.
He whistleth off his hawks, whose nimble pinions straight,
Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height;

[1] The fountains of these rivers, not far asunder, yet one running northward, the other to the east.

And if that after check, the one or both do go,
Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth water show; [bells ring,
The trembling fowl that hear the jigging hawk-
And find it is too late, to trust them to their wing,
Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted hawks,
Then being lords alone, in their ethereal walks,
Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake,
Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one plane they make;
The gallant'st birds, said he, that ever flew on wing, [king.
And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a
Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to rise, [skies,
The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from the
Make sundry canceleers e'er they the fowl can reach, [stretch.
Which then to save their lives, their wings do lively
But when the whizzing bells the silent air do cleave,
And that their greatest speed, them vainly do deceive;
And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do view,
Themselves for very fear they instantly ineaw [12].
The hawks get up again into their former place,
And ranging here and there, in that their airy race;
Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,
With many a stouping brave, them in again they lay. [hand,
But when the falconers take their hawking poles in
And crossing of the brook, do put it over land;
The hawk gives it a souse, that makes it to rebound, [ground;
Well near the height of man, sometimes, above the
Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
And oft from neck to tail, the back in two doth shread.
With many a wo ho ho, and jocund lure again,
When he his quarry makes upon the grassy plane.
But to my floods again; when as this Ouse-theless,
Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free access,
To Ouse-the-great she goes, her queen that cometh crown'd,
As such a river sits, so many miles renown'd;
And pointing to the north, her christal front she dashes,
Against the swelling sands of the surrounded washes;
And Neptune in her arms, so amply doth embrace,
As she would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her place. [lose her state,
Which when rich Marsh-land sees, lest she should
With that fair river thus, she gently doth debate.
"Disdain me not, dear flood, in thy excessive pride,
There's scarcely any soil that sitteth by thy side,
Whose turf so betful is, or bears so deep a swath;
Nor is there any Marsh in all Great Britain hath
So many goodly seats, or that can truly show,
Such rarities as I, so that all Marshes owe
Much honour to my name, for that exceeding grace, [place.
Which they receive by me, so sovereign in my
Though Rumney, as some say, for fineness of her grass,
And for her dainty scite, all other doth surpass;

[12] Lay the fowls again in water.

Yet are those seas but poor, and rivers that confine, [with mine.
Her greatness but mean rills, be they compar'd
Nor hardly doth she tythe th' abundant fowl and fish,
Which nature gives to me, as I myself can wish.
As Amphitrite oft, calls me her sweet and fair,
And sends the northern winds to curl my braided hair, [me still,
And makes the Washes stand, to watch and ward
Lest that rough god of sea, on me should work his will.
Old Wisbitch to my grace, my circuit sits within,
And near my banks I have the neighbourhood of Lynn. [shall vent,
Both towns of strength and state, my profits still
No marsh hath more of sea, none more of continent." [thoroughly knew,
Thus Marsh-land ends her speech, as one that
What was her proper praise, and what was Ouse's due.
With that the zealous Muse, in her poetic rage,
To Walsingham would needs have gone a pilgrimage, [flows,
To view those farthest shores, whence little Niger
Into the northern main, and see the glebe where grows, [the like,
That saffron (which men say) this land hath not
All Europe that excels; but here she sail doth strike.
For that Apollo pluck'd her easily by the ear;
And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were
Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,
When for the greater Ouse, her wing she doth display.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-FIRST SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Now from New-market comes the Muse,
Whose spacious heath, she wistly views,
Those ancient ditches and surveys,
Which our first Saxons here did raise;
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And shows you Ring-tail's pleasant vale.
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The Muses to her town invites.
And lastly, Ely's praise she sings,
An end which to this canto brings.

By this our little rest, thus having gotten breath,
And fairly in our way, upon New-market-heath;
That great and ancient ditch [1], which us expected long,
Inspired by the Muse, at her arrival song:
"O Time, what earthly thing with thee itself can trust, [unjust!
When thou in thine own course art to thyself
Dost thou contract with death, and to oblivion give [live?
Thy glories, after them, yet shamefully dar'st

[1] Te Devil's ditch.

O Time, had'st thou preserv'd, what labouring man hath done, [won
Thou long before this day, might'st to thyself have
A deity with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,
But sacrilegious thou, hast all great works defac'd;
For though the things themselves have suffer'd by thy theft, [left,
Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'st have
Those monuments who rear'd, and not have suffer'd thus
Posterity so much, t' abuse both thee and us.
I, by th' East Angles first, who from this heath arose, [Mercian foes;
The long'st and largest ditch, to check their
Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely doth exceed [decreed,
Men's low and wretched thoughts, they constantly
That by the devil's help, I needs must raised be,
Wherefore the Devil's-ditch they basely named me;
When ages long before, I bare Saint Edmond's name,
Because up to my side (some have supposed) came [shrine.
The liberties bequeath'd to his most sacred
Therefore my fellow dykes, ye ancient friends of mine, [minds were great,
That out of earth were rais'd, by men whose
It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.
First, Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest strength, [miles in length;
That do'st extend thy course full seven large
And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not less dear to me,
With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three,
Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,
When you may see my truth's bely'd, and so neglected; [estate,
Therefore dear heath, live still in prosperous
And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to evening late, [praise,
(By careful shepherds kept) rejoice thee with their
And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
(Though of the world contemn'd) yet gracious in thine eye.". [ground,
Thus said, these ancient Dykes neglected in their
Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow sound,
To gratulate her speech; when as we met again,
With one whose constant heart, with cruel love was slain;
Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
Which near to Cambridge set, o'er-looks that learned town. [was known,
Of Balsham's pleasant hills, that by the name
But with the monstrous times, he rude and barbarous grown,
A giant was become; for man he cared not,
And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:
Who long had borne good-will to most delicious Grant, [supplant.
But doubting lest some god his greatness might
For as that dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her course,
He found the Muses left their old Boeotian source;
Resorting to her banks, and every little space,
He saw bright Phoebus gaze upon her crystal face,
And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked red, [to bed.
To leave his loved nymph, when he went down

Wherefore this hill with love, being foully overgone;
And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone
Thus woos her; "Sweeting mine, if thou mine own wilt be,
I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for thee,
A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins too, [woo:
Nay, nymph take heed of me, when I begin to
And better yet than this, a bulchin two years old,
A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been sold: [tway,
And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps
Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to play,
And twenty sows of lead, to make our wedding ring; [thing:
Besides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a
I'll smouch thee every morn, before the Sun can rise, [eyes."
And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring
Thus said, he smugg'd his beard, and stroked up his hair, [fair:
As one that for her love he thought had offered
Which to the Muses, Grant did presently report,
Wherewith they many a year shall make them wondrous sport.
When Ringdale in herself, a most delicious dale,
Who having heard too long the barbarous mountain's tale,
Thus thinketh in herself, "Shall I be silenc'd, when [men,
Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by discontented
Are aided by the Muse, their minds at large to speak,
Besides my sister vales supposing me but weak,
Judge meanly of my state," when she no longer staid,
But in her own behalf, thus to the other said.
"What though betwixt two shires[2], I be by fortune thrown, [own;
That neither of them both can challenge me her
Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be;
Your figures are but base, when they are set by me:
For nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,
But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular.
Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,
By him that would express my shape, as to a ring:
For nature bent to sport, and various in her trade,
Of all the British vales, of me a circle made:
For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground,
About which Ceres' nymphs dance many a wanton round.
The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;
And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chases,
Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.
What they in largeness have, that bear themselves
In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I, [so high,
For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my grass; [surpass."
This isle scarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth
When more she would have said, but suddenly there sprung,
A confident report, that through the country rung,
That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled Grant, [right plant,
Whose fountain Ashwell crown'd, with many an up-

[2] This vale standeth part in Hertfordshire, part in Cambridgeshire.

In sallying on for Ouse, determin'd by the way,
To entertain her friends the Muses with a lay.
Wherefore to show herself ere she to Cambridge came, [name,
Most worthy of that town to which she gives the
Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having slid, which straightway she doth win:
Than which, a purer stream, a delicater brook,
Bright Phœbus in his course, doth scarcely overlook. [glide
Thus furnishing her banks; as sweetly she doth
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth on either side;
And with the Muses oft, did by the way converse: [hearse,
Wherefore it her beseems, that something she re-
The sisters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her ear, [should hear,
Such things as only she, and they themselves
A wondrous learned flood: and she that had been long
(Though silent, in herself, yet) vexed at the wrong
Done to Apollo's priests, with heavenly fire inflam'd,
Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abus'd:
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen well, [Hell,
She meant to have a bout, even in despite of
When humbly lowting low, her due obedience done,
Thus like a satyr she, deliberately begun.
"My invective," thus quoth she, "I only aim at you,
(Of what degree soe'er) ye wretched worldly crew,
In all your brainless talk, that still direct your drifts [gifts,
Against the Muses' sons, and their most sacred
That hate a poet's name, your vileness to advance,
For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and poor to be,
Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.
Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,
He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
His brave and noble heart, here in a Heaven doth dwell, [Hell;
Above these worldly cares, that sinks such sots to
A caitiff if there be yet viler than thyself,
If he through basenesse light upon this worldly pelf,
The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of night, [right;
Doth empty loathsome vaults, nay purchase all your
When not the greatest king, should he his treasure rain,
The Muses' sacred gifts, can possibly obtain;
No, were the monarch of the universal Earth,
Except that gift from Heaven, be breath'd into his birth.
How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest good; [leave,
Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods you
Your scarcely buried are, but they your hopes deceive. [whose ground,
Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of
Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand pound;
That in a little time, in a poor thread-bare coat,
Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly groat!
When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods' been left,
Except poor widows' cries, to memorize your theft.
That curse the serpent got in Paradise for hire,
Descend upon you all, from him your devilish sire,
Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your breast, [beast.
And lick the loathsome dust, like that abherred
"But leave these hateful herds, and let me now declare,
I' th' Heliconian fount, who rightly christ'ned are;
Not such as basely sooth the humour of the time,
And slubberingly patch up some slight and shallow rhyme,
Upon Parnassus' top, that strive to be install'd,
Yet never to that place were by the Muses call'd.
Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging pride, [deny'd;
That fain would seem to be, what nature them
Whose verses bubbling run, as with disjointed bones,
And make a viler noise, than carts upon the stones;
And these forsooth must be, the Muses' only heirs,
When they but bastards are, and foundlings none of theirs,
Enforcing things in verse for poetry unfit,
Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the sores of wit; [heap'd,
What poet recks the praise upon such antics
Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept?
Though some fantastic fool promove their ragged rhymes, [times,
And do transcribe them o'er, a hundred several
And some fond women wins, to think them wondrous rare,
When they lewd beggary trash, nay very gibb'rish are. [please)
Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear to
That gilding flow in state, like swelling Euphrates,
In which things natural be, and not in falsely wrong; [and strong;
The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full
Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to feed,
But such as may content the perfect man to read.
What is of painters said, is of true poets rife,
That he which doth express things nearest to the life, [thereto,
Doth touch the very point, nor needs be add
For that the utmost is, that art doth strive to do.
"Had Orpheus, whose sweet harp (so musically strung)
Enticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;
Th' morality of which, is that his knowledge drew,
The stony, blockish root, that nought but rudeness knew,
T' embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays;
Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these days,
Which to be understood, do take it in disdain,
Nay Œdipus may fail, to know what they would mean.
If Orpheus had so play'd, not to be understood,
Well might those men have thought the harper had been wood; [rocks among,
Who might have sit him down, the trees and
And been a verier block than those to whom he sung. [town,
"O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved
In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown;

In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem right,
Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a light.
Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnassus
Let Cirrha seek to her, nor be you least of all, fall,
Ye fair Boeotian Thebes, and Thespia still to pay
My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrhes send this way.
O let the thrice-three maids their dews upon thee rain,
From Aganippe's fount, and hoof-plough'd Hippo-crane.
Mount Pindus, thou that art the Muses' sacred place
In Thessaly; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace
They chose for their own hill, then thou Parnassus high,
Upon whose by-clift top, the sacred company
About Apollo sit; and thou, O flood, with these
Pure Helicon, belov'd of the Pierides. to her,
With Tempe, let thy walks, and shades, be brought
And all your glorious gifts upon my town confer."
This said, the lovely Grant glides eas'ly on along,
To meet the mighty Ouse, which with her wat'ry throng,
The Cantsbrigian fields had enter'd, taking in
Th' exiled Ely's earth, which strongly she doth win the fruitful isle,
From Grant's soft-neighbouring grounds, when as
Much wondering at herself, thought surely all this while,
That by her silence she had suffer'd too much wrong, sung:
Wherefore in her self-praise, lo thus the Island
"Of all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the queen, green.
For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh and
The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his own mass,
Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in grass;
And in the place where grows rank fodder for my neat, peat:
The turf which bears the hay, is wond'rous needful
My full and batt'ning earth needs not the plough-man's pains, veins
The rills which run in me, are like the branched
In human bodies seen; these ditches cut by hand,
From the surrounding meres, to win the measur'd land,
To those choice waters, I most fitly may compare,
Wherewith nice women use to blanch their beauties rare.
Hath there a man been born in me, that never knew
Of Waterey the Lame, or th' other call'd the New?
The Frithdike near'st my midst, and of another sort, port
Whoever fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make re-
Of sundry meres at hand, upon my western way,
As Ramsey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whittelsey;
Of the abundant store of fish and fowl that bred,
Which, whilst of Europe's isles Great Britain is the head,
No meres shall truly tell, in them, that at one draught, caught;
More store of either kinde hath with the net been
Which though some petty isles do challenge them to be ledge me
Their own, yet must those isles likewise acknow-
Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsey shame,
Altho' to Ramsey-mere she only gives the name;
Nor Huntingdon [3], to me though she extend her grounds,
Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.
Those meres may well be proud, that I will take them in, been,
Which otherwise, perhaps, forgotten might have
Besides my tow'red fane [4], and my rich city'd seat,
With villages, and dorps, to make me most complete."
Thus broke she off her speech, when as the Muse awhile,
Desirous to repose, and rest her with the isle,
Here consummates her song, and doth fresh courage take,
With war, in the next book, the Muses to awake.

[3] Though Ely be in part of Cambridgeshire, yet are these meres for the most part in Huntingdonshire.

[4] The town and church of Ely.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-SECOND SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, Ouse from her fountain brings
Along by Buckingham, and sings:
The earth that turned wood to stone,
And th' holy wells of Hariweston:
Then shows wherefore the fates do grant,
That she the civil wars should chant:
By Huntingdon she Waybridge meets,
And thence the German ocean greets.

Invention, as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions rouse,
Exactly to set down how the far-wand'ring Ouse,
Thro' the Bedfordian fields deliciously doth strain,
As holding on her course, by Huntingdon again,
How bravely she herself betwixt her banks doth bear,
Ere Ely she enisle, a goddess honour'd there;
From Brackley breaking forth, through soils most heavenly sweet, street,
By Buckingham makes on, and crossing Watling-
She with her lesser Ouse, at Newport next doth twin, ambling in,
Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly
The brook which on her bank doth boast that earth alone,
(Which noted) of this isle, converteth wood to stone,
That little Asply's earth we anciently enstyle,
'Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle;
Of which the lesser Ouse oft boasteth in her way,
As she herself with flowers doth gorgeously array.
Ouse having Ouleney past, as she were waxed mad gad;
From her first stayder course immediately doth
And in meand'red gyres doth whirl herself about,
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, in, and out,
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,

Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly, in her pride,
The shire's hospitious town, she in her course divide,
Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth displays, [ways,
And varying her clear form a thousand sundry
Streaks through the verdant meads; but far she hath not gone, [on,
When Ivel, a clear nymph, from Shefford sallying
Comes deftly dancing in thro' many a dainty slade,
Crown'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickleswade,
Encouraged the more her mistress to pursue,
In whose clear face the Sun delights himself to view:
To mix herself with Ouse, as on she thus doth make,
And lovingly at last hath hapt to overtake;
She in her crystal arms her sovereign Ouse doth cling,
Which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,
Shoots forward to St. Neot's, into those nether grounds, [fordian bounds.
Towards Huntingdon, and leaves the low'd Bed-
Scarce is she ent'red yet upon this second shire,
Of which she sovereign is, but that two fountains clear, [sweet,
At Harlweston near at hand, th' one salt, the other
At her first entrance, thus her greatness gently greet:
"Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortunately prov'd,
The pleasures of the woods, and faithfully belov'd
Of two such sylvan gods, by hap that found us here; [were,
For then their sylvan kind most highly honour'd
When this whole country's face was foresty, and we
Liv'd loosely in the weilds, which now thus peopled be. [sent,
Oft interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we
Oft whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft did we vent [play,
Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did
And in our sports, our joys and sorrows did bewray.
Oft cunningly we met, yet coyly then embrac'd,
Still languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.
And quoth the saltish spring, 'as one day mine and I,
Set to recount our loves, from his more tender eye
The brinish tears dropp'd down on mine impierced breast,
And instantly therein so deeply were imprest,
That brackish I became: he finding me depriv'd
Of former freshness quite, the cause from him deriv'd,
On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to requite,
That I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.'
'And,' quoth the fresher spring, 'the wood-god me that woo'd, [stood,
As one day by my brim, surpris'd with love, he
On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I
Should cure the painful itch, and loathsome leprosy."
Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath
But that she is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon; [run,
Where she no sooner views her darling and delight,
Proud Portholme[1], but became so ravish'd with the sight,
That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw
About the islet's waist, who being embraced so,
Her flow'ry bosom shows to the enamour'd brook;
On which when as the Ouse amazedly doth look
On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with many a flow'r, [did pour
(That grace this godly mead) as though the spring
Her full abundance down, whose various dyes so thick,
Are intermix'd as they by one another stick,
That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they show
Like those made by the Sun in the celestial bow.
But now t' advance this flood, the fates had brought to pass,
As she of all the rest the only river was:
That but a little while before that fatal war,
'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaster,
Near Harleswood, above in her Bedfordian trace,
By keeping back her stream, for near three furlongs' space,
Laying her bosom bare unto the public view;
Apparently was prov'd by that which did ensue,
In her prophetic self, those troubles to foresee:
Wherefore (even as her due) the destinies agree,
She should the glory have our civil fights to sing,
When swelling in her banks, from her abundant spring,
Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,
In language fitting war, and thus to purpose speaks:
"With that most fatal field, I will not here begin,
Where Norman William, first the Conqueror, did win [slain,
The day at Hastings[2], where the valiant Harold
Resign'd his crown, whose soil the colour doth retain,
Of th' English blood there shed, as th' earth still kept the scar:
Which since not ours begot, but an invasive war,
Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no description here. [year,
"In Normandy nor that, that same day forty
That bastard William brought a conquest on this isle, [while
'Twixt Robert his eld'st son, and Henry, who, the
His brother's warlike tents in Palestine were pight,
In England here usurp'd his eld'st-born brother's right; [land,
Which since it foreign was, not struck within this
Amongst our civil fights here number'd shall not stand.
"But Lincoln battle now we as our first will lay,
Where Maud the empress stood to try the doubtful day,
With Stephen, when he here had well-near three years reign'd, [tain'd,
Where both of them their right courageously main-
And marshalling their troops, the king his person put [foot:
Into his well-arm'd main, of strong and valiant
The wings that were his horse, in th' one of them he plac'd [grac'd
Young Alan, that brave duke of Britain, whom he
With th' earls of Norfolk and Northampton, and with those,
He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did dispose.
The other no whit less, that this great day might sted;
The earl of Aubemerle, and valiant Ipres led.
The empress' powers again, but in two squadrons were;
The vaward Chester had, and Gloucester the rear;
Then were there valiant Welsh, and desperate men of ours, [their powers
That when supplies should want, might reinforce

[1] A little island made by this river, lying near Huntingdon.

[2] In Sussex, near the sea.

The battles join, as when two adverse seas are dash'd [wash'd
Against each other's waves, that all the plains were
With showers of sweltering blood, that down the furrows ran,
Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or won.
Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurse, those valiant knights, were seen [Mars had been
To charge the empress' horse, as though dread
There in two sundry shapes; the day that beauteous was, [glass,
Twinkled as when you see the sun-beams in a
That nimbly being stirr'd, flings up the trembling flame
At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.
With their resplendent swords, that glister'd 'gainst the Sun;
The honour of the day, at length, the empress won.
King Stephen prisoner was, and with him many a lord,
The common soldiers put together to the sword.
" The next, the battle near St. Edmundsbury fought, [brought
By our Fitz-empress' force, and Flemings hither
By th' earl of Le'ster, bent to move intestine strife,
For young king Henry's cause[1], crown'd in his father's life; [bred,
Which to his kingly sire much care and sorrow
In whose defiance then that earl his ensigns spread,
Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the earl of Norfolk then,
By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.
'Gainst Bohun, England's great high constable, that sway'd
The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for his aid,
Chief justice, and with them the German powers, t' expel
The earls of Cornwal came, Glo'ster, and Arundell,
From Bury, that with them St. Edmund's banner bring,
Their battles in array: both wisely ordering
The armies chanc'd to meet upon the marshy ground, [found)
Betwixt St. Edmund's town and Fornham, (fitly
The bellowing drums beat up a thunder for the charge,
The trumpets vent the air, the ensigns let at large,
Like waving flames far off, to either host appear:
The bristling pikes do shake, to threat their coming near;
All clouded in a mist they hardly could them view,
So shadow'd with the shafts from either side that flew. [forces,
The wings came wheeling in, at joining of whose
The either part were seen to tumble from their horses,
Which empty put to rout, are paunch'd with gleaves and piles, [files.
Lest else by running loose, they might disrank their
The bill-men come to blows, that with the cruel thwacks, [tatter'd jacks:
The ground lay strew'd with male, and shreds of
The plains like to a shop, look'd each where to behold, [sold;
Where limbs of mangled men on heaps lay to be
Stern discontented war did never yet appear
With a more threat'ning brow, than it that time did there.

" O Leicester (alas!) in ill time wast thou won,
To aid this graceless youth, the most ungrateful son
Against his natural sire, who crown'd him in his days,
Whose ill-requited love did him much sorrow raise,
At Le'ster by this war against king Henry show'd,
Upon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow'd!
Who, had thy quarrel been, as thou thyself was skill'd [fill'd
In brave and martial feats, thou evermore had
This isle with thy high deeds, done in that bloody field:
But Bigot and this lord, inforc'd at length to yield
Them to the other part, when on that fatal plain,
Of th' English and the Dutch, ten thousand men lay slain.
" As for the second fight at Lincoln, betwixt those
Who sided with the French, by seeking to depose
Henry, the son of John, then young, and to advance
The dauphin Lewis, son to Philip, king of France,
Which Lincoln castle, then most straitly did besiege; [liege,
And William Marshal, earl of Pembroke, for his
(Who led the faithful lords) although so many there,
Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoners were;
Yet but for a surprise, no field appointed fight,
'Mongst our set battles here, may no way claim a right.
" The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry fought, [brought;
Who Edward his brave son unto that conflict
With Richard, then the king of Almain, and his son,
Young Henry, with such lords as to his part he won,
With him their sovereign liege, their lives that durst engage.
And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,
By Simon Mountford, earl of Le'ster, their chief head, [led;
And th' earl of Glo'ster, Clare, against king Henry
For th' ancient freedoms here that bound their lives to stand,
The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,
Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs were meant;
From Edward, the young prince, defiances were sent
To Mountford's valiant sons, lord Henry, Sim, and Guy,
And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, ' Fly
To th'earl of Le'ster's tents, and publickly proclaim
Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's name,
And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from me;
That if they be the same, that they would seem to be, [known,
Now let them in the field be by their band-rolls
Where, as I make no doubt, their valour shall be shown.
Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their pride, [it decide.'
There will we vent our spleens, where swords shall
" To whom they thus reply'd, ' Tell that brave man of hope,
He shall the Mountfords find in th' head of all their troop,
To answer his proud braves; our bilbows be as good
As his, our arms as strong; and he shall find our blood
Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
Tell him we'll hold so fast, his crown shall go withal.'

"The king into three fights his forces doth divide,
Of which his princely son [4] the vaward had to guide:
The second to the king of Almain, and his son,
Young Henry, he betook, in the third legion
Of knights, and men of arms, in person he appears.
"Into four several fights, the desperate barons theirs. [came,
I' th' first those valiant youths, the sons of Le'ster,
Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the name:
The earl of Glo'ster brought the second battle on,
And with him the lords Mountchency, and Fitz-John:
The third wherein alone the Londoners were plac'd,
The stout lord Segrave led; the greatest, and the last,
Brave Leicester himself, with courage undertook.
The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,
To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter gave, [brave.
As though it with the roar, the thunder would out-
Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been: [seen,
The Mountfords all in plumes, like ostriches were,
To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death they go;
The crowds like to a sea seem'd waving to and fro.
Friend falling by his friend, together they expire:
He breath'd, doth charge afresh; he wounded, doth retire.
The Mountfords with the prince vie valour all the day, [they,
Which should for knightly deeds excel, or he, or
To them about his head, his glist'ring blade he throws, [shows:
They waft him with their swords, as long with equal
Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngest Guy,
Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth reply,
'What though I be but young, let death me overwhelm,
But I will break my sword upon his plumed helm.'
The younger Bohun there, to high achievements bent, [went,
With whom two other lords, Lucy and Hastings,
Which charging but too home, all sorely wounded were, [bear,
Whom living from the field, the barons strove to
Being on their party fix'd; whilst still prince Edward spurs,
To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,
T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with their force,
Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern horse,
He putting them to flight, four miles in chase them slew:
But ere he could return, the conquest wholly drew
To the stout barons' side: his father fled the field,
Into the abbey there, constrained thence to yield.
The lords Fitz-warren slain, and Wilton, that was then [men;
Chief justice, (as some say) with them five thousand
And Bohun, that great earl of Her'ford, overthrown,
With Bardolfe, Somery, Patshul, and Percie known.
By their coat-armours they, for barons, prisoners ta'en; [did reign.
Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'ster yet

"Now for the conflict next, at Chesterfield that chanc'd [vanc'd
'Gainst Robert, that proud earl of Derby, who ad-
His ensigns 'gainst the king, (contrary to his oath)
Upon the barons' part, with the lord Deuell, both
Surpris'd by Henry, prince of Almain, with his power,
By coming at so strange an unexpected hour:
And taking them unarm'd; since merely a defeat,
With our well-order'd fights, we will not here repeat.
"The fatal battle then at fertile Rusham struck,
Though with the self-same hands, not with the self-same luck: [taken,
For both the king and prince at Lewes prisoners
By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken;
But that the prince was got from Le'ster, and doth gather [ther;
His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his fa-
And th' earl of Glo'ster won, who thro' the Mountfords' pride
Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial side.
When now those lords, which late at Lewes won the day, [lay,
The sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to
Until the king should yield th' old charter to maintain. [again,
King Henry and his son, prince Edward, swore
They would repeal those laws that were at Oxford made,
Or thro' this bloody war to their destruction wade.
But since the king remain'd in puissant Le'ster's power, [devour,
The remnant of his friends, whom death did not
At Lewes' battle late, and durst his part partake,
The prince excites again, an army up to make,
Whom Roger Bigot, earl of Norfolk, doth assist,
England's high marshal then, and that great martialist,
Old Henry Bohun, earl of Her'ford, in this war,
Gray, Basset, and St. John, Lisle, Percy, Latimer,
All barons, which to him their utmost strengths do lay, [way;
With many a knight for power their equal every
And William Valence, earl of Pembroke, who had fled [sped.
From Lewes' field to France, then with fresh succour
Young Humphry Bohun still doth with great Le'ster go, [foe.
Who for his country's cause becomes his father's
Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Segrave, Vessey, Gifford, [ings, Clifford.
Wake, Lucy, Vipont, Vaux, Clare, Marmion, Hast-
"In that black night before this sad and dismal day, [betray
Were apparitions strange, as dread Heaven would
The horrours to ensue, O most amazing sight!
Two armies in the air, discerned were to fight,
Which came so near to Earth, that in the morn they found
The prints of horses' feet remaining on the ground,
Which came but as a show, the time to entertain,
'Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the bloody scene.
"Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each way the air doth fill, ['Kill!'
And not a word was heard from either side, but
The father 'gainst the son, the brother 'gainst the brother,
With gleaves, swords, bills, and pikes, were murd'ring one another.

[4] Prince Edward, afterward called Edward the First.

The full luxurious earth seems surfeited with blood,
Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural nephew stood.
Whilst with their charged staves, the desperate horsemen meet, [feet.
They hear their kinsmen groan under their horses'
Dead men, and weapons broke, do on the earth abound; [sound.
The drums, bedash'd with brains, do give a dismal
Great Le'ster there expir'd, with Henry, his brave son, [done.
When many a high exploit they in that day had
Scarce was there noble house, of which those times could tell, [fell;
But that some one thereof, on this, or that side,
Amongst the slaughter'd men, that there lay heap'd on piles, [deviles:
Bohuns and Beauchamps were, Basets, and Man-
Segraves, and St. Johns seek, upon the end of all,
To give those of their names their Christian burial.
Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en and slain that day: [away.
Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears the palm
" All Edward Longshank's time, her civil wars did cease, [increase.
Who strove his country's bounds by conquest to
But in th' ensuing reign of his most riotous son,
As in his father's days, a second war begun;
When as the stubborn heirs of the stout barons dead,
Who, for their country's cause, their blood at Eusham shed,
Not able to endure the Spencers' hateful pride,
The father and the son, whose counsels then did guide
Th' inconsiderate king, conferring all his graces
On them who got all gifts, and bought and sold all places,
Them raising to debase the baronage the more
For Gaveston, whom they had put to death before.
Which urg'd too far, at length to open arms they brake, [make.
And for a speedy war they up their powers do
" Upon king Edward's part, for this great action bent, [Kent,
His brother Edmund came, the valiant earl of
With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who engage [ronage.
Their powers, (three powerful earls) against the ba-
" And on the barons' side, great master of the war,
Was Thomas (of the blood) the earl of Lancaster,
With Henry Bohun, earl of Hereford, his peer,
With whom (of great command and martialist) there were [Bernvile, Knovile,
Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne,
With Badlesmer, and Bercks, Fitz-William, Leyburne, Lovell,
Tuchet, and Talbot stout, do for the barons stand,
Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford, that command [lords run;
Their tenants to take arms, that with their land-
With these went also Hugh, and Henry Willington;
Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmesbridge, Wither, [ther,
Earls, barons, knights, esquires, embodied all toge-
At Burton upon Trent who having gather'd head,
Tow'rds them with all his power the king in person sped; [scry'd,
Who at his near approach (upon his march) de-
That they against his power the bridge had fortify'd:
Which he, by strong assault, assays from them to win,
Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin,
When he, to beat them off, assays them first by shot; [had got,
And they, to make that good, which they before
Defend them with the like, like hailstones from the sky, [rows fly:
From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd ar-
But friended with the flood, the barons hold their strength, [length,
Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood at
T' attempt to land his force upon the other side.
The barons, that the more his stratagems defy'd,
Withstand them in the stream, when as the troubled flood,
(Within a little time) was turned all to blood;
And from the boats and bridge, the mangled bodies fell'd, [pell'd.
The poor affrighted fish, their wat'ry walks ex-
While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth abide, [guide,
The king had learn'd to know, that by a skilful
He by a ford not far might pass his power of horse,
Which quickly he performs, which drave the barons' force [ing foe,
From the defended bridge, t' affront the approach-
Embattelling themselves, when to the shock they go, [shore
(On both sides so assail'd) till th' water and the
Of one complexion were, distain'd with equal gore,
Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven from their ground, [they found,
That when, by their much loss, too weak themselves
Th' afflicted barons fly, yet still together keep.
The king his good success, not suff'ring so to sleep,
Pursues them with his power, which northward still do bear; [rear:
And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge their
Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too soon were stay'd
By Andrew Herckley, earl of Carlisle, with fresh aid
Being lately thither come, king Edward's part to take. [ground to make;
The barons range their fights, still good their
But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath they draw,
After the desp'rat'st fight the Sun yet ever saw.
Brave Bohun there was slain, and Lancaster forsaken [taken.
Of Fortune, is surpris'd; the barons prisoners
" For these rebellions, stirs, commotions, uproars, here [were;
In Richard Bourdeaux'[5] reign, that long so usual
As that the first by Straw, and Tyler, with their rout
Of rebels brought from Kent, most insolent and stout,
By ent'ring London, thought the island to subdue:
The first of which the mayor of London bravely slew: [the deed:
Walworth, which won his name much honour by
As they of Suffolk next, those rascals that succeed,
By Litster[6] led about, their captain, who enstyl'd
Himself the commons' king, in hope to have exil'd
The gentry from those parts, by those that were his own, [thrown.
By that brave bishop (then) of Norwich over-

[5] Richard the Second, born at Bourdeaux.
[6] John Litster, a dyer of Norwich.

By such unruly slaves, and that in Essex rais'd
By Thomas, that stout duke of Glo'ster, strongly
ceas'd, [peer,
As that at Radcot bridge, where the last named
With four brave earls', his friends, encounter'd
Robert Vere,
Then duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard so created,
And 'gainst those lords maintain'd, whom they most
deadly hated;
Since they but garboils were, in a deformed mass,
Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.
" I choose the battle next of Shrewsbury to chant,
Betwixt Henry the Fourth, the son of John of
Gaunt, [eame
And the stout Percies, Henry Hotspur and his
The earl of Wor'ster, who the rightful diadem
Had from king Richard reft, and heav'd up to his
seat [too great,
This Henry whom (too soon) they found to be
Him seeking to depose, and to the rule prefer
Richard's proclaimed heir, their cousin Mortimer,
Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a prisoner
stay'd, [they laid,
Whom to their part they won, and thus their plot
That Glendour should have Wales, along as Severn
went, [Trent;
The Percies all the north, that lay beyond the
And Mortimer from thence the south to be his
share;
Which Henry having heard, doth for the war pre-
pare, [powers they were)
And down to Cheshire makes (where gathering
At Shrewsbury to meet, and doth affront them
there:
With him his peerless son, the princely Henry,
came,
With th' earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of name,
Blunt, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful
were,
With Cockayne, Calverly, Massy, and Mortimer,
Gausell, and Wendsley, all in friends and tenants
strong,
Resorting to the king still as he pass'd along;
Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
He, with his warlike son, there dubb'd his maiden
knights.
" Th' earl Douglass for this day doth with the
Percies stand, [land
To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northumber-
Some seigniories and holds, if they the battle got,
Who brought with him to field full many an angry
Scot,
At Holmdon battle late that being overthrown,
Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain their
own;
With almost all the power of Cheshire got together,
By Venables (there great) and Vernon muster'd
thither.
The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to guide:
The vaward of the lords, upon the other side,
Consisted most of Scots, which joining, made such
spoil,
As at the first constrain'd the English to recoil,
And almost broke their ranks, which when king
Henry found,
Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
The Percies bring up theirs, again to make it good.
Thus whilst the either host in opposition stood,

[9] Warwick, Derby, Arundel, and Nottingham.

Brave Douglass[8] with his spurs his furious courser
strake,
His lance set in his rest, when desperately he brake
In, where his eye beheld th' imperial ensign pight,
Where soon it was his chance, upon the king to
light,
Which in his full career he from his courser threw;
The next sir Walter Blunt, he with three other slew,
All armed like the king, which he dead sure ac-
counted;
But after when he saw the king himself remounted:
'This hand of mine,' quoth he, 'four kings this day
hath slain,' [again,
And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang
Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.
When Henry Hotspur, so with his high deeds in-
flam'd, [press,
Doth second him again, and through such dangers
That Douglass' valiant deeds he made to seem the
less,
As still the people cried, 'A Percy Espirance!'
The king, which saw then time, or never to advance
His battle in the field, which near from him was
won, [son,
Aided by that brave prince, his most courageous
Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them chase,
It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the face;
Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would
bear away,
He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say:
'Time never shall report, prince Henry left the
field, [wield.'
When Harry Piercy staid, his trait'rous sword to
Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their
bloods,
And the main battles join, as do two adverse floods
Met in some narrow arm, should'ring as they would
shove [remove.
Each other from their path, or would their banks
The king his trait'rous foes, before him down doth
hew, [slew:
And with his hands, that day, near forty persons
When conquest wholly turns to his victorious side,
His power surrounding all, like to a furious tide;
That Henry Hotspur dead upon the cold earth lies,
Stout Wor'ster taken was, and doughty Douglass
flies.
Five thousand from both parts left dead upon the
ground, [corse was found;
'Mongst whom the king's fast friend, great Stafford's
And all the knights there dubb'd the morning but
before, [gore.
The evening's Sun beheld there swelter'd in their
" Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in should
bring,
Of which earl Percy had the greatest managing,
With the lord Bardolfe there, against the county's
power, [hour:
Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost
In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having been
abroad
To raise them present powers, intending for a road
On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;
His son and brother's blood augmenting it the
more,
Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did remain,
By his too much default, whom he imputed slain

[8] The high courage of Douglass won him that addition of Doughty Douglass, which after grew to a proverb.

At Shrewsbury before, to whom if he had brought
Supplies, (that bloody field, when they so bravely fought) [amends,
They surely it had won; for which to make
Being furnished with men, amongst his foreign friends,
By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand
Upon those castles seiz'd within Northumberland,
His earldom, which the king, (who much his truth did doubt,
Had taken to himself, and put his people out)
Toward Yorkshire coming on, where (soon repaid his own)
At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully overthrown:
Which tho' it were, indeed, a long and mortal fight,
Where many men were maim'd, and many slain outright:
Where that courageous earl, all hopes there seeing past, [the last:
Amongst his murther'd troops (even) fought it to
Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,
Which with Ralph Roksby rose, the sh'riff of Yorkshire then,
No well proportion'd fight, we of description quit,
Amongst our famous fields; nor will we here admit
That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious crew, [slew
In Kent and Sussex rais'd, at Se'noak fight that
The Staffords with their power, that thither him pursu'd, [commons rude,
Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the
Encamp'd against the king: then goodly London took, [broke,
There ransoming some rich, and up the prisons
His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,
Beheaded the lord Say, then England's treasurer,
And forc'd the king to flight, his person to secure,
The Muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.
" But brings that battle on of that long dreadful war,
Of those two houses nam'd of York and Lancaster,
In fair Saint Alban's fought, most fatally betwixt
Richard then duke of York, and Henry call'd the Sixth, [left,
For that ill gotten crown, which him his grandaire[9]
That likewise with his life, he from king Richard reft, [claim,
When underhand the duke doth but promove his
Who from the elder son, the duke of Clarence came,
For which he raised arms, yet seem'd but to abet
The people, to pluck down the earl of Somerset,
By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had lost,
And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roast.
" With Richard duke of York, (into his faction won) [son;
Salisbury and Warwick came, the father and the
The Nevils' nobler name, that have renown'd so far.
So likewise with the king in this great action are,
The dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, with these
Were thrice so many earls, their stout accomplices,
As Pembroke, great in power, and Stafford, with them stand, [umberland,
With Devonshire, Dorset, Wilt, and fierce North-
With Sidley, Berns, and Ross, three barons with the rest, [the west;
When Richard, duke of York, then marching from
Towards whom, whilst with his power king Henry forward set,
Unluckily as't happ'd, they at Saint Alban's met;
Where taking up the street, the buildings them enclose, [strength oppose;
Where front doth answer front, and strength doth
Whilst like two mighty walls, they each to other stand,
And as one sinketh down under his enemy's hand,
Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply,
Betwixt them whilst on heaps the mangled bodies lie:
The stalls are overthrown with the unwieldy thrust,
The windows, with the shot, are shiver'd all to dust.
The winter's sleet or hail was never seen so thick,
As on the houses' sides the bearded arrows stick,
Where Warwick's courage first most comet-like appear'd, [cheer'd;
Who, with words full of spirit, his fighting soldiers
And ever as he saw the slaughter of his men,
He with fresh forces fill'd the places up again.
The valiant Marchmen[10] thus the battle still maintain, [slain,
That when king Henry found on heaps his soldiers
His great commanders calls, who when they sadly saw,
The honour of the day would to the Yorkists draw,
Their persons they put in, as for the last to stand;
The duke of Somerset, Henry Northumberland,
Of those brave warlike earls, the second of that name, [ham,
The earl of Stafford, son to th' duke of Bucking-
And John lord Clifford then, which shed their noble gore
Under the castle's sign, (of which not long before,
A prophet bade the duke of Somerset beware)
With many a valiant knight, in death that had his share: [guilt,
So much great English blood, for others' lawless
Upon so little ground before was never spilt.
Proud York hath got the goal; the king of all forsaken,
Into a cottage got, a woful prisoner taken.
" The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next supply,
'Twixt Richard Nevil, that great earl of Salisbury,
Who with the duke of York, had at Saint Alban's late,
That glorious battle got with uncontrouled fate:
And James lord Audley stirr'd by that revengeful queen,
To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen
She bare him, for that still he with the Yorkists held, [compell'd
Who coming from the north, (by sundry wrongs
To parley with the king) the queen that time who lay [way,
In Staffordshire, and thought to stop him on his
That valiant Tuchet stir'd, in Cheshire powerful them, [men
T' affront him in the field, where Cheshire gentle-
Divided were, th' one part made valiant Tuchet strong,
The other with the earl rose as he came along,
Encamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
Whereby the prudent earl, this strong advantage took:

[9] Henry the fourth.

[10] Men brought out of the marches of Wales.

For putting in the field his army in array,
Then making as (with speed) he meant to march away,
He caus'd a flight of shafts to be discharged first.
The enemy who thought that he had done his worst,
And cowardly had fled in a disorder'd rout,
Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon) about,
Set fiercely on that part, which then were passed over;
Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover
The other rising bank, to lend the vaward aid.
The earl who found this plot take right that he had laid,
On those that forward press'd, as those that did recoil,
As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous; spoil:
There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done doth kill a Done
A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is overthrown;
A Venables, against a Venables doth stand;
A Trentbeck fighteth with a Trentbeck hand to hand;
There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,
And Egerton, the strength of Egerton doth try.
O Cheshire wert thou mad, of thine own native gore
So much until this day thou never shedd'st before!
Above two thousand men upon the earth were thrown,
Of which the greatest part were naturally thine own.
The stout lord Audley slain, with many a captain there;
To Salisbury it sorts the palm away to bear.
"Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place shall take,
Which of th' imperial war, the third fought field doth make,
'Twixt Henry call'd our Sixth, upon whose party came,
His near and dear allies, the dukes of Buckingham,
And Somerset, the earl of Shrewsbury of account,
Stout viscount Beaumont, and the young lord Egremount,
'Gainst Edward earl of March, son to the duke of York,
With Warwick, in that war, who set them all at work,
And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike the other;
A Nevil nobly born, his puissant father's brother,
Who to the Yorkists' claim, had evermore been true,
And valiant Bourcher, earl of Essex, and of Eu.
"The king from out the town, who drew his foot and horse,
As willingly to give full field-room to his force,
Doth pass the river Nen, near where it down doth run
From his first fountain's head, is near to Harsington,
Advised of a place, by nature strongly wrought,
Doth there encamp his power: the earl of March who sought
To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain the day,
From Towcester train'd on his powers in good array.
The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt could fear;)
The middle March himself, and Falconbridge the rear.
"Now July enter'd was, and ere the restless Sun
Three hours ascent had got, the dreadful fight begun
By Warwick, who a strait from viscount Beaumont took,
Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke
In, on th' imperial host, which with a furious charge,
He forc'd upon the field, itself more to enlarge.
Now English bows, and bills, and battle-axes walk,
Death up and down the field in ghastly sort doth stalk.
March in the flower of youth, like Mars himself doth bear;
But Warwick as the man, whom Fortune seem'd to fear,
Did for him what he would, that whersoe'er he goes,
Down like a furious storm, before him all he throws:
So Shrewsbury again of Talbot's valiant strain,
(That fatal scourge of France) as stoutly doth maintain
The party of the king; so princely Somerset,
Whom th' other's knightly deeds, more eagerly doth whet,
Bears up with them again: by Somerset oppos'd
At last king Henry's host being on three parts enclos'd,
And aids still coming in upon the Yorkists' side,
The summer being then at height of all her pride,
The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest was:
But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-shorn grass,
Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bodies there,
When nothing could be seen, but horrour every where:
So that upon the banks, and in the stream of Nen [11],
Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout native Englishmen
Left breathless, with the rest great Buckingham is slain,
And Shrewsbury, whose loss those times did much complain,
Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead upon the field,
The miserable king, inforc'd again to yield.
"Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bedroul bring,
Fought by prince Edward, son to that oft-conquer'd king,
And Richard, duke of York, still struggling for the crown,
Whom Salisbury assists, the man with whose renown
The mouth of fame seem'd filPd, there having with them then
Some few selected Welsh, and southern gentlemen:
A handful to those powers, with which prince Edward came;
Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest name,
Were those two great-born dukes, which still his right prefer
His cousin Somerset, and princely Exeter,
The earl of Wiltshire still, that on his part stuck close:
With those two valiant peers, lord Clifford, and lord Ross,
Who made their march from York to Wakefield, on their way
To meet the duke, who then at Sandal castle lay;
Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they dar'd,
Whose long expected powers not fully then prepar'd,
That March his valiant son, should to his succour bring.
Wherefore that puissant lord, by speedy mustering
His tenants and such friends, as he that time could get,
Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set

[11] The river running by Northampton.

'Gainst their twice doubled strength; nor could the duke be stay'd,
Till he might from the south be seconded with aid;
As in his martial pride, disdaining his poor foes,
So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose.
" The prince, which still provok'd th' incensed duke to fight,
His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty sight,
In which he, and the duke's, were seen in all their pride: [side
And as York's powers should pass, he had on either
Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place assign'd [divin'd,
His rearward should enclose, which as a thing
Just caught as he forecast; for scarce his army comes [drums
From the descending banks, and that his rattling
Excites his men to charge; but Wiltshire with his force, [light horse,
Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Ross with his
Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain thrown,
In number to the duke's, by being four to one.
Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance have caught [sought;
A beast out of the herd, which long time they have
Upon him all at once courageously do set, [get:
Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do
Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their hold, [would,
Till falling on the ground, they have him as they
With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to wend, [selves defend.
What with their horns and hoofs, could then them-
Thus on their foes they fell, and down the Yorkists fall;
Red slaughter in her arms encompasseth them all.
The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,
In which blind Fortune smil'd on woful Lancaster.
" Here Richard, duke of York, down beaten, breath'd his last, [pass'd,
And Salisbury so long with conquest still that
Inforced was to yield; Rutland a younger son
To the deceased duke, as he away would run,
(A child scarce twelve years old) by Clifford there surpris'd, [suffic'd,
Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to have
By him was answer'd thus, 'Thy father hath slain mine, [thine,'
And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this blood of
And stabb'd him to the heart: thus the Lancastrians reign,
The Yorkists in the field on heaps together slain.
" The battle at that cross, which to this day doth bear [mer,
The great and ancient name of th' English Morti-
The next shall here have place, betwixt that Edward fought,
Entitled earl of March, (revengefully that sought
To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately shed,
But then he duke of York, his father being dead)
And Jasper Tudor earl of Pembroke, in this war,
That stood to underprop the house of Lancaster,
Half brother to the king, that strove to hold his crown, [beaten down
With Wiltshire, whose high prowess had bravely
The Yorkists' swelling pride in that successful war
At Wakefield, whose great'st power of Welsh and Irish are.
The duke's were Marchers most, which still stuck to him close,
And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed cross;
As either general there for his advantage found,
(For wisely they survey'd the fashion of the ground)
They into one main fight their either forces make,
When to the duke of York (his spirits as to awake)
Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that shone,
Which in a little space were joined all in one,
Auspicious to the duke, as after it fell out,
Who with the weaker power, (of which he seem'd to doubt) [chask,
The proud Lancastrian part had quickly put to
Where plainly it should seem, the genius of the place, [there,
The very name of March should greatly favour
A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:
To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had the soil. [spoil,
The Yorkists here enrich'd with the Lancastrian
Are masters of the day; four thousand being slain,
The most of which were those, there standing to maintain
The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot
Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot
On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth king Henry's bride,
Who too untimely dead, this Owen had ally'd.
But he a prisoner then, his son and Ormond led,
At Hereford was made the shorter by the head;
When this most warlike duke, in honour of that sign,
Which of his good success so rightly did divine,
And thankful to high Heaven, which of his cause had care,
Three suns for his device still in his ensign bare.
" Thy second battle now, St. Alban's, I record,
Struck 'twixt queen Marg'ret's power, to ransom back her lord, [factions fought,
Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those
Whom now the part of York had thither with both brought, [led
Whose force consisted most of southern men, being
By Thomas Howard duke of Norfolk, and the head
Of that proud faction then, stout Warwick still that sway'd,
In every bloody field (the Yorkists' only aid)
When either's power approach'd, and they themselves had fix'd, [betwixt,
Upon the south and north, the town them both
Which first of all to take, the Yorkists had forecast, [plac'd
Putting their vaward on, and their best archers
The market-sted about, and them so fitly laid,
That when the foe came up, they with such terrour play'd
Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.
The northern mad with rage upon the first defeat,
Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
Which when great Warwick heard, he sent his vaward forth, [stand,
T' oppose them in what place soe'er they made their
Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near at hand,
Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.
But those of Warwick's part, which scarce four thousand were, [there,
To th' vaward of the queen's, that stood so stoutly

Tho' still with fresh supplies from her main battle fed; [stead,
When they their courage saw so little them to
Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
By passages too strait, and close ambushments stay'd: [betake,
Their succours that foreslow'd, to flight themselves
When after them again, such speed the northern make, [strong,
Being follow'd with the force of their main battle
That this disorder'd rout, these breathless men among, [horrour struck
They enter'd Warwick's host, which with such
The southern, that each man began about to look
A way how to escape, that when great Norfolk cry'd,
'Now as you favour York, and his just cause, abide.'
And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have stood [their blood,
Yet neither of them both, should they have spent
Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe:
Where Fortune it should seem, to Warwick meant to show, [would.
That she this tide of his could turn whene'er she
" Thus when they saw the day was for so little sold; [had brought,
The king, which (for their ends) they to the field
Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of nought, [and son
Which serv'd them to no use: who when his queen
There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being done,
With many a joyful tear, each other they embrace;
And whilst blind Fortune look'd with so well pleas'd a face: [embru'd,
Their swords with the warm blood of Yorkists so
Their foes but lately fled, courageously pursu'd.
" Now followeth that black scene, borne up so wondrous high,
That but a poor dumb show before a tragedy,
The former battles fought have seem'd to this to be;
O Towton, let the blood Palm-sunday spent on thee, [hear
Affright the future times, when they the Muse shall
Deliver it so to them; and let the ashes there
Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,
Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,
To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were wrought [fought)
In that most fatal field, (with various fortunes
'Twixt Edward duke of York, then late proclaimed king,
Fourth of that royal name, and him accompanying,
The Nevils, (of that war maintaining still the stream) [eame,
Great Warwick, and with him his most courageous
Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like the other, [brother.
Of Salisbury surnam'd, that Warwick's bastard
Lord Fitzwalter, who still the Yorkists' power assists,
Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved martialists, [stand,
And Henry the late king, to whom they still durst
His true as powerful friend, the great Northumberland,
With Westmoreland, his claim who ever did prefer
His kinsman Somerset, his chosen Exeter,
Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that were,
And little less than those, the earl of Devonshire,
Th' lord Dacres, and lord Wells, both wise and warlike wights,
With him of great command, Nevil and Trolop, knights.
" Both armies then on foot, and on their way set forth, [north.
King Edward from the south, king Henry from the
The latter crowned king doth preparation make,
From Pomfret (where he lay) the passage first to take
O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that service sends
A most selected troop of his well-chosen friends,
To make that passage good, when instantly began
The dire and om'nous signs, the slaughter that foreran.
For valiant Clifford there, himself so bravely quit,
That coming to the bridge (ere they could strengthen it) [of horse,
From the Lancastrian power, with his light troop
And early in the morn defeating of their force,
The lord Fitzwalter slew, and that brave bastard son
Of Salisbury, themselves who into danger run:
For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all;
But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to fall [out,
'Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarmed rushing
By Clifford's soldiers soon encompassed about,
Where miserably slain: which when great Warwick hears, [ears,
As he had felt his heart transpersed through his
To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,
And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner shows [quoth he,
The slaughter of those lords; 'This day alone,'
'Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.'
When soon before the host, his glittering sword he drew,
And with relentless hands his sprightly courser slew,
'Then stand to me,' quoth he, 'who meaneth not to fly; [die.'
This day shall Edward win, or here shall Warwick
" Which words by Warwick spoke, so deeply seem'd to sting [king,
The much distemper'd breast of that courageous
That straight he made proclaim'd, that every fainting heart,
From his resolved host had licence to depart:
And those that would abide the hazard of the fight,
Rewards and titles due to their deserved right:
And that no man, that day, a prisoner there should take;
For this the upshot was, that all must mar or make.
A hundred thousand men in both the armies stood,
That native English were: O worthy of your blood [large,
What conquest had there been? but ensigns fly at
And trumpets every way sound to the dreadful charge.
Upon the Yorkists' part, there flew the ireful bear:
On the Lancastrian side, the cressant waving there.
The southern on this side, for York a Warwick cry,
A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.
The two main battles join, the four large wings do meet; [feet,
What with the shouts of men, and noise of horses
Hell through the troubled earth, her horrour seem'd to breathe;
A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt beneath:

As when the evening is with darkness overspread,
Her star-befreckled face with clouds enveloped.
You oftentimes behold, the trembling lightning fly,
Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,
Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,
That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either side:
So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and fallows rais'd, [ceas'd,
And breath of horse and men, that both together
The air on every part, sent by the glimmering Sun,
The splendour of their arms doth by reflection run:
Till heaps of dying men, and those already dead,
Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted them that fled,
Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far extends,
That sullen night begins, before their fury ends.
Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilst still with murdering hands, [stands;
Expecting the next morn, the weak'st unconquer'd
Which was no sooner come, but both begin again
To wreck their friends' dear blood, the former evening slain.
New battles are begun, new fights that newly wound,
Till the Lancastrian part, by their much less'ning found
Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
When lastly to the foe their recreant backs they turn. [the dead
Thy channel then, O Cock [12], was fill'd up with
Of the Lancastrian side, that from the Yorkists fled, [chase,
That those of Edward's part, that had the rear in
As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies pass.
That Wharfe to whose large banks thou contribut'st thy store,
Had her more christal face discolour'd with the gore
Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,
Northumberland the great, and Westmoreland there laid [leave
Their bodies: valiant Wells, and Dacres there do
Their carcases, (whose hope too long did them deceive,)
Trolop and Nevil found massacred in the field,
The earl of Wiltshire forc'd to the stern foe to yield. [chance
King Henry from fair York, upon this sad mis-
To Scotland fled, the queen sail'd over into France,
The duke of Somerset, and Exeter do fly,
The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.
" Muse, turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam struck, [luck
Upon the Yorkists' part, with the most prosp'rous
Of any yet before, where to themselves they gain'd
Most safety, yet their powers least damage there sustain'd, [stand
'Twixt John lord Mountacute, that Nevil, who to
For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumberland
A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,
Which were again supply'd with a most puissant force, [brought
Sent thither from the south, and by king Edward
In person down to York, to aid if that in ought
His general should have need, for that he durst not trust
The northern, which so oft to him had been unjust:

Whilst he himself at York, a second power doth bold, [would.
To hear in this rough war, what the Lancastrians
" And Henry with his queen, who to their powers had got, [Scot,
The lively daring French, and the light hardy
To enter with them here, and to their part do get,
Their faithful lov'd ally, the duke of Somerset,
And sir Ralph Percie, then most powerful in those parts, [hearts
Who had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their
Still with king Henry stay'd, to him and ever true,
To whom by this revolt, they many northern drew:
Sir William Tayiboys, (call'd of most) the earl of Kime, [time;
With Hungerford, and Rosse, and Mul'ins, of that
Barons of high account, with Nevil, Tunstall, Gray,
Hussy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty sway.
" As forward with his force, brave Mountacute was set,
It happ'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met
With Hungerford, and Rosse, and sir Ralph Percy, where
In sign of good success (as certainly it were)
They and their utmost force were quickly put to flight;
Yet Percy as he was a most courageous knight,
Ne'er budg'd till his last breath, but in the field was slain. [again,
Proud of this first defeat, then marching forth
Towards Livells, a large waste, which other plains outbraves, [her waves,
Whose verge fresh Dowell [13] still is wat'ring with
Whereas his posting scouts, king Henry's power descry'd, [general hy'd,
Tow'rds whom with speedy march, this valiant
Whose haste there likewise had such prosperous event, [tent,
That luckless Henry yet, had scarcely clear'd his
His captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd
Their squadrons on the field, but this great Nevil charg'd: [tain'd,
Long was this doubtful fight on either side main-
That rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst that gain'd:
The ground which this part got, and there as conquerors stood,
The other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
To either as blind chance her favours will dispose;
So to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.
At last, till whether 'twere that sad and horrid sight,
At Saxton that yet did their fainting spirits affright,
With doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the aid [dismay'd
That Mountacute receiv'd; king Henry's power
And giving up the day, dishonourably fled,
Whom with so violent speed the Yorkists followed,
That had not Henry spurr'd, and had a courser swift, [shift,
Besides a skilful guide, through woods and hills to
He sure had been surpris'd, as they his henchmen took, [disastrous luck,
With whom they found his helm; with most
To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any strive,
And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive.

[12] A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe.

[13] A little river near Hexam.

" Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,
And show th' efficient cause, as in what wondrous [part,
sort
Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lancastrian
When as that wanton king so vex'd his mighty [stow'd,
heart:
Whilst in the court of France, that warrior he be-
(As potent here at home, as powerful else abroad)
A marriage to entreat with Bona bright and sheen,
Of the Savoyan blood, and sister to the queen.
Which whilst this noble earl negotiated there,
The widow lady Gray, the king espoused here.
By which the noble earl in France who was dis-
grac'd,
(In England his revenge doth but too quickly haste)
T' excite the northern men doth secretly begin,
(With whom he powerful was) to rise, that coming
in,
He might put in his hand, (which only he desir'd)
Which rising before York, were likely to have fir'd
The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that led
Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the
head. [drew
Yet would not they desist, but to their captains
Henry the valiant son of John the lord Fitz-Hugh,
With Copiers that brave knight, whose valour they
With Henry Nevil, son to the lord Latimer, [prefer,
By whose allies and friends, they every day grew
strong,
And so in proud array tow'rds London march along.
Which when king Edward saw the world began to
side [vide,
With Warwick, till himself he might of power pro-
To noble Pembroke sends, those rebels to with-
stand. [hand,
Six thousand valiant Welsh, who must'ring out of
By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them
bring, [king)
And for their greater strength (appointed by the
Th' lord Stafford (of his house) of Powick named
then, [men
Eight hundred archers brought, the most selected
The Marches could make out: these having Severn
cross'd, [host,
And up to Cotswold come, they heard the northern
Being at Northampton then, itself tow'rds Warwick
way'd, [forlay'd
When with a speedy march, the Herberts that
Their passage, charg'd their rear with near two
thousand horse,
That the Lancastrian part suspecting all their force
Had follow'd them again, their army bring about,
Both with such speed and skill, that ere the Welsh
got out, [lost,
By having charg'd too far, some of their vaward
Beat to their army back; thus as these legions
coast, [war,
On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this
Whereas three easy hills that stand triangular,
Small Edgcoat overlook; on that upon the west
The Welsh encamp themselves; the northern them
possess'd [event)
Of that upon the south, whilst (by war's strange
Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in their
tent,
Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)
Was taken by the Welsh, and miserably slain,
Of whose untimely death, his friends the next day
took
A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forsook
The army of the Welsh, and with his archers had
Them fight that would for him; for that proud
Pembroke had
Displac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he
His paramour had lodg'd; where since he might
not be, [Herberts there,
He backward shapes his course, and leaves the
T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every where
The clamours, drums, and fifes to the rough charge
do sound, [ground:
Together horse and man come tumbling to the
Then limbs like boughs were lopp'd, from shoulders
arms do fly; [could die.
They fight as none could 'scape, yet 'scape as none
The ruffling northern lads, and the stout Welsh-
men try'd it; [abide it.
Then head-pieces hold out, or brains must sore
The northern men 'St. George for Lancaster' do cry:
'A Pembroke for the king,' the lusty Welsh reply;
When many a gallant youth doth desperately assay,
To do something that might be worthy of the day:
Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern
press, [success,
And with his pole-ax makes his way with such
That breaking thro' the ranks, he their main battle
pass'd,
And quit it so again, that many stood aghast,
That from the higher ground beheld him wade the
crowd,
As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud,
O'ertaken with a storm, some shell or little crea,
Hard labouring for the land, on the high-working
sea, [free
Seems now as swallow'd up, then floating light and
O'th' top of some high wave; then think that you
it see [clear
Quite sunk beneath that waste of waters, yet doth
The main, and safely gets some creek or harbour
near: [war,
So Herbert clear'd their host; but see th' event of
Some spials on the hill discerned had from far
Another army come to aid the northern side,
When they which Clapham's craft, so quickly not
espy'd, [rais'd,
Who with five hundred men about Northampton
All discontented spirits, with Edward's rule dis-
pleas'd, [bear:
Displaying in the field great Warwick's dreaded
The Welsh who thought the earl in person had been
there, [back
Leading a greater power (dishearten'd) turn the
Before the northern host, that quickly go to wreck.
Five thousand valiant Welsh are in the chase
o'erthrown, [own.
Which but an hour before had thought the day their
Their leaders (in the flight) the high-born Herberts
ta'en,
At Banbury must pay for Henry Nevil slain.
" Now Stamford in due course, the Muse doth
come to tell,
Of thine own named field, what in the fight befel,
Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Lincolnshire
that led [head,
Near twenty thousand men, tow'rd London making
Against the Yorkists' power, great Warwick to
abet,
Who with a puissant force prepared forth to set,
To join with him in arms, and jointly take their
chance. [vance
And Edward with his friends, who likewise do ad-

His forces, to refel that desp'rate daring foe;
Who for he durst himself in open arms to show,
Nor at his dread command them down again would lay. [sway
His father the lord Wells, who he suppos'd might
His so outrageous son, with his lov'd law-made brother, [other,
Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much to rule the
He strangely did to die, which so incens'd the spleen [teene
Of this courageous youth, that he to wreak his
Upon the cruel king, doth every way excite
Him to an equal field, that come where they might smite [met:
The battle: on this plain it chanc'd their armies
They rang'd their several fights, which once in order set, [have fear'd
The loudly-brawling drums, which seemed to
The trembling air at first, soon after were not heard, [doth noise confound.
For out-cries, shrieks, and shouts, which noise
No accents touch the ear, but such as death do sound: [guide:
In thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth
As slaughter seems by turns to seize on either side.
The southern expert were, in all to war belong,
And exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and strong, [retreat,
Which to the battle stick, and if they make
Yet coming on again, the foe they back do beat,
And Wells for Warwick cry, and for the rightful crown;
The other call a York to beat the rebels down:
The worst that war could do, on either side she shows, [bows;
Or by the force of bills, or by the strength of
But still by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power increase: [press,
And Wells, who sees his troops so overborne with
By hazarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
Encouraging his men the adverse troops among,
With many a mortal wound, his wearied breath expir'd: [desir'd,
Which sooner known to his, than his first hopes
Ten thousand on the earth before them lying slain,
No hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
Cast off their country's coats, to haste their speed away. [to this day.
(Of them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even)
"Since needsly I must stick upon my former text, [next,
The bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth
'Twixt Edward, who before he settled was to reign,
By Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd again, [pay,
From Burgundy brought in munition, men, and
And all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.
Whose brother George[6] came in, with Warwick that had stood, [own blood.
Whom nature wrought at length t' adhere to his
His brother Richard duke of Glo'ster, and his friend [extend:
Lord Hastings, who to him their utmost powers
"And Warwick, whose great heart so mortal hatred bore
To Edward, that by all the sacraments he swore,
Not to lay down his arms, until his sword had ras'd [disgrac'd:
That proud king from his seat, that so had him
And marquis Mountacute, his brother, that brave stem
Of Nevil's noble stock, who joined had to them
The dukes of Somerset and Exeter, and take
The earl of Oxford in; the armies forward make,
And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,
That to this very day, is called Gladmore there.
"Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's vaward bring; [king,
And in the middle came that most courageous
With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then most dear; [rear,
His friend lord Hastings had the guiding of the
(A man of whom the king most highly did repute.)
"On puissant Warwick's part, the marquis Mountacute
His brother and his friend the earl of Oxford led
The right wing; and the left, which most that day might sted,
The duke of Exeter; and he himself do guide
The middle fight (which was the army's only pride)
Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could get,
Directed by his friend the duke of Somerset.
"O sabbath ill bestow'd, O dreary Easter-day,
In which (as some suppose) the Sun doth use to play,
In honour of that God for sinful man that dy'd,
And rose on that third day, that Sun which now doth hide [seem,
His face in foggy mists; nor was that morning
So that the space of ground those angry hosts between, [east
Was overshadow'd quite with darkness, which so
The armies on both sides, that they each other pass'd,
Before they could perceive advantage where to fight; [sight,
Besides the envious mist so much deceiv'd their
That where eight hundred men, which valiant Oxford brought, [force which thought
Wore comets on their coats: great Warwick's
They had king Edward's been, which so with suns were drest, [distrest,
First made their shot at them, who by their friends
Constrained were to fly, being scatter'd here and there.
But when this direful day at last began to clear,
King Edward then beholds that height of his first hopes, [troops,
Whose presence gave fresh life to his oft-fainting
Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to defy
His mercy, to the host proclaiming publicly
His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and shame,
And what might make him vile; so Warwick heard that name [vanc'd,
Of York, which in the field he had so oft ad-
And to that glorious height, and greatness had enhanc'd, [had fled,
Then cry'd against his power, by those which oft
Their swift pursuing foe, by him not bravely led.
Upon the enemy's back, their swords beth'd in the gore [before,
Of those from whom they ran, like heartless men
Which Warwick's nobler name injuriously defy'd,
Even as the ireful host then joined side to side.

[6] George duke of Clarence.

" Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main battle, when
Proud Somerset therein, with his approved men
Stood stoutly to the shock, and flang out such a flight [com'd light,
Of shafts, as well near seem'd t' eclipse the wel-
Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat again, [plain,
That great battalion next approacheth the fair
Wherein the king himself in person was to try,
Proud Warwick's utmost strength: when Warwick by and by [and round,
With his left wing came up, and charg'd so home
That had not his light horse by disvantageous ground [ward's host:
Been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Ed-
But finding his defeat, his enterprize so lost,
He his swift couriers sends, to will his valiant brother,
And Oxford, in command being equal to the other,
To charge with the rightwing, who bravely up do bear; [rear,
But Hastings that before raught thither with his
And with king Edward join'd, the host too strongly arm'd. [charm'd,
When every part with spoil, with rape, with fury
Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to swill
Itself in human gore, and every one cries 'Kill.'
So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,
That those, which to and fro, 'twixt that and London ride, [do bring,
That Warwick wins the day for certain news
Those following them again, said certainly the king,
Until great Warwick found his army had the worst,
And so began to faint, alighting from his horse,
In with the foremost puts, and wades into the throng: [troops among,
And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd
He ventures; as the Sun in a tempestuous day,
With darkness threaten'd long, yet sometimes doth display [clear eye,
His cheerful beams, which scarce appear to the
But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds do fly,
Do muffle him again within them, till at length
The storm (prevailing still with an unusual strength) [in night:
His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up
So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.
" The cruel lions thus enclose the dreaded bear,
Whilst Montacute, who strives (if any help there were)
To rescue his belov'd and valiant brother, fell:
The loss of two such spirits at once, time shall not tell;
The duke of Somerset, and th' earl of Oxford fled,
And Exeter being left for one amongst the dead,
At length recovering life, by night escap'd away;
York never safely sat, till this victorious day.
" Thus fortune to his end this mighty Warwick brings,
This puissant setter-up, and plucker-down of kings,
He who those battles won, which so much blood had cost,
At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and fortune lost.
" Now Tewksbury it rests, thy story to relate,
Thy sad and dreadful fight, and that most direful fate
Of the Lancastrian line, which happen'd on that day
Fourth of that fatal month, that still remember'd May: [fled
'Twixt Edmund that brave duke of Somerset who
From Barnet's bloody field, (again there gathering head) [there,
And marquis Dorset bound in blood to aid him
With Thomas Courtney earl of powerful Devonshire: [there was seen,
With whom king Henry's son, young Edward
To claim his doubtless right, with that undaunted queen [on land,
His mother, who from France with succours came.
That day when Warwick fell at Barnet, which now stand
Their fortune yet to try upon a second fight.
And Edward who employ'd the utmost of his might,
The poor Lancastrian part (which he doth easily feel,
By Warwick's mighty fall, already faintly reel)
By battle to subvert, and to extirp the line;
And for the present act, his army doth assign
To those at Barnet field so luckily that sped:
As Richard late did there, he here the vaward led,
The main the king himself, and Clarence took to guide;
The rearward as before by Hastings was supply'd.
" The army of the queen, into three battles cast,
The first of which the duke of Somerset, and (fast
To him) his brother John do happily dispose;
The second, which the prince for his own safety chose [third,
The barons of St. John, and Wenlock; and the
To Courtney that brave earl of Devonshire referr'd.
Where in a spacious field they set their armies down; [town,
Behind, hard at their backs, the abbey and the
To whom their foe must come, by often banks and steep, [deep,
Thro' quickset narrow lanes, cut out with ditches
Repulsing Edward's power, constraining him to prove [move
By thund'ring cannon-shot, and culverin, to remove
Them from that chosen ground, so tedious to assail;
And with the shot came shafts, like stormy showers of hail:
The like they sent again, which beat the other sore,
Who with the ordnance strove the Yorkists to outroar, [pieces play,
And still make good their ground, that whilst the
The Yorkists hasting still to hand-blows, do assay
In strong and boist'rous crowds to scale the cumb'rous dikes; [pikes,
But beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and
Are forced to fall off; when Richard there that led
The vaward, saw their strength so little them to sted,
As he a captain was, both politic and good,
The stratagems of war, that rightly understood,
Doth seem as from the field his forces to withdraw,
His sudden, strange retire, proud Somerset that saw,
(A man of haughty spirit, in honour most precise;
In action yet far more adventurous than wise)
Supposing from the field for safety he had fled,
Straight giveth him the chase; when Richard turning head,
By his encounter let the desperate duke to know,
'Twas done to train him out, when soon began the show

Of slaughter every where; for scarce their equal forces
Began the doubtful fight, but that three hundred horses, [stay'd,
That out of sight, this while on Edward's part had
To see that near at hand no ambushes were laid,
Soon charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite their ranks, [ing banks
Whilst this most warlike king had won the climb-
Upon the equal earth, and coming bravely in
Upon the adverse power, there likewise doth begin
A fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancastrian side,
The first and furious shock not able to abide
The utmost of their strength, were forced to bestow,
To hold what they had got; that Somerset below,
Who from the second force had still expected aid,
But frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,
Scarce shifts to save himself, his battle overthrown;
But faring as a man that frantic had been grown,
With Wenlock happ'd to meet (preparing for his flight) [spite,
Upbraiding him with terms of baseness and de-
That cow'rdly he had fail'd to succour him with men: [again,
Whilst Wenlock with like words requiteth him
The duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the reins) [brains.
With his too pond'rous ax dash'd out the baron's
" The party of the queen in every place are kill'd,
The ditches with the dead, confusedly are fill'd,
And many in the flight, i'th' neighbouring rivers drown'd. [Yorkists crown'd.
Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering
Three thousand of those men, on Henry's part that stood, [blood,
For their presumption paid the forfeit of their
John marquis Dorset dead, and Devonshire that day
Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody fray,
Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor, who had there [that were,
Their several brave commands, all valiant men
Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Edward's own, [the town,
And through his enemies' tents he march'd into
Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth could bring [king,
Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a
His person to be safe. Sir Richard Crofts who thought [brought
His prisoner to disclose, before the king then
That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud York demands, [hands
Why thus he had presum'd by help of trait'rous
His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd
His ensigns: the stout prince as not a jot dismay'd
With confidence replies, To claim his ancient right, [might,
Him from his grandsires left; by tyranny and
By him his foe usurp'd: with whose so bold reply,
Whilst Edward throughly vext, doth seem to thrust him by; [that stood,
His second brother George, and Richard near
With many a cruel stab let out his princely blood;
In whom the line direct of Lancaster doth cease,
And Somerset himself surprised in the press;
With many a worthy man, to Glo'ster prisoners led, [fled
There forfeited their lives: queen Margaret being
To a religious cell, (to Tewksbury too near)
Discover'd to the king, with sad and heavy cheer,
A prisoner was convey'd to London, woful queen,
The last of all her hopes, that buried now had seen.
" But of that outrage here, by that bold bastard son [which won
Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd lord Falconbridge,
A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Essex rais'd,
Who London here besieg'd, and Southwark having seiz'd, [vail'd,
Set fire upon the bridge: but when he not pre-
The suburbs on the east he furiously assail'd:
But by the city's power was lastly put to flight:
Which being no set field, nor yet well order'd fight, [be.
Amongst our battles here, may no way reckon'd
" Then, Bosworth, here the Muse now lastly bids for thee,
Thy battle to describe, the last of that long war,
Entitled by the name of York and Lancaster;
'Twixt Henry Tudor earl of Richmond only left
Of the Lancastrian line, who by the Yorkists reft
Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,
In Britany had liv'd; but late at Milford road,
Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two thousand strong, [came along,
Made out his way through Wales, where as he
First Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next doth meet [feet
Him, with their several powers, as offering at his
To lay their lands, and lives; sir Rice ap Thomas then, [expert men,
With his brave band of Welsh, most choice and
Comes lastly to his aid; at Shrewsbury arriv'd,
(His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)
He on for England makes, and near to Newport town,
The next ensuing night setting his army down,
Sir Gilbert Talbot still for Lancaster that stood,
(To Henry near ally'd in friendship as in blood)
From th' earl of Shrewsbury his nephew (under age) [page,
Came with two thousand men, in warlike equi-
Which much his power increas'd; when easily setting on, [ston,
From Litchfield as the way leads forth to Ather-
Brave Bourcher and his friend stout Hungerford, whose hopes [troops,
On Henry long had lain, stealing from Richard's
(Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do appear, [to cheer
Which with a high resolve, most strangely seem'd
His oft-appalled heart, but yet the man which most
Gave sail to Henry's self, and fresh life to his host,
The stout lord Stanley was, who for he had affy'd
The mother of the earl, to him so near ally'd:
The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to have compell'd) [held,
The young lord Strange his son, in hostage strongly
Which forc'd him to fall off, till he fit place could find,
His son-in-law to meet; yet he with him combin'd
Sir William Stanley, known to be a valiant knight,
T' assure him of his aid. Thus growing tow'rds his height,

A most selected band of Cheshire bowmen came
By sir John Savage led, besides two men of name:
Sir Brian Sanford, and sir Simon Digby, who
Leaving the tyrant king, themselves expressly show
Fast friends to Henry's part, which still his power
increas'd; [strongly press'd,
Both armies well prepar'd, towards Bosworth
And on a spacious moor, lying southward from the
town, [down,
Indifferent to them both, they set their armies
Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for the fight;
Where to the guilty king, that black fore-running
night, [son,
Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and his
Of his own brother George, and his two nephews
done
Most cruelly to death; and of his wife and friend,
Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd as they
would rend [sleep.
Him piece-meal; at which oft he roareth in his
"No sooner 'gan the dawn out of the east to
peep, [arms,
But drums and trumpets chide the soldiers to their
And all the neighbouring fields are cover'd with
the swarms [to see,
Of those that came to fight, as those that came
(Contending for a crown) whose that great day
should be. [and bestows
"First, Richmond rang'd his fights, on Oxford
The leading, with a band of strong and sinewy bows
Out of the army pick'd; the front of all the field,
Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wisely took to wield,
The right wing, with his strengths, most northern
men that were; [shire,
And sir John Savage, with the power of Lanca-
And Cheshire (chief of men) was for the left wing
plac'd:
The middle battle he in his fair person grac'd;
With him the noble earl of Pembroke, who com-
mands [stands,
Their countrymen the Welch, (of whom it mainly
For their great numbers found to be of greatest
force) [horse.
Which but his guard of gleaves, consisted all of
"Into two several fights the king contriv'd his
strength,
And his first battle cast into a wondrous length,
In fashion of a wedge, in point of which he set
His archery, thereof and to the guidance let
Of John the noble duke of Norfolk, and his son
Brave Surrey: he himself the second bringing on,
Which was a perfect square; and on the other
side, [wide,
His horsemen had for wings, which by extending
The adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal power.
The utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,
He to lord Stanley sends, to bring away his aid;
And threats him by an oath, if longer he delay'd
His eldest son young Strange immediately
should die, [reply:
To whom stout Stanley thus doth carelessly
'Tell thou the king I'll come, when I fit time shall
see,
'I love the boy, but yet I have more sons than he.'
"The angry armies meet, when the thin air
was rent, [sent,
With such re-echoing shouts, from either soldiers
That flying o'er the field the birds down trembling
dropp'd, [propp'd,
As some old building long that hath been under-
When as the timber fails, by the unwieldy fall,
Even into powder beats, the roof, and rotten wall,
And with confused clouds of smouldering dust doth
choke [smoke,
The streets and places near; so through the misty
By shot and ordnance made, a thund'ring noise
was heard. [ferr'd,
When Stanley that this while his succours had de-
Both to the cruel king, and to the earl his son,
When once he doth perceive the battle was begun,
Brings on his valiant troops three thousand fully
strong, [long,
Which like a cloud far off, that tempest threaten'd
Falls on the tyrant's host, which him with terrour
struck,
As also when he sees, he doth but vainly look
For succours from the great Northumberland, this
while, [mile,
That from the battle scarce three quarters of a
Stood with his power of horse, nor once was seen
to stir: [fer)
When Richard (that th' event no longer would de-
The two main battles mix'd, and that with wearied
breath, [death,
Some labour'd to their life, some labour'd to their
(There for the better fought) even with a spirit elate,
As one that inly scorn'd the very worst that fate
Could possibly impose, his lance set in his rest,
Into the thick'st of death, through threat'ning
peril press'd, [drew,
To where he had perceiv'd the earl in person
Whose standard-bearer he, sir William Brandon,
slew,
The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent;
When at a second shock, down sir John Cheney
went, [plac'd,
Which scarce a lance's length before the earl was
Until by Richmond's guard, environed at last,
With many a cruel wound, was through the body
gride.
Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk dy'd;
The stout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that had
long [among
Of Richard's counsels been, found in the field
A thousand soldiers that on both sides here were
slain, [in vain,
O Redmore, it then seem'd, thy name was not
When with a thousand's blood the earth was co-
lour'd red. [head,
Whereas th' imperial crown was set on Henry's
Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there did win;
The cruel tyrant stripp'd to the bare naked skin,
Behind a herald truss'd, was back to Le'ster sent,
From whence the day before he to the battle went.
"The battle then at Stoke, so fortunately
struck,
(Upon king Henry's part, with so successful luck,
As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave
Unto his temples close, when Mars began to leave
His fury, and at last to sit him down was brought)
I come at last to sing, 'twixt that seventh Henry
fought; [ford came,
With whom, to this brave field the duke of Bed-
With Oxford his great friend, whose praise did him
inflame [been
To all achievements great, that fortunate had
In every doubtful fight, since Henry's coming in,
With th 'earl of Shrewsbury, a man of great com-
mand, [firmly stand.
And his brave son lord George, for him that

"And on the other side, John duke of Suffolk's son, [begun,
(John earl of Lincoln call'd) who this stem war
Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who
By Simonds a worse priest instructed what to do,
Upon him took the name of th' earl of Warwick, heir [(for fear
To George the murther'd duke of Clarence, who
Lest some that favour'd York, might under-hand maintain)
King Henry in the Tower, did a time detain.
Which practise set on foot[7], this earl of Lincoln sail'd [vail'd,
To Burgundy, where he with Margaret pre-
Wife to that warlike Charles, and his most loved aunt, [plant
Who vexed that a proud Lancastrian should sup-
The lawful line of York, whence she her blood deriv'd; [triv'd,
Wherefore for Lincoln's sake she speedily con-
And Lovel[8], that brave lord, before him sent to land
Upon the same pretence, to furnish them a band
Of Almains, and to them for their stout captain gave [to have
The valiant Martin Swart, the man thought scarce
His match for martial feats, and sent them with a fleet [meet,
For Ireland, where she had appointed them to
With Simonds that lewd clerk, and Lambert, whom they there [where
The earl of Warwick call'd, and publish'd every
His title to the crown, in Dublin, and proclaim
Him England's lawful king, by the fifth Edward's name: [aid
Then joining with the lord Fitzgerald[9], to their
Who many Irish brought, they up their anchors weigh'd,
And at the rocky pile of Fowdray[10] put to shore
In Lancashire; their power increasing more and more, [supply,
By soldiers sent them in from Broughton[11], for
A knight that long had been of their confederacy;
Who making thence, direct their marches to the south. [mouth,
"When Henry saw himself so far in danger's
From Coventry he came, still gathering up his host, [coast,
Made greater on his way, and doth the country
Which way he understood his enemies must pass:
When after some few days (as it their fortune was)
At Stoke, a village near to Newark upon Trent,
Each in the other's sight pitch'd down their warlike tent.
Into one battle soon, the Almains had dispos'd
Their army in a place upon two parts enclos'd
With dells, and fenced dykes (as they were expert men).
And from the open fields king Henry's host again,
In three fair several fights came equally divided;
The first of which, and fitt'st, was given to be guided
By Shrewsbury, which most of soldiers choice consisted:
The others plac'd as wings, which ever as they listed, [found
Came up as need requir'd, or fell back as they
Just cause for their retire; when soon the troubled ground,
On her black bosom felt the thunder, which awoke
Her genius, with the shock that violently shook
Her entrails, this sad day when there ye might have seen [have been
Two thousand Almains stand, of which each might
A leader for his skill, which when the charge was hot,
That they could hardly see the very Sun for shot,
Yet they that motion kept that perfect soldiers should; [well behold,
That most courageous Swart there might they
With most unusual skill that desperate fight maintain, [strain,
And valiant De-la-Pole, most like his princely
Did all that courage could, or nobless might befit;
And Lovell that brave lord, behind him not a whit,
For martial deeds that day: stout Broughton that had stood [his blood
With York (even) from the first, there lastly gave
To that well-foughten field; the poor trowz'd Irish there, [corslets were,
Whose mantles stood for mail, whose skins for
And for their weapons had but Irish skains and darts, [hearts,
Like men that scorned death, with most resolved
Give not an inch of ground, but all in pieces hewn,
Where first they fought, they fell; with them was overthrown [fought,
The leader Gerald's hope, amidst his men that
And took such part as they, whom he had thither brought [fled,
This of that field he told, There was not one that
But where he first was plac'd, there found alive or dead.
If in a foughten field a man his life should lose,
To die as these men did, who would not gladly choose, [ous song,
Which full four thousand were." But in this tedi-
The too laborious Muse hath tarried all too long.
As for the black-smith's rout, who did together rise,
Encamping on Black-heath, t' annul the subsidies
By parliament then given, or that of Cornwal[12] call'd, [thrall'd
Enclosures to cast down, which over-much in-
The subject; or proud Ket's, who with the same pretence [pense
In Norfolk rais'd such stirs, as but with great ex-
Of blood was not appeas'd; or that begun in Lent
By Wyat[13] and his friends, the marriage to prevent,
That Mary did intend with Philip king of Spain:
Since these but riots were, nor fit the other's stain,
She here her battles ends: and as she did before,
So travelling along upon her silent shore,
Waybridge a neighbouring nymph, the only remnant left
Of all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft
Of all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did abound, [ground,
And former times had seen the goodliest forest

[7] The dutchess of Burgundy was sister to Edward the Fourth, and so was this earl's mother.
[8] The lord Francis Lovel.
[9] The lord Thomas Geraldine.
[10] On the coast of Lancashire.
[11] Sir Thomas Broughton.
[12] Michael Joseph with the Cornish rebels.
[13] Sir Thomas Wyat.

This island ever had: but she so left alone,
The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
The deep entranced flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake:
"O flood in happy plight, which to this time
remain'st, [strain'st;
As still along in state to Neptune's court thou
Revive thee with the thought of those forepassed
hours, [lightful bowers
When the rough wood-gods kept, in their de-
On thy embroider'd banks, when now this country
fill'd [till'd,
With villages, and by the labouring ploughman
Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar
grew. [new,
O let me yet the thought of those past times re-
When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous
wild,
Whence every living thing save only they exil'd,
In this their world of waste, the sovereign empire
sway'd. [have decay'd
O who would e'er have thought, that time could
Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so massy
weight, [height
To press the solid earth, and with their wond'rous
To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to
shoot, [root,
As they in measuring were of acres, and their
With long and mighty spurns to grapple with the
land, [stand:
As nature would have said, that they shall ever
So that this place where now this Huntingdon is
set,
Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,
From that first took the name." By this the Muse
arrives
At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,
Unto the German sea she hasteth her along,
And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth
song, [must now,
In which she quite hath spent her vigour, and
As workmen often use, a while sit down and blow;
And after this short pause, tho' less'ning of her
height,
Come in another key, yet not without delight.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-THIRD SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

From furious fights invention comes,
Deaf'ned with noise of rattling drums,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shows Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds.
Then to mount Helidon doth go,
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
The surface which of England sings,
And Nen down to the Washes brings;
Then whereas Welland makes her way,
Shows Rockingham her rich array:
A course at Kelmarsh then she takes,
Where she Northamptonshire forsakes.

On tow'rds the mid-lands now, th' industrious
Muse doth make, [take
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth
As fruitful every way, as those by nature, which
The husbandman by art, with compost doth en-
rich, [about,
This boasting of herself; that walk her verge
And view her well within, her breadth and length
throughout: [best,
The worst foot of her earth is equal with their
With most abundant store, that highliest think
them blest. [doth win
When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied Muse
To talk with her a while; at her first coming in,
The forest thus that greets: "With more success-
ful fate, [ruinous state
Thrive then thy fellow-nymphs, whose sad and
We every day behold, if any thing there be,
That from this general fall, thee happily may free,
'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce
More underwood and brake, than oak for greater
use: [bereft,
But when this ravenous age, of those hath us
Time wanting this our store shall seize what thee
is left.
For what base avarice now enticeth men to do,
Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to;
Which each divining spirit most clearly doth fore-
see." [to be,
Whilst at this speech perplex'd, the forest seem'd
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-nymph's
side, [doth slide)
(As tow'rds her sovereign Ouse, she softly down
Tea, her delightsome stream by Towcester doth
lead; [mead,
And sporting her sweet self in many a dainty
She hath not sallied far, but Sacy soon again
Salutes her; one much grac'd among the sylvan
train: [oft
One whom the queen of shades, the bright Diana
Hath courted for her looks, with kisses smooth and
soft,
On her fair bosom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,
And call'd her, her dear heart, most lov'd, and
only chaste:
Yet Sacy after Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,
Till in the banks of Ouse the brook herself be-
stow.
Where in those fertile fields, the Muse doth hap
to meet [street,
Upon that side which sits the west of Watling-
With Helidon a hill[1], which though it be but
small, [mountains call;
Compar'd with their proud kind, which we our
Yet hath three famous floods, that out of him do
flow,
That to three several seas, by their assistants go;
Of which the noblest Nen, to fair Northampton
hies,
By Oundle sallying on, then Peterborough plies,
Old Medhamsted[2]: where her the sea-maids en-
tertain,
To lead her thro' the fen into the German main.
The second, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting
Thames,
Is by his king convey'd into the Celtic streams[3].
Then Leame as least, the last, to midland Avon
hastes,
Which stood again itself, into proud Severn casts:

[1] A hill not far from Daventry.
[2] The ancient name of Peterborough.
[3] The French sea.

As on th' Iberian sea[4], herself great Severn spend
So Leame the dower she hath, to that wide ocean lends.
But Helidon wax'd proud, the happy sire to be
To so renowned floods, as these fore-named three,
Besides the hill of note, near England's midst that stands,
Whence from his face, his back, or on his either hands,
The land extends in breadth, or lays itself in length.
Wherefore this hill, to show his state and natural strength,
The surface of this part, determineth to show,
Which we now England name, and through her height,
tracts to go.
But being plain and poor, professeth not that
As falcon-like to soar, till less'ning to the sight.
But as the sundry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,
As full expressions fit, or verses smooth and soft,
Upon their several scites, as naturally to strain,
And wisheth that these floods, his tunes to entertain,
The air with halcyon calms, may wholly have possest, rest.
As though the rough winds tir'd, were eas'ly laid to
Then on the worth'est tract up tow'rds the midday's Sun,
His undertaken task, thus Helidon begun:
"From where the kingly Thames his stomach large;
doth discharge,
To Devonshire, where the land her bosom doth en-
And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,
Along the Celtic sea, call'd oftentimes the Sleeve:
Altho' upon the coast the downs appear but bare,
Yet naturally within the countries woody are.
"Then Cornwal creepeth out into the western main,
As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at Spain:
Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,
Had laid herself along on Neptune's amorous breast.
"With De'nshire, from the firm, that beak of land that fills,
What landscape lies in vales, and often rising hills,
So plac'd betwixt the French and the Sabrinian seas, bays,
As on both sides adorn'd with many harb'rous
Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of tin,
From any other tract the praise doth clearly win.
"From De'nshire by those shores, which Severn oft surrounds,
The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds
With sundry sort of fruits, as well-grown grass and corn,
That Somerset may say, her batt'ning moors do scorn
Our England's richest earth for burden should them stain; again,
And on the self-same tract, up Severn's stream
The vale of Eusham lays her length so largely forth,
As though she meant to stretch herself into the north,
Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and low,
Till her rich soil itself to Warwickshire do show.
"Hence somewhat south by east let us our course incline,
And from these setting shores so merely maritime,
The isle's rich inland parts, let's take with us along,
To set him rightly out, in our well-order'd song;
Whose prospects to the Muse their sundry scites shall show, flow,
Where she, from place to place, as free as air shall
Their superficies so exactly to descry,
Thro' Wiltshire, pointing how the plain of Salisbury
Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad a train tain
So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to con-
Her vastness, north from her, himself proud Cots-
would vaunts, daunts
And casts so stern a look about him, that he
The lowly vales, remote that sit with humbler eyes.
"In Berkshire, and from thence into the orient her,
lies
That most renowned vale of White-horse, and by
So Buckingham again doth Aylesbury prefer,
With any English earth, along upon whose pale,
That mounting country then, which maketh her a vale, about,
The chalky Chilterne, runs with beeches crown'd
Through Bedfordshire that bears, till his bald front he shoot,
Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow
Much fenny, and surrounds with every little flow.
"So on into the east, upon the inland ground,
From where that chrystal Colne most properly doth bound, don sits,
Rough Chilterne, from the soil, wherein rich Lon-
As being fair and flat it naturally befits
Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along
To the Essexian earth, which likewise in our song,
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
Altho' the several shires, by sundry soils, do make
It different in degrees; for Middlesex of sands
Her soil composed hath; so are th' Essexian lands,
Adjoining to the same, that sit by Isis' side,
Which London overlooks: but as she waxeth wide,
So Essex in her tides, her deep-grown marshes drowns,
And to enclosures cuts her drier upland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods did prize; rise,
Whence those fair countries lie, upon the pleasant
(Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouse roughly dashes washes)
Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy
Suffolk and Norfolk near, so named of their scites,
Adorned every way with wonderful delights,
To the beholding eye, that every where are seen,
Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and green,
Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within them
As nature in them strove to show variety. lie,
"From Ely all along upon that eastern sea,
Then Lincolnshire herself, in state at length doth lay, have
Which for her fatt'ning fens, her fish, and fowl, may
Pre-eminence, as she that seemeth to outbrave
All other southern shires, whose head the washes feels, heels.
Till wantonly she kick proud Humber with her
"Up tow'rds the navel then, of England from her flank,
Which Lincolnshire we call, so levelled and lank,
Northampton, Rutland, then, and Huntingdon, which three
Do show by their full soils, all of one piece to be,
Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ster them is lent,
From Be.ver's batt'ning vale, along the banks of Trent.
So on the other side, into the sea again,
Where Severn tow'rds the sea from Shrewsbury doth strain,

[4] The Spanish sea.

'Twixt which and Avon's banks, (where Arden[1] when of old
Her bushy curled front, she bravely did uphold,
In state and glory stood) now of three several shires,
The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth appears
That mighty forest's foot, of Wor'stershire a part,
Of Warwicksbire the like, which sometime was there,
the heart
Of Arden, that brave nymph, yet woody here and
Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel partake
bear
A turf more harsh and hard, where Stafford doth
In quality with those, as nature strove to make
Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they lie,
Which likewise, in this tract, we here together tie.
" From these recited parts to th' north, more high and bleak,
Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,
From either's several scite, in either's mighty waste,
A sterner lowring eye, that every way do cast
On their beholding hills, and countries round throughout.
about;
Whose soils, as of one shape, appearing clean
For Moreland, which with heath most naturally doth bear,
Her winter livery still in summer seems to wear;
As likewise doth the Peak, whose dreadful caverns found,
And lead mines, that in her do naturally abound,
Her superficies makes more terrible to show:
So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth flow,
The high Salopian hills lift up their rising sails:
Which country as it is the near'st ally'd to Wales,
In mountains, so it most is to the same alike.
" Now tow'rds the Irish seas a little let us strike,
Where Cheshire (as her choice) with Lancashire doth lie
Along th' unlevell'd shores; this former to the eye,
In her complexion shows black earth with gravel mix'd,
A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
A good fast-feeding grass, most strongly that doth breed:
As Lancashire no less excelling for her seed,
Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts abound;
As likewise to the sea, upon the lower ground,
With mosses, fleets, and fells, she shows most wild and rough, enough.
Whose turf, and square cut peat, is fuel good
So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,
Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold doth shove,
Light forest land is found, to where the floating fields,
Don, [won,
In making tow'rds the main, her Doncaster hath
Where Yorkshire's laid abroad, so many a mile lent,
extent,
To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit
A province, then a shire, which rather seemeth: so
It incidently most variety doth show. [and high,
Here stony sterile grounds, there wondrous fruitful
Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance
yields: [and the North, be mountainous
Th' West-riding,
But tow'rds the German sea the East more low
doth lie.

[1] See song 19th.

This isle hath not that earth of any kind elsewhere,
But on this part or that, epitomised here.
" Tow'rds those Scotch-Irish isles, upon that sea contain
again,
The rough Virgivian call'd, that tract which doth
Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Westmoreland excels, Fells,
For roughness, at whose point lies rugged Fourness
Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which do make
Her wild superfluous waste, as Nature sport did take
In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whose threat'ning out-stare
fronts do dare
Each other with their looks, as though they would
The starry eyes of Heaven, which to out-face they stand.
" From these into the east, upon the other hand,
The bishopric, and fair Northumberland, do bear
To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the north elsewhere,
Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
Upon the ocean look; which kindly doth embrace
Those countries all along, upon the rising side,
Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,
With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,
By which this tract remains renown'd above the rest: receives."
For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous road
Yet Helidon not here his lov'd description leaves,
Tho' now his darling springs desir'd him to desist;
But say all what they can, he'll do but what he list.
As he the surface thus, so likewise will he show,
The clownish blazons, to each country long ago,
Which those unletter'd times, with blind devotion lent,
Before the learned maids our fountains did frequent,
To show the Muse can shift her habit, and she now
Of Palatine that sung, can whistle to the plough;
And let the curious tax his clownry, with their skill
He recks not, but goes on, and say they what they will.
" Kent first in our account, doth to itself apply,"
Quoth he, " this blazon[2] first, 'Long tails and liberty.'
Sussex with Surrey say, 'Then let us lead home hogs.' ['hogs.'
As Hampshire long for her, hath had the term of
So Dorsetshire of long, they 'Dorsers' us'd to call.
Cornwal and Devonshire cry, 'We'll wrestle for a fall.'
Then Somerset says, 'Set the bandog on the bull.'
And Glo'stershire again is blazon'd, 'Weigh thy wool.' ['the bell.'
As Berkshire hath for hers, 'Let's to't, and toss
And Wiltshire will for her, 'Get home and pay for all.' ['and beef,
Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of 'Bread
Where if you beat a bush, 'tis odds you start a thief.'
So Hertford blazon'd is, 'The club, and clouted shoon,' ['noon.'
Thereto, 'I'll rise betime, and sleep again at
When Middlesex bids, 'Up to London let us go,
And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or two.'
As Essex hath of old been named, 'Calves and stiles,' ['Many wiles.'
Fair Suffolk, 'Maids and milk,' and Norfolk,
So Cambridge hath been call'd, 'Hold nets, and let us win;' ['thick and thin.'
And Huntingdon, 'With stilts will stalk through

[2] The blazons of the shires.

Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon, ' Love,
Below the girdle all, but little else above.'
An outcry Oxford makes, ' The scholars have been here, [good cheer.'
And little though they pay'd, yet have they had
Quoth warlike Warwickshire, ' I'll bind the sturdy bear.' [the pear.'
Quoth Wor'stershire again, ' And I will squirt
Then Staffordshire bids, ' Stay, and I will beat the fire,
And nothing will I ask, but goodwill, for my hire.'
' Bean-belly' Le'stershire her attribute doth bear,
And ' Bells and bag-pipes' next, belong to Lincolnshire. [zon wan,
Of ' Malt-horse,' Bedfordshire long since the bla-
And little Rutlandshire is termed ' Raddleman.'
To Derby is assign'd the name of ' Wool and lead,'
As Nottingham's, of old, (is common) ' Ale and bread.'
So Hereford for her says, ' Give me woof and warp,'
And Shropshire saith in her, ' That shins be ever sharp;
Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my harp,
And whilst the black bowl walks, we merrily will carp.' [men'
Old Cheshire is well known to be the ' Chief of
' Fair women' doth belong to Lancashire again.
The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,
Have for their blazon had the ' Snaffle, spur, and spear.' [things to hear,

Now Nen, extremely griev'd those barbarous
By Helidon, her sire, that thus deliver'd were:
For as his eld'st, she was to passed ages known,
Whom by Aufona's name the Romans did renown.
A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long
The Britons call'd her by, expressing in their tongue
The full and general name of waters; wherefore she [to be,
Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew
Lest things so low and poor, and now quite out of
Should happily impair her dignity and state. [date,
Wherefore from him, her sire, immediately she hastes;
And as she forth her course to Peterborough casts,
She falleth in her way with Weedon, where, 'tis said,
Saint Werburg, princely born, a most religious maid,
From those peculiar fields, by prayer, the wild-geese drove, [rove
Thence through the champain she lasciviously doth
Tow'rds fair Northampton, which, whilst Nen was Avon call'd,
Resum'd that happy name, as happily install'd
Upon her northern side [7], where taking in a rill,
Her long impoverish'd banks more plenteously to fill,
She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields;
Where whilst her waters she with wondrous pleasure yields, [she takes,
To Wellingborough [8] comes, whose fountains in
Which quickening her again, immediately she makes
To Oundle, which receives contractedly the sound
From Avondale, t' express that river's lowest ground:

To Peterborough thence she maketh forth her way,
Where Welland, hand in hand, goes on with her to sea; [brings,
When Rockingham, the Muse to her fair forest
Thence lying to the north, whose sundry gifts she sings. [array'd,
" O dear and dainty nymph, most gorgeously
Of all the Driades known, the most delicious maid,
With all delights adorn'd, that any way beseem
A sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem
A deity in thee, in whose delightful bowers
The fawns and fairies make the longest days but hours,
And joying in the soil, where thou assum'st thy seat, [await)
Thou to thy handmaid haste, (thy pleasures to
Fair Benefield, whose care to thee doth surely cleave,
Which bears a grass as soft, as is the dainty sleave,
And thrumm'd so thick and deep, that the proud palmed deer
Forsake the closer woods, and make their quiet lair
In beds of platted fog, so eas'ly there they sit.
A forest and a chase in every thing so fit
This island hardly hath, so near ally'd that be,
Brave nymph, such praise belongs to Benefield and thee."

Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring, [spring,
The Muse by making on tow'rds Welland's ominous
With Kelmarsh [9] there is caught, for coursing of the hare, [compare:
Which scorns that any place should with her plains
Which in the proper terms the Muse doth thus report: [the sport,

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to
The finder [10] sendeth out, to seek out nimble Wat,
Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,
Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found,
Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest, ground, [in case
The greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then
And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace;
The finder puts her up, and gives her courers law.
And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw,
She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew, [hounds view,
Forc'd by some yelping cute [11] to give the grey-
Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,
As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow,
When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes, [coats [12],
Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other.
They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turn will take, [make;
What's offer'd by the first, the other good doth
And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility:
A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do win,
Then, as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth spin, [her.
That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach
This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch her

[7] Northampton, for Northavonton, the town upon the north of Avon.
[8] So called of his many wells or fountains.
[9] A place in the north part of Northamptonshire, excellent for coursing with greyhounds.
[10] The hare-finder.
[11] A cur.
[12] When one greyhound outstrips the other in the course.

To him that comes behind, which seems the hare to bear;
But with a nimble turn she casts them both arrear:
Till oft, for want of breath, to fall to ground they make her, [to take her.
The greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath
Here leave I whilst the Muse more serious things attends, [ends.
And with my course at hare, my canto likewise

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fatal Welland from her springs,
This song to th' isle of Ely brings:
Our ancient English saints revives,
Then in an oblique course contrives,
The rarities that Rutland shows,
Which with this canto she doth close.

This way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us led, [head
At Nasby[1] to the north, where from a second
Runs Avon, which along to Severn shapes her course,
But, pliant Muse, proceed, with our new-handled source,
Of whom, from ages past, a prophecy there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and reverence wan) [should see
That she alone should drown all Holland, and
Her Stamford, which so much forgotten seems to be;
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd there,
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were;
Whereby she in herself a holiness suppos'd,
That in her scantled banks, though wand'ring long enclos'd,
Yet in her secret breast a catalogue had kept
Of our religious saints, which though they long had slept, [such fame
Yet through the christen'd world, for they had won
Both to the British first, then to the English name,
For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,
It much her genius griev'd, to have them now neglected,
Whose piety so much those zealous times respected.
Wherefore she with herself resolved, when that she
To Peterborough came, where much she long'd to be,
That in the wished view of Medhamsted, that town
Which he the great'st of saints doth by his name renown,
She to his glorious fane an off'ring as to bring,
Of her dear country's saints, the martyrologe would sing:
And therefore all in haste to Harborough she hy'd,
Whence Le'stershire she leaves upon the northward side, [tains,
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her sus-
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnshire she leans,
Upon her bank by north, against this greater throng,
Northamptonshire to south still lies with her along,

[1] The fountain of Welland.

And now approaching near to this appointed place,
Where she and Nen make show as though they would embrace;
But only they salute, and each holds on her way,
When holy Welland thus was wisely heard to say:
"I sing of saints, and yet my song shall not be fraught
With miracles by them, but feigned to be wrought,
That they which did their lives so palpably belie,
To times have much impeach'd their holiness thereby: [tures lay,
Though fools (I say) on them, such poor impos-
Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than they, [tage got
Which think they have by this so great advan-
Their venerable names from memory to blot,
Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art so pure, [dure;
The name of such a saint that no way canst en-
Know in respect of them to recompense that hate,
The wretched'st thing, and thou have both one death and date:
From all vain worship too, and yet am I as free
As is the most precise, I pass not who he be.
Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despite,
I cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight."
This spoke, to her fair aid her sister Nen she wins,
When she of all her saints, now with that man begins:
"The first that ever told Christ crucify'd to us,
(By Paul and Peter sent) just Aristobulus,
Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,
For that most certain truth, opposing fire and sword, [then.
By th' Britons murther'd here, so unbelieving
Next holy Joseph came, the mercifull'st of men,
The saviour of mankind in sepulchre that laid,
That to the Britons was th' apostle; in his aid
Saint Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both which were [here:
His scholars, likewise left their sacred relics
All denizens of ours, t' advance the Christian state,
At Glastenbury long that were commemorate.
When Amphibal again our martyrdom began
In that most bloody reign of Dioclesian:
This man into the truth, that blessed Alban led,
(Our proto-martyr call'd) who, strongly discipled
In Christian patience, learnt his tortures to appease:
His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,
At holy Alban's town, their festival should hold;
So of that martyr nam'd (which Ver'lam was of old). [taught,
A thousand other saints, whom Amphibal had
Flying the pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,
Were slain where Litchfield is, whose name doth rightly sound, [burying ground.
(There of those Christians slain) Dead-field, or
"Then for the Christian faith, two other here that stood, [their blood:
And teaching, bravely seal'd their doctrine with
Saint Julius, and with him St. Aaron, have their room,
At Carleon suff'ring death by Dioclesian's doom;
Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,
'Gainst those here for the faith, their utmost that engag'd,
Saint Angule put to death, one of our holiest men,
At London, of that see, the godly bishop then
In that our infant church, so resolute was he.
A second martyr too grace London's ancient see,

Though it were after long, good Voadine, who re-
prov'd
Proud Vortiger, his king, unlawfully that lov'd
Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial
bed;
For which by that stern prince unjustly murdered,
As he a martyr dy'd, is sainted with the rest.
The third saint of that see (though only he confess'd)
Was Guithelm, unto whom those times that re-
verence gave,
As he a place with them eternally shall have.
So Melior may they bring, the duke of Cornwal's
son, [done
By his false brother's hands, to death who being
In hate of Christian faith, whose zeal lest time
should taint,
As he a martyr was, they justly made a saint.
" Those godly Romans then (who as mine au-
thor saith) [tian faith,
Wan good king Lucius first t' embrace the Chris-
Fugatius, and his friend St. Damian, as they were
Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance
here: [confess'd,
As two more (near that time Christ Jesus that
And that most lively faith by their good works
express'd)
Saint Eluan, with his pheere St. Midwin, who, to
win [they had been)
The Britons, (come from Rome, where christen'd
Converted to the faith their thousands, whose dear
grave, [have.
That Glastenbury grac'd, there their memorial
" As they their sacred bones in Britain here
bestow'd,
So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad:
Marsellus, that just man, who having gathered in
The scatter'd Christian flock, instructed that had
By holy Joseph here; to congregate he wan [been
This justly named saint, this never-wearied man,
Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of earthly
fear) [vere.
By his courageous death, he much renown'd Tre-
" Then of our native saints, the first that dy'd
abroad;
Beatus next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,
In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there those
paynims slew, [ensue
When greater in their place, though not in faith,
Saint Lucius (call'd of us) the primer christen'd
king, [ring
Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glorious
To all the Saxon race, that here did him succeed,
Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,
Where he a bishop liv'd, a martyr lastly dy'd.
As Constantine the Great, that godly emperor,
Here first the Christian church that did to peace
restore,
Whose ever-blessed birth (as by the power divine)
The Roman empire brought into the British line,
Constantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons'
glory.
So other here we have to furnish up our story,
Saint Melon, well-near when the British church
began,
(Even early in the reign of Rome's Valerian)
Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan
was call'd,
To preach unto the French, where soon he was in-
stall'd
Her bishop: Britain so may of her Gudwall vaunt,
Who first the Flemings taught, whose feast is held
at Gaunt.
So others forth she brought to little Britain vow'd,
Saint Wenlock, and with him St. Sampson, both
allow'd
Apostles of that place, the first the abbot sole
Of Tawrac, and the last sat on the see of Dole:
Where dying, Maglor then thereof was bishop
made,
Sent purposely from hence that people to persuade
To keep the Christian faith: so Goluin gave we
thither, [ther.
Who sainted being there, we set them here toge-
" As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrin'd
Amongst the British dames, and worthily divin'd:
The finder of the cross queen Helena doth lead,
Who, tho' Rome set a crown on her imperial head,
Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely
here.
Emerita the next, king Lucius' sister dear,
Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;
Bright Ursula the third, who undertook to guide
Th' eleven thousand maids to little Britain sent,
By seas and bloody men devoured as they went:
Of which we find these four have been for saints
preferr'd,
(And with their leader still do live encalender'd)
Saint Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which
With wondrous sumptuous shrines those ages did
enrich [prest,
At Cullen, where their lives most clearly are ex-
And yearly feasts observ'd to them and all the rest.
" But when it came to pass the Saxon powers had
put [shut,
The Britons from these parts, and them o'er Severn
The Christian faith with her, then Cambria had
alone, [gone,
With those that it receiv'd (from this now England)
Whose Cambro-britons so their saints as duly
brought, [wrought,
T' advance the Christian faith, effectually that
Their David, (one deriv'd of the royal British blood)
Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd opinions
stood,
And turn'd Menenia's name to David's sacred see,
The patron of the Welsh deserving well to be:
With Cadock, next to whom comes Canock, both
which were [nockshire;
Prince Brechan's sons, who gave the name to Breck-
The first a martyr made, a confessor the other.
So Clintanck, Brecknock's prince, as from one self-
same mother,
A saint upon that seat, the other doth ensue,
Whom for the Christian faith a pagan soldier slew.
" So bishops can she bring, of which her saints
shall be,
As Asaph, who first gave that name unto that see;
Of Bangor, and may boast St. David, which her
wan [learn,
Much reverence, and with these Owdock and Te-
Both bishops of Landaff, and saints in their suc-
cession; [fession,
Two other following these, both in the same pro-
Saint Dubric, whose report old Carleon yet doth
carry,
And Elery, in Northwales, who built a monastery,
In which himself became the abbot, to his praise,
And spent in alms and prayer the remnant of his
days.

" But leaving these divin'd, to Decuman we come, [martyrdom.
In Northwales who was crown'd with glorious
Justinian, as that man a sainted place deserv'd,
Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body starv'd:
And for that height in zeal, whereto he did attain,
There, by his fellow monks, most cruelly was slain.
So Cambria, Beno bare; and Gildas, which doth grace [brace
Old Bangor, and by whose learn'd writings we em-
The knowledge of those times; the fruits of whose just pen, [men.
Shall live for ever fresh, with all truth-searching
" Then other, which for hers old Cambria doth aver,
Saint Senan, and with him we set St. Deiferre,
Then Tather will we take, and Chyned to the rest,
With Baruk, who so much the isle of Bardsey blest
By his most powerful prayer, to solitude that liv'd,
And of all worldly care his zealous soul depriv'd.
Of these, some liv'd not long, some wondrous aged were, [there.
But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits here and
O more than mortal men, whose faith and earnest prayers, [stairs
Not only bare ye hence, but were those mighty
By which you went to Heaven, and God so clearly saw, [draw
As this vain earthly pomp had not the power to
Your elevated souls, but once to look so low,
As those depressed paths, wherein base worldlings go. [these men?
What mind doth not admire the knowledge of
But, zealous Muse, return unto thy task again.
" These holy men at home, as here they were bestow'd,
So Cambria had such too, as famous were abroad.
Sophy, king Gulick's son, of Northwales, who had seen [had been
The sepulchre three times, and more, seven times
On pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there
The painful bishop made; by him so place we here, [sent,
St. Macklove, from Northwales to little Britain
That people to convert, who resolutely bent,
Of Athelney in time the bishop there became
Which her first title chang'd, and took his proper name.
So she her virgins had, and vow'd as were the best:
St. Keyne, prince Brechan's child, (a man so highly blest,
That thirty born to him all saints accounted were.)
St. Inthwar so apert shall with these other bear,
Who out of false suspect was by her brother slain;
Then Winifrid, whose name yet famous doth remain, [name,
Whose fountain in Northwales entitled by her
For moss, and for the stones that be about the same, [age,
Is sounded through this isle, and to this latter
Is of our Romists held their latest pilgrimage.
" But when the Saxons here so strongly did reside,
And surely seated once, as owners to abide;
When nothing in the world to their desire was wanting, [planting,
Except the Christian faith, for whose substantial
St. Augustine from Rome was to this island sent;
And coming through large France, arriving first in Kent,
Converted to the faith king Ethelbert, till then
Unchristen'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentish men,
And of their chiefest town, now Canterbury call'd,
The bishop first was made, and on that see install'd.
Four other, and with him for knowledge great in name,
That in this mighty work of our conversion came,
Lawrence, Melitus then, with Justus, and Honorius, [laborious,
In this great Christian work, all which had been
To venerable age each coming in degree,
Succeeded him again in Canterbury see,
As Peter born in France, with these and made our own, [shown.
And Pauline whose great zeal was by his preaching
The first to abbot's state, wise Austen did prefer,
And to the latter gave the see of Rochester;
All canoniz'd for saints, as worthy sure they were,
For 'stablishing the faith, which was received here.
Few countries where our Christ had e'er been preached then,
But sent into this isle some of their godly men.
From Persia led by zeal, so Ive this island sought,
And near our eastern fens a fit place finding, taught [name derives,
The faith: which place from him alone the
And of that sainted man since called is St. Ives;
Such reverence to herself that time devotion wan.
" So sun-burnt Afric sent us holy Adrian,
Who preach'd the Christian faith here nine and thirty year,
An abbot in this isle, and to this nation dear,
That in our country two provincial synods call'd,
T' reform the church that time with heresies enthrall'd.
So Denmark Henry sent t' increase our holy store,
Who falling in from thence upon our northern shore [Tyne,
In th' isle of Cochet[2] liv'd, near to the mouth of
In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,
That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,
And three times in the week himself he silenced,
That in remembrance of this most abstemious man,
Upon his blessed death the Englishmen began,
By him to name their babes, which it so frequent brings, [kings.
Which name hath honour'd been by many English
" So Burgundy to us three men most reverend bare, [share,
Amongst our other saints, that claim to have their
Of which was Felix first, who in th' East-Saxon reign,
Converted to the faith king Sigbert: him again
Ensueth Anselm, whom Augusta sent us in,
And Hugh, whose holy life to Christ did many win, [have
By Henry[3] th' empress' son holp hither, and to
Him wholly to be ours, the see of Lincoln gave.
" So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfranck lent, [sent,
For whom into this land king William conqueror
And Canterbury's see to his wise charge assign'd.
" Nor France to these for her's was any whit behind,

[2] An islet upon the coast of Scotland in the German sea.
[3] Henry II.

For Grimbald she us gave, (as Peter long before,
Who with St. Austen came to preach upon this shore)
By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,
Who by his godly life, and preaching did persuade
The Saxons to believe the true and quick'ning word:
So after long again she likewise did afford,
St. Osmond, whom the see of Salisbury doth own,
A bishop once of her's, and in our conquest known,
When hither to that end their Norman William came,
Remigius then, whose mind, that work of ours of fame,
Rich Lincoln minster shews, where he a bishop sat,
Which (it should seem) he built for men to wonder at.
So potent were the powers of churchmen in those days.
" Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who cross'd the seas,
With Stephen earl of Blois his brother, after king,
In Winchester's rich see, who him establishing,
He in those troublous times in preaching took such pain,
As he by them was not canonized in vain.
" As other countries here their holy men bestow'd;
So Britain likewise sent her saints to them abroad,
And into neighbouring France our most religious went,
St. Clare, that native was of Rochester in Kent,
At Volcasyne came vow'd the French instructing there,
So early ere the truth amongst them did appear,
That more than half a god they thought that reverend man.
Our Judock, so in France such fame our nation wan,
For holiness, where long an abbot's life he led
At Pontoise, and so much was honour'd, that being dead,
And after threescore years (their latest period dated)
His body taken up, was solemnly translated.
As Ceofrid, that sometime of Waremouth abbot was,
In his return from Rome, as he through France did pass
At Langres left his life, whose holiness even yet,
Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.
St. Alkwin so for ours, we English boast again,
The tutor that became to mighty Charlemaigne,
That holy man, whose heart was so with goodness fill'd
As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build
That academy now at Paris, whose foundation
Thro' all the Christian world hath so renown'd that nation,
As well declares his wealth, that had the power to do it,
As his most lively zeal, persuading him unto it.
As Simon call'd the saint of Bourdeaux, which so wrought,
By preaching there the truth, that happily he brought
The people of those parts from paganism, wherein
Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzzled been.
So in the Norman rule, two most religious were,
Amongst ours that in France dispersed here and there,
Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who born our own,
In our first Henry's rule sat on the see of Rohan,
Where reverenc'd he was long. St. Edmund so again,
Who banished from hence in our third Henry's reign,
There led an hermit's life near Pontoise, (where before
St. Judock did the like) whose honour to restore,
Religious Lewis there interr'd with wondrous cost,
Of whose rich funeral France deservedly may boast.
Then Main we add to these, an abbot here of ours,
To little Britain sent, employing all his powers
To bring them to the faith, which he so well effected,
That since he as a saint hath ever been respected.
" As these of ours in France, so had we those did show
In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,
Their faith: in Friezeland first St. Boniface our best,
Who of the see of Mentz, while there he sat possest,
At Dockum had his death, by faithless Frisians slain,
Whose anniversaries there did after long remain.
So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wisdom went
Unto the self same place, as with the same intent;
With Eglemond, a man as great with God as he;
As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,
Both by Radbodius slain, who rul'd in Frisia then:
So in the sacred roll of our religious men,
In Frise that preach'd the faith we of St. Lullus read,
Who in the see of Mentz did Boniface succeed;
And Willihad that of Bren, that sacred seat supply'd,
So holy that him there, they lately deify'd;
With Marchelme, and with him our Plechelme, holy men,
That to the Frises now, and to the Saxons then,
In Germany abroad the glorious gospel spread,
Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,
Were at old-Seell enshrin'd, their obiits yearly kept:
Such as on them have had as many praises heap'd,
That in their lives the truth as constantly confess'd,
As th' other that their faith by martydom express'd.
" In Frise, as these of ours, their names did famous leave,
Again so had we those as much renown'd in Cleve;
St. Swibert, and with him St. Willick, which from hence,
To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's defence
Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went together,
So one and self same place allotted was to either:
For both of them at Wert in Cleveland seated were,
St. Swibert bishop was, St. Willick abbot there.
" So Guelderland again shall our most holy bring,
As Edilbert the son of Edilbald the king
Of our South-Saxon rule, incessantly that taught
The Guelders, whose blest days unto their period brought,
Unto his reverend corpse, old Harlem harbour gave;
So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,
Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that country tells.
What nation names a saint for virtue that excels
St. German, who for Christ his bishopric forsook,
And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,
From place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal,
Of our dear Saviour's death, and last of all to seal

His doctrine with his blood. In Belgia so abroad,
St. Wynock in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,
Whose relics Wormshaultt (yet) in Flanders hath
reserv'd. [ven) that starv'd:
" Of these, th' rebellions flesh (to win them Hea-
St. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been
A soldier, and the French and German wars had
seen,
A hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,
To whom good Arnulph, that most godly emperor
gave
Some ground not far from Liege, his hermitage to
set, [wet,
Whose floor when with his tears he many a day had
He for the Christian faith upon the same was
slain:
So did th' Erwaldi there most worthily attain
Their martyrs glorious types, to Ireland first ap-
prov'd,
But after (in their zeal) as need requir'd remov'd,
They to Westphalia went, and as they brothers
were, [there,
So they, the Christian faith together preaching
Th' old pagan Saxons slew, out of their hatred
deep [doth keep.
To the true faith, whose shrines brave Cullen still
" So Adler one of ours, by England set apart
For Germany, and sent that people to convert,
Of Erford bishop made, there also had his end.
St. Liphard likewise to our martyrologe shall
lend, [see
Who having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to
The relics of the saints, supposed there to be,
Returning by the way of Germany, at last,
Preaching the Christian faith, as he through Cam-
bray pass'd, [hath:
The pagan people slew, whose relics Huncourt
These others so we had, which trod the self same
path
In Germany, which she most reverently embrac'd.
St. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's see was
plac'd;
St Willibald of Eist the bishop so became,
And Burchard English born, the man most great
of name, [rear'd
Of Wirtzburg bishop was, at Hohemburg that
The monast'ry, whercin he richly was interr'd.
" So Maestricht unto her St. Willibord did call,
And seated him upon her see episcopal,
As two St. Lebwins there amongst the rest are
brought; [taught:
Th' one o'er Isell's banks the ancient Saxons
At Over-Isell rests, the other did apply
The Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.
St. Wynibald again, at Hidlemayne enjoy'd
The abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
In their conversion there, which long time him
withstood.
St. Gregory then, with us sprung of the royal
blood,
And son to him whom we the elder Edward style,
Both court and country left, which he esteemed
vile, [led
Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayniard
A strict monastic life, a saint alive and dead.
" So had we some of ours for Italy were prest,
As well as these before, sent out into the east.
King Inas having done so great and wondrous
things, [kings,
As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry

Erecting beauteous fanes, and monuments so
fair,
As monarchs have not since been able to repair,
Of many that he built, the least, in time when
they [decay:
Have (by weak men's neglect) been fall'n into
This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty profess'd,
In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he de-
ceas'd. [Kent,
As Richard the dear son to Lothar king of
When he his happy days religiously had spent;
And feeling the approach of his declining age,
Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,
Into thy country come, at Lucca left his life,
Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are
rife.
The patron of that place, so Tuscany in thee,
At fair Mount-flascon still the memory shall be
Of holy Thomas there most reverently interr'd,
Who sometime to the see of Hereford preferr'd;
Thence travelling to Rome, in his return bereft
His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.
" Yet Italy gave not these honours all to them
That visited her Rome, but from Jerusalem,
Some coming back thro' thee, and yielding up
their spirits,
On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserved
merits.
O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,
Tho' to our country's praise, yet to thy greater
glory,
Even to this day the shrines religiously dost keep,
Of many a blessed saint which in thy lap doth
sleep:
As Eleutherius, come from visiting the tomb,
Thou gav'st to him at Arke in thy Apulia room
To set his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,
Canonized her saint; so hast thou glorify'd
St. Gerard, one of ours, (above the former
grac'd)
In such a sumptuous shrine at Galinaro plac'd;
At Sancto Padre so, St. Fulke hath ever fame,
Which from that reverend man 't should seem
deriv'd the name,
His relics there reserv'd; so holy Ardwin's shrine
Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,
For miracles, that there by his strong faith were
wrought. [sought,
'Mongst these selected men, the sepulchre that
And in thy realm arriv'd, their blessed souls re-
sign'd,
Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,
Until this present time, her patronizing saint.
" So countries more remote, with ours we did
acquaint,
As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,
And for the wondrous things that thro' his prayers
were done,
From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was install'd,
For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to
this land:
St. William with this man, a parallel may stand,
Thro' all the Christian world accounted so divine,
That travelling from hence to holy Palestine,
Desirous that most blest Jerusalem to see,
(In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to be)
Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,
To th' sepulchre of Christ, which there was dedi-
cated;

To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little space,
And in less time ordain'd archbishop of that place;
That God-inspired man, with heavenly goodness fill'd,
A saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.
" Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, those times
Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,
They wander'd thro' the world, their countries that forsook.
So Sigfrid sent from hence devoutly undertook
Those pagans wild and rude, of Gothia, to convert,
Who having labour'd long, with danger oft ingirt,
Was in his reverend age for his deserved fee,
By Olaus king of Goths, set on Vexovia's see.
To Norway, and to those great north-east countries far,
So Gotebald gave himself holding a Christian war
With paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites that knew.
As Suethia to herself these men most reverend drew,
St. Ulfrid of our saints as famous there as any,
Nor scarcely find we one converting there so many.
And Henry in those days of Oxsto bishop made,
The first that Swethen king, which ever did persuade, [sword,
On Finland to make war, to force them by the
When nothing else could serve to hear the powerful word; [nation;
With Eskill thither sent, to teach that barbarous
Who on the passion day, there preaching on the passion, [pain,
T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking
By cruel paynims' hands was in the pulpit slain,
Upon that blessed day Christ died for sinful man,
Upon that day for Christ his martyr's crown he wan. [parts,
So David drawn from hence into those farther
By preaching, who to pierce those paynims' harden'd hearts,
Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesus, with a cry
Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
Into those colder climes to people beastly rude,
So others that were ours couragcously pursu'd
The planting of the truth, in zeal three most profound,
The relish of whose names by likeliness of sound,
Both in their lives and deaths, a likeliness might show,
As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,
With Wynamen their friend, which martyr'd gladly were [patience there.
In Gothland, whilst they taught with Christian
" Nor those from us that went, nor those that hither came
From the remotest parts, were greater yet in name,
Than those residing here on many a goodly see,
(Great bishops in account, now greater saints that be)
Some such selected ones for piety and zeal, [veal,
As to the wretched world more clearly could re-
How much there might of God in mortal man be
In charitable works, or such as did abound, [found
Which by their good success in after times were blest, [rest.
Were then related saints, as worthier than the
" Of Canterbury here with those I will begin,
That first archbishop's see, on which there long had been
So many men devout, as rais'd that church so high,
Much reverence, and have won their holy hierarchy: [flame
Of which he first that did with goodness so in-
The hearts of the devout (that from his proper name) [to save
As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men
The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.
The bishops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we take, [make;
Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did
Succeeding in that see directly even as they,
Here by the Muse are plac'd, who spent both night and day
By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing good,
In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening them that stood.
" Then Odo the severe, who highly did adorn
That see, (yet being of unchristen'd parents born,
Whose country Denmark was, but in East-England dwelt)
He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt
The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptiz'd long; [strong:
But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing
And as the Christian faith this holy man had taught,
He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.
So Dunstan as the rest arose through many sees,
To this arch-type at last ascending by degrees,
There by his power confirm'd, and strongly credit won, [done.
To many wondrous things which he before had
To whom when (as they say) the Devil once appear'd,
This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most great.
As Egelnoth again much grac'd that sacred seat,
Who for his godly deeds surnamed was the Good, [blood:
Not boasting of his birth, tho' come of royal
For that, nor at the first, a monk's mean cowl despis'd, [suffic'd,
With winning men to God, who never was
These men before express'd; so Eadsine next ensues,
To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse;
In Harold's time who liv'd, when William conqueror came,
For holiness of life, attain'd unto that fame,
That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never knew, [slew.
Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his
This man with those before, most worthily related
Arch-saints, as in their sees archbishops consecrated. [much fery,
St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did so
As to his christen'd name they added Canterbury;
There to whose sumptuous shrine the near succeeding ages, [ages,
So mighty off'rings sent, and made such pilgrim-
Concerning whom, the world since then hath spent much breath,
And many questions made both of his life and death:
If he were truly just, he hath his right; if no,
Those times were much to blame, that have him reckon'd so.

" Then these from York ensue, whose lives have as much grac'd
That see, as these before in Canterbury plac'd:
St. Wilfrid of her saints, we then the first will bring, [king,
Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the stern Northumbrian
Expuls'd his sacred seat, most patiently it bare,
The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
Then Boso next to him as meek and humble hearted,
As th' other full of grace, to whom great God imparted
His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.
And next him followeth John, who likewise bare the name
Of Beverley, where he most happily was born,
Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,
Whose vigils had by those devouter times' bequests
The ceremonies due to great and solemn feasts.
So Oswald of that seat, and Cedwall sainted were,
Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbishops, living there
The former to that see, from Worcester transferr'd,
Deceased, was again at Worcester interr'd:
The other in that see a sepulchre they chose,
And did for his great zeal amongst the saints dispose, [train,
As William by descent come of the conqueror's
Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time ordain
Archbishop of that see, among our saints doth fall,
Deriv'd from those two seats, styl'd archiepiscopal.
" Next these arch-sees of ours, now London place doth take, [did make.
Which had those, of whom time saints worthily
As Ceda, (brother to that reverend bishop Chad,
At Litchfield in those times, his famous seat that had)
Is sainted for that see amongst our reverend men,
From London tho' at length remov'd to Lestingen,
A monast'ry, which then he richly had begun.
Him Erkenwald ensues, th' East-English Offa's son,
His father's kingly court who for a crosier fled,
Whose works such fame him won for holiness, that dead, [see)
Time him enshrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of that
Which with revenues large, and privileges he
Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so affected,
That he those abbies great, from his own power erected [long.
At Chertsey near to Thames, and Barking famous
So Roger hath a room in these our sainted throng,
Who by his words and works so taught the way to Heaven,
As that great name to him sure was not vainly given. [store
" With Winchester again proceed we, which shall
Us with as many saints, as any see (or more)
Of whom we yet have sung: as Headda there we have,
Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,
As teaching that the way to make men to live well,
Example us assur'd, did preaching far excel
Our Swithun then ensues, of him why ours I say,
Is that upon his feast, his dedicated day,
As it in harvest haps, so ploughmen note thereby,
Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,
As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we
Believe those former times, he well might sainted be.
" So Frithstan for a saint incalendar'd we find,
With Brithstan not a whit the holiest man behind,
Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect
Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect
To sit upon his see, who likewise dying there,
To Ethelbald again succeeding did appear,
The honour to a saint, as challenging his due.
These formerly express'd, then Elpheg doth ensue;
Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath been told,
That in a time of death his church's plate he sold,
Th' relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth (quoth he)
May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.
With these before express'd, so Britwald forth she brought,
By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that wrought, [hearted,
That such against the faith, that were most stony-
By his religious life, have lastly been converted.
This man, when as our kings so much decayed were, [here,
As 'twas suppos'd their line would be extinguish'd
Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all doing Heaven
The sceptre of this land in after-times had given;
Which in prophetic sort by him deliver'd was,
And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.
" So other southern sees, here ehiter less or more, [store.
Have likewise had their saints, tho' not alike in
Of Rochester we have St. Ithama, being then
In those first times, first of our native Englishmen
Residing on that seat; so as an aid to her,
But singly sainted thus, we have of Chichester,
St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do stand
Enroll'd amongst the rest of this our mitred band,
Of whom such wondrous things, for truths deliver'd are [far.
As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too
" And Cimbart, of a saint had the deserved right,
His yearly obiits long, done in the isle of Wight,
A bishop, as some say, but certain of what see
It scarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.
" Whilst Sherburne was a see, and in her glory shone,
And Bodmin likewise had a bishop of her own,
Whose diocese that time contained Cornwal; these
Had as the rest their saints, derived from their sees: [the last
The first, her Adelm had, and Hamond, and
Had Patrock, for a saint that with the other pass'd;
That were it fit for us but to examine now
Those former times, these men for saints that did allow, [well
And from our reading urge, that others might as
Related be for saints, as worthy every deal;
This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world thereby,
And show it to be void of partiality,
That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd here, [year.
But such whose lives by death had trial many a
" That see at Norwich now establish'd (long not stirr'd)
At Elthan planted first, to Norwich then transfer'd
Into our beedrôll here, her Humbert in doth bring,
(A counsellor that was to that most martyr'd king
St. Edmund) who in their rude massacre then slain,
The title of a saint his martyrdom doth gain.

" So Hereford hath had on her cathedral seat,
Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great,
Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town which
did subdue,
(O most unhallow'd deed) unmercifully slew,
" So Wor'ster, (as those sees here sung by us be-
fore) [shore:
Hath likewise with her saints renown'd our native
Saint Egwin as her eld'st, with Woolstan as the
other, [mother,
Of whom she may be proud to say she was the
The church's champions both, for her that stoutly
stood. [less good.
" Litchfield hath these no whit less famous, nor
The first of whom is that most reverend bishop
In those religious times for holiness that had [Chad,
The name above the best that lived in those days,
That stories have been stuft with his abundant
praise;
Who on the see of York being formerly install'd,
Yet when back to that place St. Wilfrid was re-
call'd,
The seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,
And to the quiet closs of Litchfield him confin'd.
So Sexulf after him, then Owen did supply,
Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for sanctity.
" As Lincoln to the St. our Robert Grosted
lent,
A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,
Than whom no bishop yet walk'd in more upright
ways [sperous days,
Who durst reprove proud Rome in her most pro-
Whose life, of that next age the justice well did
show, [know,
Which we may boldly say, for this we clearly
Had Innocent the Fourth the church's suffrage led,
This man could not at Rome have been canonized.
" Her sainted bishop John, so Ely adds to these,
Yet never any one of all our several sees [blest,
Northumberland, like thine, have to these times been
Which sent into this isle so many men profest,
Whilst Hagustald had then a mother-church's
style,
And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy-isle,
Was then a see before that Durham was so great,
And long ere Carlisle came to be a bishop's seat.
Aidan, and Finan both, most happily were found,
Northumberland, in thee, even whilst thou didst
abound [king,
With paganism, which them thy Oswin, that good
His people to convert, did in from Scotland bring:
As Etta likewise her's, from Malrorse that arose,
Being abbot of that place, whom the Northumbers
chose
The bishopric of Ferne, and Hagustald to hold.
And Cuthbert, of whose life such miracles are told,
As story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
Of th' old Scotch-Irish kings descended from the
strain, [must swerve,
To whom since they belong, I from them here
And till I thither come, their holiness reserve,
Proceeding with the rest that on those sees have
shone,
As Edbert after these, born naturally our own.
The next which in that see St. Cuthbert did suc-
ceed, [homely reed,
His church then built of wood, and thatch'd with
He builded up of stone, and covered fair with lead,
Who in St. Cuthbert's grave they buried, being
dead,
As his sad people he at his departing will'd.
So Higbald after him a saint is likewise held,
Who when his proper see, as all the northern shore,
Were by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd the
more,
But making shift to get out of the cruel flame,
His clergy carrying forth, preach'd wheresoe'er he
came.
" And Alwyn, who the church at Durham now
begun, [run
Which place before that time was strangely over-
With shrubs, and men for corn that plot had lately
ear'd,
Where he that goodly fane to after ages rear'd,
And thither his late seat from Lindisferne [4] trans-
lated, [crated.
Which his cathedral church by him was conse-
" So Acca we account 'mongst those which have
been call'd [stald,
The saints of this our see, which sat at Hagen-
Of which he bishop was, in that good age respected,
In calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,
Which since would seem to show the bishops as
they came: [do name,
Then Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoolph
At Durham by some men supposed to reside
More rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,
The first which rul'd that see, which Beauclerk [5]
did prefer,
Much gracing him, who was his only confessor.
Nor were they bishops thus related saints alone;
Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many a
one,
Religious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,
Canonized as well as thy great mitred men:
Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these,
Whose abbeys touch'd the walls of thy two an-
cient seas.
" Thy Roysil, (in his time the tutelage that had
Of Cuthbert, that great saint, whose hopes then
but a lad,
Express'd in riper years how greatly he might merit)
The man who had from God a prophesying spirit,
Foretelling many things; and growing to be old,
His very hour of death was by an angel told.
At Malroys this good man his sainting well did earn,
Saint Oswald his again at holy Lindisferne,
With Ive, a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere
Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert likewise
there
His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith)
So great opinion had of Cuthbert and his faith,
That at one time and place, he with that holy man
Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he wan.
" Our venerable Bede so forth that country
brought,
And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages sought
The truth to understand, impartially which he
Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we
Things left so far behind before us still may read,
'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is St. Bede.
" A sort of hermits then, by thee to light are
brought, [ing nought.
Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world respect-
Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern, (now Holy-isle)
Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English
mile,

[4] An isle near to Scotland, lying into the German ocean, since that called Holy-island.
[5] Henry I.

Sat in his reverent cell, as, Godrick, thou canst show,
His head and beard as white as swan or driven snow,
At Finchall threescore years, a hermit's life to lead;
Their solitary way in thee did Alrick tread,
Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,
Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage.
Of Wilgusse, so in thee, Northumberland, we tell,
Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
(Whose blood thou boast'st to be of thy most royal strain)
That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemaign.
In verse his legend writ, who of our holy men,
He him the subject chose for his most learned pen.
So Oswyn, one of thy dear country, thou canst show,
To whom, as for the rest for him, we likewise owe
Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that gave, [did save,
Whose reliques that great house of Lesting long
To cinders till it sunk: so Benedict by thee,
We have amongst the rest, for saints that reckon'd be, [there,
Of Wyremouth worshipp'd long, her patron buried
In that most goodly church, which he himself did rear. [lent'st,
Saint Thomas so to us, Northumberland, thou
Whom up into the south, thou from his country sent'st;
For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
Who since that of his name so many saints there are, [derstand,
This man from others more, that times might un-
They to his christen'd name added Northumberland.

"Nor in one country thus our saints confined were, [there:
But through t'his famous isle dispersed here and
As Yorkshire sent us in St. Robert to our store,
At Knaresborough most known, whereas he long before
His blessed time bestow'd; then one as just as he,
(If credit to those times attributed may be)
Saint Richard with the rest deserving well a room,
Which in that country once, at Hampool, had a tomb.
Religious Alred so, from Rydal we receive,
The abbot, who to all posterity did leave
The fruits of his stay'd faith, delivered by his pen.
Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men,
One Eusac then we had, but where his life he led,
That doubt I, but am sure he was canonized,
And was an abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.

"Then Woolsey will we bring, of Westminster so nam'd, [great;
And by that title known, in power and goodness
And meriting as well his sainting, as his seat.
So have we found three Johns, of sundry places here, [were.
Of which (three reverend men) two famous abbots
The first Saint Alban's show'd, the second Lewes had,
Another godly John, we to these former add,
To make them up a trine, (the name of saints that won)
Who was a Yorkshire man, and prior of Burlington.

"So Biren can we boast, a man most highly blest
With the title of a saint, whose ashes long did rest
At Dorchester, where he was honour'd many a day;
But of the place he held, books diversly dare say,
As they of Gilbert do, who founded those divines,
Monastics all that were, of him nam'd Gilbertines:
To which his order here, he thirteen houses built,
When that most thankful time, to show he had not spilt
His wealth on it in vain, a saint hath made him here,
At Sempringham enshrin'd, a town of Lincolnshire.

"Of sainted hermits then, a company we have,
To whom devouter times this veneration gave:
As Gwir in Cornwal kept his solitary cage,
And Neoth, by Hunstock there, his holy hermitage,
As Guthlake, from his youth, who liv'd a soldier long,
Detesting the rude spoils, done by the armed throng,
The mad tumultuous world contemptibly forsook,
And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,
Free from all public crowds, in that low fenny ground.
As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:
Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,
Blest in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.
An hermit Arnulph so in Bedfordshire became,
A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,
Time after built a town, where this good man did live,
And did to it the name of Arnulphsbury give.
These men, this wicked world respected not a hair,
But true professors were of poverty and prayer.

"Amongst these men which times have honour'd with the style
Of confessors, (made saints) so every little while,
Our martyrs have come in, who sealed with their blood [that it withstood;
That faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainst them
As Almoth, who had liv'd a herdsman, left his seat,
Tho' in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his neat,
And leaving that his charge, he left the world withal,
An anchorite and became, within a cloister'd wall,
Enclosing up himself, in prayer to spend his breath,
But was too soon (alas!) by pagans put to death.
Then Woolstan, one of these, by his own kinsman slain
At Eusham, for that he did zealously maintain
The verity of Christ. As Thomas, whom we call
Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr there withal;
For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did withstand, [on land,
From ransacking the church, when here they put
By them was done to death, which rather he did choose, [abuse.
Than see their heathen hands those holy things

"Two boys of tender age, those elder saints ensue,
Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,
Whom th' unbelieving Jews (rebellious that abide)
In mockery of our Christ at Easter crucify'd.
Those times would every one should their due honour have,
His freedom or his life, for Jesus Christ that gave.

"So Wiltshire with the rest her hermit Ulfrick hath
Related for a saint, so famous in the faith,
That sundry ages since, his cell have sought to find,
At Hasselburg, who had his obiits him assign'd.

"So had we many kings most holy here at home,
As men of meaner rank, which have attain'd that room:
Northumberland, thy seat with saints did us supply
Of thy religious kings; of which high hierarchy

Was Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands enthrall'd, [call'd,
Whom Penda which to him the Welsh Cadwallyn
Without all mercy slew: but he alone not dy'd
By that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet beside,
Just Oswald likewise slew, at Oswaldstree, who gave
That name unto that place, as though time meant to save
His memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,
As one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.
So likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian kings,
With those that martyrs were, so forth that country brings
Th' anointed Oswin next, in Deira to ensue,
Whom Osway, that brute king of wild Bernitia slew: [remain'd
Two kingdoms, which whilst then Northumberland
In greatness, were within her larger bounds contain'd;
This kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.
As Alkmond one of her's for sanctity renown'd,
King Alfred's christen'd son, a most religious prince,
Whom, when the heathenish here by no means could convince,
(Their paganism apace declining to the wane)
At Derby put to death, whom in a goodly fane,
Call'd by his glorious name, his corpse the Christians laid. [weigh'd)
What fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but rightly
You pious princes then, in godliness so great;
Why should not full-mouth'd Fame your praises oft repeat?
So Ethelwolph, her king, Northumbria notes again,
In martyrdom the next, tho' not the next in reign,
Whom his false subjects slew, for that he did deface
The heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to embrace [spread.
The lively quick'ning faith, which then began to
So for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred:
There other holy kings were likewise, who confess'd,
Which those most zealous times have sainted with the rest: [hold,
King Alfred, that his Christ he might more surely
Left his Northumbrian crown, and soon became encowl'd,
At Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been king.
So Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,
To Oswolph, his next heir, his kingdom that resign'd,
And presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,
Contemning courtly state, which earthly fools adore:
So Ceonulph again as this had done before,
In that religious house, a cloister'd man became,
Which many a blessed saint hath honour'd with the name.
" Nor those Northumbrian kings the only martyrs were, [bear,
That in this sevenfold rule the sceptres once did
But that the Mercian reign, which pagan princes long
Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,
To the true Christian faith much reverence which did add
Our martyrologe to help: so happily she had
Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire
They had t' embrace the faith, by their most cruel sire
Were without pity slain, long ere to manhood grown, [Stone[6].
Whose tender bodies had their burying rites at
So Kenelm, that the king of Mercia should have been,
Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,
Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing old, [hold.
That he the Christian faith undoubtedly would
So long it was ere truth could paganism expel.
" Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times long did tell
Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled
His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
An hermit's life in Wales, where long he did remain
In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain
By cruel Osway's hands, the most inveterate foe
The Christian faith here found: so Ethelred shall go [confess'd,
With these our martyr'd saints, though only he
Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly bless'd
Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,
And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour went.
" Nor our West-saxon reign was any whit behind
Those of the other rules, (their best) whose zeal we find [safeliest kept;
Amongst those sainted kings, whose fames are
As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times have heap'd,
That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim turn'd,
Repenting in his heart against the truth t' have spurn'd,
To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
And in the Christian faith there humbly was baptiz'd. [seat,
So Ethelwoolph, who sat on Cedwal's ancient
For charitable deeds, who almost was as great
As any English king, at Winchester enshrin'd,
A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.
Two other kings as much our martyrologe may sted, [red,
Saint Edward, and with him comes in St. Ethel
By Alfreda, the first, his stepmother, was slain,
That her most loved son, young Ethelbert, might reign:
The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,
For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly bane; [inter,
Both which, with wondrous cost, the English did
At Wynburn this first saint, the last at Winchester,
Where that West-saxon prince, good Alfred, buried was
Among our sainted kings, that well deserves to pass.
" Nor were these western kings of the old Saxon strain [tain
More studious in those times, or stoutlier did main-
The truth, than these of ours, the Angles of the east, [invest
Their near'st and dear'st allies which strongly did
The island[7] with their name, of whose most holy kings,
Which justly have deserv'd their high canonizings,
Are Sigfrid, whose dear death him worthily had crown'd,
And Edmund, in his end, so wondrously renown'd,

[6] A town in Staffordshire.

[7] A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to England, of Angles'-land.

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For Christ's sake suffering death, by that blood-drowning Dane,
To whom those times first built that city[8] and that fane,
Whose ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory show,
When she will have the world of her past greatness know.
As Ethelbert again, allur'd with the report
Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian court,
From the East-angles went, whilst mighty Offa reign'd;
Wherefore he christen'd was, and christian-like abstain'd
To idolatrise with them; fierce Quenred, Offa's queen,
Most treacherously him slew, out of th' inveterate spleen
She bare unto the faith; whom we a saint adore.
So Edwald, brother to St. Edmund, sung before,
A confessor we call, whom past times did inter
At Dorcester by Thame, (now in our calendar).
"Amongst those kingdoms here, so Kent account shall yield
Of three of her best blood, who, in this Christian field,
Were mighty, of the which, king Ethelbert shall stand
The first; who having brought St. Augustine to land,
Himself first christen'd was, by whose example thén
The faith grew after strong amongst his Kentishmen.
As Ethelbrit again, and Ethelred his pheere,
To Edbald, king of Kent, who natural nephews were,
For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them places high,
Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at Wye.
To these two brothers, so two others come again,
And as of great descent in the South-sexian strain:
Arwaldi of one name, whom, ere king Cedwal knew
The true and lively faith, he tyrannously slew:
Who still amongst the saints have their deserved right,
Whose vigils were observ'd (long) in the isle of Wight.
Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
As of th' East Saxon line, king Sebba so became
A most religious monk, at London, where he led
A strict retired life, a saint alive and dead.
Related for the like, so Edgar we admit,
That king, who over eight did solely monarch sit,
And with our holiest saints for his endowments great,
Bestow'd upon the church. With him we like-wise seat
That sumptuous shrined king, good Edward, from the rest
Of that renowned name, by confessor express'd.
"To these our sainted kings, remember'd in our song,
Those maids and widow'd queens, do worthily belong,
Encloister'd that became, and had the self-same style,
For fasting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our isle,
As those that forth to France and Germany we gave,
For holy charges there; but here first let us have
Our maid-made saints at home, as Hilderlie; with her
We Theorid think most fit, for whom those times aver,
A virgin, strictlier vow'd, hath hardly lived here.
Saint Wulfhild then we bring, all which of Barking were,

[8] Saint Edmundsbury.

And reckon'd for the best, which most that house did grace,
The last of which was long the abbess of that place.
So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that had been
A persecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,
At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother late
A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state:
Of which good Audry was king Ina's daughter bright,
Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light,
As many a virgin-breast she fired with her zeal,
The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still reveal
The glory of those times, by liberties she gave,
By which those eastern shires their privileges[9] have.
Of holy Audrie's too, a sister here we have,
Saint Withburg, who herself to contemplation gave,
At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours she kept,
Whose death with many a tear in Norfolk was bewept.
"And in that isle again, which beareth Ely's name,
At Ramsey, Merwin so a veiled maid became
Amongst our virgin-saints, where Elfled is enroll'd,
The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold,
A great East-Anglian earl, of Ramsey abbess long,
So of our maiden-saints, the female sex among.
With Milburg, Mildred comes, and Milwid, daughters dear
To Mervald, who did then the Mercian sceptre bear.
At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a most religious maid)
Of which great abbey she the first foundation laid:
And Thanet as her saint (even to this age) doth hery
Her Mildred. Milwid was the like at Canterbury.
"Nor in this utmost isle of Thanet may we pass
Saint Eadburg abbess there, who the dear daughter was
To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's first-christen'd king,
Who in this place most fitt'st we with the former bring,
Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,
As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.
"King Edgar's sister so, St. Edith, place may have
With these our maiden-saints, who to her Powis-worth gave
Immunities most large, and goodly livings lay'd.
Which Modwen, long before, an holy Irish maid,
Had founded in that place, with most devout intent.
As Eanswine, Edwald's child, one of the kings of Kent,
At Folkstone found a place (given by her father there)
In which she gave herself to abstinence and prayer.
"Of the West-Saxon rule, born to three several kings,
Four holy virgins more the Muse in order brings:
Saint Ethelgive, the child to Alfred, which we find
Those more devouter times at Shaftsbury enshrin'd.
Then Tetta in we take, at Winburne on our way,
Which Cuthred's sister was, who in those times did sway
On the West-Saxon seat, two other sacred maids,
As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their beads.
Saint Cuthburg, and with her St. Quinburg, which we here
Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,

[9] St. Audrie's liberties.

And abbesses again of Wilton, which we gather,
Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their father,
Religious Ina, red with those that rul'd the west,
Whose mother's sacred womb with other saints was blest,
As after shall be show'd: another virgin vow'd,
And likewise for a saint amongst the rest allow'd;
To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburg, who for she
(As five related saints of that blest name that be)
Of Wilton abbess was, they her of Wilton styl'd:
Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
Or sanctimonious known? But, Muse, on in our song, [that sprung
With other princely maids, but first with those
From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy Tweed,
And Kinlsdred, with these their sisters, Kinisweed,
And Eadburg, last, not least, at Godmanchester all
Encloister'd; and to these St. Tibba let us call,
In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,
In Godmanchester made a constant anchorite.
Amongst which of that house, for saints that reckon'd be, [she.
Yet never any one more grac'd the same than
Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfled then,
Neice to that mighty king, our English Athelstan,
At Glastenbury shrin'd; and one as great as she,
Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd to see [known)
The Conqueror enter here, St. Christian, (to us
Whose life by her clear name divinely was foreshown.
" For holiness of life, that as renowned were,
And not less nobly born, nor bred, produce we here;
Saint Hilda, and St. Hien, the first of noble name,
At Strensbalt, took her vow; the other sister came
To Colchester, and grac'd the rich Essexian shore:
Whose relicts many a day the world did there adore.
And of our sainted maids, the number to supply,
Of Eadburg we allow sometime at Ailesbury,
To Redwald then a king of the East-Angles born,
A vot'ress as sincere as she thereto was sworn.
Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our native isle, [style
As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did en-
The holiest English maid, whose vigils long were held
In Lincolnshire; yet not St. Frideswid excell'd,
The abbess of an house in Oxford, of her kind
The wonder; nor that place could hope the like to find.
Two sisters so we have, both to devotion 'plete,
And worthily made saints; the elder Margarite,
Of Katesby abbess was, and Alice, as we read,
Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed
At Abington, which first receiv'd their living breath.
Then those Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as full of faith,
That country sent us in, t' increase our virgin-band,
Fair Elfled, Oswald's child, king of Northumberland,
At Strensbalt that was veil'd. As 'mongst those many there, [wear,
O Ebba, whose clear fame, time never shall out-
At Coldingham, far hence within that country plac'd;
The abbess, who to keep the veiled virgins chaste,
Which else thou fear'st the Danes would ravish, which possess'd
This isle; first of thyself and then of all the rest,
The nose and upper lip from your fair faces carv'd,
And from pollution so your hallow'd house preserv'd. [deluded,
Which when the Danes perceiv'd, their hopes so far
Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom concluded.
As Leofron, whose faith with others rightly weigh'd,
Shall show her not out-match'd by any English maid:
Who likewise when the Dane with persecution storm'd,
She here a martyr's part most gloriously perform'd.
Two holy maids again at Whitby were renown'd,
Both abbesses thereof, and confessors are crown'd;
St. Ethelfrid, with her St. Congill, as a pair
Of abbesses therein, the one of which by prayer
The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which annoy'd, [destroy'd,
By which their grass and grain was many times
Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air can get
From the forbidden place, till they be fully set.
" As these within this isle in cloisters were enclos'd:
So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;
As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our own, [known:
Were abbesses of Bridge, whose zeal to France was
And Ercongate again we likewise thither sent,
(Which Ercombert begot, some time a king of Kent)
A prioress of that place; Burgundofara bare
At Eureux the chaste rule; all which renowned are
In France, which as this isle of them may freely boast. [native coast.
" So Germany some grac'd, from this their
St. Walburg here extract from th' royal English line,
Was in that country made abbess of Heydentine.
St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they chose:
From Wynborne with the rest (in Dorsetshire) arose
Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.
From thence, two not the least these sacred maids among,
At Biscopsen, by time encloister'd and became.
St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name
For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin won,
Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest man.
Nor had our virgins here for sanctity the prize,
But widow'd queens as well, that being godly wise,
Forsaking second beds, the world with them forsook,
To strict retired lives, and gladly them betook
To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.
As when the fates of life king Ethelwold depriv'd;
That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Heriswid his wife,
Betaking her to lead a strict monastic life,
Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy veil,
And lived many a day encloister'd there at Cale.
Then Keneburg in this our sainted front shall stand,
To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumberland,
Daughter to Penda, king of Mercia, who though he
Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age to see

Four virgins, and this queen, his children, consecrated
Of Godmanchester all, and after saints related.
" As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth us store,
Of the Northumbrian line so have we many more;
Saint Eantled, widow'd left, by Osway reigning there,
At Strensbalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the pheere
To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which possess'd
Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest
At Lymming far in Kent, which country gave her breath.
So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,
Which had the self-same rule, of Wilton abbess was,
Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall likewise pass,
Which in the self-same house, saint Edeth did succeed, [weed,
Saint Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd
King Alfred's worthy wife, of Westsex; so again
Did Wivhid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his reign)
Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,
Who as a saint herself, so likewise was she mother
To two most holy maids, as we before have show'd,
At Wilton (which we say) their happy time bestow'd,
Tho' she of Barking was, a holy nun profess'd,
Who in her husband's time had reigned in the west:
Th' East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,
As Sexburg, sometime queen to Ercombert of Kent,
Tho' Ina's loved child, and Audrey's sister known,
Which Ely in those days did for her abbess own.
Nor to St. Osith we less honour ought to give,
King Sethred's widow'd queen, who (when death did deprive
Th' Essexian king of life) became enroll'd at Chich,
Whose shrine to her there built, the world did long enrich. [came,
Two holy Mercian queens so widow'd, saints be-
For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
King Wulphere's widowed pheere, queen Ermineld, whose life
At Ely is renown'd, and Ermenburg, the wife
To Merualdreigning there, a saint may safely pass,
Who to three virgin-saints the virtuous mother was,
The remnant of her days, religiously that bare,
Immonaster'd in Kent, where first she breath'd the air.
King Edgar's mother so, is for a saint preferr'd,
Queen Algyve, who (they say) at Shipston was interr'd.
So Edward Outlaw's wife, saint Agatha, we bring,
By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;
Who when she saw the wrong to Edgar, her dear son, [done,
By cruel Harold first, then by the Conqueror
Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to recover,
A vestal habit took, and gave the false world over.
Saint Maud here not the least, though she be set the last,
And scarcely over-match'd by any that is past,
Our Beauclerk's queen, and born to Malcolm, king of Scots,
Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots
Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster fled, [bed,
And chastely gave herself to her lov'd husband's
Whom likewise for a saint those reverend ages chose, [close."
With whom we at this time our catalogue will
Now Rutland all this time, who held her highly wrong'd [long'd,
That she should for the saints thus strangely be pro-
As that the Muse such time upon their praise should spend,
Sent in her ambling Wash, fair Welland to attend
At Stamford, which her stream doth eas'ly overtake, [to make;
Of whom her mistress flood seems wondrous much
For that she was alone the darling and delight
Of Rutland, ravish'd so with her beloved sight,
As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be:
Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitfull'st shire should see,
The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,
The ever-labouring Muse her beauties thus express'd. [art,
" Love not thyself the less, altho' the least thou
What thou in greatness want'st, wise nature doth impart
In goodness of thy soil; and more delicious mould,
Surveying all this isle, the Sun did ne'er behold.
Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so rare, [compare:
But Catmus with that vale, for richness shall
What forest nymph is found, how brave soe'er she be,
But Lyfield shows herself as brave a nymph as she?
What river ever rose from bank, or swelling hill,
Than Rutland's wand'ring Wash; a delicater rill?
Small shire that can produce to thy proportion good, [flood.
One vale of special name, one forest, and one
O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in grass and corn,
That Bever ne'er be said thy sisterhood to scorn,
And let thy Ocham boast, to have no little grace,
That her the pleased fates, did in thy bosom place,
And Lyfield, as thou art a forest, live so free,
That every forest nymph may praise the sports in thee. [clear,
And down to Welland's course, O Wash, run ever
To honour, and to be much honoured by this shire." [so long,
And here my canto ends, which kept the Muse
That it may rather seem a volume than a song.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tow'rds Lincolnshire our progress laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fishing in the fen;
Then come we next to Kestiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindsey light the last of all,
Her scite and pleasures to attend,
And with the isle of Axholme end.

Now in upon thy earth, rich Lincolnshire, I strain,
At Deeping, from whose street, the plenteous ditches drain,

Hemp bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do fall
Together in their course, themselves as emptying all
Into one general sewer, which seemeth to divide
Low Holland from the high, which on their eastern side [lands,
Th' inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolcean
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet drifted stands, [stay,
Do shoulder out those seas, and Lindsey bids her
Because to that fair part, a challenge she doth lay.
From fast and firmer earth, whereon the Muse of late
Trod with a steady foot, now with a slower gait,
Through quicksands, beach, and ooze, the Washes she must wade,
Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade
The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallowing waves, [saves,
From whose impetuous force, that who himself not
By swift and sudden flight, is swallow'd by the deep, [sweep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges
The sands which lay all naked, to the wide Heaven before,
And turneth all to-sea, which was but lately shore,
From this our southern part of Holland, call'd the Low, [show
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (tho' almost buried)
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more christian,
She, by the Muse's aid, shall happily reveal [zeal
Her sundry sorts of fowl, from whose abundance she
Above all other tracts, may boast herself to be
The mistress, and (indeed) to sit without compare,
And for no worthless soil should in her glory share,
From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,
With her just proper praise, thus Holland doth proceed:

"Ye Achersian fens, to mine resign your glory,
Both that which lies within the goodly territory
Of Naples, as that fen Thesposia's earth upon,
Whence that infernal flood, the smutted Acheron
Shoves forth her sullen head, as thou most fatal fen,
Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thrasimen,
In history altho' thou highly seem'st to boast,
That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman host.
I scorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria shows,
Proud Mareotis, should my mightiness oppose,
Or Scythia, on whose face the Sun doth hardly shine, [mine
Should her Meotis think to match with this of
That cover'd all with snow continually doth stand.
I stinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan sand.
Marica[1] that wise nymph, to whom great Neptune gave [to save,
The charge of all his shores, from drowning them
Abideth with me still upon my service press'd,
And leaves the looser nymphs to wait upon the rest: [peat[2],
In summer giving earth from which I square my
And faster feedings by, for deer, for horse, and neat.
My various fleets for fowl, O who is he can tell,
The species that in me for multitudes excel!

The duck and mallard first, the falconer's only sport,
(Of river-flights the chief, so that all other sort,
They only green-fowl term) in every mere abound,
That you would think they sat upon the very ground, [quite,
Their numbers being so great, the waters covering
That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with their flight; [secure,
Yet still the dangerous dykes, from shot do them
Where they from flash to flash, like the full epicure
Waft, as they lov'd to change their diet every meal;
And near to them you see the lesser dibbling teal
In bunches[3], with the first that fly from mere to mere,
As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.
The gossander with them, my goodly fens do show
His head as ebon black, the rest as white as snow,
With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye, the smeath, [beneath;
And in odd scatter'd pits, the flags and reeds
The coot, bald, else clean black, that whiteness it doth bear
Upon the forehead star'd, the water-hen doth wear
Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.
The water-woosell next, all over black as jet,
With various colours, black, green, blue, red, russet, white,
Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,
As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes they be. [see,
The diving dobchick, here amongst the rest you
Now up, now down again, that hard it is to prove,
Whether under water most it liveth, or above:
With which last little fowl, (that water may not lack; [the brack[4])
More than the dobchick doth, and more doth love
The puffin we compare, which coming to the dish,
Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.

"But wherefore should I stand upon such toys as these, [please.
That have so goodly fowls, the wand'ring eye to
Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or milk,
(In water black as Styx) swims the wild swan, the ilke,
Of Hollanders so term'd, no niggard of his breath,
(As poets say of swans, who only sing in death)
But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,
Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arched throat, [brim,
And tow'rds this wat'ry kind, about the flashes
Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to swim.
There stalks the stately crane, as tho' he march'd in war, [car)
By him that hath the hern, which (by the fishy
Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush and reed, [feed:
Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often
And under them again, (that water never take,
But by some ditches' side, or little shallow lake
Lie dabbling night and day) the palate-pleasing smite. [delight
The bidcock, and like them the redshank, that
Together still to be, in some small reedy bed,
In which these little fowls in summer's time were bred.

[1] A nymph supposed to have the charge of the shore.
[2] Fuel cut out of the marsh.
[3] The word in falconry for a company of teal.
[4] Salt-water.

The buzzing bitter sits, which through his hollow bill,
A sudden bellowing sends, which many times doth fill [bull did roar;
The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a
But scarcely have I yet recited half my store:
And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geese come I then, [fen,
Which look as though alone they peopled all the
Which here in winter time, when all is overflow'd,
And want of solid sward enforceth them abroad,
Th' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do yield,
That almost through the isle, do pester every field.
The barnacles with them, which wheresoe'er they breed,
On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for feed
Continually they come, and chief abode do make,
And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake:
Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine own,
Whose like, I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly known.
For sure, unless in me, no one yet ever saw
The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they draw:
From which to many a one, much profit doth accrue. [suc;
"Now such as flying feed, next these I must pur-
The sea-meaw, sea-pye, gull, and curlew, here do keep,
As searching every shoal, and watching every deep,
To find their floating fry, with their sharp-piercing sight, [height.
Which suddenly they take, by stooping from their
The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring kind)
Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth find
The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his wings at full,
As though he shot himself into the thicken'd skull,
He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,
Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth choose
The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying feeds.
The osprey oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy)
Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous maw.
"The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net:
The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.
One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth stalk;
Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk:
There other with their spades, the peats are squaring out,
And others from their cars, are busily about,
To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and stover
That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit, [fit,
Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes be stor'd,
Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford:
And for that part of me, which men high Holland call, [fall,
Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's
I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field
Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
For that of all the seas environing this isle,
Our Irish, Spanish, French, howe'er we them enstyle,
The German is the great'st, and it is only I,
That do upon the same with most advantage lie.
What fish can any shore, or British sea-town, show,
That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow
Abundantly thereon? the herring, king of sea,
The faster-feeding cod, the mackrel brought by May, [blood;
The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their
The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest food;
The whiting known to all, a general wholesome dish;
The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty fish;
The haddock, turbot, bert, fish nourishing and strong;
The thornback, and the scate, provocative among:
The weaver, which although his prickles venom be,
By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see:
Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad;
The sea-flounder is here as common as the shad;
The sturgeon cut to keggs, (too big to handle whole)
Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty jowl.
Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly chat,
Think not that all betwixt the wherpool, and the sprat,
I go about the name, that were to take in hand,
The stomy to tell, or to cast up the sand; [are,
But on the English coast, those most that usual
Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us for fare;
Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am in,
I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale and fin: [doth ask,
"The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking that
The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Venus' task,
Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
And that, the same effect which worketh in the blood, [limb'd:
The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster
The oyster hot as they, the mussel often trimm'd
With orient pearl within, a thereby Nature show'd,
That she some secret good had on that shell bestow'd:
The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and limp,
The periwincle, prawn, the cockle, and the shrimp,
For wanton women's tastes or for weak stomachs bought." [thought,
When Kestiven this while that certainly had
Her tongue would ne'er have stopt, quoth she, "O how I hate, [prate,
Thus of her foggy fens, to hear rude Holland
That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a coil, [soil,
As her unwholesome air, and more unwholesome
For these of which she boasts, the more might suffer'd be; [to me,
When those her feather'd flocks she sends not out
Wherein clear Witham they, and many a little brook,
(In which the Sun itself may well be proud to look)
Have made their flesh more sweet by my refined food, [mud,
From that so rammish taste of her most fulsome
When the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen brings, [things.
The cook doth cast them out, as most unsavoury
Besides, what is she else, but a foul woosy marsh,
And that she calls her grass, so blady is, and harsh,

As cuts the cattle's mouths, constrain'd thereon to feed, [reed,
So that my poorest trash, which mine call rush and
For litter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,
Doth like the penny grass, or the pure clover show,
Compared with her best: and for her sundry fish,
Of which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.
Did not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with store,
Those in the ditches bred, within her muddy moor,
Are of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow
Will rather starve, thereon her stomach than bestow. [Lincoln strains,
" From Stamford as along my tract toward
What shire is there can show more valuable veins
Of soil than is in me? or where can there be found
So fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near so sound? [breath?
Where doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter
What country can produce a delicater heath,
Than that which her fair name from Ancaster[5] doth hold? [shall still be told,
Through all the neighbouring shires, whose praise
Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth adorn,
That Bever needs not much her company to scorn,
Though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit high,
Yet doth she not alone, allure the wond'ring eye
With prospect from each part, but that her pleasant ground [and hound:
Gives all that may content, the well-breath'd horse
And from the Britons yet, to show what then I was,
One of the Roman ways near through my midst did pass: [mould
Besides to my much praise, there hath been in my
Their painted pavements found, and arms of perfect gold. [did dwell,
They near the Saxons' reign, that in this tract
All other of this isle, for that they would excel
For churches every where, so rich and goodly rear'd
In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
T' attempt so mighty works; yet one above the rest, [best,
In which it may be thought, they strove to do their
Of pleasant Grantham is, that piramis so high,
Rear'd (as it might be thought) to over-top the sky,
The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to gaze." [laid,
When Wytham that this while a list'ning ear had
To hearken (for herself) what Kestiven had said,
Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was the earth [birth,
From whom she only had her sweet and season'd
From Wytham[6] which that name derived from her springs,
Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv'let sings:
" Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe'er you run, [day Sun:
Or tow'rds the pleasant rise, or tow'rds the mid-
By which (as some suppose by use that have them try'd)
Your waters in their course are neatly purify'd.
Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,
When Neptune shall command the Naiades t' appear.

In river what is found, in me that is not rare:
Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without compare.
" From Wytham, mine own town, first water'd with my source,
As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,
Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,
Whose swains in shepherds' gray, and girls in Lincoln[7] green? [pipes ply,
Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the bag-
Dance many a merry round; and many a hydegy.
I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,
Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.
" No land-floods can me force to over-proud a height; [streight:
Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too
My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet too broad, [strow'd;
My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are
My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers are dress'd, [breast."
The higher rising heaths hold distance with my
Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she bare;
" Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare."
By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite, [delight
Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful
Enamour'd of the state, and beauty of the place,
That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
Leaving her former course, in which she first set forth,
Which seemed to have been directly to the north:
She runs her silver front into the muddy fen,
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey, when [down,
Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindsey coming
Delicious Wytham leads to holy Botulph's[8] town,
Where proudly she puts in amongst the great resort,
That their appearance make in Neptune's wat'ry court."
Now Lindsey all this while, that duly did attend,
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
Of their so tedious talk, when lastly she replies:
" Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states defies. [south,
Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my
As likewise to the north, great Humber's swelling mouth
Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely lie:
O who can me the best, before them both deny?
Nor Britain in her bounds, scarce such a tract can show,
Whose shore like to the back of a well-bended bow,
The ocean beareth out, and every where so thick,
The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,
That it is very hard for any to define,
Whether upland most I be, or most am maritine.
What is there that complete can any country make,
That in large measure I, (fair Lindsey) not partake, [pleasant hills,
As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and
All water'd, here and there, with pretty creeping rills, [cam
Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind what
Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,
As Kestiven doth boast, her Wytham so have I,
My Ancum; (only mine) whose fame as far doth fly,

[5] Ancaster heath.
[6] A town so called.
[7] Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of England.
[8] Botulph's town, contractedly Boston.

For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her pike[9],
Which makes the proverb up, the world hath not the like.
From Razin her clear springs, where first she doth arrive,
As in an even course, to Humber forth doth drive,
Fair Barton she salutes, which from her scite outbraves
Rough Humber, when he strives to show his sternest waves.
"Now for my bounds[10] to speak, few tracts (I think) there be,
(And search through all this isle) to parallel with me:
Great Humber holds me north, (as I have said before)
From whom (even) all along, upon the eastern shore,
The German ocean lies; and on my southern side,
Clear Wytham in her course, me fairly doth divide
From Holland; and from thence the Fosdyke is my bound,
Which our first Henry cut from Lincoln, where he found,
Commodities by Trent, from Humber to convey:
So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,
Toward me on the west, though farther I extend,
And in my larger bounds do largely comprehend
Full Axholme, (which those near, the fertile do enstyle)
Which Idle, Don, and Trent, embracing make an isle.
"But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I boast,
When that which Holland seems to vaunt her on the most,
By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth breed,
She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,
That physic oft forbids the patient them for food,
But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits and blood:
For near this batt'ning isle in me is to be seen,
More than on any earth, the plover gray, and green,
The corn-land loving quail, the daintiest of our bits,
The rail, which seldom comes, but upon rich men's spits:
The puet, godwit, stint, the palate that allure,
The miser, and do make a wasteful epicure:
The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,
Of that great king of Danes, his name that still doth hold,
His appetite to please, that far and near was sought,
For him (as some have said) from Denmark hither brought
The dotterel, which we think a very dainty dish,
Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more can wish;
For as you creep, or cowr, or lie, or stoop, or go,
So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth do,
And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,
Till he be in the snare, which men for him have set.
The big-bon'd bustard then, whose body bears that size,
That he against the wind must run, e'er he can rise:
The shoulder, which so shakes the air with sailing wings,
That ever as he flies, you still would think he sings.
These fowls, with other soils, although they frequent be,
Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me."

Thus whilst she seems t' extol in her peculiar praise,
The Muse which seem'd too slack, in these too low-pitch'd lays
For nobler height prepares, her oblique course, and casts
A new book to begin, an end of this she hastes.

[9] Wytham eel, and Ancum pike, in all the world there is none syke.

[10] The bounds of Kestiven.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

Three shires at once this song assays,
By various and unusual ways.
At Nottingham first coming in,
The vale of Bever doth begin,
Tow'rds Le'ster then her course she holds,
And sailing o'er the pleasant Oulds,
She fetcheth Soare down from her springs,
By Charnwood, which to Trent she brings,
Then shows the braveries of that flood,
Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood;
Then rouses up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her speak:
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

Now scarcely on this tract the Muse had entrance made,
Inclining to the south, but Bever's batt'ning slade
Receiveth her to guest, whose coming had too long sung.
Put off her rightful praise, when thus herself she
"Three shires[1] there are" (quoth she) "in me
their parts that claim, [Nottingham.
Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th' north's eye
But in the last of these since most of me doth lie,
To that my most lov'd shire myself I must apply.
"Not Eusham that proud nymph, although she
still pretend [send
Herself the first of vales, and though abroad she
Her awful dread command, that all should tribute pay
To her as our great queen; nor White-horse, though her clay
Of silver seem to be, new melted, nor the vale
Of Aisbury, whose grass seems given out by tale,
For it so silken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howsoe'er inclin'd,
Me Bever[2] shall outbrave, that in my state do scorn,
By any of them all (once) to be overborne,
With theirs, do but compare the country where I lie,
My Hill, and Ouldswith says, they are the island's eye.
Consider next my scite, and say it doth excel;
Then come unto my soil, and you shall see it swell
With every grass and grain, that Britain forth from being:
I challenge any vale, to show me but that thing
I cannot show to her, (that truly is mine own)
Besides I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,

[1] The vale of Bever bordereth upon three shires.

[2] Not a more pleasant vale in all Great Britain than Bever.

As any of them all: the south their names doth sound, [found
The spacious north doth me, that there is scarcely
A roomth for any else, it is so fill'd with mine,
Which but a little wants of making me divine:
Nor barren am of brooks, for that I still retain
Two neat and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and Deane, [rent sprung
That from the lovely Oulds, their beauteous pa-
From the Leicestrian fields, come on with me along, [meint,
Till both within one bank, they on my north are
And where I end, they fall, at Newark, into Trent." [holds
Hence wand'ring as the Muse delightfully be-
The beauty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd Oulds,
She on the left hand leaves old Leicester, and flies,
Until the fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes,
From rich to richer still, that riseth her before,
Until she come to cease upon the head of Soare,
Where Foste [3], and Watling [3] cut each other in their course [source,
At Sharnford [4], where at first her soft and gentle
To her but shallow banks, beginneth to repair,
Of all this beauteous isle, the delicatest air;
Whence softly sallying out, as loth the place to leave,
She Sence a pretty rill doth courteously receive:
For Swift, a little brook, which certainly she thought [brought,
Down to the banks of Trent would safely her have
Because their native springs so nearly were ally'd,
Her sister Soare forsook, and wholly her apply'd
To Avon, as with her continually to keep,
And wait on her along to the Sabrinian deep.
Thus with her handmaid Sence, the Soare doth eas'ly slide
By Leicester, where yet her ruins show her pride,
Demolish'd many years, that of the great foundation [tion;
Of her long buried walls, men hardly see the sta-
Yet of some pieces found, so sure the cement locks [rocks:
The stones, that they remain like perdurable
Where whilst the lovely Soare, with many a dear embrace,
Is solacing herself with this delightful place,
The forest [5], which the name of that brave town doth bear, [hair,
With many a goodly wreath, crowns her dishevell'd
And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows
Herself to this fair flood, which mildly as she flows,
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,
As also how she keeps her fertile purlieus free:
The herds of fallow deer she on the lawns doth feed,
As having in herself to furnish every need.
But now since gentle Soare such leisure seems to take, [make,
The Muse in her behalf this strong defence doth
Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax her so,
And her a channel calf, because she is so slow.

The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat,
Where nature most of all befriended her in that,
The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess:
For had those (with such speed that forward seem to press) [be,
So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to
They then would wish themselves to be as slow as she, [maid,
Who well may be compar'd to some young tender
Ent'ring some prince's court, which is for pomp array'd,
Who led from room to room amazed is to see
The furnitures and states, which all imbroideries be, [plumes,
The rich and sumptuous beds, with tester covering
And various as the suits, so various the perfumes,
Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem to strive, [tive,
Of pictures done to life, landscape, and perspec-
Thence goodly gardens sees, where antique statues stand
In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand,
Where every thing to gaze, her more and more entices,
Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises,
Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,
She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past:
So the enticing soil the Soare along doth lead,
As wond'ring in herself, at many a spacious mead;
When Charnwood from the rocks salutes her wished sight, [light,
(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and de-
Whose beauty whilst that Soare is pausing to behold [Ould,
Clear Wreaking coming in, from Waltham on the
Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her silver train, [plain,
Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the
Here finding her surpris'd with proud Mount-sorrel's sight, [invite
By quickening of her course, more eas'ly doth
Her to the goodly Trent, where as she goes along
By Loughborough, she thus of that fair forest sung. [thy kind,
"O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of
The like in any place, what flood hath happ'd to find?
No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
Can show a sylvan nymph, for beauty like to thee:
The satyrs, and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,
Rough hills, and forest holts, were sadly seen to weep, [hounds,
When thy high-palmed harts, the sport of bows and
By gripple borderers' hands, were banished thy grounds. [rove,
The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to
To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove to grove, [aged rocks,
On Sharpley [6] that were seen, and Chadman's [6]
Against the rising Sun, to braid their silver locks;
And with the harmless elves, on heathy Bardon's [7] height, [night,
By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night by
Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons fled, [are dead.
They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks

[3] The two famous ways of England. See the thirteenth song.
[4] A little village at the rising of Soare.
[5] Leicester forest.
[6] Two mighty rocks in the forest.
[7] A hill in the forest.

Who will describe to life, a forest, let him take
Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make
Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are crown'd [sheep,
With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and
(To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep, [grow;
To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that
Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,
Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down would drop, [prop
Where under-growing oaks, on their old shoulders
The others' hoary heads, which still seem to decline,
And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,
For contemplation fit) an ivy-cieled bower,
As nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power;
As men may very oft at great assemblies see,
Where many of most choice, and wond'red beauties be:
For stature one doth seem the best away to bear;
Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare;
Another for the fine composure of a face:
Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
Before them all preferr'd; amongst the rest yet one,
Adjudg'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,
That all those parts, in her together simply dwell,
For which the other do so severally excel.
My Charnwood like the last, hath in herself alone,
What excellent can be in any forest shown."
On whom when thus the Soare had these high praises spent,
She easily slid away into her sovereign Trent,
Who having wander'd long, at length began to leave [receive
Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth
The lesser Thame, and Mess, the Mess a dainty rill, [fill
Near Charnwood rising first, where she begins to
Her banks, which all her course on both sides do abound [ground,
With heath and finny olds, and often gleeby
Till Croxal's fertile earth doth comfort her at last
When she is entering Trent; but I was like t' have past [from hers,
The other Sence, whose source doth rise not far
By Ancor, that herself to famous Trent prefers,
The second of that name, allotted to this shire[9],
A name but hardly found in any place but here;
Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.
But Muse return at last, attend the princely Trent, [flood,
Who straining on in state, the north's imperious
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty wood
Being crown'd, to Burton comes, to Needwood where she shows [flows,
Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear, [shire;
Darwin, whose fount and fall are both in Derby-
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.
Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontrol'd she ranges,
Her often varying form, as variously and changes.

[9] Two rivers of one name in one shire.

First Erwash, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood sends her in; [been,
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud height, [sight,
So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the
That she from running wild, but hardly can refrain, [strain,
To view in how great state, as she along doth
That brave exalted seat beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries dress'd,
In which she sees herself above her neighbours bless'd. brings,
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect
In her peculiar praise, lo thus the river sings:
"What should I care at all, from what my name I take,
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat:
Or thirty kinds of fish that in my stream do live,
To me this name of Trent did from that number give. [tune he
What reck I? let great Thames, since by his for-
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Isis, and old Thame, his pedigree derive:
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive, [mountain sprung,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud
Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,
As of that princely maid, whose name she boasts to bear, [heir.
Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted
Let these imperious floods draw down their long descent [Trent,
From these so famous stocks, and only say of
That Mooreland's barren earth me first to light did bring, [plexion'd spring
Which though she be but brown, my clear com-
Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when I first did rise,
The Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her spacious breast, (with heaths that doth abound)
Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round:
And of the British floods, though but the third I be, [of me,
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the south, on my so either sides,
That reckoning how these tracts in compass be extent, [of Trent;
Men bound them on the north, or on the south
Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd with mine, [shine:
Through my perspicuous breast, the pearly pebbles
I throw my chrystal arms along the flowery vallies,
Which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-allies, [my stream,
Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court
And crown my winding banks with many an anadem: [sweep,
My silver-scaled skulls about my streams do
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new spawn'd numerous fry
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.
The barbel, than which fish a braver doth not swim,
Nor greater for the ford within my spacious brim,

Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth
please; [pease,
The greling, whose great spawn is big as any
The pearch with pricking fins, against the pike
prepar'd,
As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger guard,
His daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's proof)
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the
ruffe,
His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin;
The pretty slender dace, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his
Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows, [face,
But with such nimble sleight, that ere ye can dis-
close [is shot.
His shape, out of your sight like lightning he
The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson
spot,
As though she curious were in him above the rest,
And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best;
The roach, whose common kind to every flood doth
fall; [call,
The chub, (whose neater name) which some a chevin
Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)
Who for their numerous store he most doth them
devour; [realm,
The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's watery
When as his season serves, stemming my tideful
stream,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
(For whom the fisher then all other game for-
sakes) [ring,
Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a
Above the forced weares, himself doth nimbly
fling, [land,
And often when the net hath dragg'd him safe to
Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's
hand; [larded,
Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness inter-
Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry
store, [more
Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the
Should have my beauties grac'd with something
from him sent:
Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
Tho' the sweet smelling smelt be more in Thames
than me,
The lampry, and his lesse[1], in Severn general be;
The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers
caught [thought:
Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the
bleake,
Since they but little are, I little need to speak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
Which every where are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst my
stones,
From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:
For carp, the tench, and breame, my other store
among,
To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,
Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are
here." [begun,
From Nottingham, near which this river first
This song, she the mean while, by Newark having run,
Receiving little Snyte, from Bever's batt'ning
grounds,
At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincolnian
bounds.
Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
Her love to princely Trent, as downward she doth
flow, [field sends
Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mans-
To lddle for her aid, by whom she recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to
meet, [her feet,
When she tow'rds Humber comes, do humbly kiss
And clip her till she grace great Humber with her
fall. [doth call;
When Sherwood somewhat back the forward Muse
For she was let to know, that Soare had in her
song [along,
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that
Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there was no
other lays, [and her praise:
But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much
disdain'd, [tain'd
(As one that had both long, and worthily main-
The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)
To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts com-
par'd: [nor car'd
Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd
For ought to her might chance, by others' love or
hate,
With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to
range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly re-
port: [age to tell,
"The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been
laid, [betray'd:
How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpris'd.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and little
John; [done,
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the mil-
ler's son, [made
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon
In praise of Robin Hood, his out-laws and their
trade. [Hood,
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right
good, [blue,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but
knew, [shrill,
When setting to their lips their little bugles
The warbling Echoes wak'd from every dale and
hill: [shoulders cast,
Their bauldrics set with studs, athwart their
To which under their arms their sheafs were
buckled fast, [span,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man;

[1] The lamparne.

All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft, [and rove,
At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin: [feather,
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for
With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in any weather; [forked pile,
And shot they with the round, the square, or
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood, [food.
Sharp hunger the fine sance to their more kingly
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the green-wood tree. [store,
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor:
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came, [game:
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there
Amongst the forest wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasure, nor such harts as Mariana slew."
Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,
The song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the Muse again [setting side
Wades Erwash[10], (that at hand) on Sherwood's
The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth divide,
And northward from her springs, haps Scardale forth to find, [clin'd
Which like her mistress Peake, is naturally in-
To thrust forth ragged cleeves, with which she scatter'd lies
As busy nature here could not herself suffice,
Of this oft-altering earth the sundry shapes to show,
That from my entrance here doth rough and rougher grow,
Which of a lowly dale, although the name it bear,
You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain were [express'd,
From which it takes the name of Scardale, which
Is the hard vale of rocks, of Chesterfield possess'd,
By her which is enstyl'd: where Rother from her rist,
Ibber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that assist
Her weaker wand'ring stream tow'rds Yorkshire as she wends, [sends,
So Scardale tow'rds the same, that lovely Iddle
That helps the fertile seat of Axholme to insle:
But to th' unwearied Muse the Peak appears the while,
A wither'd beldam long, with bleared wat'rish eyes,
With many a bleak storm dimm'd, which often to the skies
She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her aged head, [lead,
Her meagre wrinkled face, being sullied still with
Which sitting in the works, and poring o'er the mines,
Which she out of the ore continually refines:
For she a chymist was, and nature's secrets knew,
And from amongst the lead, she antimony drew,
And chrystal there congeal'd, (by her instyled flowers) [powers.
And in all medicines knew their most effectual
The spirits that haunt the mines, she could command and tame, [name:
And bind them as she list in Saturn's dreadful
She mill-stones from the quarrs, with sharpen'd picks could get, [to whet.
And dainty whet-stones make, the dull-edg'd tools
Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,
As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,
Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had told, [fold:
Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold:
"My dreadful daughters born, your mother's dear delight: [her might:
Great Nature's chiefest work, wherein she show'd
Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of Hell,
Where fogs and misty damps continually do dwell;
O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,
Horrour assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies
Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the troubled air,
Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care:
O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance nam'd
The Devil's-Arse, in me, O be thou not asham'd,
Nor think thyself disgrac'd or hurt thereby at all,
Since from thy horrour first men us'd thee so to call: [deem'd
For as amongst the Moors, the jettiest black are
The beautifull'st of them; so are your kind esteem'd [scure,
The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and ob-
(That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)
The more ye famous are, and what name men can hit,
That best may ye express, that best doth ye befit:
For he that will attempt thy black and darksome jaws, [flaws,
In midst of summer meets with winter's stormy
Cold dews that overhead from thy foul roof distil,
And meeteth underfoot with a dead sullen rill,
That Acheron itself a man would think be were
Immediately to pass, and staid for Charon there;
Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, tho' very rough it be [me,
With often winding turns: then come thou next to
My pretty daughter Poole, my second loved child,
Which by that noble name was happily instyl'd,
Of that more generous stock, long honour'd in this shire, [here,
Of which amongst the rest, one being outhw'd

[10] A river parting the two shires.

For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth place,
An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race:
Whose entrance tho' depress'd below a mountain steep, [creep
Besides so very straight, that who will see't, must
Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin
To raise itself aloft, and whoso doth intend
The length thereof to see, still going must ascend
On mighty slippery stones, as by a winding stair,
Which of a kind of base dark alabaster are,
Of strange and sundry forms, both in the roof and floor, [fore.
As nature show'd in thee, what ne'er was seen be-
For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer
Before the other two, which perpendicular
Div'st down into the ground, as if an entrance were [it here
Through earth to lead to Hell, ye well might judge
Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously profound, [sound,
As that long line which serves the deepest sea to
Her bottom never wrought, as tho' the vast descent, [went
Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing
Our Antipodes to see, and with her gloomy eyes,
To gloat upon those stars, to us that never rise;
That down into this hole if that a stone ye throw,
An acre's length from thence, (some say that) ye may go, [ear,
And coming back thereto, with a still list'ning
May hear a sound as tho' that stone then falling were. [excels,

"Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not
But that I can again produce those wondrous wells
Of Buxton, as I have, that most delicious fount,
Which men the second bath of England do account,
Which in the primer reigns, when first this well began [Anne [12],
To have her virtues known unto the blest saint
Was consecrated then, which the same temper hath,
As that most dainty spring, which at the famous Bath
Is by the cross instyl'd, whose fame I much prefer,
In that I do compare my daintiest spring to her,
Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,
And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft frequent; [ous source.
Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most delici-
To this a second fount [13], that in her natural course, [flow.
As mighty Neptune doth, so doth she ebb and
If some Welsh shires report, that they the like can show,
I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,
So far from any sea, not any of them all.
My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for change,
A little hill [14] I have, a wonder yet more strange,
Which though it be of light, and almost dusty sand,
Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly stand;
And running from the top, although it never cease,
Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.

Nor is it at the top, the lower or the less,
As nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,
Should by some secret way within itself ascend,
To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not end [have,
The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I
But it a wonder's name doth very justly crave:
A forest such have I, (of which when any speak
Of me they it instyle, The forest of the Peake)
Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for shrubs and trees,
To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thicket flees;
Like it in all this isle, for sternness there is none,
Where nature may be said to show you groves of stone,
As she in little there, had curiously compil'd
The model of the vast Arabian stony wild.
Then as it is suppos'd, in England that there be
Seven wonders: to myself so have I here in me,
My seven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,
Her greatness as therein ordain'd to imitate."
No sooner had the Peake her seven proud wonders sung, [among,
But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills
Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with envious rocks, [goodly flocks
Comes tripping down tow'rds Trent, and sees the
Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn and hair,
That hardly are put down by those of Lancashire,)
Which on her mountains' sides, and in her bottoms, graze, [to gaze,
On whose delightful course, whilst Unknidge stands
And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He Nowstoll plainly sees, which likewise from the set, [away,
Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far
Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to say: [scite,

"Fair hill, be not so proud of thy so pleasant
Who for thou giv'st the eye such wonderful delight, [Heaven,
From any mountain near, that glorious name of
Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness given,
Nor cast thine eye so much on things that be above:
For sawest thou as we do, our Darwin, thou would'st love
Her more than any thing, that so doth thee allure;
When Darwin that by this her travel could endure,
Takes Now into her train, (from Nowstoll her great sire, [ing gyre,
Which shows to take her name) with many a wind-
Then wand'ring through the wilds, at length the pretty Wye, [doth ply
From her black mother Poole, her nimbler course
Tow'rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with her brings [springs
Lathkell, a little brook, and Headford, whose poor
But hardly them the name of riverets can afford;
When Burbrook with the strength, that nature hath her stor'd, [stead.
Although but very small, yet much doth Darwin
At Worksworth on her way, when from the mines of lead, [east,
Brown Ecclesborne comes in, then Amber from the
Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov'd the best,
(A delicater flood from fountain never flow'd)
Then coming to the town, on which she first bestow'd

[12] St. Anne of Buxton.
[13] Tideswell.
[14] Sandy-hill.

Her natural British name [15], her Derby, so again,
Her, to that ancient seat doth kindly entertain,
Where Marten-brook, although an easy shallow rill, [fill,
There offereth all she hath, her mistress' banks to
And all too little thinks that was on Darwin spent;
From hence as she departs, in travelling to Trent,
Back goes the active Muse, tow'rds Lancashire amain,
Where matter rests enough her vigour to maintain,
And to the northern hills shall lead her on along,
Which now must wholly be the subject of my song.

[15] Darwin, of the British Doure Guin, which is white water.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

The circuit of this shire express'd,
Erwell, and Ribble then contest;
The Muse next to the mosses flies,
And to fair Wyre herself applies,
The fishy Lun then doth she bring,
The praise of Lancashire to sing,
The isle of Man maintains her plea,
Then falling eastward from that sea,
On rugged Furnesse, and his fells,
Of which this canto lastly tells.

Scarce could the labouring Muse salute this lively shire, [and mere,
But straight such shouts arose from every moss
And rivers rushing down with such unusual noise,
Upon their pebbly shoals, seem'd to express their joys,
That Mersey (in her course which happily confines
Brave Chesbire from this tract, two county palatines) [ran,
As ravish'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole
That all the shores which lie to the Vergivian[1],
Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to creek,
So loud the Echoes cry'd, that they were heard to shriek
To Furnesse ridged front, whereas the rocky pile
Of Foudra is at hand, to guard the out-laid isle
Of Walney, and those gross and foggy fells awoke;
Thence flying to the east, with their reverberance shook [people say,
The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the
Prognosticates to them a happy Halcyon day)
Rebounds on Blackstonedge, and there by falling fills
Fair Mersey, making in from the Derbeian hills.
But whilst the active Muse thus nimbly goes about,
Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions out,
The neat Lancastrian nymphs, for beauty that excel,
That for the hornpipe round do bear away the bell;
Some that about the banks of Erwell make abode
With some that have their seat by Ribble's silver road,
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference grew)
Which of those floods deserv'd to have the sovereign due;
So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,
That likely was to rise about their long descent,
Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they mean to plead,
And first thus for herself the lovely Erwell said:
"Ye, lasses," quoth this flood, "have long and blindly err'd,
That Ribble before me, so falsely have preferr'd,
That am a native born, and my descent do bring
From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her spring, [rude
An alien known to be, and from the mountains
Of Yorkshire getting strength, here boldly dares intrude [fall,
Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty
Is not asham'd herself of Lancashire to call:
Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
My mistress Mersey's state, there's none that doth transcend [prefer,
My greatness with her grace, which doth me so
That all is due to me, which doth belong to her,
For though from Blackstonedge the Taume come tripping down,
And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's high renown,
Of Mersey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
With my attending brooks, yet when I once come in,
I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for note, [float,
As from my fountain I tow'rds mightier Mersey
First Roch a dainty rill, from Roch-dale her dear dame, [name,
Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's
Grows proud: yet glad herself into my banks to get,
Which Spodden from her spring, a pretty rivulet,
As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my store, [more,
And Medlock to their much, by lending somewhat
At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my state,
Where brave I show myself; then with a prouder gait, [my fall,
Tow'rds Mersey making on, great Chatmoose at
Lies full of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,
And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring augers found)
There at the general flood supposed to be drown'd.
Thus chief of Mersey's train, away with her I run,
When in her prosperous course she wat'reth Warrington, [lay,
And her fair silver load in Le'rpoole down doth
A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian sea,
Ye lusty lasses then, in Lancashire that dwell,
For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,
Your country's hornpipe, ye so mincingly that tread,
As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red;
In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,
That Erwell every way doth Ribble far exceed."
Her well-disposed speech had Erwell scarcely done,
But swift report therewith immediately doth run

[1] The Irish sea.

To the Vergivian shores, among the mosses deep,
Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy doth weep,
That Symond's wood, from whence the flood assumes her spring,
Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring;
And over all the moors with shrill re-echoing sounds,
The drooping fogs to drive from those gross wat'ry grounds,
Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades do find
Fish living in that earth (contrary to their kind)
Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewise shows,
The like in their like earth, that with like moisture flows,
And that such fish as these, had not been likewise found,
Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,
A wonder of this isle, this well might have been thought. wrought,

But Ribble that this while for her advantage
Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise,
And to brave Erwell's speech, she boldly thus replies:

"With that, whereby the most thou think'st me to disgrace,
That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)
My greatest glory is, and Lancashire therefore,
To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;
That Yorkshire, which all shires for largeness doth exceed,
A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves (indeed)
And not a fountain hath, that from her womb doth flow
Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow;
To Lancaster yet lends me Ribble, from her store,
Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty more. slide,
From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source I
That mountain my proud sire, in height of all his pride, flood:
Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-born
And Ingleborow hill of that Olympian brood,
With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,
Do wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,
These mountains make me proud, to gaze on me that stand: land,
So Long-ridge, once arriv'd on the Lancastrian
Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,
So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,
As Hodder, that from home attends me from my spring; doth bring
Then Caldor, coming down from Blackstonedge,
Me eas'ly on my way to Preston, the great'st town, ing down,
Wherewith my banks are blest; where at my go-
Clear Darwen on along me to the sea doth drive,
And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,
But Savock to the north, from Longridge making way,
To this my greatness adds, when in my ample bay,
Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her aids, maids,
Short Taud, and Dartow small, two little country
(In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred,
Do see me safely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;
And cutting in my course, even through the very heart
Of this renowned shire, so equally it part,
As Nature should have said, 'Lo, thus I meant to do;
This flood divides this shire thus equally in two.'
Ye maids, the horn-pipe then, so mine nimbly that tread,
As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry-red;
In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings tell,
That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel."

Here ended she again, when Merton's moss and mere,
With Ribble's sole reply so much revived were,
That all the shores resound the river's good success,
And wondrous joy there was all over Anderness[2],
Which straight convey'd the news into the upper land,
Where Pendle[3], Penigent[3], and Ingleborow[3] stand
Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook;
Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook
To underprop high Heaven, or the wide welkin dar'd, spar'd;
Who in their Ribble's praise (be sure) no speeches
That the loud sounds from them down to the forests fell, as well
To Bowland brave in state, and Wyorsdale which
As any sylvan nymphs their beauteous scites may boast, coast,
Whose echoes sent the same all round about the
That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,
Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
But at their fingers' ends, they Ribble's song could say,
And perfectly the note upon the bag pipe play.

That Wyre, when once she knew how well these floods had sped, spread)
(When their report abroad in every place was
It vex'd her very heart their eminence to see,
Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to be,
Determines at the last to Neptune's court to go,
Before his ample state, with humbleness to show
The wrong she had sustain'd by her proud sisters' spite, right;
And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness
Arising but a rill at first from Wyersdale's lap,
Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's pap, ply.
As down to Seaward she, her curious course doth
Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.
From Woolfcrag's cliffy foot, a hill to her at hand, stand.
By that fair forest known, within her verge to
So Bowland from her breast sends Brock her to attend,
As she a forest is, so likewise doth she send
Her child, on Wyersdale's flood, the dainty Wyre to wait,
With her assisting rills, when Wyre is once replete:
She in her crooked course to seaward softly slides;
Where Pellin's mighty moss, and Merton's, on her sides doth crawl
Their boggy breasts out-lay, and Skipton down
To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:
When whilst each wand'ring flood seem'd settled to admire,
First Erwell, Ribble then, and last of all this, Wyre,

[2] A part of Lancashire.
[3] The highest hills betwixt Trent and Berwick. See the twenty-eighth song.

That mighty wagers would have willingly been laid.
(But that these matters were with much discretion stay'd) [begun.
Some broils about these brooks had surely been
When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly seems to shun
All popular applause, who from her christal head,
In Wyresdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain fed, [twin,
That by their natural birth they seem (indeed) to
Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin;
Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth none,
But to the Irish sea goes gently down alone
Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her sound,
Endanger'd by the sands, with many a lofty bound,
She leaps against the tides, and cries to chrystal Lon, [the shire begun,
The flood that names the town, from whence
Her title first to take, and loudly tells the flood,
"That if a little while she thus but trifling stood,
These petty brooks would be before her still preferr'd." [ment heard,
Which the long wand'ring Lon, with good advise-
As she comes ambling on from Westmoreland, where first [nurs'd
Arising from her head, amongst the mountains
By many a pretty sprung, that hourly getting strength,
Arriving in her course in Lancashire at length,
To Lonsdale shows herself, and lovingly doth play
With her dear daughter Dale, which her frim cheek doth lay
To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she traces,
And oft embracing her, she oft again embraces,
And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.
When Lac the most lov'd child of this delicious Dale, [spring.
And Wemming on the way, present their either's
Next them she Henbourne hath, and Robourne, which do bring
Their bounties in one bank, their mistress to prefer,
That she with greater state may come to Lancaster,
Of her which takes the name, which likewise to the shire,
The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where
To give to this her town, what rightly doth belong, [her song,
Of this most famous shire, our Lun thus frames her
"First that most precious thing, and pleasing most to man,
Who from him (made of earth) immediately began,
His she-self woman, which the goodliest of this isle
This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my style; [knowing were,
Why should those ancients else, which so much
When they the blazons gave to every several shire,
Fair women as mine own, have titled due to me?
Besides in all this isle, there no such cattle be,
For largeness, horn and hair, as those of Lancashire;
So that from every part of England far and near,
Man haunt her marts for store, as from her race to breed. [exceed,
And for the third, wherein she doth all shires
Be those great race of hounds, the deepest mouth'd of all
The other of this kind, which we our hunters call,
Which from their bellowing throats upon a scent so roar, [they rore
That you would surely think that the firm earth
With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the cloudes in sunder, [the thunder.
As tho' by their loud cry they meant to mock
Besides, her natives have been anciently esteem'd,
For bowmen near our best, and ever have been deem'd
So loyal, that the guard of our preceding kings,
Of them did most consist; but yet 'mongst all these things,
Even almost ever since the English crown was set
Upon the lawful head of our Plantagenet,
In honour, next the first, our dukedom was allow'd, [dow'd;
And always with the great'st revenues was en-
And after when it hapt, France-conquering Edward's blood
Divided in itself, here for the garland stood;
The right Lancastrian line, it from York's issue bore; [mets wore
The red rose our brave badge, which in their hel-
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
Against the house of York, which bore for theirs the white. [the Wye,
"And for my self there's not the Tivy[4], nor
Nor any of those nymphs that to the southward lie,
For salmon me excels; and for this name of Lun[5],
That I am christen'd by, the Britons it begun,
Which fulness doth import, of waters still increase:" [doth cease,
To Neptune lowting low, when chrystal Lun
And Conder coming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till lastly she salute the point of Sunderland[6],
And leaves our dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.
So blyth and bonny now the lads and lasses are,
That ever as anon the bag-pipe up doth blow,
Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such rule
In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;
And every village smokes at wakes with lusty cheer, [shire;
Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lanca-
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his brother,
That instantly again to tell it to some other:
From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,
The high-lands they again, it to the lower sent,
The mud-exhausted meres, and mosses deep among, [rung;
With the report thereof each road and harbour
The sea-nymphs with their song, so great a coil do keep,
They cease not to resound it over all the deep,
And acted it each day before the isle of Man,
Who like an empress sits in the Vergivian, [Pyle,
By her that hath the Calf[7], long Walney, and the
As hand-maids to attend on her their sovereign isle,
To whom, so many though the Hebrides do show,
Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe;
With corn and cattle stor'd, and what for hers is good. [berhood]
(That we nor Ireland need, nor scorn her neigh-

[4] See song sixth.
[5] Lun, in the British, fulness.
[6] A part of Lancashire jutting out into the Irish sea. [7] The Calf of Man, a little island

Her midst with mountains set, of which, from Sceafel's[1] height,
A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,
(Be Neptune's visage ne'er so terrible and stern)
The Scotch, the Irish shores, and th' English may discern;
And what an empire can, the same this island brings
Her pedigrees to show her right successive kings,
Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse,
And with all foreign parts to have had free commerce;
Her municipal laws and customs very old,
Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth hold.
This island, with the song of Lun is taken so,
As she hath special cause before all other, who
For her bituminous turf, squar'd from her mossy ground,
And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)
As for the store of oats, which her black glebe doth bear,
In every one of these resembling Lancashire,
To her she'll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,
And cries the day is ours, brave Lancashire doth win.
But yet this isle of Man more seems not to rejoice
For Lancashire's good luck, nor with a louder voice
To sound it to the shores; than Furnesse whose stern face,
With mountains set like warts, which nature as a grace
Bestow'd upon this tract, whose brows do look so discern,
That when the nymphs of sea did first her front
Amazedly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,
Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so sour,
At it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune bare,
Whose fells to that grim god, most stern and dreadful are,
With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about
Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black beachy ground,
Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally take,
The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,
Their roots so deeply soak'd) send from their stocky bough,
A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-geese grow,
Call'd barnacles by us, which like a jelly first
To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure turn'd,
Still great and greater thrive, untill you well may see
Them turn'd to perfect fowls; when dropping from the tree
Into the mercy pond, which under them doth lie,
Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
Which well our ancients did among our wonders place:
Besides by her strong scite, she doth receive this grace,
Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furnesse may vaunt)
That when the Saxons here their forces first did plant,
And from the inner land the ancient Britons drave,
To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,
Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old stock yet stores,
Which now we call the Welsh, or the Cornubian shores.

[1] A mountain in the isle of Man.

What country let's ye see those soils within her seat;
But she in little hath, what it can show in great?
As first without herself at sea to make her strong,
(Yet howsoe'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)
And fence her farthest point from that rough Neptune's rage,
The isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth swage
His fury when his waves on Furnesse seem to war,
Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rugged isle
Scarr[1]
Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive scarr
Of Walney still assail, that she doth scorn the while,
Which to assist her hath the Pyle of Fouldra set,
And Fulney at her back, a pretty insulet,
Which all their forces bend, their Furnesse safe to keep:
But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,
Where those two mighty meres, out-stretch'd in length do wander,
The lesser Thurstan nam'd, the famouser Wynander, descry,
So bounded with her rocks, as nature would
By her how those great seas Mediterranean lie.
To seaward then she hath her sundry sands again,
As that of Dudden first, then Levin, lastly Ken,
Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the West, invest
That Cumberland cuts off from this shire, doth
Those sands with her proud style, when Levin from the fells, swells,
Besides her natural source, with the abundance
Which those two mighty meres, upon her either side
Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
She leaves her ancient name, and Fosse herself doth call,
Till coming to the sands, even almost at her fall,
On them her ancient style she liberally bestows.
Upon the east from these, clear Ken her beauty shows, grace,
From Kendal coming in, which she doth please to
First with her famous type, then lastly in her race,
Her name upon those sands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the Muse a while may sit her down to breath, way,
And after walk along tow'rds Yorkshire on her
On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

[1] A scarr is a rock.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invention hence her compass steers,
Towards York the most renown'd of shires,
Makes the three Ridings in their stories,
Each severally to show their glories.
Ouse for her most lov'd city's sake,
Doth her duke's title undertake;
His floods then Humber welcomes in,
And shows how first he did begin.

The Muse from Blackstonedge, no whit dismay'd at all, to fall,
With sight of the large shire, on which she was

(Whose forest, hills, and floods, then long for her arrive [trive)
From Lancashire, that look'd her beauties to con-
Doth set herself to sing, of that above the rest
A kingdom that doth seem, a province at the least [to be;
To them that think themselves no simple shires
But that wherein the world her greatness most may see,
And that which doth this shire before the rest prefer,
Is of so many floods, and great, that rise from her,
Except some silly few out of her verge that flow,
So near to other shires, that it is hard to know,
If that their springs be hers, or others them divide,
And those are only found upon her setting side.
Else be it noted well, remarkable to all,
That those from her that flow, in her together fall.
Nor can small praise beseem so beauteous brooks as these,
For from all other nymphs these be the Naiades,
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the orks of sea dare not to be so bold,
As rudely once to touch, and wheresoe'er they come,
The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them public room. [to lead,
Now whiles the Muse prepares these floods along
The wide West-riding first, desires that she may plead [wins,
The right that her belongs, which of the Muse she
When with the course of Don, thus she her tract begins. [bound my south,
"Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do
And off'rest up thy stream to mighty Humber's mouth, [a spray,
Of yew[1], and climbing elm, that crown'd with many
From thy clear fountain first through many a mead dost play, [be-gun,
Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram first
At that her christ'ned town doth lose her in my Don, [doth drive,
Which proud of her recourse, tow'rds Doncaster
Her great'st and chiefest town, the name that doth derive [on her race,
From Don's near bordering banks, when holding
She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,
Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her bank;
When Sherwood sends her in slow Iddle, that made rank
With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
On Marshland, whose swoln womb with such abundance flows,
As that her batt'ning breast, her fatlings sooner feeds, [needs:
And with more lavish waste, than oft the grazier
Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers note,
With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth float:
For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain
High whilst the floods are high, and when they fall again,
It falleth: but at last, when as my lively Don,
Along by Marshland's side, her lusty course hath run,
The little wand'ring Went, won by the loud report [court,
Of the magnific state, and height of Humber's

[1] Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.

Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to Aire: [should dare
Now speak I of a flood, who thinks there's none
(Once) to compare with her, suppos'd by her descent,
The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,
Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down doth send,
And leading thence to Leeds, that delicatest flood,
Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whose force, [course;
As from a lusty flood, much strengthen'd in her
But Caldor as she comes, and greater still doth wax,
And travelling along by heading-Halifax[2],
Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's hair,
(A martyr that was made, for chastity, that there
Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree:
The people that would needs it should a relic be,
It Halifax since nam'd, which in the northern tongue,
Is holy hair: but thence as Caldor comes along,
It chanc'd she in her course on Kirkbey[3] cast her eye, [lie,
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth
Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield stood,
She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
But of his merry man, the pindar of the town,
Of Wakefield, George-a-Green, whose fames so far are blown,
For their so valiant fight, that every free man's song,
Can tell you of the same, quoth she, be-talk'd so long,
For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days;
When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her come her ways, [rill:
Who likewise to her help, brings Hebden, a small
Thus Aire holds on her course tow'rds Humber, till she fill
Her fall with all the wealth that Don can her afford, [stor'd."
Quoth the West-riding, "Thus with rivers am I
"Next guide I on my Wharfe, the great'st in her degree,
And that I well may call the worthiest of the three,
Who her full fountain takes from my waste western wild,
(Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are exil'd) [her race,
On Langstrethdale, and lights at th' entrance of
When keeping on her course, along through Barden Chase, [bears her name;
She watereth Wharfdale's breast, which proudly
For by that time she's grown a flood of wondrous fame, [supply;
When Washbrook with her wealth her mistress doth
Thus Wharf[4] in her brave course embracing Wetherby, [then,
Small Cock, a sullen brook comes to her succour
Whose banks receiv'd the blood of many thousand men, [call,
On sad Palm-Sunday slain, that Towton-field we
Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that there did fall,

[2] Beheading, which we call Halifax law.
[3] Robin Hood's burying place.
[4] See to the twenty-second song.

That Wharfe discolour'd was with gore, that then was shed,
The bloudiest field betwixt the White Rose, and the Red,
O well near fifteen fought in England first and last:
" But whilst the goodly Wharfe doth thus tow'rds Humber haste, [Nyde,
From Warnside hill not far, outflows the nimble
Through Nydersdale along, as neatly she doth glide [rill,
Tow'rds Knaresburgh on her way, a pretty little
Call'd Kebeck, stows her stream, her mistress' banks to fill, [stands,
To entertain the Whafe where that brave forest[9]
Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands
Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garlands crown [down
The river passing by; but Wharfe that hasteth
To meet her mistress Ouse, her speedy course doth hye;
Dent, Rother, Rivel, Gret, so on me set have I,
Which from their fountains there all out of me do flow,
Yet from my bounty I on Lancashire bestow,
Because my rising soil doth shut them to the west:
But for my mountains I will with the isle contest,
All other of the north in largeness shall exceed,
That ages long before it finally decreed,
That Ingleborow hill, Pendle[6], and Penigent,
Should named be the high'st betwixt our Tweed and Trent. [side, and thou Cam,
My hills, brave Whelpton then, thou Wharn-
Since I West-riding still your only mother am;
All that report can give, and justly is my due,
I as your natural dam share equally with you;
And let me see a hill that to the north doth stand,
The proudest of them all, that dare but lift a hand [mount,
O'er Penigent to peere; not Skiddo that proud
Although of him so much, rude Cumberland account, [boast
Not Cheviot, of whose height Northumberland doth
Albania[7] to survey; nor those from coast to coast
That well near run in length, that row of mountains tall, [learned call;
By th' name of th' English Alps, that our most
As soon shall those, or these remove out of their place,
As by their lofty looks, my Penigent outface:
Ye thus behold my hills, my forests, dales, and chases [places
Upon my spacious breast: note too how nature
Par up into my west, first Langstrethdale doth lie,
And on the bank of Wharfe, my pleasant Bardon by, [hand:
With Wharfdale hard by her, as taking hand in
Then lower tow'rds the sea brave Knarsborough doth stand,
As higher to my north, my Niddersdale by Nyde,
And Bishop's-dale above upon my setting side,
Marshland, and Hatfield Chase, my eastern part do bound, [water'd ground:
And Barnsdale there doth butt on Don's well-
And to my great disgrace, if any shall object
That I no wonder have that's worthy of respect
In all my spacious tract, let them (so wise) survey
My Ribble's rising banks, their worst, and let them say;
At Giggleswick where I a fountain can you show,
That eight times in a day is said to ebb and flow,
Who sometime was a nymph, and in the mountains high [sky,
Of Craven, whose blue heads for caps put on the
Amongst th' Oreads[8] there, and sylvans made abode,
(It was ere human foot upon those hills had trod)
Of all the mountain kind and since she was most
It was a satyr's chance to see her silver hair [fair,
Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
Her beauties noting well, her features, and her frame,
And after her he goes; which when she did espy,
Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth fly, [drive;
They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale they
To take her he doth strain, t' outstrip him she doth strive, [his rape,
Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd
And to the topic gods' by praying to escape,
They turn'd her to a spring, which as she then did pant, [wondrous scant:
When wearied with her course, her breath grew
Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short did blow, [and flow.
Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb
And near the stream of Nyde, another spring have I, [supply,
As well as that, which may a wonder's place
Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well do call,
Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,
Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
Which in as little space converteth wood to stone;
Chevin, and Kilnsey Crags, were they not here in me,
In any other place, right well might wonders be,
For their gigantic height, that mountains do transcend: [an end.
But such are frequent here," and thus she makes
When Your[10] thus having heard the genius of this
Her well-deserved praise so happily to act, [tract,
This river in herself that was extremely loth,
The other to defer, since that she was to both
Indifferent, straightly wills West-riding there to cease;
And having made a sign to all the wat'ry presse
For silence, which at once, when her command had won,
The proud North-riding thus for her great self begun. [thou art bound
" My sovereign flood," quoth she, " in nature
T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest ground: [sends,
For note of all those floods, the wild West-riding
There's scarcely any one thy greatness that attends,
Till thou hast passed York, and drawest near thy fall;
And when thou hast no need of their supplies at all,
Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy followers be;

[9] Knarsborough forest.
[6] Pendle hill is near upon the verge of this tract, but standeth in Lancashire.
[7] Scotland.
[8] Nymphs of the mountains.
[9] The supposed genius of the place.
[10] Your, the chiefest river of Yorkshire, who after her long course, by the confluence of other floods, gets the name of Ouse.

So as you oftentimes these wretched wordlings see,
That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes depend
Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
A farthing to relieve his sad-distressed state, [fate
Not knowing what may yet befal him; but when
Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,
Then shall you see those slaves, aloof before that stood, [crouch,
And would have let him starve, like spaniels to him
And with their glavering lips, his very feet to touch: [me,
So do they by the Your; whereas the floods in
That spring and have their course, (even) given thy life to thee:
For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatness there to make: [owe,
Till then the name of Ouse thou art not known to
A term in former times the ancients did bestow
On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater grace,
These floods of which I speak, I now intend to trace
From their first springing founts, beginning with the Your [the power,
From Morvil's mighty foot which rising, with
That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat more doth fill,
Near Bishop's-dale at hand, when Cover, a clear rill,
Next cometh into Your, whereas that lusty chase
For her lov'd Cover's sake, doth lovingly embrace
Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and groves, [roves,
In Middleham's amorous eye, as wand'ringly she
At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her amain, [train,
Whom when she hath receiv'd into the nymphish
(Near to the town[11] so fam'd for colts there to be bought, [sought)
For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are
Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,
To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her sister Yale
(A wondrous holy flood (which name she ever hath)
For when the Saxons first receiv'd the Christian faith,
Paulinus of old York, the zealous bishop then,
In Swale's abundant stream christen'd ten thousand men,
With women and their babes, a number more beside,
Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with pride)
Which springs not far from whence Your hath her silver head;
And to her winding banks along my bosom led,
As she goes swooping by, to Swaledale whence she springs, [brings,
That lovely name she leaves, which forth a forest
The vallies' style that bears, a braver sylvan maid
Scarce any shire can show; when to my river's aid,
Come Barney, Arske, and Marske, their sovereign Swale to guide, [side.
From Applegarth's wide waste, and from New Forest
Whose fountains by the fawns, and satyrs, many a year, [stay them there,
With youthful greens were crown'd, yet could not
But they will serve the Swale, which in her wand'ring course, [whose force,
A nymph nam'd Helgat hath, and Risdale, all
Small though (Got wot) it be, yet from their southern shore,
With that salute the Swale, as others did before,
At Richmond and arrive, which much doth grace the flood, [stood:
For that her precinct long amongst the shires hath
But Yorkshire wills the same her glory to resign.
When passing thence the Swale, this minion flood of mine [girl,
Next takes into her train, clear Wiske, a wanton
As though her watery path were pav'd with orient pearl, [gyre,
So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a winding
As though she gambolds made, or as she did desire,
Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meander'd trace,
With marvel should amaze, and coming doth imbrace
North-Alerton, by whom her honour is increas'd,
Whose liberties include a county at the least,
To grace the wand'ring Wiske, then well upon her way, [sway;
Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all the
When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Colbeck brings,
And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivellings,
And Bedall bids along, then almost at the Ouse,
Who with these rills enrich'd begins herself to rouse. [way,
When that great forest-nymph fair Gautress on her
She sees to stand prepar'd, with garlands fresh and gay [show,
To deck up Ouse, before herself to York she
So out of my full womb the Fosse doth likewise flow,
That meeting thee at York, under the city's side,
Her glories with thyself doth equally divide,
The east part watering still, as thou dost wash the
By whose embraces York abundantly is blest, [west,
So many rivers I continually maintain,
As all those lesser floods that into Darwin strain,
Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming Rye, [them by
Foss, Rycal, Hodbeck, Dow, with Semen, and
Clear Costwy, which herself from Blackmore in doth bring,
And playing as she slides through shady Pickering,
To Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that divides
The East-riding and me, upon her either sides,
Although that to us both, she most indifferent be,
And seemeth to affect her equally with me,
From my division yet her fountain doth derive,
And from my Blackmore here her course doth first contrive.
Let my dimensions then be seriously pursu'd,
And let Great Britain see in my brave latitude,
How in the high'st degree by nature I am grac'd;
For tow'rds the Craven hills, upon my west are plac'd [all,
New-forest, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades
And lower towards the Ouse, if with my floods ye fall,
The goodly Gautress keeps chief of my sylvan kind,
There stony Stainmore view, bleak with the sleet and wind,
Upon this eastern side, so Ryedale dark and deep,
Amongst whose groves of yore, some say that elves did keep; [adore,
Then Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them all
By whom not far away lies large-spread Blackmore,

[11] Rippon fair.

The Cleveland north from these, a state that doth maintain,
Leaning her lusty side to the great German main,
Which if she were not here confined thus in me,
A shire even of herself might well be said to be.
" Nor less hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than this;
North-Alerton a shire so likewise reckon'd is;
And Richmond of the rest, the greatest in estate,
A county justly call'd, that them accommodate;
So I North-Riding am, for spaciousness renown'd,
Our mother Yorkshire's eld'st, who worthily is crown'd [for we,
The queen of all the shires, on this side Trent,
The Ridings, several parts of her vast greatness be,
In us, so we again have several seats, whose bounds
Do measure from their sides so many miles of grounds, [king,
That they are called shires; like to some mighty
May Yorkshire be compar'd, (the lik'st of any thing)
Who hath kings that attend, and to his state retain,
And yet so great, that they have under them again
Great princes, that to them be subject, so have we
Shires subject unto us, yet we her subjects be;
Although these be enough sufficiently to show,
That I the other two for bravery quite out-go:
Yet look ye up along into my setting side,
Where Teis first from my bounds rich Dunelm[12] doth divide,
And you shall see those rills, that with their watery presse,
Their most beloved Teis so plenteously increase,
The clear yet lemer Lune, the Bauder, and the Gret,
All out of me do flow; then turn ye from the set,
And look but tow'rds the rise, upon the German main,
Those rarities, and see, that I in me contain;
My Scarborough, which looks as though in Heaven it stood,
To those that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin Hood,
Even to the fall of Teis; let me but see the man,
That in one tract can show the wonders that I can;
Like Whitby's self I think, there's none can show but I, [goose fly,
O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild
But presently they fall from off their wings to ground: [found?
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder
And stones like serpents there, yet may ye more behold,
That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.
The rocks by Mool-grave too, my glories forth to set,
Out of their cranny'd cleves, can give you perfect jet, [find,
And upon Huntclipnab, you every where may
(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
Stones of a spheric form of sundry mickles fram'd,
That well they globes of stone, or bullets might be nam'd [blows,
For any ordnance fit: which broke with hammers'
Do headless snakes of stone, within their rounds enclose. [so nice,
Mark Gisborough's gay scite, whose nature seems
As in the same she makes a second paradise,

[12] The bishopric of Durham.

Whose soil embroider'd is, with so rare sundry flowers, [bowers
Her large oaks so long green, as summer there her
Had set up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
Her earth with allom veins most richly intermin'd.
In other places these might rarities be thought,
So common but in me, that I esteem as nought.
Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on
By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Derwent, who's not gone [goes;
Far from her pearly springs, but under ground she
As up towards Craven hills, I many have of those,
Amongst the cranny'd cleves, that through the cavern creep, [deep,
And dimbles bid from day, into the earth so
That oftentimes their sight the senses doth appal,
Which for their horrid course, the people Helbecks call, [set,
Which may for aught I see, be with my wonders
And with much marvel seen: that I am not in debt [they me lend."
To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can
When Derwent bade her stay, and there her speech to end, [plead:
For that East-riding call'd, her proper cause to
For Derwent a true nymph, a most impartial maid,
And like to both ally'd, doth will the last should have [gave,
That privilege, which time to both the former
And wills th' East-riding then, in her own cause to speak,
Who mildly thus begins; " Although I be but weak, [want
To those two former parts, yet what I seem to
In largeness, for that I am in my compass scant;
Yet for my scite I know, that I them both excel;
For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,
How in the east I reign, (of which my name I take) [lake,
And my broad side do bear up to the German
Which bravely I survey; then turn ye and behold [ous Ould
Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spaci-
Of York that takes the name, that with delighted eyes,
When he beholds the Sun out of the seas to rise,
With pleasure feeds his flocks, for which he scarce gives place [grace,
To Cotswold, and for what becomes a pastoral
Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my south, [mouth,
How all along the shore, to mighty Humber's
Rich Holderness I have, excelling for her grain,
By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain
Myself in good estate, but shires far off that lie,
Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,
To me beholden are; besides, the neighbouring towns, [Downs,
Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the
Hull down to Humber hastes, and takes into her bank
Some less but lively rills, with waters waxing rank,
She Beverley salutes, whose beauties so delight
The fair-enamour'd flood, as ravish'd with the sight, [to view,
That she could ever stay, that gorgeous fane[13]
But that the brooks and bourns so hotly her pursue,

[13] The church of Beverley.

To Kingston and convey, whom Hull doth newly name,
Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard the fame: [mine:
And for great Humber's self, I challenge him for
For whereas Fowlwy first, and Shelfleet do combine, [twine,
By meeting in their course, so courteously to
'Gainst whom on th' other side, the goodly Trent comes in, [reign,
From that especial place, great Humber hath his
Beyond which he's mine own: so I my course maintain, [shore,
From Kilnsey's pyle-like point, along the eastern
And laugh at Neptune's rage, when loudl'est he doth roar,
Till Flamborough jut forth into the German sea."
And as th' East-riding more yet ready was to say,
Ouse in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,
And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech.
Since she had passed York, and in her wand'ring race,
By that fair city's scite, received had such grace,
She might for it declaim, but more to honour York,
She who suppos'd the same to be her only work,
Still to renown those dukes, who strongly did pretend
A title to the crown, as those who did descend
From them that had the right, doth this oration make, [spake:
And to up-hold their claim, thus to the floods she
"They very idly err, who think that blood then spilt,
In that long-lasting war, proceeded from the guilt
Of the proud Yorkists' part; for let them understand, [martial hand
That Richard duke of York, whose brave and
The title undertook by tyranny and might,
Sought not t' attain the crown, but from successful right, [son,
Which still up-held his claim, by which his valiant
Great Edward earl of March, the garland after won: [slain,
For Richard duke of York, at Wakefield battle
Who first that title broach'd, in the sixth Henry's reign,
From Edmond, a fifth son of Edward, did descend,
That justly he thereby no title could pretend,
Before them come from Gaunt, well known of all to be,
The fourth to Edward born, and therefore a degree
Before him to the crown: but that which did prefer
His title, was the match with dame Anne Mortimer, [claim,
Of Roger earl of March the daughter, that his
From Clarence the third son of great king Edward came, [other,
Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right before all
Of the delapsed crown, from Philip her fair mother,
Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and the bride
To Edmond earl of March; this Anne her daughter ty'd [right
In wedlock to the earl of Cambridge, whence the
Of Richard, as I said, which fell at Wakefield fight,
Descended to his son, brave Edward after king,
(Henry the Sixth depos'd) thus did the Yorkists bring
Their title from a strain, before the line of Gaunt,
Whose issue they by arms did worthily supplant."
By this the Ouse perceiv'd great Humber to look grim;
(For evermore she hath a special eye to him)
As tho' he much disdain'd each one should thus be heard,
And he their only king until the last deferr'd,
At which he seem'd to frown; wherefore the Ouse off breaks, [speaks:
And to his confluent floods, thus mighty Humber
"Let Trent her tribute pay, which from their several founts, [counts,
For thirty floods of name, to me her king that
Be much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me, [thee:
Receive those glorious rites that fame can give to
And thou marsh-drowning Don, and all those that repair (Aire,
With thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling
Embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by thy fall [you all,
Dost much augment my Ouse, let me embrace
My brave West-riding brooks, your king you need not scorn, [born;
Proud Naiades neither ye, North-riders that are
My yellow-sanded Your, and thou my sister Swale, [dale,
That dancing come to Ouse, thro' many a dainty
Do greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down
From Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly dost renown [king,
Th' East-riding by thy rise, do homage to your
And let the sea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber sing; [tain,
That full an hundred floods my wat'ry court main-
Which either of themselves, or in their greater's train, [name,
Their tribute pay to me; and for my princely
From Humber king of Hunns, as anciently it came;
So still I stick to him: for from that eastern king
Once in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:
So his great name receives no prejudice thereby;
For as he was a king, so know ye all that I
Am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do flow;
Then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,
Nor of the muddy Nile, so great a wonder take
Though with her bellowing fall, she violently make,
The neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges so much praise, [lays
That where he narrowest is, eight miles in broadness
His bosom; nor so much hereafter shall be spoke
Of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronooque,
Whose cataract a noise so horrible doth keep,
That it even Neptune frights; what flood comes to the deep,
Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?
For when my Higre comes[14], I make my either shore
Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send."
No sooner of this speech had Humber made an end, [shout,
But the applauding floods sent forth so shrill a
That they were ear'ly heard all Holderness about,

[14] The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tide.

Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes rude,
When the East-riding her oration to conclude,
Goes on: "My sisters boast that they have little shires [theirs;
Their subjects, I can show the like of mine for
My Howdon[15] hath as large a circuit, and as free,
On Ouse, and Humber's banks, and as much graceth me,
My latitude compar'd with those that me oppugn:
Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them belong, [my coast;
Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon
And for their wondrous things whereof so much they boast,
Upon my eastern side, which juts upon the sea,
Amongst the white-scalp'd cleeves this wonder see they may, [find,
The mullet, and the awke my fowlers there do
Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the strangest kind, [hand,
That building in the rocks, being taken with the
And cast beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,
Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,
But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,
And fly a league or two before they do return,
As only by that air, they on their wings were borne.
Then my prophetic spring at Veipsey, I may show, [doth flow;
That some years is dry'd up, some years again
But when it breaketh out with an immoderate birth
It tells the following year of a penurious dearth."
Here ended she her speech, the Ridings all made friends, [ends.
And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto

[15] A liberty in the East-riding.

POLY-OLBION.

THE TWENTY-NINTH SONG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse the bishopric assays,
And to her fall sings down the Teis,
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tyne tells the victories by us got,
In foughten fields against the Scot.
Then through Northumberland she goes,
The floods and mountains doth dispose;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not staying till she come to Tweed.

THUS Muse this largest shire of England having sung,
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,
Looks still into the north, the bishopric[1] and views,
Which with an eager eye, whilst wistly she pursues, [divine)
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herself
Confining in her course that county Palatine,
And York the greatest shire, doth instantly begin
To rouse herself: quoth she, "Doth every rillet win [queen,
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a
With those poor brooks compar'd? shall I alone be seen
Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing?
When as two countries are contending for my spring: [name,
For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the
Accounts it to be hers, Northumberland the same,
Will needsly hers should be, for that my spring doth rise
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very wise,
Could tell which of these two, me for her own may claim. [fame,
But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a flood of
But she some valley hath, which her brave name doth bear: [here,
My Teisdale nam'd of me, so likewise have I
At my first setting forth, through which I nimbly slide; [side,
Then Yorkshire which doth lie upon my setting
Me Lune and Bauder lends, as in the song before
Th' industrious Muse hath show'd: my Dunelmenian shore, [other becks
Sends Huyd to help my course, with some few
Which time (as it should seem) so utterly neglects,
That they are nameless yet; then do I bid adieu,
To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's court, but as forthright I run,
The Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me aid, and being proud and rank, [bank,
She chanc'd to look aside, and spieth near her
Three black and horrid pits, which for their boiling heat, [phurous sweat)
(That from their loathsome brims do breathe a sul-
Hell-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very sight, [fright,
This water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a
That with unusual speed, she on her course doth haste,
And rashly runs herself into my widen'd waist.
In pomp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state."
But whilst Teis undertook her story to relate,
Wer waxeth almost wood, that she so long should stand, [land
Upon those lofty terms, as though both sea and
Were ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, "What would'st thou say, [a way
Vain-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear
T' advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means and might, [height
How would'st thou then exult? O then to what a
Wouldst thou put up thy price? hadst thou but such a trine
Of rillets as I have, which naturally combine,
Their springs thee to beget, as those of mine do me,
In their consenting sounds that do so well agree!
As Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her sire,
A mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth require [brings.
With her to walk along, which Burdop with her
Thus from the full conflux of these three several springs
My greatness is begot, as nature meant to show
My future strength and state; then forward do I flow

[1] The bishopric of Durham.

Through my delicious dale, with every pleasure rife,
And Wyresdale still may stand with Teisdale for her life: [course,
Comparing of their scites, then casting on my
So satiate with th' excess of my first natural source,
As petty bourns and becks, I scorn but once to call,
Wascrop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,
That I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive
At Auckland, where with force me forward still to drive,
Clear Gauntless gives herself, when I begin to gad,
And whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
I change my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,
To my first fountain now, as seeming to retire:
Then suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
Now I indent the earth, and then I it engrail
With many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up and down, [town,
Brave Durham I behold, that stately seated
That Dunholme height of yore (even) from a desert won,
Whose first foundation zeal and piety begun,
By them who thither first St. Cuthbert's body brought, [sought
To save it from the Danes, by fire and sword that
Subversion of those things that good and holy were,
With which beloved place, I seem so pleased here,
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time should win
Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.
Hence like a lusty flood most absolutely free,
None mixing then with me, as I do mix with none,
But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,
To Neptune's court I come; for note along the strand, [land,
From Hartlepoole (even) to the point of Sunder-
As far as Wardenlaws[2] can possibly survey;
There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the sea." [Tyne,
Here ended she her speech, when as the goodly
(Northumberland that parts from this shire Palatine) [Wer
Which patiently had heard, look as before the
Had taken up the Teis, so Tyne now takes up her,
For her so tedious talk, "Good Lord," quoth she, "had I
No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
But to set out myself, how much (well) could I say, [way
In mine own proper praise, in this kind every
As skilful as the best; I could if I did please,
Of my two fountains tell, which of their sundry ways, [Tyne,
The South and North are nam'd, entitled both of
As how the prosperous springs of these two floods of mine [nam'd
Are distant thirty miles, how that the South-Tyne
From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of brass that's fam'd, [sprung,
How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheel-fell
Amongst these English Alps, which as they run along,
England and Scotland here impartially divide.
How South-Tyne setting out from Cumberland is ply'd
With Hartley which her hastes, and Tippall that doth strive,
By her more sturdy stream, the Tyne along to drive;
How th' Allans, th' East and West, their bounties to her bring,
Two fair and full-brimm'd floods, how also from her spring, [in,
My other North-nam'd Tyne, thro' Tindale maketh
Which Shele her hand-maid hath, and as she hastes to twin [clear Rhesil,
With th' other from the south, her sister, how
With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me to lead, [then
Through Ridsdale on my way, as far as Exham,
Dowell me homage doth, with blood of English-men, [war
Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel
Of Lancaster and York. Now having gone so far,
Their strengths me their dear Tyne, do wondrously enrich, [which
As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcastle,
The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I bear,
Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle nam'd, [fam'd
For which both far and near, that place no less is
Than India for her mines; should I at large declare [spare,
My glories, in which time commands me to be
And I but slightly touch, which stood I to report,
As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short
Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things in hand: [stand
For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we
Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never note,
How the Albanian floods now lately set afloat,
With th' honour to them done, take heart and loudly cry
Defiance to us all, on this side Tweed that lie;
And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to ring,
With sound of things that Forth prepared is to sing:
When once the Muse arrives on the Albanian shore,
And therefore to make up our forces here before
The onset they begin, the battles we have got,
Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant Scot,
I undertake to tell; then, Muses, I entreat
Your aid, whilst I these fights in order shall repeat.
"When mighty Malcolm here had with a violent hand,
(As he had oft before) destroy'd Northumberland,
In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray then, [men,
This earldom that possess'd, with half the power of
For conquest which that king from Scotland hither drew,
At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;
Where Malcolm and his son, brave Edward both were found: [ground,
Slain on that bloody field: so on the English
When David king of Scots, and Henry his stern son,
Entitled by those times, the earl of Huntingdon,
Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,
In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
As England ever knew, the archbishop of York,
Stout Thurstan, and with him join'd in that warlike work,

[2] A mountain on that part of the shire.

Ralph (both for wit and arms) of Durham bishop then
Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,
With th' earl of Aubemerle, Especk, and Peverell, knights,
And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,
'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle got,
On David and his son, whilst of th' invading Scot
Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they lay to bleed, [Tweed.
Ours follow'd them that fled, beyond our sister
And when Fitz-empress[1] next in Normandy, and here,
And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,
William the Scottish king, taking advantage then,
And entering with an host of eighty thousand men,
As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,
Which aid in Yorkshire rais'd, with the Northumbrian powers,
His forces overthrew, and him a prisoner led.
" So Longshanks, Scotland's scourge, him to that country sped,
Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,
And on the borders here such spoil and havoc made, [me.
That all the land lay waste betwixt the Tweed and
This most courageous king, from them his own to free,
Before proud Berwick set his puissant army down,
And took it by strong siege, since when that warlike town
As cautionary long the English after held.
But tell me, all ye floods, when was there such a field
By any nation yet, as by the English won,
Upon the Scottish power, as that of Halidon:
Seven earls, nine hundred horse, and of foot-soldiers more, [gore
Near twenty thousand slain, so that the Scottish
Ran down the hill in streams (even) in Albania's sight. [nowned knight,
By our third Edward's prowess, that most re-
As famous was that fight of his against the Scot,
As that against the French, which he at Cressy got. [vance
And when that conquering king did afterward ad-
His title, and had past his warlike powers to France,
And David king of Scots here enter'd to invade,
To which the king of France did that false lord persuade, [bands,
Against his given faith, from France to draw his
To keep his own at home, or to fill both his hands
With war in both the realms: was ever such a loss,
To Scotland yet befell, as that at Nevil's-cross,
Where fifteen thousand Scots their souls at once forsook, [soner took
Where stout John Copland then king David pri-
I' th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was seen. [queen,
When English Philip, that brave Amazonian
Encouraging her men from troop to troop did ride,
And where our clergy had their ancient valour try'd: [short.
Thus often coming in, they have gone out too
And next to this the fight of Nesbit I report,

When Hebborn that stout Scot, and his had all their hire, [fire
Which int' our marches came, and with invasive
Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
When doughty Douglas came with the Albanian powers. [gave
At Holmdon do but see, the blow our Hotspur
To that bold daring Scot, before him how he drave
His army, and with shot of our brave English bows
Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts were, hurt with blows,
Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and knight, [outright,
Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain
And ent'ring Scotland then, all Tividale o'erran.
" Or who a braver field than th' earl of Surrey wan, [bravely bore,
Where their king James the Fourth himself so
That since, that age wherein he lived, nor those before,
Yet never such a king in such a battle saw,
Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he breath could draw, [strew'd
He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill was
With bodies of his men, well-near to mammocks hew'd, [mile,
That on the mountain's side they covered near a
Where those two valiant earls of Lennox and Argyle, [there,
Were with their sovereign slain, abbots, and bishops
Which had put armour on, in hope away to bear
The victory with them, before the English fell.
" But now of other fields, it fits the Muse to tell,
As when the noble duke of Norfolk made a road
To Scotland, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd
On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so long,
Till victual waxed weak, the winter waxing strong,
Returning over Tweed, his booties home to bring,
Which to the very heart did vex the Scottish king,
The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,
Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,
Thinking to spoil and waste in England, as before
The Englishmen had done on the Albanian shore,
And gathering up his force, before the English fled
To Scotland's utmost bounds, thence into England sped, [friend,
When that brave bastard son of Dacres, and his
John Musgrave, which had charge the marches to attend, [hundred horse,
With Wharton, a proud knight, with scarce four
Encountering on the plain with all the Scottish force,
Thence from the field with them, so many prisoners brought, [caught,
Which in that furious fight were by the English
That there was scarce a page or lackey but had store, [and more,
Earls, barons, knights, esquires, two hundred there
Of ordinary men seven hundred made to yield,
There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughten field,
That James the Fifth to think, that but so very few,
His universal power so strangely should subdue,
So took the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life;
Such foils by th' English given, amongst the Scots were rife.
" These on the English earth, the Englishmen did gain; [strain
But when their breach of faith did many times con-

[1] Henry II.

Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in [been,
To Scotland; then behold, what our success hath
Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry's days,
Who Seymour sent by land, and Dudley sent by seas [bear
With his full forces then, O Forth! then didst thou
That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught with fear,
When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown
With powder's sulphurous smoke, and twenty towns were thrown
Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod;
As int' Albania when he made a second road,
In our sixth Edward's days, when those two martial men, [again;
Which conquer'd there before, were thither sent
But for their high deserts, with greater titles grac'd,
The first created duke of Somerset, the last
The earl of Warwick made, at Musselborough field,
Where many a doughty Scot that did disdain to yield, [space
Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five miles'
In length, and four in breadth, the English in the chase, [ground,
With carcases of Scots, strew'd all their natural
The number of the slain were fourteen thousand found, [men.
And fifteen hundred more ta'en prisoners by our
"So th' earl of Sussex next to Scotland sent again,
To punish them by war, which on the borders here,
Not only robb'd and spoil'd, but that assistants were
To those two puissant earls, Northumberland, who rose
With Westmoreland his peer, suggested by the foes
To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;
Wherefore that puissant queen him to Albania sent,
Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and castles having cast
Far lower than their scites, and with strong fires defac'd [worth carrying brought
Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him
To England over Tweed." When now the floods besought
The Tyne to hold her tongue, when presently began
A rumour, which each where through all the country ran, [among,
Of this proud river's speech, the hills and floods
And Lowes, a forest-nymph, the same so loudly sung, [Ridsdale ran,
That it thro' Tyndale straight, and quite through
And sounded shriller there, than when it first began,
That those high Alpine hills, as in a row they stand,
Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from hand to hand. [it told,
The high-rear'd Red-squire first, to Aumond hill
When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life could hold,
To Kembelspeth again, the business but relate,
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding state
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave
With the report thereof, he from his mighty stand,
Resounded it again through all Northumberland,
That White-squire lastly caught, and it to Berwick sent, [tinent,
That brave and warlike town, from thence incon-
The sound from out the south, into Albania came,
And many a lusty flood, did with her praise inflame,
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance awoke,
And to her native strength her presently betook,
Against the Muse should come to the Albanian coast. [been lost,
But Pictswall all this while, as though he had
Not mention'd by the Muse, began to fret and fume, [sume
That every petty brook thus proudly should pre-
To talk; and he whom first the Romans did invent, [ment,
And of their greatness yet the long'st-liv'd monu-
Should thus be over-trod; wherefore his wrong to wreak, [speak:
In their proud presence thus, doth aged Pictswall
"Methinks that Offa's-ditch in Cambria should not dare [and care
To think himself my match, who with such cost
The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set
Their legions, from my spoil the prowling Pict to let,
That often inroads made, our earth from them to win,
By Adrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,
To sea from east to west, begun me first a wall
Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's fall: [tain.
Long making me they were, and long did me main-
Nor yet that trench which tracts the western Wiltshire plain, [me,
Of Woden, Wansdyke call'd, should parallel with
Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be
Mere upstarts, basely born; for when I was in hand,
The Saxon had not then set foot upon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a year,
Of whose poor petty kings, those the small labours were. [but now,
That on Newmarket-heath [4] made up as though
Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,
Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reverend book can tell you of my man,
And when I first decay'd, Severus going on,
What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of stone;
And after many a time, the Britons me repair'd,
To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.
Towns stood upon my length, where garrisons were laid,
Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,
With turrets I was built where centinels were plac'd,
To watch upon the Pict; so me my makers grac'd
With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that went,
By which they in one fort still to another sent,
By speaking in the same, to tell them what to do,
And so from sea to sea could I be whisper'd thro':
Upon my thickness three march'd eas'ly breast to breast,
Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess'd."
Old Pictswall with much pride thus finishing his plea,
Had in his utmost course attain'd the eastern sea,
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a hand; [stand:
For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to under-
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her song,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)
The Caledonian Forth [5] so highly had displeas'd,
And many another flood, which could not be appeas'd,

[4] See song 21.

[5] The great river on which Edinburgh standeth.

That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation made,
That in a learned war the foe they would invade,
And like stout floods stand free from this supputed shame, [name:
Or conquer'd give themselves up to the English
Which these Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt and terrour struck, [to look,
Which knew they from the foe for nothing were
But what by skill they got, and with much care, [deep,
should keep,
And therefore they consult by meeting in the
To be deliver'd from the ancient enemies' rage,
That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage
Unto the Holy-isle, the virtue of which place,
They knew could very much avail them in this case:
For many a blessed saint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer
Had given up themselves, which in the German main,
And from the shore not far, did in itself contain
Sufficient things for food, which from those holy men,
That to devotion liv'd, and sanctimony then,
It Holy-isle was call'd, for which they all prepare,
As I shall tell you how, and what their number are,
With those the farthest off, the first I will begin,
As Font, a peerless brook, brings Blyth, which putteth in [main,
With her, then Wansbeck next in wading to the
Near Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth in her train;
Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,
When Cocket cometh down, and with her such a throng,
As that they seem to threat the ocean; for with her
Comes Ridley, Ridland next, with Usway, which prefer [fame,
Their fountains to her flood, who for her greater
Hath at her fall an isle, call'd Cocket of her name,
As that great Neptune should take notice of her state; [a gait,
Then Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud
As Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,
(In bravery as to show, that she surpass'd them all)
The famous isle of Ferne, and Staples aptly stand,
And at her coming forth, do kiss her christal hand.
Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage, proceed, [Tweed,
Till for the love she bears to her dear mistress
Of Bramish leaves the name, by which she hath her birth; [earth,
And though she keep her course upon the English
Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland coming in, [win.
To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth
Though at this headstrong stream, proud Flodden from his height
Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her loveliness to view, as on to Tweed she strains,
Where whilst this mountain much for her sweet sake sustains,
This canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,
Of all the English tracts, to consummate the last.

POLY-OLBION.

SONG THE THIRTIETH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of Westmoreland the Muse now sings,
And fetching Eden from her springs,
Sets her along, and Kendal then
Surveying, beareth back again;
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,
By many a river, many a rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth display
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whose floods and fall she aptly shows.

YET cheerly on, my Muse, no whit at all dismay'd, [ful aid
But look aloft tow'rds Heaven, to him whose power-
Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sundry soils, [thy toils
Steep mountains, forests rough, deep rivers, that
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still the comfort sent,
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement
Of those rude vulgar sots, whose brains are only slime,
Born to the doting world, in this last iron time,
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus, which (men say)
By the enticing strains of his melodious lay,
Drew rocks, and aged trees, to whither he would please; [these;
He might as well have mov'd the universe as
But leave this fry of Hell in their own filth defil'd,
And seriously pursue the stern Westmerian wild,
First ceasing in our song, the south part of the shire,
Where Westmoreland to west [1], by wide Wynander mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the rising bound,
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath scarcely found, [doth stand,
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land. [train,
Then keeping on her course, though having in her
But Sput, a little brook, then Winster doth retain,
Tow'rds the Vergivian sea, by her two mighty falls,
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupæ calls)
This eager river seems outrageously to roar,
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbouring shore,
To which she by the sound apparently doth show,
The season foul or fair, as then the wind doth blow:
For when they to the north the noise do eas'liest hear,
They constantly aver the weather will be clear;
And when they to the south, again they boldly say,
It will be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
To the Hibernic gulf, when soon the river hastes,
And to these queachy sands, from whence herself she casts, [she
She likewise leaves her name, as every place where
In her clear course doth come, by her should honour'd be.

[1] See song 27th.

But back into the north from hence our course doth lie,
As from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,
The source of long-liv'd Lun [2], I long-liv'd do her call; [all,
For of the British floods, scarce one amongst them
Such state as to herself, the destinies assign,
By christ'ning in her course a county Palatine;
For Lancaster, so nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,
And Lancashire the name from Lancaster begun:
Yet tho' she be a flood, such glory that doth gain,
In that the British crown doth to her state pertain,
Yet Westmoreland alone not only boasts her birth,
But for her greater good the kind Westmerian earth
Clear Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to attend
Her grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.
With all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie,
(Still longing to salute the utmost Albany)
By Eden, issuing out of Husseat-Moruill hill,
And pointing to the north, as then a little rill,
There simply takes her leave of her sweet sister Swale,
Born to the self-same sire, but with a stronger gale,
Tow'rds Humber hies her course, but Eden making on,
Thro' Malerstrang hard by, a forest woe begone
In love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades kind,
Whom thus the wood-nymph greets: "What passage shalt thou find,
My most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
That wand'ring art to wend through many a crooked way, [strait,
Far under hanging hills, through many a cragged
And few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
Opposed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,
Besides the northern winds against thy stream so stiff, [course,
As by main strength they meant to stop thee in thy
And send thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy source.
O my bright lovely Brook, whose name doth bear the sound
Of God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,
Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he fell.
O little blessed Brook, how doth my bosom swell
With love I bear to thee! the day cannot suffice
For Malerstrang to gaze upon thy beauteous eyes."
This said, the forest rubb'd her rugged front the while;
Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leave, to get into the main;
When Below, a bright nymph, from Stanmore down doth strain
To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,
Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in she takes,
And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,
When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty meer [clear,
On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat and
And Loder doth allure, with whom she haps to meet,
Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress greet:
Quoth she. "Thus for myself I say, that where I swell
Up from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,
That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)
The old Euripus doth, or in the self-same sort,

[2] See song 27.

The Venedocian [3] fount, or the Demetian [3] spring,
Or that which the cold Peak doth with her wonders bring, [please,
Why should not Loder then, her mistress Eden
With this, as other floods delighted are with these."
When Eden, though she seem'd to make unusual haste,
About clear Loder's neck yet lovingly doth cast
Her oft enfolding arms, as Westmoreland she leaves,
Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.
Yet up her wat'ry hands, to Winfield forest holds
In her rough woody arms, which amorously enfolds
Clear Eden coming by, with all her wat'ry store,
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to deplore. [dering sands,
But southward sallying hence, to those sea-bor-
Where Dudden driving down to the Lancastrian lands, [fine
This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth con-
This meeting there with that, both merely maritine,
Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant gale; [lass,
As Eske her farth'st, so first, a coy-bred Cumbrian
Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglass,
By Devock driven along, (which from a large-brimm'd lake,
To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth make)
Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that keep
In Ravenglass, when soon into the bluish deep
Comes Irt, of all the rest, though small, the richest girl, [pearl,
Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient
Bred in her shining shells, which to the deaw doth yawn, [spawn,
Which deaw they sucking in, conceive that lusty
Of which when they grow great, and to their fulness swell, [dearly sell.
They cast, which those at hand there gathering,
This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour brings, [sings
From Copland coming down, a forest-nymph, which
Her own praise, and those floods, their fountains, that derive [strive:
From her, which to extol, the forest thus doth
"Ye northern Dryades [4], all adorn'd with mountains steep, [keep,
Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth
Where often rising hills, deep dales and many make, [spread lake,
Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-
Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names bestow [eas'ly flow;
Upon those humble vales, through which they
Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do frequent [merriment,
The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous
By moon-shine, many a night, do give each other chase, [base,
At hood-wink, barley-break, at tick, or prison-
With tricks, and antique toys, that one another mock, [to rock.
That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock

[3] See song 5, 10, 27.
[4] Nymphs of the forest.

Then, Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know, [doth show
What place can there be found in Britain, that
A surface more austere, more stern from every way,
That who doth it behold, he cannot choose but say,
' Th' aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty dales, [northern gales,
From clouds scarce ever clear'd, with the strong'st
Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there doth lie, [ply:'
The island's general want, whose plenty might sup-
Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,
I Copper-land was call'd, but some will have't to be
From the old Britons brought, for Cop they use to call
The tops of many hills, which I am stor'd withal.
Then Eskdale, mine ally, and Niterdale so nam'd,
Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale most fam'd,
With Wasdale walled in, with hills on every side,
Hows'ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,
For th' surface of a soil, ' A Copland, Copland,' cry,
Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply."
Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly every hill, [lies fill;
Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring val-
Helvillon from his height, it through the mountains threw, [drew,
From whom as soon again, the sound Dunbalrase
From whose stone-trophied head, it on to Wendross went,
Which tow'rds the sea again, resounded it to Dent,
That Brodwater therewith within her banks astound,
In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,
Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes loud and long,
Did mightily commend old Copland for her song.
Whence soon the Muse proceeds, to find out fresher springs, [that brings,
Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale
Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake,
And with Thurl's mighty meer, between them two do make [derive,
An island [1], which the name from Darwent doth
Within whose secret breast nice Nature doth contrive [veins,
That mighty copper-mine, which not without its
Of gold and silver found, it happily obtains
Of royalty the name, the richest of them all
That Britain bringeth forth, which royal she doth call.
Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named isle,
As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,
Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth win
Clear Coker, her compeer, which at her coming in,
Gives Coker-mouth the name, by standing at her fall, [withal,
Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there
Runs on her wat'ry race, and for a greater fame,
Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.
When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow that doth show
The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but low,
Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how it far'd,
And all their several tales substantially had heard,
And of the mountain kind, as of all other he
Most like Parnassus self that is suppos'd to be,
Having a double head, as hath that sacred mount,
Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high account,
Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,
When to them all he thus his beauties doth display.
" The rough Hibernian sea I proudly overlook,
Amongst the scatter'd rocks, and there is not a nook,
But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
And when my helm of clouds upon my head I take,
At very sight thereof, immediately I make
Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,
And for fair weather look, when as my top is clear;
Great Fourness mighty Fells I on my south survey:
So likewise on the north, Albanja makes me way,
Her countries to behold, when Scurfel [2] from the sky, [eye,
That Anadale doth crown, with a most amorous
Salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
Oft threat'ning me with clouds, as I oft threat'ning him:
So likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,
Which we our English Alps may very aptly call,
That Scotland here with us, and England do divide, [side,
As those, whence we them name upon the other
Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of ours, [towers,
That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embattel'd
Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
Clear Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,
As some enamour'd youth, being deeply struck in love,
His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes;
Who as she to her fall, through fells and vallies floats,
Oft lifts her limber self above her banks to view,
How my brave by-clift top, doth still her course pursue.
O all ye topic gods, that do inhabit here,
To whom the Romans did those ancient altars rear,
Oft found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,
Which they for trophies left of their victorious spoils, [these dales,
Ye Genii of these floods, these mountains, and
That with poor shepherds' pipes and harmless herdsman's tales [night,
Have often pleased been, still guard me day and
And hold me Skidow still, the place of your delight." [forth again,
This speech by Skidow spoke, the Muse makes
Tow'rds where the in-born floods, clear Eden entertain, [wastes,
To Cumberland com'n in, from the Westmerian
Where as the readiest way to Carlisle, as she casts,
She with two wood-nymphs meets, the first is great and wild,
And westward forest height; the other but a child,
Compared with her phere, and Inglewood is call'd,
Both in their pleasant scites, most happily install'd.
What Sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so coy, [enjoy,
Whose pleasures to the full, these nymphs do not

[1] The isle of Darwent.

[2] A hill in Scotland.

And like Diana's self, so truly living chaste?
For seldom any tract, doth cross their way less waste,
With many a lusty leap, the shagged satyrs show
Them pastime every day, both from the meres below,
And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in;
The blushing morn to break but hardly doth begin,
But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harmless sheep, [keep,
Which there their owners know, but no man hath to
The dales do overspread, by them like motley made;
But westward of the two, by her more widen'd slade,
Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty mines, [shines,
Which in her verge she hath: but that whereby she
Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do flow, [her so
Which in herself she hath, whose banks do bound
Upon the north and south, as that she seems to be
Much pleased with their course, and takes delight to see
How Eine upon the south, in sallying to the sea
Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her way,
Her purlieus wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
Both falling from her earth into the Irish main.
No less is Westward proud of Waver, nor doth win
Less praise by her clear spring, which in her course doth twin [kind;
With Wiz, a neater nymph scarce of the wat'ry
And though she be but small, so pleasing Waver's mind,
That they entirely mix'd, the Irish seas embrace,
But earnestly proceed in our intended race.
At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too long,
Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills among, [where,
As she for Carlisle coasts, the floods from every
Prepare each in their course, to entertain her there,
From Skidow her tall sire, first Cauda clearly brings [springs,
In Eden all her wealth; so Petterell from her
(Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cauda creeps)
Along to overtake her sovereign Eden sweeps,
To meet that great concourse, which seriously attend [doth send
That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gilsland down
Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her course,
As Irthing coming in from her most plenteous source, [to crawl,
Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd
Yet working forth her way to grace herself withal,
First Pultrosse is her page, then Gelt she gets her guide, [side,
Which springeth on her south, on her septentrion
She crooked Cambec calls, to wait on her along,
And Eden overtakes amongst the wat'ry throng.
To Carlisle being come, clear Brutcath beareth in,
To greet her with the rest, when Eden as to win
Her grace in Carlisle's sight, the court of all her state, [dilate.
And Cumberland's chief town, lo thus she doth
"What giveth more delight, brave city, to thy seat,
Than my sweet lovely self? a river so complete,
With all that Nature can a dainty flood endow,
That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow
Of all their Naiades kind the neatest, and so far
Transcending, that oft times they in their amorous war,
Have offered by my course, and beauties to decide
The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
That mighty Roman fort [7], which of the Picts we call, [wall,
But by them near those times was styl'd Severus'
Of that great emperor nam'd, which first that work began,
Betwixt the Irish sea, and German ocean, [end
Doth cut me in his course near Carlisle, and doth
At Boulnesse, where myself I on the ocean spend.
And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
Of all her wat'ry kind) know that she lent relief
To those old Britons once, when from the Saxons they
For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,
Amongst her mighty wilds, and mountains freed from fear,
And from the British race, residing long time here,
Which in their genuine tongue, themselves did Kimbri name, [came;
Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland first
And in her praise be 't spoke, this soil whose best is mine, [southern Tyne,
That fountain bringeth forth, from which the
(So nam'd, for that of North another hath that style) [mile,
This to the eastern sea, that makes forth many a
Her first beginning takes, and Vent, and Aine doth lend,
To wait upon her forth; but farther to transcend
To these great things of note, which many countries call [all,
Their wonders, there is not a tract amongst them
Can show the like to mine, at the less Salkeld, near
To Eden's bank, the like is scarcely any where:
Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of a ring,
Each full ten foot in height, but yet the strangest thing,
Their equal distance is, the circle that compose,
Within which other stones lie flat, which do enclose [say;)
The bones of men long dead, (as there the people
So near to Loder's spring, from thence not far away,
Be others nine foot high, a mile in length that run,
The victories for which those trophies were begun;
From dark oblivion thou, O Time, should'st have protected; [erected:
For mighty were their minds, them thus that first
And near to this again, there is a piece of ground,
A little rising bank, which of the table round,
Men in remembrance keep, and Arthur's table name." [flame,
But whilst these more and more, with glory her in-
Supposing of herself in these her wonders great,
All her attending floods, fair Eden do entreat,
To lead them down to sea, when Leven comes along, [among,
And by her double spring, being mighty them
There overtaketh Esk, from Scotland that doth hie,
Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and by,
Down from these western sands into the sea do fall,
Where I this canto end, as also therewithal
My England do conclude, for which I undertook
This strange Herculean toil, to this my thirtieth book.

[7] See to the 29 song.

ELEGIES UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

OF HIS LADY'S NOT COMING TO LONDON.

That ten years travell'd Greek return'd from sea
Ne'er joy'd so much to see his Ithaca
As I should you, who are alone to me
More than wide Greece could to that wanderer be.
The winter winds still easterly do keep,
And with keen frosts have chained up the deep;
The Sun's to us a niggard of his rays,
But revelleth with our Antipodes;
And seldom to us when he shows his head,
Muffled in vapours, he straight hies to bed.
In those bleak mountains can you live, where snow
Maketh the vales up to the hills to grow;
Whereas men's breaths do instantly congeal,
And atom'd mists turn instantly to hail.
Belike you think, from this more temperate coast,
My sighs may have the power to thaw the frost,
Which I from hence should swiftly send you thither,
Yet not so swift, as you come slowly hither.
How many a time hath Phœbe from her wane,
With Phœbus' fires fill'd up her horns again?
She through her orb, still on her course doth range,
But you keep your's still, nor for me will change.
The Sun that mounted the stern Lion's back,
Shall with the Fishes shortly dive the brack,
But still you keep your station, which confines
You, nor regard him travelling the signs.
Those ships which when you went, put out to sea,
Both to our Greenland, and Virginia,
Are now return'd, and, custom'd, have their freight,
Yet you arrive not, nor return me aught.
The Thames was not so frozen yet this year,
As is my bosom, with the chilly fear
Of your not coming, which on me doth light,
As on those climes, where half the world is night.
Of every tedious hour you have made two,
All this long winter here, by missing you:
Minutes are months, and when the hour is past,
A year is ended since the clock struck last,
When your remembrance puts me on the rack,
And I should swoon to see an Almanac,
To read what silent weeks away are slid,
Since the dire fates you from my sight have hid.
I hate him who the first deviser was
Of this same foolish thing, the hour-glass,
And of the watch, whose dribbling sands and wheel,
With their slow strokes, make me too much to feel
Your slackness hither, O how I do ban
Him that these dials against walls began,
Whose snaily motion of the moving hand,
(Although it go) yet seem to me to stand;
As though at Adam it had first set out,
And had been stealing all this while about,
And when it back to the first point should come,
It shall be then just at the general doom.
The seas into themselves retract their flows,
The changing wind from every quarter blows,
Declining winter in the spring doth call,
The stars rise to us, as from us they fall;
Those birds we see, that leave us in the prime,
Again in autumn re-salute our clime.
Sure, either Nature you from kind hath made,
Or you delight else to be retrograde.
But I perceive by your attractive powers,
Like an enchantress you have charm'd the hours
Into short minutes, and have drawn them back,
So that of us at London, you do lack
Almost a year, the spring is scarce begun
There where you live, and autumn almost done.
With us more eastward, surely you devise,
By your strong magic, that the Sun shall rise
Where now it sets, and that in some few years
You'll alter quite the motion of the spheres.
Yes, and you mean, I shall complain my love
To gravell'd walks, or to a stupid grove,
Now your companions: and that you the while
(As you are cruel) will sit by and smile,
To make me write to these, while passers by
Slightly look in your lovely face, where I
See beauteous Heaven, whilst silly blockheads, they
Like laden asses, plod upon their way,
And wonder not, as you should point a clown
Up to the guards, or Ariadne's crown;
Of constellations, and his dulness tell,
He'd think your words were certainly a spell;
Or him some piece from Crete, or Mascus show,
In all his life which till that time ne'er saw
Painting: except in ale-house or old hall
Done by some druzzler, of the prodigal.
Nay do, stay still, whilst time away shall steal
Your youth, and beauty, and yourself conceal
From me, I pray you, you have now injur'd
Me to your absence, and I have endur'd
Your want thus long, whilst I have starved been
For your short letters, as you held it sin
To write to me, that to appease my woe,
I read o'er those, you wrote a year ago:
Which are to me, as though they had been made,
Long time before the first Olympiad.
For thanks and curt'sies sell your presence then
To tattling women, and to things like men,
And be more foolish than the Indians are
For bells, for knives, for glasses, and such ware,
That sell their pearl and gold; but here I stay,
So would I not have you but come away.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS, TREASURER FOR THE ENGLISH COLONY IN VIRGINIA.

Friend, if you think my papers may supply
You with some strange omitted novelty,
Which others' letters yet have left untold,
You take me off, before I can take hold
Of you at all; I put not thus to sea,
For two months voyage to Virginia,
With news which now, a little something here,
But will be nothing ere it can come there.
I fear, as I do stabbing, this word, state,
I dare not speak of the Palatinate,
Although some men make it their hourly theme,
And talk what's done in Austria, and in Beam,
I may not so; what Spinola intends, [bends;
Nor with his Dutch which way prince Maurice
To other men, although these things be free,
Yet, George, they must be mysteries to me.
I scarce dare praise a virtuous friend that's dead,
Lest for my lines he should be censured;
It was my hap before all other men
To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen:
When king James enter'd; at which joyful time
I taught his title to this isle in rhyme:
And to my part did all the Muses win,
With high-pitch Psalms to applaud him in:

Falls so below it, that it rather borrows
Grace from their grief, than addeth to their sorrows.
For sad mischance thus in the loss of three,
To show itself the utmost it could be;
Exacting also by the selfsame law,
The utmost tears that sorrow had to draw,
All future times hath utterly prevented
Of a more loss, or more to be lamented.
Whilst in fair youth they lively flourish'd here,
To their kind parents they were only dear:
But being dead, now every one doth take
Them for their own, and do like sorrow make,
As for their own begot, as they pretended
Hope in the issue, which should have descended
From them again; nor here doth end our sorrow,
But those of us, that shall be born to morrow
Still shall lament them, and when time shall count
To what vast number passed years shall mount,
They from their death shall duly reckon so,
As from the deluge, former us'd to do.
O cruel Humber, guilty of their gore,
I now believe more than I did before
The British story, whence thy name begun
Of kingly Humber, an invading Hun,
By thee devoured, for 'tis likely thou
With blood wert christen'd, blood-thirsty till now
The Ouse, the Done. And thou far clearer Trent,
To drown these Sheffields as you gave consent,
Shall curse the time, that e'er you were infus'd,
Which have your waters basely thus abus'd.
The groveling boor ye hinder not to go,
And at his pleasure ferry to and fro;
The very best part of whose soul, and blood,
Compared with theirs, is viler than your mud.
But wherefore paper do I idly spend,
On those deaf waters to so little end?
And up to starry Heaven do I not look,
In which, as in an everlasting book,
Our ends are written? O let times rehearse
Their fatal loss in their sad anniverse.

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY L. S. OF WORLDLY CROSSES.

MADAM, to show the smoothess of my vein,
Neither that I would have you entertain
The time in reading me, which you would spend
In fair discourse with some known honest friend,
I write not to you. Nay, and which is more,
My powerful verses strive not to restore
What time and sickness have in you impair'd,
To other ends my elegy is squar'd.
Your beauty, sweetness, and your graceful parts
That have drawn many eyes, won many hearts,
Of me get little, I am so much man,
That let them do their utmost that they can,
I will resist their forces: and they be
Though great to others, yet not so to me.
The first time I beheld you, I then saw
That (in it self) which had the power to draw
My stay'd affection, and thought to allow
You some deal of my heart; but you have now
Got far into it, and you have the skill
(For aught I see) to win upon me still.
When I do think how bravely you have borne
Your many crosses, as in fortune's scorn,
And how neglectful you have seem'd to be,
Of that which hath seem'd terrible to me;
I thought you stupid, nor that you had felt
Those griefs which (often) I have seen to melt
Another woman into sighs and tears,
A thing but seldom in your sex and years,
But when in you I have perceiv'd again,
(Noted by me, more than by other men)
How feeling and how sensible you are
Of your friend's sorrows, and with how much care
You seek to cure them, then myself I blame,
That I your patience should so much misname,
Which to my understanding maketh known
"Who feel's another's grief, can feel their own."
When straight methinks, I hear your patience say,
"Are you the man that studied Seneca;
Pliny's most learned letters; and must I
Read you a lecture in philosophy,
T' avoid the afflictions that have us'd to reach you;
I'll learn you more, sir, than your books can teach
Of all your sex, yet never did I know, [you."
Any that yet so actually could show
Such rules for patience, such an easy way,
That who so sees it, shall be forc'd to say,
"Lo what before seeem'd hard to be discern'd,
Is of this lady, in an instant learn'd."
It is Heaven's will that you should wronged be
By the malicious, that the world might see
Your dove-like meekness; for had the base scum,
The spawn of fiends, been in your slander dumb,
Your virtue then had perish'd, never priz'd,
For that the same you had not exercis'd;
And you had lost the crown you have, and glory,
Nor had you been the subject of my story.
Whilst they feel Hell, being damned in their hate;
Their thoughts, like devils, them excruciate,
Which by your noble sufferings do torment
Them with new pains, and gives you this content
To see your soul an Innocent, hath suffer'd,
An l up to Heaven before your eyes be offer'd:
Your like we in a burning glass may see,
When the Sun's rays therein contracted be
Bent on some object, which is purely white,
We find that colour doth dispierce the light,
And stands untainted: but if it hath got
Some little sully, or the least small spot,
Then it soon fires it; so you still remain
Free, because in you they can find no stain.
God doth not love them least, on whom he lays
The great'st affiictions; but that he will praise
Himself most in them, and will make them fit
Near'st to himself who is the Lamb to sit:
For by that touch, like perfect gold he tries them,
Who are not his, until the world denies them.
And your example may work such effect,
That it may be the beginning of a sect
Of patient women; and that many a day
All husbands may for you their founder pray.
Nor is to me your innocence the less,
In that I see you strive not to suppress
Their barbarous malice; but your noble heart
Prepar'd to act so difficult a part,
With unremoved constancy is still
The same it was, that of your proper ill,
The effect proceeds from your own self the cause,
Like some just prince, who to establish laws
Suffers the breach at his best lov'd to strike,
To learn the vulgar to endure the like.
You are a martyr thus, nor can you be
Less to the world so valued by me:
If as you have begun, you still persevere,
Be ever good, that I may love you ever.

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON.

Must I needs write, who's he that can refuse,
He wants a mind, for her that hath no Muse,
The thought of her doth heav'nly rage inspire,
Next powerful, to those cloven tongues of fire.
Since I knew aught, time never did allow
Me stuff fit for an elegy, till now;
When France and England's Henrys dy'd my quill,
Why, I know not, but it that time lay still.
'Tis more than greatness that my spirit must raise,
To observe custom I use not to praise;
Nor the least thought of mine yet e'er depended
On any one from whom she was descended;
That for their favour I this way should woo,
As some poor wretched things (perhaps) may do;
I gain the end, whereat I only aim,
If by my freedom I may give her fame.
Walking then forth being newly up from bed,
"O sir" (quoth one) "the lady Clifton's dead."
When, but that reason my stern rage withstood,
My hand had sure been guilty of his blood,
"If she be so, must thy rude tongue confess it.
(Quoth I) "And com'st so coldly to express it!
Thou should'st have given a shriek, to make me fear thee,
That might have slain whatever had been near thee;
Thou should'st have come like Time, with thy scalp bare,
And in thy hands thou should'st have brought thy hair,
Casting upon me such a dreadful look,
As seen a spirit, or th'adst been thunderstruck,
And gazing on me so a little space,
Thou should'st have shot thine eye-balls in my face,
Then falling at my feet, thou should'st have said,
'O she is gone, and Nature with her dead.'"
With this ill news amaz'd, by chance I pass'd
By that near grove, whereas both first and last
I saw her, not three months before she dy'd;
When (tho' full summer 'gan to veil her pride,
And that I saw men lead home ripen'd corn,
Besides advis'd me well,) I durst have sworn
The ling'ring year, the autumn had adjourn'd,
And the fresh spring had been again return'd,
Her delicacy, loveliness, and grace,
With such a summer bravery deck'd the place:
But now, alas! it look'd forlorn and dead;
And where she stood, the fading leaves were shed,
Presenting only sorrow to my sight,
O God! (thought I) this is her emblem right.
And sure I think it cannot but be thought,
That I to her by providence was brought.
For that the Fates fore-dooming she should die,
Showed me this wond'rous master-piece, that I
Should sing her funeral, that the world should know it,
That Heaven did think her worthy of a poet;
My hand is fatal, nor doth fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall e'er rase out.
A thousand silken puppets should have died,
And in their fulsome coffins putrified,
Ere in my lines you of their names should hear
To tell the world that such there ever were,
Whose memory shall from the Earth decay,
Before those rags were worn they gave away.
Had I her godlike features never seen,
Poor slight report had told me she had been
A handsome lady, comely, very well,
And so might I have died an infidel,
As many do which never did her see,
Or cannot credit, what she was, by me.
Nature, herself, that before art prefers
To go beyond all our cosmographers,
By charts and maps exactly that have shown
All of this Earth that ever can be known,
For that she would beyond them all descry
What art could not by any mortal eye;
A map in Heaven by her rare features drew,
And that she did so lively and so true,
That any soul but seeing it, might swear
That all was perfect heavenly that was there.
If ever any painter were so blest, [prest'd,
To draw that face, which so much Heav'n ex-
If in his best of skill he did her right,
I wish it never may come in my sight,
I greatly doubt my faith (weak man) lest I
Should to that face commit idolatry. [one,
Death might have tyth'd her sex, but for this
Nay, have ta'en half to have let her alone;
Such as their wrinkled temples to supply,
Cement them up with sluttish Mercury,
Such as undress'd were able to affright
A valiant man approaching him by night;
Death might have taken such, her end deferr'd,
Until the time she had been climacter'd [three,
When she would have been at threescore years and
Such as our best at three-and-twenty be,
With envy then, he might have overthrown her,
When age nor time had power to seize upon her.
But when the unpitying fates her end decreed,
They to the same did instantly proceed,
For well they knew (if she had languish'd so)
As those which hence by natural causes go,
So many prayers, and tears for her had spoken,
As certainly their iron laws had broken, [show'd
And had wak'd Heav'n, who clearly would have
That change of kingdoms to her death it ow'd;
And that the world still of her end might think,
It would have let some neighbouring mountain sink;
Or the vast sea it in on us to cast,
As Severn did about some five years past:
Or some stern comet his curl'd top to rear,
Whose length should measure half our hemisphere.
Holding this height, to say some will not stick,
That now I rave, and am grown lunatic:
You, of what sex soe'er you be, you lie,
'Tis thou thyself is lunatic, not I.
I charge you in her name that now is gone,
That may conjure you, if you be not stone,
That you no harsh, nor shallow rhymes decline,
Upon that day wherein you shall read mine.
Such as indeed are falsely termed verse,
And will but sit like moths upon her hearse;
Nor that no child, nor chambermaid, nor page,
Disturb the room, the whilst my sacred rage
In reading is; but whilst you hear it read,
Suppose, before you, that you see her dead,
The walls about you hung with mournful black,
And nothing of her funeral to lack;
And when this period gives you leave to pause,
Cast up your eyes, and sigh for my applause.

UPON THE NOBLE LADY ASTON'S DEPARTURE FOR SPAIN.

I many a time have greatly marvell'd, why
Men say, their friends depart when as they die,

How well that word, a dying, doth express,
I did not know (I truly must confess,)
Till her departure for whose missed sight,
I am enforc'd this elegy to write:
But since resistless fate will have it so,
That she from hence must to Iberia go,
And my weak wishes can her not detain,
I will of Heaven in policy complain,
That it so long her travel should adjourn,
Hoping thereby to hasten her return.

Can those of Norway [1] for their wage procure,
By their black spells, a wind that shall endure
Till from aboard the wished land men see,
And fetch the harbour where they long to be,
Can they by charms do this, and cannot I,
Who am the priest of Phœbus, and so high
Sit in his favour, win the poet's god,
To send swift Hermes with his snaky rod,
To Æolus' cave, commanding him with care,
His prosperous winds that he for her prepare,
And from that hour wherein she takes the seas,
Nature bring on the quiet halcyon days,
And in that hour that bird begin her nest,
Nay, at that very instant, that long rest
May seize on Neptune, who may still repose,
And let that bird ne'er till that hour disclose,
Wherein she landeth, and for all that space
Be not a wrinkle seen on Thetis' face,
Only so much breath with a gentle gale,
As by the easy swelling of her sail,
May at Sebastian's safely set her down,
Where, with her goodness she may bless the town.

If Heaven in justice would have plagu'd by thee
Some pirate, and, grim Neptune, thou should'st be
His executioner; or what is worse,
The gripple merchant, born to be the curse
Of this brave island; let them for her sake,
Who to thy safeguard doth herself betake,
Escape undrown'd, unwreck'd; nay rather let
Them be at ease in some safe harbour set,
Where with much profit they may vend their wealth
That they have got by villainy and stealth,
Rather, great Neptune, than when thou dost rave,
Thou once should'st wet her sail but with a wave.

Or if some prowling rover should but dare
To seize the ship wherein she is to fare,
Let the fell fishes of the main appear,
And tell those sea-thieves, that once such they were
As they are now, till they assay'd to rape
Grape-crowned Bacchus in a stripling's shape,
That came aboard them, and would fain have sail'd
To vine-spread Naxus [2], but that him they fail'd,
Which he perceiving, them so monstrous made,
And warn them how they passengers invade.

Ye south and western winds, now cease to blow,
Autumn is come, there be no flowers to grow,
Yea from that place respire, to which she goes,
And to her sails should show yourself but foes,
But Boreas and ye eastern winds, arise,
To send her soon to Spain, but be precise,
That in your aid you seem not still so stern,
As we a summer should no more discern,
For till that here again I may her see,
It will be winter all the year with me.

[1] The witches of the northerly regions sell winds to passengers.

[2] An isle for the abundance of wine supposed to be the habitation of Bacchus.

Ye swan-begotten [3] lovely brother stars,
So oft auspicious to poor mariners,
Ye twin-bred lights of lovely Leda's brood,
Jove's egg-born issue, smile upon the flood,
And in your mild'st aspect do ye appear
To be her warrant from all future fear.

And if thou ship, that bear'st her, do prove good,
May never time by worms consume thy wood,
Nor rust thy iron; may thy tacklings last,
Till they for relics be in temples plac'd;
May'st thou be ranged with that mighty ark
Wherein just Noah did all the world embark,
With that which after Troy's so famous wreck,
From ten years' travel brought Ulysses back;
That Argo which to Colchis went from Greece,
And in her bottom brought the golden fleece
Under brave Jason; or that same of Drake,
Wherein he did his famous voyage make
About the world; or Ca'ndish's that went
As far as his, about the continent.

And ye mild winds, that now I do implore,
Not once to raise the least sand on the shore,
Nor once on forfeit of yourselves respire:
When once the time is come of her retire,
If then it please you, but to do your due,
What for those winds I did, I'll do for you;
I'll woo you then, and if that not suffice,
My pen shall prove you to have deities,
I'll sing your loves in verses that shall flow,
And tell the stories of your weal and woe,
I'll prove what profit to the earth you bring,
And how 'tis you that welcome in the spring;
I'll raise up altars to you, as to show,
The time shall be kept holy, when you blow.
O blessed winds! your will that it may be,
To send health to her, and her home to me.

TO MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND, HENRY REYNOLDS, ESQ. OF POETS' AND POESY.

My dearly loved friend, how oft have we,
In winter evenings (meaning to be free,)
To some well chosen place us'd to retire,
And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
Have pass'd the hours contentedly with chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,
Spoke our own verses 'twixt ourselves, if not
Other men's lines, which we by chance had got,
Or some stage pieces famous long before,
Of which your happy memory had store;
And I remember you much pleased were,
Of those who lived long ago to hear,
As well as of those, of these latter times,
Who have enrich'd our language with their rhymes,
And in succession how still up they grew,
Which is the subject that I now pursue;
For from my cradle (you must know that) I
Was still inclin'd to noble poesy,
And when that once pueriles I had read,
And newly had my Cato construed,
In my small self I greatly marvell'd then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
These poets were, and pleased with the name,
To my mild tutor merrily I came,
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age)
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.
"O my dear master! cannot you" (quoth I)

[3] Castor and Pollux.

"Make me a poet? Do it, if you can,
And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man."
Who me thus answer'd, smiling, "Boy," quoth he,
"If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
You ply your learning, I will shortly read
Some poets to you." Phœbus be my speed,
To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
And first read to me honest Mantuan,
Then Virgil's Eclogues, being enter'd thus,
Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,
And in his full career could make him stop,
And bound upon Parnassus' by-clift top.
I scorn'd your ballad then though it were done
And had for Finis, William Elderton.
But soft, in sporting with this childish jest,
I from my subject have too long digress'd,
Then to the matter that we took in hand,
Jove and Apollo for the Muses stand.

That noble Chaucer, in those former times,
The first enrich'd our English with his rhymes,
And was the first of ours that ever brake
Into the Muses' treasure, and first spake
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
And coin for current, and as much as then
The English language could express to men,
He made it do; and by his wondrous skill,
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest Gower, who in respect of him,
Had only sipp'd at Aganippa's brim,
And though in years this last was him before,
Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When after those, four ages very near,
They with the Muses which conversed, were
That princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth; with him there came
Wyat, with reverence whom we still do name
Amongst our poets; Brian had a share
With the two former, which accounted are
That time's best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems, which the title bear,
Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.

Gascoine and Churchyard after them again
In the beginning of Eliza's reign,
Accounted were great meterers many a day,
But not inspired with brave fire, had they
Liv'd but a little longer, they had seen
Their works before them to have buried been.

Grave moral Spencer after these came on,
Than whom I am persuaded there was none
Since the blind bard his Iliads up did make,
Fitter a task like that to undertake,
To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble Sidney, with this last arose,
That heroe for numbers and for prose,
That throughly pac'd our language as to show,
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words, and idle similies,
As th' English apes and very zanies be
Of every thing, that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write, all like mere lunatics.

Then Warner, tho' his lines were not so trimm'd,
Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd
And neatly jointed, but the critic may
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say:
For thy old friend, some passages there be
In him, which I protest have taken me
With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new,
As yet they have been equalled by few.

Neat Marlow bathed in the Thespian springs
Had in him those brave translunary things,
That the first poets had, his raptures were,
All air, and fire, which made his verses clear,
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

And surely Nashe, though he a proser were,
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear,
Sharply satyric was he, and that way
He went, since that his being, to this day
Few have attempted, and I surely think
These words shall hardly be set down with ink,
Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he
Would inflict vengeance; and be it said of thee,
Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As any one that traffic'd with the stage.

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse,
To be too much historian in verse;
His rhymes were smooth, his meters well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose:
Next these, learn'd Jonson, in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was lord here of the theatre,
Who in opinion made our learn'd'st to stick,
Whether in poems rightly dramatic,
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.
Others again have lived in my days,
That have of us deserved no less praise
For their translations, than the daintiest wit
That on Parnassus thinks, he high'st doth sit,
And for a chair may 'mongst the Muses call,
As the most curious maker of them all;
As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us,
Museus, Homer, and Hesiodus
Out of the Greek; and by his skill hath rear'd
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd,
That were those poets at this day alive,
To see their books thus with us to survive,
They would think, having neglected them so long,
They had been written in the English tongue.

And Silvester who from the French more weak,
Made Bartas of his six days' labour speak
In natural English, who, had he there stay'd,
He had done well, and never had bewray'd
His own invention to have been so poor,
Who still wrote less, in striving to write more.

Then dainty Sands, that hath to English done
Smooth sliding Ovid, and hath made him run
With so much sweetness and unusual grace,
As though the neatness of the English pace
Should tell the jetting Latin that it came
But slowly after, as though stiff and lame.

So Scotland sent us hither, for our own
That man whose name I ever would have known,
To stand by mine, that most ingenious knight,
My Alexander, to whom in his right,
I want extremely, yet in speaking thus
I do but show the love, that was 'twixt us,

And not his numbers, which were brave and high,
So like his mind, was his clear poesy.
And my dear Drummond to whom much I owe
For his much love, and proud was I to know
His poesy, for which two worthy men,
I Menstry still shall love, and Hawthornden.
Then the two Beaumonts and my Brown arose,
My dear companions whom I freely chose
My bosom friends; and in their several ways,
Rightly born poets, and in these last days,
Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,
Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
As I have mine to them; but if you shall
Say in your knowledge, that these be not all
Have writ in numbers, be inform'd that I
Only myself, to these few men do tie,
Whose works oft printed, set on every post,
To public censure subject have been most;
For such whose poems, be they ne'er so rare,
In private chambers that encloister'd are,
And by transcription daintily must go,
As though the world unworthy were to know,
Their rich composures, let those men that keep
These wond'rous relics in their judgment deep,
And cry them up so, let such pieces be
Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
I pass not for them, nor do mean to run
In quest of these, that them applause have won,
Upon our stages in these latter days,
That are so many, let them have their bays
That do deserve it; let those wits that haunt
Those public circuits, let them freely chant
Their fine composures, and their praise pursue,
And so, my dear friend, for this time adieu.

IDEAS.

I.

Like an advent'rous sea-farer am I,
Who hath some long and dang'rous voyage been,
And call'd to tell of his discovery,
How far he sail'd, what countries he had seen:
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
Shows by his compass how his course he steer'd;
When east, when west, when south, and when by north,
As how the pole to ev'ry place was rear'd,
What capes he doubled, of what continent,
The gulphs and straits that strangely he had past,
Where most becalm'd, where with foul weather spent,
And on what rocks in peril to be cast:
Thus in my love, time calls me to relate
My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

II.

My heart was slain, and none but you and I;
Who should I think the murder should commit?
Since but yourself there was no creature by,
But only I; guiltless of murd'ring it.
It slew itself; the verdict on the view
Do quit the dead, and me not accessary:
Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
The evidence so great a proof doth carry.
But O! see, see! we need inquire no further,
Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
And in your eye, the boy that did the murder,
Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.
By this I see, however things be past,
Yet Heav'n will still have murder out at last.

III.

Taking my pen, with words to cast my woe,
Duly to count the sum of all my cares,
I find, my griefs innumerable grow,
The reck'nings rise to millions of despairs,
And thus dividing of my fatal hours,
The payments of my love, I read, and cross,
Substracting, set my sweets unto my sours,
My joys' arrearage leads me to my loss;
And thus mine eyes a debtor to thine eye,
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks,
My heart hath paid such grievous usury,
That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's books,
And all is thine which hath been due to me,
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

IV.

Bright star of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit
A thousand nymph-like and enamour'd graces,
The goddesses of memory and wit,
Which there in order take their several places,
In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear:
Since he that blessed paradise did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to sport him there,
Let others strive to entertain with words,
My soul is of a braver metal made,
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
In me 's that faith which time cannot invade.
Let what I praise be still made good by you:
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.

V.

Nothing but No and I, and I and No:
"How falls it out so strangely?" you reply.
I tell you, fair, I'll not be answer'd so,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I say, "I love;" you sightly answer I:
I say, "You love;" you peule me out a No:
I say, "I die;" you echo me with I:
"Save me," I cry; you sigh me out a No.
Must Woe and I have nought but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can have;
Answer no more, with silence make reply,
And let me take myself what I do crave:
Let No and I, with I and you be so:
Then answer No and I, and I and No.

VI.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no post sings,
Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding sheet?
Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these days,
And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise;
Virgins and matrons reading these my rhymes,
Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,
To have seen thee, their sex's only glory:
So thou shalt fly above the vulgar throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song.

VII.

Love in a humour play'd the prodigal,
And bade my senses to a solemn feast;
Yet more to grace the company withal,
Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
No other drink would serve this glutton's turn
But precious tears distilling from mine eyne,
Which with my sighs this epicure doth burn,
Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;

Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul excess,
Straightways he plays a swaggering ruffi'n's part,
And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest heart:
A gentle warning, friends, thus may you see,
What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

VIII.

THERE's nothing grieves me, but that age should haste,
That in my days I may not see thee old,
That where those two clear sparkling eyes are plac'd,
Only two loop-holes then I might behold.
That lovely, arched, ivory, polish'd brow,
Defac'd with wrinkles, that I might but see;
Thy dainty hair, so curl'd and crisped now,
Like grizzled moss upon some aged tree;
Thy cheek, now flush with roses, sunk and lean,
Thy lips, with age, as any wafer thin,
Thy pearly teeth out of thy head, so clean,
That when thou feed'st, thy nose shall touch thy chin:
These lines that now thou scorn'st, which should delight thee,
Then would I make thee read, but to despite thee.

IX.

As other men, so I myself do muse,
Why in this sort I wrest invention so.
And why these giddy metaphors I use,
Leaving the path the greater part do go;
I will resolve you: I am lunatic,
And ever this in madmen you shall find,
What they last thought of when the brain grew sick,
In most distraction they keep that in mind.
Thus talking idly in this bedlam fit,
Reason and you (you must conceive) are twain,
'Tis nine years now since first I lost my wit,
Bear with me then, though troubled be my brain:
With diet and correction men distraught
(Not too far past) may to their wits be brought.

X.

To nothing fitter can I thee compare,
Than to the son of some rich penny-father,
Who having now brought on his end with care,
Leaves to his son all he had heap'd together;
This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,
To one man gives, doth on another spend,
Then here he riots, yet amongst the rest,
Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.
Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,
False friends thy kindness, born but to deceive thee;
Thy love that is on the unworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy beauty, which with age will leave thee;
Only that little which to me was lent,
I give thee back, when all the rest is spent.

XI.

You not alone, when You are still alone,
O God, from You that I could private be,
Since You one were, I never since was one,
Since You in me, myself since out of me,
Transported from myself into Your being,
Though either distant, present yet to either,
Senseless with too much joy, each other seeing,
And only absent when we are together.
Give Me myself, and take Yourself again,
Devise some means but how I may forsake You,
So much is mine that doth with You remain,
That taking what is mine, with Me I take You;
You do bewitch me, O that I could fly,
From myself You, or from your ownself I.

XII.

TO THE SOUL.

THAT learned father, which so firmly proves
The soul of man immortal and divine,
And doth the sev'ral offices define,
ANIMA. Gives her that name, as she the body moves,
AMOR Then is she love, embracing charity,
ANIMUS Moving a will in us, it is the mind,
MENS Retaining knowledge, still the same in kind,
MEMORIA As intellectual, it is memory,
RATIO In judging, reason only is her name,
SENSUS In speedy apprehension it is sense,
CONSCIENTIA In right or wrong, they call her conscience,
SPIRITUS The spirit, when it to God-ward doth inflame;
These of the soul the sev'ral functions be,
Which my heart lighten'd by thy love doth see.

XIII.

TO THE SHADOW.

LETTERS and lines we see are soon defaced,
Metals do waste, and fret with canker's rust,
The diamond shall once consume to dust,
And freshest colours with foul stains disgraced:
Paper and ink can paint but naked words,
To write with blood, of force offends the sight;
And if with tears, I find them all too light,
And sighs and signs a silly hope affords.
O sweetest shadow, how thou serv'st my turn!
Which still shalt be as long as there is Sun;
Nor whilst the world is, never shall be done,
Whilst Moon shall shine, or any fire shall burn:
That ev'ry thing whence shadow doth proceed,
May in his shadow my love's story read.

XIV.

IF he, from HEAV'N that filch'd that living fire,
Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
I greatly marvel how you still go free,
That far beyond Prometheus did aspire:
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of lifeless clods, as living men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the mind:
But you broke into Heav'n's immortal store,
Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay;
Which taking thence, you have escap'd away,
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before:
Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his rape:
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

XV.

HIS REMEDY FOR LOVE.

SINCE to obtain thee, nothing me will stead,
I have a med'cine that shall cure my love,
The powder of her heart dry'd, when she's dead,
That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move;
Mix'd with her tears that ne'er her true love cross'd,
Nor at fifteen ne'er long'd to be a bride,
Boil'd with her sighs in giving up the ghost,
That for her late deceased husband dy'd;
Into the same then let a woman breathe,
That being chid, did never word reply,
With one thrice-married's pray'rs, that did bequeath
A legacy to stale virginity:
If this receipt have not the pow'r to win me,
Little I'll say, but think the Devil's in me.

XVI.

IN ALLUSION TO THE PHENIX.

'MONGST all the creatures in this spacious round,
Of the birds' kind, the phenix is alone,
Which best by you of living things is known;
None like to that, none like to you is found.

Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous Sun,
The precious spices be your chaste desire,
Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
Your life so like the phenix's begun;
Yourself thus burned in that sacred flame,
With so rare sweetness all the Heav'ns perfuming,
Again increasing, as you are consuming,
Only by dying, born the very same;
And wing'd by fame, you to the stars ascend,
So you of time shall live beyond the end.

XVII.

TO TIME.

Stay, speedy Time, behold before thou pass,
From age to age, what thou hast sought to see,
One, in whom all the excellencies be,
In whom, Heav'n looks itself as in a glass:
Time, look thou too in this tralucent glass,
And thy youth past in this pure mirror see,
As the world's beauty in his infancy,
What it was then, and thou before it was;
Pass on, and to posterity tell this,
Yet see thou tell, but truly, what hath been,
Say to our nephews, that thou once hast seen,
In perfect human shape, all heav'nly bliss;
And bid them mourn, nay more, despair with thee,
That she is gone, her like again to see.

XVIII.

TO THE CELESTIAL NUMBERS.

To this our world, to learning, and to Heaven,
Three nines there are, to every one a nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both divine,
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine orders first of angels be in Heaven,
Nine Muses do with learning still frequent,
These with the gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given:
My worthy one to these nine worthies addeth,
And my fair Muse, one Muse unto the nine,
And my good angel (in my soul divine)
With one more order these nine orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my worthy, and my angel then,
Makes every one of these three nines a ten.

XIX.

TO HUMOUR.

You cannot love, my pretty heart, and why?
There was a time you told me that you would:
But now again you will the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could.
What will you hate? nay, that you will not neither;
Nor love, nor hate, how then? what will you do?
What will you keep a mean then betwixt either?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too?
Yet serves not this: what next, what other shift?
You will, and will not, what a coil is here?
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while, I was mistaken there:
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

XX.

An evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,
Wherewith, alas! I have been long possest,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest:
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity;
Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death;
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath:
Thus am I still provok'd to every evil,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel devil.

XXI.

A witless gallant, a young wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull spirit her not one jot could move)
Entreated me, as e'er I wish'd his good,
To write him but one sonnet to his love:
When I, as fast as e'er my pen could trot,
Pour'd out what first from quick invention came;
Nor never stood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his wit that was to use the same:
But with my verses he his mistress won,
Who doted on the dolt beyond all measure,
But see, for you to Heav'n for phrase I run,
And ransack all Apollo's golden treasure;
Yet by my froth this fool his love obtains,
And I lose you for all my wit and pains.

XXII.

TO FOLLY.

With fools and children good discretion bears;
Then honest people bear with love and me,
Nor older yet, nor wiser, made by years,
Amongst the rest of fools and children be:
Love, still a baby, plays with gawdes and toys,
And like a wanton sports with every feather;
And ideots still are running after boys,
Then fools and children fitt'st to go together:
He still as young as when he first was born,
No wiser I, than when as young as he.
You that behold us, laugh us not to scorn,
Give nature thanks ye are not such as we:
Yet fools and children sometimes tell in play,
Some wise in show, more fools indeed than they.

XXIII.

Love banish'd Heaven, in Earth was held in scorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest;
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Entic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel then tho' charity grow cold.

XXIV.

I hear some say, "this man is not in love:
Who? can he love? a likely thing," they say;
"Read but his verse, and it will eas'ly prove."
O, judge not rashly (gentle sir) I pray,
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that fain his sorrows would beguile:
You now suppose me all this time in sport,
And please yourself with this conceit the while.
Ye shallow cens'rers, sometimes see ye not,
In greatest perils some men pleasant be,
Where fame by death is only to be got,
They resolute? so stands the case with me;
Where other men in depth of passion cry,
I laugh at fortune, as in jest to die.

XXV.

Or, why should nature niggardly restrain,
That foreign nations relish not our tongue!
Else should my lines glide on the waves of Rhene,
And crown the Pyrenes with my living song:
But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,
Thence take you wing unto the Orcades,
There let my verse get glory in the north,
Making my sighs to thaw the frozen seas;
And let the bards within that Irish isle,
To whom my Muse with fiery wings shall pass,
Call back the stiff-neck'd rebels from exile,
And mollify the slaught'ring Galliglass;
And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,
Let wolves and bears be charmed with my verse.

XXVI.

TO DESPAIR.

I WISH love, where never hope appears,
Yet hope draws on my never-hoping care,
And my life's hope would die, but for despair.
My never-certain joy breeds ever-certain fears,
Uncertain dread gives wings unto my hope;
Yet my hope's wings are laden so with fear,
As they cannot ascend to my hope's sphere;
Tho' fear gives them more than a heav'nly scope,
Yet this large room is bounded with despair,
So my love is still fetter'd with vain hope,
And liberty deprives him of his scope,
And thus am I imprison'd in the air:
Then, sweet Despair, awhile hold up thy head,
Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

XXVII.

Is not love here, as 'tis in other climes,
And diff'reth it, as do the several nations?
Or hath it lost the virtue with the times,
Or in this island alt'reth with the fashions?
Or have our passions lesser pow'r than theirs,
Who had less art them lively to express?
Is Nature grown less powerful in their heirs,
Or in our fathers did she more transgress?
I'm sure my sighs come from a heart as true,
As any man's that memory can boast,
And my respects and services to you,
Equal with his, that loves his mistress most:
Or Nature must be partial in my cause,
Or only you do violate her laws.

XXVIII.

To such as say thy love I over-prize,
And do not stick to term my praises folly;
Against these folk, that think themselves so wise,
I thus oppose my reason's forces wholly:
Though I give more than well affords my state,
In which expense the most suppose me vain,
Which yields them nothing at the easiest rate,
Yet at this price returns me treble gain.
They value not unskilful how to use,
And I give much, because I gain thereby:
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceived then, or I?
In ev'ry thing I hold this maxim still,
The circumstance doth make it good or ill.

XXIX.

TO THE SENSES.

WHEN conq'ring Love did first my heart assail,
Unto mine aid I summon'd every sense,
Doubting, if that proud tyrant should prevail,
My heart would suffer for mine eyes' offence;
But he with beauty first corrupted sight,
My hearing brib'd with her tongue's harmony,
My taste by her sweet lips drawn with delight,
My smelling won with her breath's spicery:
But when my touching came to play his part,
(The king of senses, greater than the rest)
He yields Love up the keys unto my heart,
And tells the other how they should be blest:
And thus by those of whom I hop'd for aid,
To cruel Love my soul was first betray'd.

XXX.

TO THE VESTALS.

THOSE priests which first the vestal fire begun,
Which might be borrow'd from no earthly flame,
Devis'd a vessel to receive the sun,
Being stedfastly opposed to the same:
Where, with sweet wood, laid curiously by art,
On which the Sun might by reflection beat,
Receiving strength from ev'ry secret part,
The fuel kindled with celestial heat.
Thy blessed eyes, the Sun which lights this fire,
My holy thoughts, they be the vestal flame,
The precious odours be my chaste desire,
My breasts the vessel which includes the same:
Thou art my Vesta, thou my goddess art,
Thy hallow'd temple only is my heart.

XXXI.

TO THE CRITIC.

METHINKS I see some crooked mimic jeer,
And tax my Muse with this fantastic grace,
Turning my papers, asks, "What have we here?"
Making withal some filthy antic face.
I fear no censure, nor what thou canst say,
Nor shall my spirit one jot of vigour lose;
Think'st thou my wit shall keep the packhorse way,
That every dudgen low invention goes?
Since sonnets thus in bundles are impress'd,
And ev'ry drudge doth dull our satiate ears;
Think'st thou my love shall in those rags be dress'd,
That ev'ry dowdy, ev'ry trull, doth wear?
Up to my pitch no common judgment flies,
I scorn all earthly dung-bred scarabies.

XXXII.

TO THE RIVER ANKOR.

OUR floods-queen Thames, for ships and swans is crown'd,
And stately Severn for her shore is prais'd,
The crystal Trent for fords and fish renown'd,
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is rais'd,
Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell,
The Peake her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
And Kent will say, her Medway doth excel,
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame,
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood,
Our western parts extol their Wilis' fame,
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood;
Arden's sweet Ankor, let thy glory be,
That fair Idea only lives by thee.

XXXIII.

TO IMAGINATION.

WHILST yet mine eyes do surfeit with delight,
My woful heart imprison'd in my breast,
Wisheth to be transformed to my sight,
That it, like those, by looking might be blest:

But whilst mine eyes thus greedily do gaze,
Finding their objects over-soon depart,
These now the others' happiness do praise,
Wishing themselves that they had been my heart;
That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes,
As covetous the others' use to have:
But finding Nature their request denies,
This to each other mutually they crave;
That since the one cannot the other be,
That eyes could think of that my heart could see.

XXXIV.

TO ADMIRATION.

Marvel not, Love, tho' I thy pow'r admire,
Ravish'd a world beyond the farthest thought,
And knowing more than ever hath been taught,
That I am only starv'd in my desire;
Marvel not, Love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,
To wisdom's self to minister direction,
That I am only starv'd in my desire;
Marvel not, Love, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my conceit I further seem to bend,
Than possibly invention can extend,
And yet am only starv'd in my desire:
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Love,
That this to me doth yet no wonder prove.

XXXV.

TO MIRACLE.

Some, misbelieving and profane in love,
When I do speak of miracles by thee,
May say, that thou art flattered by me,
Who only write my skill in verse to prove;
See miracles, ye unbelieving, see,
A dumb-born Muse made to express the mind,
A cripple hand to write, yet lame, by kind,
One by thy name, the other touching thee,
Blind were mine eyes till they were seen of thine,
And mine ears deaf, by thy fame healed be,
My vices cur'd by virtues sprung from thee,
My hopes reviv'd, which long in grave had lyen;
All unclean thoughts foul spirits cast out in me,
Only by virtue that proceeds from thee.

XXXVI.

CUPID CONJURED.

Thou purblind boy, since thou hast been so slack
To wound her heart, whose eyes have wounded me,
And suffer'd her to glory in my wrack,
Thus to my aid I lastly conjure thee;
By hellish Styx, (by which the thund'rer swears)
By thy fair mother's unavoided power,
By Hecat's names, by Proserpine's sad tears,
When she was rapt to the infernal bower;
By thine own loved Psyche, by the fires
Spent on thine altars, flaming up to Heav'n;
By all true lovers' sighs, vows, and desires,
By all the wounds that ever thou hast given,
I conjure thee by all that I have nam'd,
To make her love, or, Cupid, be thou damn'd.

XXXVII.

Dear, why should you command me to my rest,
When now the night doth summon all to sleep?
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordain'd together friends to keep:
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by several flight,
The quiet ev'ning yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night?
O, thou that art so courteous else to all!
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only thus,
That ev'ry creature, to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If, when night comes, you bid me go away.

XXXVIII.

Sitting alone, Love bids me go and write;
Reason plucks back, commanding me to stay,
Boasting, that she doth still direct the way,
Or else Love were unable to indite.
Love growing angry, vexed at the spleen,
And scorning Reason's maimed argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to invent,
Where she with Love conversing hath not been.
Reason reproached with this coy disdain,
Despiseth Love, and laugheth at her folly;
And Love contemning Reason's reason wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a grain:
Reason put back, doth out of sight remove,
And Love alone picks Reason out of love.

XXXIX.

Some, when in rhyme they of their loves do tell,
With flames and lightnings their exordiums paint,
Some call on Heaven, some invocate on Hell,
And fates and furies with their woes acquaint.
Elysium is too high a seat for me,
I will not come in Styx or Phlegeton,
The thrice-three Muses but too wanton be,
Like they that lust, I care not, I will none.
Spiteful Erennis frights me with her looks,
My manhood dares not with foul Ate mell,
I quake to look on Hecat's charming books,
I still fear bugbears in Apollo's cell:
I pass not for Minerva, nor Astrea,
Only I call on my divine Idea.

XL.

My heart the anvil, where my thoughts do beat,
My words the hammers, fash'ning my desire,
My breast the forge, including all the heat,
Love is the fuel, which maintains the fire;
My sighs the bellows, which the flame increaseth,
Filling mine ears with noise and sightly groaning,
Toiling with pain, my labour never ceaseth,
In grievous passions my woes still bemoaning:
My eyes with tears against the fire striving,
Whose scorching gleed my heart to cinders turneth,
But with those drops the flame again reviving,
Still more and more it to my torment burneth;
With Sisiphus thus do I roll the stone,
And turn the wheel with damned Ixion.

XLI.

LOVE'S LUNACY.

Why do I speak of joy, or write of love,
When my heart is the very den of horrour,
And in my soul the pains of Hell I prove,
With all his torments and infernal terrour?
What should I say? what yet remains to do?
My brain is dry with weeping all too long,
My sighs be spent in uttering of my woe,
And I want words, wherewith to tell my wrong.
But still distracted in love's lunacy,
And bedlam-like thus raving in my grief,
Now rail upon her hair, then on her eye;
Now call her goddess, then I call her thief:
Now I deny her, then I do confess her,
Now do I curse her, then again I bless her.

XLII.

Some men there be, which like my method well,
And much commend the strangeness of my vein:
Some say, I have a passing pleasing strain,
Some say, that in my humour I excel;
Some, who not kindly relish my conceit,
They say (as poets do) I use to feign,
And in bare words paint out my passion's pain;
Thus sundry men their sundry minds repeat:
I pass not I, how men affected be,
Nor who commends or discommends my verse;
It pleaseth me, if I my woes rehearse,
And in my lines, if she my love may see:
Only my comfort still consists in this,
Writing her praise, I cannot write amiss.

XLIII.

Why should your fair eyes with such sov'reign grace,
Disperse their rays on ev'ry vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same place,
Get not one glance to recompense my merit?
So doth the ploughman gaze the wand'ring star,
And only rest contented with the light,
That never learn'd what constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.
O, why should beauty (custom to obey)
To their gross sense apply herself so ill!
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill;
Only compell'd on this poor good to boast,
Heav'ns are not kind to them that know them most.

XLIV.

Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face,
Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is model'd out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing thimes,
Medea-like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-out-wearing rhimes,
And murther'st virtue with thy coy disdain:
And though in youth, my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhimes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

XLV.

Muses which sadly sit about my chair,
Drown'd in the tears extorted by my lines;
With heavy sighs whilst thus I break the air,
Painting my passions in these sad designs,
Since she disdains to bless my happy verse,
The strong-built trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearse,
Wherein the world shall now entomb her name;
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls,
Sith she is deaf, and will not hear my moans,
Soften yourselves with every tear that falls,
Whilst I like Orpheus sing to trees and stones;
Which with my plaint some yet with pity mov'd,
Kinder than she whom I so long have lov'd.

XLVI.

Plain-path'd Experience, the unlearned's guide,
Her simple followers evidently shows
Sometimes what schoolmen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet who reason absolutely knows:
In making trial of a murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body hapely be brought, [bleed.
Oft 't 'ath been prov'd, the breathless corse will
She coming near, that my poor heart hath slain,
Long since departed, (to the world no more)
The ancient wounds no longer can contain,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? Should she to death be led,
It furthers justice, but helps not the dead.

XLVII.

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name,
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove:
Where, the full praise I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move,
With shouts and claps at ev'ry little pause,
When the proud round on ev'ry side hath rung,
Sadly I sit unmov'd with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek, is to eternize you.

XLVIII.

Cupid, I hate thee, which I'd have thee know,
A naked starveling ever may'st thou be,
Poor rogue, go pawn thy fascia and thy bow,
For some few rags, wherewith to cover thee;
Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
To some base rustic do thyself prefer,
And when corn's sown, or grown into the ear,
Practise thy quiver, and turn crow-keeper;
Or being blind, (as fittest for the trade)
Go hire thyself some bungling harper's boy;
They that are blind, are minstrels often made,
So may'st thou live to thy fair mother's joy:
That whilst with Mars she holdeth her old way,
Thou, her blind son, may'st sit by them and play.

XLIX.

Thou leaden brain, which censur'st what I write,
And say'st, my lines be dull, and do not move;
I marvel not thou feel'st not my delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love:
But thou, whose pen hath like a packhorse serv'd,
Whose stomach unto gall hath turn'd thy food,
Whose senses, like poor pris'ners hunger-starv'd,
Whose grief hath parch'd thy body, dry'd thy blood,
Thou which hast scorned life, and hated death,
And in a moment mad, sober, glad, and sorry,
Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and curs'd thy birth
With thousand plagues more than in purgatory;
Thou, thus whose spirit Love in his fire refines,
Come thou and read, admire, applaud my lines.

L.

As in some countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence,
By surgeons begg'd their art on him to try,
Which on the living work without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierce the corse,
And with their balms recure the wounds again;

Then poison, and with physic him restore:
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill;
By curing me, and killing me each hour,
Only to show her beauty's sov'reign pow'r.

LI.

Calling to mind since first my love begun,
Th' uncertain times oft varying in their course,
How th ngs still unexpectedly have run,
As't please the fates by their resistless force:
Lastly, mine eyes amazedly have seen
Essex' great fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,
The quiet end of that long living queen,
This king's fair entrance, and our peace with Spain,
We and the Dutch at length ourselves to sever;
Thus the world doth, and evermore shall reel;
Yet to my goddess am I constant ever,
How'er blind Fortune turn her giddy wheel:
Though Heaven and Earth prove both to me untrue,
Yet am I still inviolate to you.

LII.

What dost thou mean to cheat me of my heart,
To take all mine, and give me none again?
Or have thine eyes such magic, or that art,
That what they get, they ever do retain?
Play not the tyrant, but take some remorse,
Rebate thy spleen, if but for pity's sake;
Or cruel, if thou can'st not, let us scorse,
And for one piece of thine my whole heart take.
But what of pity do I speak to thee,
Whose breast is proof against complaint or prayer,
Or can I think what my reward shall be
From that proud beauty, which was my betrayer?
What talk I of a heart, when thou hast none?
Or if thou hast, it is a flinty one.

LIII.

ANOTHER TO THE RIVER ANKOR.

Clear Ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,
My soul-shrin'd saint, my fair Idea lies,
O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
Thy christal stream refined by her eyes,
Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring
Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing,
Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wand'ring years,
And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
And here to thee he sacrific'd his tears:
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

LIV.

Yet read at last the story of my woe,
The dreary abstracts of my endless cares,
With my life's sorrow interlined so,
Smok'd with my sighs, and blotted with my tears,
The sad memorials of my miseries,
Penn'd in the grief of mine afflicted ghost,
My life's complaint in doleful elegies,
With so pure love, as time could never boast;
Receive the incense which I offer here,
By my strong faith ascending to thy fame: [pray'r,
My zeal, my hope, my vows, my praise, my
My soul's oblations to thy sacred name; [raise,
Which name my Muse to highest Heav'n shall
By chaste desire, true love, and virtuous praise.

LV.

My fair, if thou wilt register my love,
A world of volumes shall thereof arise:
Preserve my tears, and thou thyself shalt prove
A second flood, down raining from my eyes:
Note but my sighs, and thine eyes shall behold
The sun-beams smother'd with immortal smoke;
And if by thee my prayers may be enroll'd,
They Heaven and Earth to pity shall provoke:
Look thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
Chaste holy vows for my soul's sacrifice;
That soul (sweet maid) which so hath honour'd
Erecting trophies to thy sacred eyes, [thee,
Those eyes to my heart shining ever bright,
When darkness hath obscur'd each other light.

LVI.

AN ALLUSION TO THE EAGLETS.

When like an eglet I first found my love,
For that the virtue I thereof would know,
Upon the nest I set it forth to prove,
If it were of that kingly kind, or no:
But it no sooner saw my sun appear,
But on her rays with open eyes it stood,
To show that I had hatch'd it for the air,
And rightly came from that brave mounting brood;
And when the plumes were summ'd with sweet desire,
To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies; [to
Do what I could, it need'sly would aspire
To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes:
Thus from my breast, where it was bred alone,
It after thee is like an eaglet flown.

LVII.

You best discern'd of my mind's inward eyes,
And yet your graces outwardly divine,
Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,
Too rich a relic for so poor a shrine:
You, in whom Nature chose herself to view,
When she her own perfection would admire,
Bestowing all her excellence on you;
At whose pure eyes love lights his hallow'd fire,
Ev'n as a man that in some trance hath been,
More than his wond'ring utt'rance can unfold,
That wrapp'd in spirit, in better worlds hath been,
So much your praise distractedly be told:
Most of all short, when I should show you most,
In your perfections so much am I lost.

LVIII.

In former times, such as had store of coin,
In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,
For fear that some their treasure should purloin,
Gave it to keep to spirits within the ground;
And to attend it, them as strongly ty'd,
Till they return'd: home when they never came,
Such as by art to get the same have try'd,
From the strong spirit by no means force the same;
Nearer men come, that further flies away,
Striving to hold it strongly in the deep:
Ev'n as this spirit, so you alone do play
With those rich beauties Heaven gives you to keep:
Pity so left to th' coldness of your blood,
Not to avail you, nor do others good.

LIX.

TO PROVERBS.

As Love and I late harbour'd in one inn
With proverbs thus each other entertain:
"In love there is no luck," thus I begin,
"Fair words make fools," replieth he again;

"Who spares to speak, doth spare to speed" (quoth
"As well" (saith he) "too forward, as too slow:" [I)
"Fortune assists the boldest," I reply,
"A hasty man" (quoth he) "ne'er wanted woe:"
"Labour is light, where love" (quoth I) "doth pay,"
(Saith he) "Light burthens heavy, if far borne:"
(Quoth I) "The main lost, cast the by away,"
"Y' have spun a fair thread," he replies in scorn.
And having thus a while each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

LX.

Define my weal, and tell the joys of Heaven,
Express my woes, and show the pains of Hell,
Declare what fate unlucky stars have given,
And ask a world upon my life to dwell,
Make known the faith that fortune could not move,
Compare my worth with others' base desert,
Let virtue be the touchstone of my love,
So may the Heavens read wonders in my heart;
Behold the clouds which have eclips'd my sun,
And view the crosses which my course do let,
Tell me, that ever since the world begun,
So fair a rising had so foul a set:
And see if Time (if he would strive to prove)
Can show a second to so pure a love.

LXI.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain;
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over, [cover.
From death to life thou might'st him yet re-

LXII.

When first I ended, then I first began,
Then more I travell'd further from my rest,
Where most I lost, there most of all I wan,
Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,
Ravish'd with joy amidst a Hell of woe,
What most I seem, that surest am I not.
I build my hopes a world above the sky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am starv'd with penury,
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth:
I have, I want, despair, and yet desire,
Burn'd in a sea of ice, drown'd 'midst a fire.

LXIII.

Truce, gentle Love, a parly now I crave.
Methinks 'tis long since first these wars begun,
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have,
Bad is the match, where neither party won.
I offer free conditions of fair peace,
My heart for hostage that it shall remain,
Discharge our forces, here let malice cease,
So for my pledge thou give me pledge again:
Or if no thing but death will serve thy turn,
Still thirsting for subversion of my state;
Do what thou canst, rase, massacre, and burn,
Let the world see the utmost of thy hate:
I send defiance, since if overthrown,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine own.

THE OWL.

Noctuis Athenas.

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WALTER ASTON, KNT.

For the shrill trumpet, and stern tragic sounds,
Objects outrageous and so full of fear;
Our pen late steep'd in English barons' wounds,
Sent warlike accents to your tuneful ear.
Our active Muse, to gentler morals dight,
Her slight conceits, in humbled tunes doth sing;
And with the bird regardless of the light,
Slowly doth move her late high-mounting wing.
The wreath is ivy that ingirts our brows,
Wherein this night-bird harb'reth all the day:
We dare not look at other crowning boughs,
But leave the laurel unto them that may.
Low as the earth, though our invention move;
High yet as Heaven to you, our spotless love.

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

Reader, to him that may (perhaps) say my subject is idle and worthless, I might this answer (if he will see in reading, or read with understanding) that the greatest masters in this art (though myself, not for any affectation of singularity) have written upon as slight matter. As the princes of the Greeks and Latins, the first of the Frogs' War, the latter of a poor Gnat; and Vida very wittily of the Chess-play and Silk-worm; besides many other that I could recite of the like kind. By how much immaterial, so much the more difficult, to handle with any encomiastic defence, or passionate comparison, (as their strong testimony) who can give virtue her due, and by the powerfulness of wit, maintain vice not viciously. Some other likewise in a paradoxial manner, as Isocrates' Oration in praise of Helen, whom all the world dispraiseth: Agrippa's Declamation upon the Vanity of the Sciences, which knowledge all the world admireth. Thus leaving thee favourably to censure of my poor labours, I end.

M. DRAYTON.

IN NOCTUAM DRAYTONI.

Quæ nova Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?
Quis furor? aligero perstringit corpore Graios,
Transfixo, Proceres? Posita Pæantius irâ,
Contulit Herculeas ad Troica fata Pharetras.
Fallimur? an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
Aut tremuit sonitu Phœbei Cœlifer arcus?
Novimus augurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
Sacrorum exagitat mortalia Pectora Vatum.

Hinc furor in sylvas Draytonum mittit: oberrat
Hinc saltus nullo signatos tramite Musa:
Hinc & in aëriam libratur machina gentem:
Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) Reges:
Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
Eia age: dum crebrò fugiat tremebundus ab ictu
Immitis servus vitii, decedat ab oris
Anglorum longè: lustratis lampade sancta
Cujus conjuncti exultant fulgore Britanni.

A. GREENEWAI.

THE OWL.

WHAT time the Sun by his all-quick'ning power,
Gives life and birth to every plant and flower,
The strength and fervour of whose pregnant ray
Buds every branch, and blossoms every spray;
As the firm sap (the yearly course assign'd)
From the full root, doth swell the plenteous rind:
The vital spirits long nourish'd at the heart,
Fly with fresh fire to each exterior part:
Which stirs desire in hot and youthful bloods,
To breathe their dear thoughts to the list'ning woods. [quent,
With those light flocks, which the fair fields fre-
This frolic season luckily I went,
And as the rest did, did I frankly too,
"Least is he mark'd, that doth as most men do."
But whether by some casual defect,
All flowers alike the time did not respect:
Some whose new roots ne'er saw a former May,
Flourish now fair, those wither'd quite away.
Into my thoughts that incidently brings
Th' inconstant passage of all worldly things.
The rarest work whereat we wonder long,
Obscur'd by time that envy could not wrong.
And what in life can mortal man desire,
That scarcely com'n, but quickly doth retire!
The monarchies had time to grow to head,
And at the height their conquer'd honours fled:
And by their wane those latter kingdoms rose,
That had their age to win, their hour to lose,
Which with much sorrow brought into my mind,
Their wretched souls so ignorantly blind, [stable)
(When even the great'st things in the world un-
That climb to fall, and damn them for a Babel.
Whilst thus my thoughts were strongly entertain'd,
The greatest lamp of Heaven his height had gain'd;
Seeking some shade to lend content to me,
Lo, near at hand, I spy'd a goodly tree;
Under th' extensure of whose lordly arms,
The small birds warbled their harmonious charms.
Where sitting down to cool the burning heat,
Through the moist pores evap'rating by sweat,
Yielding my pleas'd thought to content (by chance)
I on a sudden dropt into a trance:
Wherein methought some god or power divine
Did my clear knowledge wondrously refine.
For that amongst those sundry varying notes,
Which the birds sent from their melodious throats,
Each sylvan sound I truly understood,
Become a perfect linguist of the wood:
Their flight, their song, and every other sign,
By which the world did anciently divine,
As the old Tuscans, in that skill profound[1],
Which first great Car, and wise Tyresias found,
To me bequeath'd their knowledge to descry,
The depth and secrets of their augury.
One I could bear appointing with his sweeting,
A place convenient for their secret meeting:
Others, when winter shortly should decline,
How they would couple at Saint Valentine[2]:
Some other birds that of their loves forsaken,
To the close deserts had themselves betaken,
And in the dark groves where they made abode,
Sung many a sad and mournful palinod.
And every bird show'd in his proper kind,
What virtue nature had to him assign'd.
The pretty Turtle, and the kissing Dove,
Their faiths in wedlock, and chaste nuptial love:
The Hens (to women) sanctity express,
Hallowing their eggs: the Swallow cleanliness,
Sweeting her nest, and purging it of dung,
And every hour is picking of her young.
The Hern, by soaring shows tempestuous showers,
The princely Cock distinguisheth the hours.
The Kite, his train him guiding in the air,
Prescribes the helm, instructing how to steer.
The Crane to labour, fearing some rough flaw,
With sand and gravel burthening his craw;
Noted by man, which by the same did find
To ballast ships for steddiness in wind.
And by the form and order in his flight,
To march in war, and how to watch by night.
The first of house that ere did groundsel lay,
Which then was homely, of rude loam and clay,
Learn'd of the Martin: Philomel in spring,
Teaching by art her little one to sing;
By whose clear voice sweet music first was found,
Before Amphion ever knew a sound.
Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little Redbreast teaching charity.
So many there in sundry things excell,
Time scarce could serve their properties to tell.
I cannot judge if it the place should be,
That should present this pretty dream to me,
That near the caves and shelter of a stack
(Set to support it) at a beech's back,
In a stubb'd tree with ivy overgrown,
On whom the Sun had scarcely ever shone,
A broad-fac'd creature, hanging of the wing,
Was set to sleep whilst every bird did sing.
His drowsy head still leaning on his breast,
For all the sweet tunes Philomel express'd;
No sign of joy did in his looks appear,
Or ever mov'd his melancholy cheer.
Ascalaphus[3], that brought into my head,
In Ovid's changes metamorphosed,
Or very like: but him I read aright,
Solemn of looks as he was slow of sight;
And to assure me that it was the same;
The birds about him strangely wond'ring came.
"Fie," quoth the Linnet, "tripping on the spray:
Rouse thee, thou sluggish bird, this mirthful May,
For shame come forth, and leave thy luskish nest,
And haunt these forests bravely as the best.
Take thy delight in yonder goodly tree,
Where the sweet Merle, and warbling Mavis be."
Next, quoth the Titmouse, which at hand did sit,
"Shake off this moody melancholy fit.
See the small brooks as through these groves they travel,
Sporting for joy upon the silver gravel,

[1] Divination by birds.

[2] The time when birds couple.

[3] Ascalaphus in Bubonem.

Mock the sweet notes the neighb'ring Sylvans sing,
With the smooth cadence of their murmuring.
Each bee with honey on her laden thigh,
From palm to palm (as carelessly they fly)
Catch the soft wind, and him his course bereaves,
To stay and dally with th' enamored leaves."
This while the Owl, which well himself could bear,
That to their short speech lent a list'ning ear:
Begins at length to rouse him in the beech,
And to the rest thus frames his reverend speech:
"O all you feather'd choristers of nature[4],
That power which hath distinguish'd every creature,
Gave several uses unto every one,
As several seeds and things to live upon:
Some, as the Lark, that takes delight to build
Far from resort, amidst the vasty field;
The Pelican in deserts far abroad,
Her dear-lov'd issue safely doth unload;
The Sparrow and the Robinet agen,
To live near to the mansion place of men;
And nature wisely which hath each thing taught,
This place best fitting my content forethought,
For I presume not of the stately trees,
Yet where foresight less threat'ning danger sees,
The tempest thrilling from the troubled air,
Strikes not the shrub, the place of my repair.
The fowlers' snares in ambush are not lay'd
T' intrap my steps, which oft have you betray'd.
A silent sleep, my gentle fellow birds,
By day a calm of sweet content affords;
By night I tower the Heaven, devoid of fear,
Nor dread the Gryphon to surprise me there.
And into many a secret place I peep,
And see strange things while you securely sleep.
Wonder not, birds, although my heavy eyes
By day seem dim to see your vanities,
Happy's that sight the secret'st things can spy,
By seeming purblind to community;
And blest are they that to their own content,
See that by night which some by day repent.
Did not mine eyes seem dim to others' sight,
Without suspect they could not see so right.
Oh! silly creatures, happy is the state,
That weighs not pity, nor respecteth hate:
Better's that place, though homely and obscure,
Where we repose in safety and secure,
Than where great birds with lordly talons seize
Not what they ought, but what their fancies please:
And by their power prevailing in this sort,
To rob the poor, account it but a sport:
Therefore of two, I chose the lesser evil,
Better sit still, then rise to meet the devil."
Thus the poor Owl unhappily could preach;
Some that came near in compass of his reach,
Taking this item, with a general ear
("A guilty conscience feels continual fear")
Soon to their sorrow secretly do find,
"Some that had wink'd, not altogether blind."
And finding now which they before had heard,
"Wisdom not all, in every parish bird,"
Shrewdly suspect, that breviting by night,
Under pretence that he was ill of sight,
Slily had seen which secretly not kept,
Simply they walk'd; he subtily had slept.
The envious Crow, that is so full of spite,
The hateful Buzzard, and the ravenous Kite,
The greedy Raven, that for death doth call[5],
Spoiling poor lambs as from their dams they fall,
That picketh out the dying creature's eye;
The thievish Daw, and the dissembling Pye,
That only live upon the poorers' spoil,
That feed on dunghills of the loathsome foil:
The Woodpecker, whose hard'ned beak hath broke,
And pierc'd the heart of many a solid oak:
That where the kingly Eagle wont to prey,
In the calm shade in heat of summer's day:
Of thousands of fair trees there stands not one
For him to perch or set his foot upon.
And now they see they safely had him here,
T'eschew th' effect of every future fear:
Upon the sudden all these murd'rous fowl,
Fasten together on the harmless Owl.
The cruel Kite, because his claws were keen,
Upon his broad face wreaks his angry teen.
His weasant next, the ravenous Raven plies,
The Pye and Buzzard tugging at his eyes.
The Crow is digging at his breast amain;
The sharp-neb'd Hecco stabbing at his brain;
That had the Falcon not by chance been near,
That lov'd the Owl[6], and held him only dear,
Come to his rescue at the present tide,
The honest Owl undoubtedly had dy'd.
And whilst the gentle fowl do yet pursue
The riot done by this rebellious crew,
The lesser birds that keep the lower spring,
Thereat much grieve with woeful murmuring,
Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs,
Who took their lives restrained not their tongues:
The Lark, the Linnet, and the gentler sort,
Those sweet musicians, with whose shrill report,
The senseless woods, and the obdurate rock,
Have oft been mov'd: the warbling Throstle Cock,
The Ousel, and the Nightingale among,
That charms the night calm with her powerful song,
In Phœbus' laurel that do take delight,
Whom Jove's fierce thunder hath no power to smite.
"Justice," say they, "ah, whether art thou fled?
Or this vile world hast thou abandoned?
O, why, fair Virtue, wer't thou made in vain?
Freedom is lost, and liberty is slain;
Whilst some whose power restrained not their rage,
Loudly exclaim upon the envious age,
That rocks for pity did resume them ears,
The earth so wet with plenty of their tears.
But thus it happ'd in heat of all these things,
Askings rule realms, God rules the hearts of kings."
The princely Eagle, leaving his abode,
Was from his court stolen secretly abroad:
And from the covert, closely where he stood,
To find how things were censur'd in the wood;
Far in the thickets might a chatt'ring hear,
To which soon lending an officious ear,
With a still flight his easy course doth make
Towards where the sound he perfectly doth take.
At every stroke (with his imperial wings)
The gentle air unto his feathers clings;
And through his soft and callow down doth flow,
As loth so soon his presence to forego,
And being at last arrived at the place,
He found the Owl in miserable case,
(For whom much sorrow everywhere was heard)
Sadly bemoan'd of many a helpless bird.
But when this princely jovial fowl they saw,
As now deliver'd from their former awe:

[4] The Owl's speech to the other birds. [5] Pliny.

[6] The natural love of the falcon to the owl. Pliny.

Each little creature lifted up a wing,
With Ave Cæsar, to their sovereign king.
Who seeing the Owl, thus miserably forlorn,
Spoil'd of his feathers, mangled, scratcht and torn,
Will'd him his name and quality to show,
How and wherefore he suffered all this woe:
Which the Owl hearing, taking heart thereby,
Though somewhat daunted with his piercing eye,
(With a deep sigh) "My sovereign liege'," quoth he,
"Though now thus poor and wretched as you see,
Athens sometime the Muses' nursery,
The source of science and philosophy,
Allow'd me freedom in her learned bowers,
Where I was set in the Cecropian towers.
Armed Bellona (goddess of the field)
Honour'd my portrait in the warlike shield.
And for my study (of all other fowl)
The wise Minerva challenged the Owl:
For which, those grave and still-authentic sages,
Which sought for knowledge in those golden ages,
Of whom we hold the science that we have,
For wisdom, me their hieroglyphic gave.
The fruitful Ceres to great Saturn born,
The first with sickle cropp'd the rip'ned corn,
She bore the swarthy Acheron, whose birth,
Scarcely then perfect, loathing of the Earth,
And flying all community with men,
Thrust his black head into the Stygian fen;
Where the nymph Orphne in th' infernal shade,
As in his stream she carelessly did wade,
The flood embracing craftily beguil'd;
By whom soon after she conceiv'd with child;
Of her dear son Ascalaphus[8], whose youth
So cherish'd justice, and respected truth,
As to the gods he faithfully did tell,
The tasted fruit by Proserpine in Hell:
Which an offence imagined so foul,
Ceres transform'd into the harmless Owl.
To our disgrace, though it be urg'd by some,
Our harmless kind to Crete doth never come;
The Cretians are still liars, nor come we thither,
For truth and falsehood cannot live together.
But those that spurn at our contented state,
With viperous envy and degenerate hate;
Strive to produce us from that Lesbian bed,
Where with blind lust the fleshly letcher led,
On his own child, unnaturally did pray,
(For that foul fact) transform'd Nyctimene[9],
But seldom seen unto the public eye,
The shrieking Litch-owl that doth never cry,
But boding death, and quick herself inters
In darksome graves and hollow sepulchres.
Thus much, my sovereign, whence my fathers came.
Now for the cause of this my present shame,
'Few words may serve a mischief to unfold,
For, in short speech long sorrow may be-told.'
But for my freedom that I us'd of late,
To lance th' infection of a poison'd state,
Whereis my free and uncorrupted tongue,
Lightly gave taste of their injurious wrong,
The Kite, the Crow, and all the birds of prey,
That they liege people havoc night and day;
Rushing upon me, with most foul despite,
Thus have they drest me in this piteous plight."
The Eagle now, a serious ear that lent
To the religious and devout intent
Of the good Owl, whom too injurious fate
Had thus rewarded, doth commiserate
The poor distressed bird, hoping to hear
What all the rest through negligence and fear
Smother'd in silence, and had buried still,
Covering the sore of many a fester'd ill;
Not only grants him liberty of speech,
But further deigning kindly to beseech
The virtuous bird no longer to refrain:
Who thus emboldén'd by his sovereign,
At length his silence resolutely brake,
And thus the Eagle's majesty bespake.
"Mighty[10]," said he, "though my plain homely words
Have not that grace that eleganee affords;
Truth of itself is of sufficient worth,
Nor needs it gloss of art to set it forth.
These hoary plumes like moss upon that oak,
By seeing much, yet suffering more I took.
Long have I seen the world's unconstant change,
Joy moves not me, affliction is not strange.
I care not for contempt, I seek not fame,
Knowledge I love, and glory in the same.
Th' ambitious judgment-seat I never sought,
Where God is sold for coin, the poor for nought.
I am a helpless bird, a harmless wretch,
Wanting the power that needful is to teach.
Yet care of your great good and general weal,
Unlocks my tongue, and with a fervent zeal
Breaks through my lips, which otherwise were pent
To that severe grave Samnite's[11] document.
I know, before my harmless tale be told,
The gripple Vulture argues me too bold.
The Cormorant (whom spoil cannot suffice)
Sticks not to charge and slander me with lies.
The Parrot tax me to be vainly proud,
And all cry shame, the owl should be allow'd.
Which with this axiom doth them all confute,
'When kings did speak, what subject can be mute?'
"The latest winter that forewent our prime,
O mighty prince, upon a certain time
I got into thy palace on a night,
There to revive my melancholy spright,
And there (for darkness) waiting all alone,
To view (by night) what lords by day look on,
Where I beheld so many candles' light,
As they had mock'd the tapers of the night.
Where, for it grew upon the time of rest,
And many great sincerity profess'd,
Expecting prayer should presently proceed,
To ask forgiveness for the day's misdeed,
There in soft down the liquorous sparrow sat,
Pamper'd with meats, full spermatic and fat.
His drugs, his drinks, and sirups doth apply,
To heat his blood and quicken luxury;
Which by his billing female was embrac'd,
Clasping her wings about his wanton waist.
O God, thought I, what's here by light within,
Where some in darkness should have fear'd to sin?
"The Cormorant set closely to devise,
How he might compass strange monopolies.
The gaudy Goldfinch and his courtly mate,
My madam Bunting powerful in the state,
Quickly agreed, and but at little stick,
To share a thousand for a bishopric,
And scramble up some feathers from the Lark,
What though a pastor and a learned clerk?

[7] The Owl's speech to the Eagle.
[8] Ovid's Metam. Lib. 5.
[9] Ibid. Lib. 2.
[10] The Owl's complaint to the king.
[11] Pythagoras.

And for his reverence, though he wear a cowl [12],
Yet at his entrance he must pay them toll.
" I saw a Buzzard scorning of the black,
That but of late did clothe his needy back,
With ostrich feathers had trick'd up his crest,
As he were bred a Falcon at the least.
Thus struts he daily in his borrow'd plume,
And but for shame he boldly durst presume
With princely eaglets to compare his sight:
Not the proud Iris in her colours dight,
Could with this base Kite equally compare.
What fowl before him stood not humbly bare?
No less than lords attending every beck,
At his command his betters brook his check.
But, O my liege, the birds of noble race
Know whence he is, and who affords him grace,
And inly grieve to see a servile mate,
Crept up by favour, to outbrave a state.
The poor unplumed birds that by offence,
Or some disgrace have lost pre-eminence,
Can point and say, 'This feather once was mine:'
Some wink, some would, some grieve, and some repine.
" Besides all this, I saw a bird did scour
A serpent's teeth, that daily did devour
Widows and orphans, yet th' Egyptian saws
Commend this bird for cleansing serpents' jaws.
For the base Trochyle [13] thinketh it no pain,
To scour vile carrion for a savoury gain.
When soon I saw about the serpent's nest,
Whilst this base slave his nasty grinders drest,
A thousand thousand silly little birds
Covering the fields, as do the summer's herds;
A thousand larger fowls, that strangely carp,
Did curse the beak that made his gums so sharp.
Yet in this base bird I might well descry
The prosperous fruit of thriving policy.
" Casting mine eye, and looking through a glass,
I saw a Gos-hawk (that in state did pass)
That by fair shows did men's affection feel,
Gold (his attendant) always at his heel.
Whole manors did him reverence as he stay'd,
Whose name (if written) could possession plead
In any lordship that adjoined his:
Law was his vassal, he and purchase kiss.
Zeal was his fool, and Learning was his jester,
Yet Pride his page, and Gluttony his taster.
A thousand suiters waited at his hand,
Some call'd his honour patron of the land;
The sole commander of the common-weal,
And unto him they humbly all appeal.
When in a closet strangely I beheld,
That was adjoining to a pleasant field,
How every suiter, when he was retir'd,
Bought out his peace, or his promotion hir'd;
Yet what he won with curses was rewarded,
When the poor birds, for bribes alone regarded.
" To th' secret of all secrets when I came,
Having mine eyes glew'd up with grief and shame:
I tell not how the Vulture sat apart,
Spending the blood and marrow of his heart,
And by all means his faculties t' apply,
To taint the Phenix by his surquedry,
That of her kind she been more than one,
(Parent [14] and infant to herself alone)
This heavenly bird (in touching their defame)
Had had her purple soiled with their shame.

[12] Mantuan. Bardocuculatus caput, &c.
[13] Trochylus. Avis. Plin.
[14] Claudian. de Phœnice.

And for the Turtle would not be unchaste,
Her did they banish to the barren waste.
I dare not say how every sort were search'd,
Nor dare I tell how Avarice was perch'd
Under the pillow of the gravest head,
(That freedom with the golden world is dead)
How age had cast off a religious life,
Humour of late become Opinion's wife.
Counsel secure, nor company'd with care,
The wit that woundeth zeal, accounted rare.
" But whither wand'reth my high-ravish'd Muse?
O, pardon liege, the fierce exclaims I use;
And let my barque (by gales of your good grace)
Through these rough seas bear sail a little space.
" Scarce had these words found utt'rance through [my lips
But therewithal a prattling Parrot skips
About the private lodging of his peers:
His eyes were watchful, open were his ears:
He had a tongue for every language fit,
A cheverel conscience, and a searching wit,
Coming in haste as he had cross'd the main,
And brought some strange intelligence from Spain:
Yet even at midnight (for the rogue was poor)
I found him knocking at a great man's door;
And where of course the wise were turn'd away,
His errand brook'd no dilatory stay,
But presently conducted (by a light)
Into a chamber very richly dight,
Where sat the Vulture with a dreadful frown,
Proud and ambitious, gaping for renown:
His talons red with blood of murder'd fowls,
His full eye quickly every way he rolls.
Whom when this Parrot steadfastly beheld,
His feathers bristled and his stomach swell'd;
And to the Vulture openeth where he sat,
(Whose ears attentive list'ned still thereat)
The state and haviour of each private man,
Laid out for searching avarice to scan.
Where by strict rule and subtilties in art,
Such traps were set, as not a man could start.
And where th' offender's maintenance was great,
Their working heads they busily did beat,
By some strange quiddit or some wrested clause,
To find him guilty of the breach of laws,
That he this present injury to shift,
To buy his own, accounts a princely gift:
And for a cloke to their corrupt decrees,
The Vulture with this subtle bird agrees,
That they which thus convicted are apart,
Shall be surpris'd by policy and art.
Then pick they forth such thieves as hate the light,
The black-ey'd Bat (the watchman of the night)
That to each private family can pry,
And the least slip can easily descry;
And since his conscience is both loose and large,
Is only set to undergo this charge;
Address'd to drink of every private cup,
And not a word slips but he takes it up,
To minister occasion of discourse,
And therewithal, some dangerous theme enforce,
To urge a doubtful speech up to the worst,
To broach new treasons, and disclose them first,
Whereby himself he clears, and unawares
Intraps the fowl, unskilful of these snares.
And (against law) he bears his lord's protection,
As a fit mean, and by the states' direction.
O worthy bird, prevent this ill in time,
And suffer not this ravenous Bat to climb,
That is occasion of the best's offence,
The brat of riot and of indigence,

The moth and canker of the common-weal,
Bred by corruption to disquiet zeal.
" Holla! thou wand'ring infant of my brain,
Whither thus fling'st thou? yet divert thy strain,
Return we back unto our former gate,
From which a little we digress'd of late,
And leave this monster beating of his head:
The honest Owl hath quickly struck him dead.
And forth again the Parrot let us find,
That winning credit so the world doth blind,
Under protection of so dread a hand,
Spoils families, and ransacketh thy land;
The Pelican that by his father's teaching, [ing,
Hath with devout zeal follow'd wholesome preach-
That rent his bosom, and enforc'd his tongue,
To teach his tender and beloved young:
When now these fautors of all vile abuse,
Have found a stand where they may note his use,
How father-like he gives affliction bread,
Converting souls, by blindfold errour led;
The naked orphan in his bosom wraps,
With the poor widow doth bewail her haps;
And never reaps his plenteous field so clean,
But leaves his harvest that the poor may glean;
Steps in this false spy, this promoting wretch,
Closely betrays him that he gives to each:
And for his deeds of charity and grace,
Roots up his godly hospitable place.
Most like to that sharp-sighted Alcatras[15],
That beats the air above the liquid glass:
The new-world's bird, that proud imperious fowl,
Whose dreadful presence frights the harmless Owl:
That on the land not only works his wish,
But on the ocean kills the flying fish.
Which, since the Owl has truly done his arrant:
O, princely Eagle, look unto this tyrant.
" But if my words thou wilfully impugn,
Thy peaceful empire that hath flourish'd long,
Headlong at length shall to confusion run,
As was this great globe ere the world begun,
When in an huge heap and unwieldy mass,
This all was shut and nature smother'd was:
And in this lump and chaos out of frame,
The contraries convers'd and one became,
Strictly together th' elements were clasp'd,
And in their rough hands one the other grasp'd,
That each did other's quality deface,
Beauty was buried, light could find no place.
But when th' all-seeing Sovereign did disperse,
Each to his place upon the universe,
To his own region and his contrary,
Envy'd his place, impugn'd his quality.
Fire, air, earth, water in their mansion sat,
By that great God to them appropriate.
All was compos'd within this goodly room,
A perfect shape this embryo was become;
Which thus dissever'd by their friendly jars,
Contrive the world's continuance by their wars.
So in confusion members are enclos'd,
To frame a state, if orderly dispos'd:
For to the proud malevolent aspect
Of angry Saturn that would all direct,
The long-exiled, but imperious Jove,
When for his regal sovereignty he strove,
With godlike state and presence of a king,
Calms Saturn's rage, his fury limiting.
" But leave we these unto their own decay,
Other occasions hasten us away;

Let princes view what their poor subjects try;
Blind is that sight, that's with another's eye
It is full time that we should get us hence.
" O mighty sovereign, oceans of offence,
Stand here opposed in my passing by,
When in a chamber near thy majesty,
A jetting Jay accomplished and brave,
That well could speak, well could himself be-
have;
His congées courtly, his demeanour rare,
And strangely fashion'd as the clothes he wear;
Which could each man with compliment salute,
He to the Woodcock fram'd a special suit:
Who him embracing like a brainless fool,
Desir'd him sit, commanding him a stool.
The jolly Jay thus graced by a peer,
Plucks up his spirits, and with a formal cheer
Breaks therewithal into most strange reports,
Of Flemish news, surprising towns and forts;
Of troubles rais'd in France against the king,
Spanish armados and embattling,
Protesting method in intelligence,
To be a thing of mighty consequence;
And pawns his soul, he can devise a way,
Which put in act, the leaguers lose the day,
To frame a bridge of bowstring o'er the Rhine,
Supplant the Alps, and lay them smooth and plain,
And that if the great princes of the north
Will with an army royal set him forth,
Before the year expir'd that is to come,
He will with Bourbon new beleaguer Rome.
Then of his knowledge in the cabalist,
And what pertaineth to an exorcist;
As of philacters what their uses be,
Homer's nepentlie how in each degree;
Each several use in practice what it is;
How much he wants that doth these secrets miss;
And by some little pillar in that place,
To give some window or some chimney grace,
He to proportion presently doth run,
And talks of the Colossus of the Sun:
Of columns the diameters doth tell,
Even from the base, up to the capital.
And to the roof he something doth allude,
And doth demonstrate of the magnitude.
And what is all this from his addle pate,
But like a Starling, that is taught to prate?
" And with a lisping garb this most rare man
Speaks French, Dutch, Spanish and Italian.
No day doth pass, he doth his compass miss,
To send to that lord, or to visit this,
And kissing of his claw, his coxcomb bare,
Is come to see how their good graces fare.
And presently he to their face reports,
Their rare perfections wonder'd at in courts;
Scratching the ideot by his itching ears.
Heaven spit down vengeance, or dissolve in tears,
And send the Ibis[16] to repulse our shame,
To drive these locusts to whence first they came.
Woe to these slaves whose shape the devil took,
To tempt the holy Esay at his book.
" O moral Mantuan, live thy verses long,
Honour attend thee, and thy reverend song!
Who seeks for truth (say'st thou) must tread the
path
Of the sweet private life, which envy's wrath,
Which poison'd tongues, with vain affected praise,
Cannot by scorn suppress, by flattery raise.

[15] The alcatras.

[16] The bird ibis, a destroyer of the locusts. Pliny.

For adulation, but if search be made
His daily mansion, his most usual trade,
Is in the monarch's court, in princes' halls,
Where goodly zeal he by contempt enthrals.
There calls he evil good, the good terms evil,
And makes a saint of an incarnate devil.
These boldly censure and dare set at nought
The noblest wit, the most heroic thought.
" This carrion Jay, approaching to the spring,
Where the sweet Muses wont to sit and sing,
With filthy ordure so the same defil'd,
As they from thence are utterly exil'd,
Banish'd their issue, from whose sacred rage
Flows the full glory of each plenteous age,
Still with the prophets challenging their parts,
The sweet companions of the lib'ral arts.
Those rare Promethii, fetching fire from Heaven;
To whom the functions of the gods are given,
Raising frail dust with their redoubled flame,
Mounted with hymns upon the wings of fame;
Ordain'd by nature (much-men for the great)
To fire their noble hearts with glorious heat.
You sun-bred ayry, whose immortal birth
Bears you aloft beyond the sight of Earth,
The Heaven-touch'd feathers of whose sprightly wings
Strikes (from above) the palaces of kings.
By how much nearer you ascend the sky,
Do lessen still to every mortal eye;
Who in this time contemptful greatness late
Scorn'd and disgrac'd, which erst renown'd her state:
O bastard minds, unto this vileness brought,
To loath the means which first your honours wrought!
But who their great profession can protect,
That rob themselves of their own due respect?
For they whose minds should be exhal'd and high,
As free and noble as clear poesy,
In the slight favour of some lord to come,
Basely do crouch to his attending groom.
Immortal gift, that art not bought with gold,
That thou to peasants should be basely sold!
" Hence as I went, I chanc'd to look aside,
And near at hand I happily espy'd
The Hedge-sparrow, and her compeer the Wren,
(Which simple people call our Lady's-hen)
Out of the way, i'th' bottom of a ditch,
Which tho' the place poor, yet the feeding rich,
For near at hand grew the brown winter-cherry,
The hip, the haw, the sloe, the bramble-berry;
And as together calmly they were set,
(Where oft before I might perceive they met)
Quoth the Wren, 'Gossip, be you rul'd by me,
And though men say the weaker sex we be,
Whate'er they think, yet gossip, they shall know,
That we were made for something else than show.
Few things shall pass that now in working are,
But you and I therein will have a share:
They say, the Robin roosteth in my nest;
Gossip, 'tis true: to you it is confest,
My cock's a slug, and doth me little ease:
He must be quick, his female that will please.
And of all birds although I be the least,
Yet few with me in number have increas'd,
I thank my friend; but let this secret lark,
And by my Robin, you and I must work;
For when the Eagle shapes him for above,
As oft he useth to confer with Jove,
To have his pinions, in sound perfect plight,
When they should fit him for so long a flight,
He oils his feathers, and with wondrous skill,
From the short'st flag, even to the longest quill,
Sees that each one be in due order set:
When as my fine and nimble Robinet
(Whilst each one seems as busy as a bee,
T' attire their sovereign, and none more than he,)
Watcheth his time, and aptly when he finds,
That the small birds, according to their kinds,
Shrink, when the Eagle doubled strength assumes
As he stands proudly rousing up his plumes,
Nor ever dreams what treachery intends,
Up by his train the crafty bird ascends,
And in the deep down closely doth him hide:
For the great Eagle, betwixt strength and pride,
His poor small body not so much as feels;
And thus this bird the king himself beguiles,
And in this sort transported to the spheres,
His sovereign's counsels, and Jove's secrets hears.
And when the wearied Eagle can no more,
Fresh from his back he into Heaven doth soar;
And coming thence, doth all to me relate.
And by this means we two will rule the state.'
King, look to these, that they do not o'erhear thee.
This crafty bird I doubt is but too near thee.
" And thus even cloy'd with business of the court,
To neighbour groves inviting my resort,
Where I suppose the solitary Owl
Might live secure unseen of any fowl;
Lo, in a valley peopled thick with trees,
Where the soft day continual evening sees,
Where, in the moist and melancholy shade,
The grass grows rank, but yields a bitter blade,
I found a poor Crane sitting all alone,
That from his breast sent many a throbbing groan;
Grov'ling he lay, that sometime stood upright;
Maim'd of his joints in many a doubtful fight:
His ashy coat that bore a gloss so fair,
So often kiss'd of the enamour'd air,
Worn all to rags, and fretted so with rust,
That with his feet he trod it in the dust:
And wanting strength to bear him to the springs,
The spiders wove their webs even in his wings:
And in his train their filmy netting cast,
He eat not worms, worms eat on him so fast.
His wakeful eyes, that in his foes' despite,
Had watch'd the walls in many a winter's night,
And never wink'd, nor from their object fled,
When Heaven's dread thunder rattled o'er his head,
Now cover'd over with dim cloudy veils,
And shrunken up into their slimy shells.
Poor bird that striving to bemoan thy plight,
I cannot do thy miseries their right;
Perceiving well, he found me where I stood,
And he alone thus poorly in the wood:
To him I stept, desiring him to show
The cause of his calamity and woe. [place,
'Night's-bird' (quoth he) 'what mak'st thou in this
To view my wretched miserable case?
Ill orators are aged men at arms,
That want to wreak, and not bewail their harms:
And repetition where there wants relief,
In less'ning sorrow, but redoubleth grief.
Seven sundry battles serv'd I in the field,
Against the Pigmies, in whose battern'd shield,
My prowess stands apparently exprest;
Besides the scars upon my manly breast;
Along the midland coasts my troops I led,
And Afric's pride with fear astonished;

And maim'd I was of this decrepit wing,
When as the fowl from the Propontic spring [17],
Fill'd all th' Ægean with their stemming oars,
And made the isles even tremble from the shores.
I saw when from the Adriatic seas,
The cross-adoring fowls, to Europe's praise,
Before Lepanto and Morea fought,
Where Heaven by wind, Earth's wonder strangely wrought,
Weary at length, and trusting to my worth,
I took my flight into the happy North:
Where nobly bred, as I was well ally'd,
I hop'd to have my fortune there supply'd:
But there arriv'd, disgrace was all my gain,
Experience scorn'd of every scurvy swain.
Other had got, for which I long did serve;
Still fed with words, whilst I with vants did starve.
Having small means, but yet a mighty heart,
Howe'er in fame, not honour'd for desert,
That small I had, I forced was to gage,
To cure my wounds, and to sustain my age;
Whilst those that scarce did e'er behold a foe,
Exult and triumph in my overthrow.
And seeing in vain with misery I strove,
Retir'd me to this solitary grove;
Where in despair (even loathing of my breath)
I long to dwell in the cold arms of death.'
Here sank down in a swoon and could no more,
And I return from whence I came before.

"Where by the way the country Rook depler'd
The grip and hunger of his ravenous lord.
The cruel Castrel, which with devilish claws
Scratcheth out of the miserable jaws
Of the poor tenant, to his ruin bent,
Raising new fines, redoubling ancient rent;
And by th' enclosure of old common land,
Racks the dear sweat from his laborious hand,
Whilst he that digs for breath out of the stones,
Cracks his stiff sinew, and consumes his bones;
Yet forc'd to reap continually with strife,
Snarling contention feeding on his life.
Yet hoping fortune better'd by his heirs,
They are content to part with what is theirs;
Lab'ring to keep him in his quiet state,
When envy doth his gath'red manors threat:
And being favour'd of some higher peer,
By whom their landlord keeps them still in fear,
They by their clownish industry and art,
Soon to the court reduce him from the cart,
With their provision and defray his charge,
Whilst with his grain he ballasts many a barge,
And so his gripple avarice he serve,
What reaks this rank hind, if his country starve?
Hell on the wealth that's purchased with shame,
Gold in the trunk, and in the grave defame:
Yet his claws blunt, and when he can no more,
The needy Rook is turn'd out of the door:
And lastly doth his wretchedness bewail,
A bond-slave to the miserable jail.

"Thus wearied with the sight of worldly crimes,
The wane of kingdoms, and the change of times;
I took myself, by searching to espy,
What sins in secret did in cities lie:
For there I deem'd, where law had chiefest force,
Strongly to limit every lewder course,
Things turn'd to nature, and disdain'd excess,
That plaguy foe to human happiness.

And as I went, (with busy search about)
Casting by cunning how to find them out,
I found the Pheasant that the Hawk doth fear,
Seeking for safety, bred his ayry there,
Yet is accus'd through close informing hate,
By lawless lending to offend the state.
Who being rich, and loving coin and ease,
Still buildeth low, for fear he should displease.
Yet the bald Buzzard being pointed judge,
To this base, muddy, miserable drudge,
A pair of young ones taketh from his nest,
And leaves this fearful recreant the rest,
And gives him thanks his goodness would so do,
That might take th' ayry, and the old one too.
He lived best, that most liv'd out of sight:
I dare not say the birds were all upright;
For some had golden beaks, but brazen claws,
That held the guilds to minister their laws.

"The Castrel for possession of his heir,
Is by the Ringtail offer'd wondrous fare,
To have a match betwixt their goodly breed,
T' increase their lands, and raise their happy seed.
But the coy Castrel turns it to a mock,
And scorns to match in his ignoble stock,
For which the Ringtail by a secret plot,
Suborns the Starling, which hath closely got
To be the broker, solely to seduce
The Castrel's heir, by giving thriftless use,
And in strong statutes to enthral him so,
To lime him sure which way soe'er he go.
For this young fowl (drawn from his father's eye)
Will with the fond world swim in vanity,
The subtil Ringtail never thus doth leave,
Till he the Castril cunningly deceive,
And catch his young one in the city's snare,
So gets his manors ere he be aware.
'Mongst which the Daw (by giving of a bribe)
Became a clerk amongst the learned tribe;
That being a bankrupt, a dishonest debtor,
Can get his living only by the letter,
Whilst arts go beg, and in a servile weed,
Are made the slaves to penury and need.

"The Goose exiled, humbly doth appeal
To all the birds, professing faith and zeal.
And though he proveth by the Roman book [18],
What care to keep the Capitol he took;
Yet is not heard: the Dove [19] without a gall,
Is left forsaken, and contemn'd of all. [fusion
There grows such diff'rence and such strange con-
'Twixt old decrees, and later institutions:
Yet being inspir'd, desisteth not to speak,
To edify the conscience that is weak,
And by approved arguments of's own,
By scriptures, fathers, and great writers known,
Discovereth their abominable trade;
So that the Stork their umpire being made,
Judgeth, the Daw should from the church be driven,
To prate in corners, and to preach by even.
And since his art and cunning was so scant,
To have no patron but the ignorant;
And by his doctrine only teaching fools,
To be exil'd, and hiss'd out of the schools.

"Hence like the seed Thebes-builder Cadmus
More armed mischiefs suddenly up-grew: [threw,
The Bittor brings his action 'gainst the Quail,
And on th' arrest allows him hardly bail;
Because he durst presume among the reeds,
To leave his lemmon, where his female breeds.

[17] The sea from Hellespont to Bosphorus Thracius.

[18] Plutarch. [19] Columba sine felle.

And mistress Titmouse, a neat merry dame,
With her friend Wagtail, one of special name,
Were su'd by th' Cuckow, in his proper wrong,
For him accusing with their sland'rous tongue,
Who to the bar his advocate doth bring,
That hath by rote the acts of many a king,
The laws, the statutes, and decrees assign'd,
Custom so old, as almost out of mind.
'A day of hearing, good my lord,' cries he,
'For master Cuckow that retaineth me;
Whom the lewd Wagtail basely had abus'd
In so vile terms, as cannot be excus'd;
The parties likewise present here in court,
And 'tis a case that well deserves report:
For which a jury's summoned with speed,
And to the trial presently proceed.'
The brain bald Coot, a formal witless ass,
Must now the foreman on this matter pass:
The sottish Dott'ril, ignorant and dull;
And next to him the maw-cramm'd gluttonous Gull.
The lecherous Mallard, call'd unto the book,
The squealing Lapwing, the ridiculous Rook,
The witless Woodcock, and his neighbour Snite,
That will be hir'd to pass on every right,
With all the rest empannelled to wait:
Which when the jury lastly was complete,
Call'd to the bar, admitted and allow'd,
Upstarts the Peacock, insolent and proud;
Of goodly stature, and of gracious port,
In presence of the honourable court,
And for the plaintiff learnedly began:
" 'My lord,' saith he, 'was never worthy man,
So nobly bred, and of so high descent,
Of so fair livelihood, and so large a rent,
As is the Cuckow, so abus'd hereby,
Nor yet so slander'd, as my plea shall try:
First, for the worth and honour of his name,
That you may better censure his defame;
From mighty birds descending every way,
And by his birth, the messenger to May;
His house still loyal, and his coat as fair,
His father's tunes he never did impair.
His name and nature do so well agree,
As shows his blood repurify'd to be.
In fruitful Sparta, it is since now long,
That famous Greece took notice of his wrong,
When for her wanton and unchaste desire,
A thousand ships stuft with revengeful fire,
To Tenedos the proud Ægean lades,
Whence sprang those high immortal Iliads.
And since the Romans from the Asian broils,
Return'd with conquest and victorious spoils,
The Cuci here continually have been,
As by their ancient evidence is seen,
Of consul Cuccus, from whose mighty name
These living Cuccos lineally came.
To him the ancients temples did erect,
Which with great pomp and ornament were deck'd.
Th' Italians call him Becco, (of a nod)
With all the reverence that belongs a god.
What though in love supposed to be us'd,
What is his virtue need not be excus'd:
The wiseman tells (if Nature be our guide)
In following her, we seldom slip aside.
And in this bird who can her power deny,
If Nature fram'd him to community?
Then wisely thus considering his profession,
You reverend judges of this lawful session:
As you are patrons of the righteous cause,
Vouchsafe my client judgment.' Here doth pause.

" Scarce could the Peacock his conclusion make,
When straight his turn the Turkeycock doth take,
A learned lawyer (worthy of his gown)
Of reputation both in court and town:
And to the bench for audience having cry'd,
Thus to the Peacock learnedly reply'd:
" ' Grave reverend fathers of the law,' he said,
'The matter that our adversaries plead,
Is vain and idle; we the point enforce
Against the Cuckow and his lawless course.
The Peacock here a cunning speech hath made,
To help his client and up-hold his trade;
But strip this mask that doth conceal the cause,
Examine each particular and clause
'Gainst proof so poor, so indigent to truth,
The bastard Cuckow bringing from his youth:
First laid and hatch'd up in another's nest,
Such vileness reign'd in his base parents' breast,
Who since that time they never sought for shame,
Nor but their vice he dares for's birth-right claim:
The Hedge-sparrow, this wicked bird that bred,
That him so long and diligently fed,
(By her kind tendance) getting strength and power,
His careful nurse doth cruelly devour:
Base as his birth, so baser is his trade,
And to the world a by-word now is made:
No nation names the Cuckow but in scorn,
And no man hears him, but he fears the horn:
No mouth regards him but lascivious May,
Wherein whilst youth is dallying with the day,
His song still tends to vanity and lust,
Amorous deceits, polygamies unjust.
" ' But to cut off these tedious allegations,
The law commands, these public defamations
Be strictly punish'd in the noblest men:
Why should you spare the cursed Cuckow then,
Who all his life to lewdness being bent,
Rightly deserves the public'st punishment?
Then, gentle jurors, good men, and elect,
As you your safeties carefully respect,
If Love's sweet music, and his blissful cheer,
E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear;
Tender the case, and evermore the wed
Shall praise your conscience both at board and bed.'
Thus said, he ceas'd, the jurors stept aside,
Wisely consulting, warily they try'd
The circumstance of every secret sin;
Thus they return'd, and brought their verdict in:
" Cast is the Cuckow, guilty of the deed,
And for a fine, for his deserved meed,
Allows to mistress Titmouse for her charge,
That she shall after have her tail at large:
And when she revels, as she did before,
T' exclude the Cuckow freely out of door:
And such offenders as they could present,
Likewise adjudg'd deserved punishment.
The Ring-dove, plagu'd with maggots in the maw,
The Woodcock gets the swelling of the craw.
The Crow, with dropsy (whilst yet living) rots:
The Quail, a leper fill'd with loathsome spots.
The Buzzard, of the lethargy is sick:
The Kite, with fevers falleth lunatic.
The epilepsy grew upon the Jay:
And of a sweat the Bunting drops away."
But how about my fantasy it brought,
Now know not I: but suddenly methought
The princely Eagle out of sight was gone,
And left the wise and honest bird alone,
To govern things, both for his proper heal,
And for the great good of the public weal.

When more the Owl, that with a vigilant eye,
All these dimensions perfectly could try,
Foresaw the peril threat'ned unto all,
Apt by their loose credulity to fall,
And whose prevention if he did foreslow,
Their utter spoil immediately should grow.
" My friends," quoth he, " look warily about,
Many the dangers which you are to doubt;
This gallant oak, wherein so oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your safety may betray.
And though his shade be delicate and sweet,
His trunk bears lime that may entrap your feet.
If, fearing what is requisite and fit,
You like my judgment, and allow my wit;
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deem,
Things be within, as outwardly they seem;
Headlong run on, and fall into the snare,
And say, a friend once warn'd you to beware."
Thus spake the Owl, whose talk could not be heard,
" So little fools good counsel do regard."
But thinking, frenzy him his wits beguil'd,
The honest bird despitefully revil'd.
But mark their end, who set advice at nought,
" Fools still too dear have found experience bought."
The husbandman surveying of his ground,
'Mongst all the trees this oak had quickly found:
And by all signs and likelihood of trade,
The birds therein their nightly roosting made.
And by the lime that issued from the tree,
They all entangled easily might be.
Taking the same, he spreads it on the sprays,
And through the thicket closely creeps his ways.
When the sad Arndetn shutting in the light,
Wan-sighted Cynthia (lady of the night)
Proudly ascending the etherial state,
Whence the bright Phœbus but dismounted late,
The dull-ey'd Evening his moist vapours threw,
Strewing the still earth with sweet showers of dew;
When every bird replenished with food,
Came on his stretch'd wings lively from the wood,
And on each small branch of this large-limb'd oak,
Their pretty lodgings carelessly they took,
No ill suspecting, fondly unawares,
Were all entangled in the fowler's snares:
Whose mournful chirping, and their chattering
Incites the Owl before his hour to rise. [cries,
And hearing from his melancholy seat,
The birds themselves thus wofully to beat,
(The deed discover'd with the morning's light)
Flew from his perch: though grieved at the sight,
Yet with a smile, his wisdom that became,
Which mock'd their folly, though bemoan'd their shame,
Quoth he, " You foolish burghers of the field,
That in contempt my counsels lewdly held,
That, whereat late you did but laugh and jeer,
Now to your ruin plainly doth appear,
The greatest thing you lightly are to lose,
Only your plumes that fortune can dispose.
'Tis yet a comfort in the depth of smart;
Envy but seizeth on the outward part.
But present peril in a thing of a price,
Rather craves action, then doth stay advice.
Therefore to help you, I'll my power assay."
Wherewith his wing doth presently display,
And with his claws, the birds of every kind
Plucks from the lime, which left their plumes be-
The little Robin, featherless and free, [hind.
Regreets the Owl with many a cap and knee.
The warbling Mevis mirthful paans sung,
The Nightingale, with her melodious tongue,
Gave him such music (to declare their thanks)
That springs and rivers danc'd above their banks:
That (with the repercussion of the air)
Shook the great Eagle sitting in his chair.
Which from the mountain (with a radiant eye)
Brav'd the bright cressit of the glorious sky;
Moving his princely majesty to see,
Whence this applause so suddenly should be,
Whose shewed wings (in their resistless course)
Beat the thin air, with such a violent force,
That the light birds dropt headlong from the skies,
The rocks and forests trembling with the noise,
Somewhat amaz'd at this unusual sight,
To see his people in this piteous plight:
His sovereign's ear doth presently address,
Willing to hear the cause of their distress:
To whom the poor Owl (his obedience done)
Thus to his liege lord, reverently begun:
" Monarch of all that beat the air with wings,
Thou bird of Jove, beloved amongst kings;
Here stands an oak well timber'd, largely spread,
That many a day hath borne his curled head
Above his fellows dwelling far and near,
That in the forest never found his peer;
Whose root well fasten'd in the fruitful ground,
His bark so lovely, and his heart so sound,
(Thro' his great wealth) grew insolent and proud,
Because the birds that in his boughs did shroud,
To his high praise continually did sing,
And kept their vigils to the enamour'd spring.
The virgin-huntress sworn to Dian's bow,
Here in this shade her quarries did bestow,
And for their nymphals, building amorous bowers,
Oft drest this tree with anadems of flowers;
And Flora chose her nurs'ry here to shield,
Her tender buds, the infants of the field.
By which, this tree grew arrogant in time,
And in his rank sap bred a loathsome slime,
Whose nature and vile quality is such,
Strongly to hold whatever it doth touch;
And not content to minister this mean,
Which in short time might have undone us clean;
But even his boughs the birds have honoured so,
He hath employ'd unto their general woe,
That when thy subjects, dreading no deceit,
Came to this tree, as to their safe retreat,
They were betray'd, and he that sped the best,
Hardly escap'd, with feathers at the least.
Those that I could, as I had power and might,
Though with much pain, I lastly did acquite.
The rest, whose freedom doth exceed my reach,
O king of birds, I humbly thee beseech
In mercy, let thy mightiness purvey,
To ransom from this imminent decay."
When now the Eagle cutting off his tale,
And even for sorrow waxing wan and pale;
At which sad sight, this poor implumed crew,
Stand faintly trembling in their sovereign's view;
And having stretch'd his lordly talon forth,
To show th' acceptance of this deed of worth;
" You silly birds, you wretched fowls," quoth he,
" Henceforth let this a friendly warning be.
Had you (as nature and our laws admit)
Built where your noble ancestors did sit,
Wisely providing to maintain their state,
Whose names and freedoms you participate,
You had not thus been spoiled of your goods,
For subtility now dwelleth in the woods.

For if too high and haughtily you soar,
Those see your falls that hover near the shore.
If in the cedar you your nests dispose,
The dreadful lightning ever threat'neth those.
If in the low earth (in the flattering shade)
The fowler's snares there secretly are laid.
Then, my dear subjects, as you wish my good,
Or have respect to your succeeding brood,
Let your wise fathers an example give,
And by their rules learn thriftily to live.
Let those weak birds, that want wherewith to fight,
Submit to those that are of grip and might.
Let those of power the weaker still protect,
So none shall need his safety to suspect;
Suppressing those enormities that are,
Whose cure belongs unto our sovereign care.
For when wealth grows into a few men's hands,
And to the great the poor in many bands;
The pride in court doth make the country lean,
The abject rich hold ancient honour mean.
Men's wits employ'd to base and servile shifts,
And laymen taught by learn'd men's subtil drifts,
Ill with the state 't must incidently fare.
For even as from th' infection of the air,
Sundry contagious sicknesses proceed,
These mischiefs more continually do breed.
Shun beastly lust, (you young well-feather'd fowl)
That wounds the body and confounds the soul;
That, as the subtil'st of the syrens' brood,
Binds all the spirits, and overcomes the blood;
Dark'ning the pureness of the inward light,
Weak'neth the sense, and murd'reth reason quite.
And you that sit as judges of the law,
Let not vile gain your equal balance draw.
O! still retain the Ethiopians' guise,
(As just and upright, as select and wise)
That in their judgments (sacred and profound)
Dispos'd them ever meekly on the ground;
To show the angels (sitting over head)
Them were to judge, as they had censured."
  Thus spake the Eagle, when with mutt'ring noise,
The rest attentive to his powerful voice,
Giving a signal of their admiration,
The Owl this while in serious contemplation,
Softly replies, "O mighty sovereign!
With all the synod of thy winged train,
Th' abundant joys that in my heart do throng,
Require more organs than the only tongue.
O blessed birds! how sweet is your subjection,
Under the safe and absolute protection
Of so exact and excellent a king,
So sole and perfect in his governing:
The reason this, (my grave selected peers)
Because 'tis known, that in these latter years,
The peaceful state prepost'rously disturb'd
By such, whose power the great have hardly curb'd.
The jocund Throstle, for his varying note,
Clad by the Eagle in a speckled coat;
Because his voice had judgment for the palm,
Suppos'd himself sole patron of our calm.
All say, for singing he had never peer:
But there were some that did his virtue fear.
Why shouldst thou then ambitiously despise
The manly Falcon? on whose courage lies
The kingdom's safety, which abroad doth roam,
By foreign wars to keep us safe at home.
I know, the strain of an alluring tongue
Can tye the full ear, and detain it long;
But other fortunes, and the alter'd place,
Crave new directions, and an active grace.
The former virtue may consist alone,
But better two, (if firmly join'd in one)
Experience once (by service in the wars)
Did quote his strong authorities in scars;
But in this latter time it hath been said,
The tongue doth all, contemning th' other's aid.
Virtue, whose chief praise in the act doth stand,
Could wish the tongue still coupled with the hand.
But in the Cock which death untimely wrack'd,
In him was both the elegance and act.
O! when that bird was ravish'd from our sight,
(Entombing him) the world entomb'd delight.
Let never mournful accent pass my pen,
That leaves his fame unregister'd to men.
The Muses, veiled with sad cypress-tree,
Upon his grave shall pour their tears with me.
O! if the world can weep so many tears
As his loss craves, or if in Heaven appears
More plenteous sorrow; let them both agree,
T' lament that hour that reft the Earth of thee.
O! thought I not some spirit could give thee more
Than this small portion of my scantled store!
I would not leave (I first would leave to live)
To give thee fame: O who can greater give?"
  This said, he sunk, as growing faint with speaking,
Sighing withal, as tho' his heart were breaking.
The princely Eagle pitying of his plight,
To cheer the poor Owl doing all he might;
The birds applauding with a free consent,
Follow'd the Eagle (with devout intent)
To the great mountain, to have all amended.
Thus I awak'd, and here my dream was ended.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Of all the tales that ever have been told,
By homely shepherds lately, or of old,
The Mooned-man, although the last in place,
Is not the least; and thus befel the case.
  It was the time when (for their good estate)
The thankful shepherds yearly celebrate
A feast, and bonefires on the vigils keep,
To the great Pan, preserver of their sheep:
Which whilst in high solemnity they spend,
Lastly the long day grew unto an end:
When as by night, with a devout intent,
About the field religiously they went,
With hollowing charms the warwolf[1] thence to fray,
That them and theirs awaited to betray.
  And now the Sun near half his course had run
Under the Earth, when coming every one
Back to the place where usually they met,
And on the ground together being set:
It was agreed, to pass away the time, [rhyme:
That some one shepherd should rehearse some
Long as they could their drooping hearts to glad,
Blame not poor swains, tho' lowly they were sad;
For some amongst them perfectly there knew,
That the sad times were shortly to ensue,
When they of all the sorts of men neglected,
In barren fields should wander disrespected.
For careful shepherds that do watch by night,
In the vast air see many a fearful sight,
From whose observance they do duly gather
The change of times, as well as of the weather.

[1] Men by sorcery turning themselves into wolves.

But whilst they strove this story who should tell,
Amongst the rest to Rowland's lot it fell,
By general voice, in time that then was grown
So excellent, that scarce there had been known
Him that excell'd in piping or in song:
When not a man the company among
That was not silent. Now the goodly Moon
Was in the full, and at her nighted noon,
Show'd her great glory, shining now so bright,
Quoth Rowland, "She that gently lends us light,
Shall be our subject, and her love alone,
Borne to a shepherd, wise Endymion,
Sometime on Latmus[2] that his flock did keep,
Rapted that was in admiration deep
Of her perfections, that he us'd to lie,
All the long night contemplating the sky,
At her high beauties: often of his store,
As to the god he only did adore,
And sacrific'd: she perfect in his love,
For the high gods enthronized above
From their clear mansions plainly do behold
All that frail man doth in this grosser mould:
For whom bright Cynthia gliding from her sphere,
Used oft-times to recreate her there:
That oft her want unto the world was strange,
Fearing that Heaven the wonted course would change,
And Phœbus, her oft missing did inquire,
If that elsewhere she borrow'd other fire:
But let them do to cross her what they could,
Down unto Latmus every month she would.
So that in Heaven about it there was odds,
And as a question troubled all the gods,
Whether, without their general consent,
She might depart: but nath'less to prevent
Her lawless course, they labour'd all in vain,
Nor could their laws her liberty restrain:
For of the seven, since she the lowest was,
Unto the Earth nought hinder'd her to pass:
Before the rest of which she had the charge,
No less her power was in the waters large,
From her deriving naturally their source:
Besides, she being swiftest in her course
Of all the planets, therefore him defies,
That her, her ancient liberty denies.
That many a time, apparelled in green,
Arm'd with her dart, she huntress-like was seen:
Her hair tuck'd up in many a curious plait,
Sometimes in fields found feeding of her neat;
A country maiden, then amongst the swains,
A shepherdess, she kept upon the plains;
Yet no disguise her deity could smother,
So far in beauty she excelled other:
Such was the virtue of the world, that then
The gods did use t' accompany with men
In human shapes, descending from their powers,
Often were seen in homely shepherds' bowers.
But he her course that studied still to know,
Muse not though oft he malcontent did go,
Seldom in one state that her ever found,
Horned sometime, now half-fac'd[3], and then round;
Shining on that part, then another more,
Then there most darken'd, where most light before;
Now all night shining, now a piece, and then
Observes the day, and in her course agen;

Sometime to south, then northward she doth stir,
Him so amazing, he supposed her
Vain and inconstant, now herself t' attire,
And help her beauties with her brother's fire,
When most of all accomplish'd is her face,
A sudden darkness doth her quite disgrace.
For that the Earth, by nature cold and dry,
By the much grossness and obscurity,
Whose globe exceeds her compass being fixt,
Her surface[4] and her brother's beams betwixt:
Within whose shadow when she haps to fall,
Forceth her darkness to be general;
That he resolv'd she ever would be strange;
Yet marking well, he found upon her change,
If that her brow with bloody red were stain'd,
Tempests soon after; and if black, it rain'd:
By his observance that he well discern'd,
That from her course things greater might be learn'd.
"Whilst that his brain he busied yet doth keep,
Now from the spleen the melancholy deep
Pierceth the veins, and like a raging flood,
Rudely itself extending through the blood,
Appals the spirits[5], denying their defence
Unto the organs, when as every sense
Ceaseth the office, then the labouring mind,
Strongest in that which all the powers doth bind,
Strives to high knowledge, being in this plight,
Now the Sun's sister, mistress of the night,
His sad desires long languishing to cheer,
Thus at the last on Latmus doth appear,
Her brother's beams enforc'd to lay aside,
Herself for his sake seeming to divide.
For had she come apparell'd in her light,
Then should the swain have perish'd in her sight.
Upon a bull[6] as white as milk she rode,
Which like a huntress bravely she bestrode,
Her brow with beauty gloriously replete,
Her count'nance lovely; with a swelling teat
Gracing her broad breast, curiously enchas'd
With branched veins, all bared to the waist.
Over the same she wore a vapour-thin,
Thorow the which her clear and dainty skin
To the beholder amiably did show,
Like damask roses lightly clad in snow.
Her bow and quiver at her back behind,
That eas'ly moving with the wanton wind,
Made a soft rustling, such as you do hear
Amongst the reeds some gliding river near,
When the fierce Boreas thorow them doth ride,
Against whose rage the hollow canes do chide;
Which breath her mantle[7] amorously did swell,
From her straight shoulders carelessly that fell.
Now here, now there, now up and down that flew,
Of sundry colours, wherein you might view
A sea, that somewhat strait'ned by the land,
Two furious tides raise their ambitious hand,
One 'gainst the other, warring in their pride,
Like two fond worldlings that themselves divide
For some slight trifle, opposite in all,
Till both together ruined, they fall.
Some coming in, some out again doth go,
And the same way, and the same wind doth blow,

[2] A mountain of Ionia: where Endymion is feigned to have enjoyed the Moon.

[3] Pro vario ad solem aspectu varias induit figuras.

[4] Eclip. Lunæ.

[5] The depth of contemplation.

[6] The exaltation of the Moon in Taurus, therefore not improperly said to ride upon a bull.

[7] In this supposed mantle is described the surface of a sea and land in landscape.

Both sails their course each labouring to prefer,
By th' hand of either's helpful mariner:
Outragious tempest, shipwrecks overspread
All the rude Neptune, whilst that pale-fac'd dread
Seizeth the ship-boy, that his strength doth put
The anchor'd cable presently to cut.
All above board, the sturdy Eolus casts
Into the wide seas, whilst on planks and masts
Some 'say to swim. and there you might behold,
Whilst the rude waters enviously did scold,
Others upon a promontory high,
Thrusting his blue top through the bluer sky,
Looking upon those lost upon the seas;
Like worldly rich men that do sit at ease,
Whilst in this vain world others live in strife,
Warring with sorrow every where so rife:
And oft amongst the monsters of the main,
Their horrid foreheads through the billows strain,
Into the vast air driving on their breasts
The troubled water, that so ill digests
Their sway, that it them enviously assails,
Hanging with white jaws on their marble scales;
And in another inland part agen,
Where springs, lakes, rivers, marishes and fen,
Wherein all kinds of water-fowl did won,
Each in their colours excellently done,
The greedy sea-maw fishing for the fry;
The hungry shell-fowl, from whose rape doth fly
Th' unnumber'd shoals; the mallard there did
feed;
The teal and morecoot raking in the weed;
And in a creek where waters least did stir,
Set from the rest the nimble divedopper,
That comes and goes so quickly and so oft,
As seems at once both under and aloft:
The jealous swan, there swimming in his pride,
With his arch'd breast the waters did divide,
His sally wings him forward strongly pushing,
Against the billows with such fury rushing,
As from the same, a foam so white arose,
As seem'd to mock the breast that them oppose:
And here and there the wand'ring eye to feed,
Of scatter'd tufts of bullrushes and reed,
Sedges, long-leav'd willow, on whose bending
spray,
The py'd king'sfisher, having got his prey,
Sat with the small breath of the water shaken,
Till he devour'd the fish that he had taken.
The long-neck'd hern, there watching by the brim,
And in a gutter, near again to him,
The bidding snite, the plover on the moor,
The curlew, scratching in the ouse and ore:
And there a fowler set his lime and gin,
Watching the birds unto the same to win;
Sees in a boat a fisher pear at hand,
Tugging his net full laden to the land,
Keep off the fowl, whereat the other's blood
Chaf'd; from the place where secretly he stood
Makes signs, and closely beck'neth him away,
Shaketh his hand, as threat'ning if he stay,
In the same stained with such natural grace,
That rage was lively pictured in his face:
Whilst that the other eagerly that wrought,
Having his sense still settled on his draught
More than before, beats, plunges, hales the cord,
Nor but one look, the other can afford.
Buskins she wore, which of the sea did bear
The pale green colour, which like waved were
To that vast Neptune, of two colours mixt,
Yet none could tell the difference was betwixt,
With rocks of crystal lively that were set,
Covering whose feet with many a curious fret,
Where groves of coral, which not feeling weather,
Their limber branches were so lapp'd together,
As one enamour'd had of other been,
Jealous the air t' have intercourse between:
'Mongst which clear amber[8] jellied seem'd to be,
Through whose transparence you might easily see
The beds of pearl[9] whereon the gum did sleep,
Cockles, broad scallops, and their kind that keep
The precious seed which of the waters come,
Some yet but thriving, when as other some,
More than the rest that strangely seem to swell,
With the dear fruit that grew within the shell;
Others again wide open there did yawn,
And on the gravel spew'd their orient spawn:
That he became amazed at her sight,
Even as a man is troubled at the light,
Newly awaked, and the white and red,
With his eyes twinkling, gathered and fled:
Like as a mirror to the Sun oppos'd,
Within the margin equally enclos'd,
That being moved, as the hand directs,
It at one instant taketh and reflects:
For the affection by the violent heat,
Forming it, passion taketh up the seat
In the full heart, whereby the joy or feat,
That it receives either by th' eye or ear,
Still as the object altereth the mood,
Either attracts, or forceth from the blood:
That from the chief part violently sent,
In either kind thereby is vehement.

" Whilst the sad shepherd in this woful plight
Perplex'd, the goddess with a longing sight
Him now beheld; for worshipped by men,
The heavenly powers so likewise love agen
To show themselves, and make their glories known:
And one day marking when he was alone,
Unto him coming, mildly him bespake:
Quoth she, ' Know, shepherd, only for thy sake,
I first chose Latmus, as the only place
Of my abode, and have refus'd to grace
My Menalus, well known in every coast,
To be the mount that once I loved most:
And since alone of wretched mortals, thou
Hast labour'd first my wand'ring course to know[10];
To times succeeding thou alone shalt be,
By whom my motion shall be taught,' quoth she,
' For those first simple that my face did mark,
In the full brightness suddenly made dark,
Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,
To be enchanted long did me suppose:
With sounding brass and all the while did ply,
The incantation thereby to untie.

" ' But to our purpose, when our mother went,
The bright Latona[11], (and her womb distent)
With the great burden that by Jove she bare[12],
Me and my brother, the great thunderer's care:
Whom floating Delos wand'ring in the main,
From jealous Juno hardly could contain:

[8] Amber found in the Ligustic deeps.

[9] Pearls bred in shells.

[10] Endymion first found out the course of the Moon.

[11] Tibul. Elegia 8. Juven. Satyr. 6. Plutar. vit. Æmi.

[12] Apollo and Phœbe, feigned to be the twins of Jupiter and Latona. Vide Ovid. l. 6. Metam. & Plin. l. 27. c. 44.

Then much distress'd, and in a hard estate,
Cœus, fair daughter by our stepdame's hate,
Betwixt a laurel and an olive-tree,
Into the world did bring the Sun and me.
When I was born (as I have heard her say)
Nature alone did rest her on that day:
In Jove's high house the gods assembled all,
To whom he held a sumptuous festival;
The well wherein my mother bath'd me first,
Hath that high virtue, that he shall not thirst,
Thereof that drinks, and hath the pain appeas'd
Of th' inward griev'd, and outwardly discas'd:
And being young, the gods that haunt the deep,
Stealing to kiss me softly laid to sleep;
And having felt the sweetness of my breath,
Missing me, mourn'd, and languished to death.
I am the rectress of this globe below,
And with my course the sea doth ebb and flow [13],
When from aloft my beams I oblique cast,
Straightways it ebbs, and floweth then as fast;
Downward again my motion when I make,
Twice doth it swell, twice every day doth slake;
Sooner or later shifting of the tide
As far or near my wand'ring course doth guide.
"'That kindly moisture that doth life maintain,
In every creature proves how I do reign
In fluxive humour, which is ever found,
As I do wane or wax up to my round;
Those fruitful trees of victory and peace,
The palm and olive, still with my increase
Shoot forth new branches: and to tell my power,
As my great brother, so have I a flower [14]
To me peculiar, that doth ope and close,
When as I rise, and when I me repose.
No less than these that green and living be,
The precious gems do sympathize with me:
As most that stone [15] that doth the name derive
From me, with me that lesseneth or doth thrive,
Dark'neth and shineth, as I do, her queen,
And as in these, in beasts my power is seen.
As he whose grim face all the lesser fears,
The cruel panther, on his shoulder bears
A spot that daily changeth as I do.
And as that creature me affecteth too,
It whose deep craft scarce any creature can,
Seeming with reason to divide with man,
The nimble babion [16] mourning all the time,
Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.
The spotted cat, whose sharp and subtil sight
Pierceth the vapour of the blackest night,
My want and fulness in her eye doth find,
So great am I and powerful in that kind.
As those great burghers of the forest wild,
The hart, the goat, and he that slew the child [17]
Of wanton Mirrah, in their strength do know
The due observance nature doth me owe.
And if thou think me heavenly not to be,
That in my face thou often seem'st to see
A paleness, where those other in the sky
Appear so purely glorious in thine eye:
Those freckles [18] thou supposest me disgrace,
Are those pure parts that in my lovely face,
By their so much tenuity do slight,
My brother's beams assisting me with light,
And keep that clearness as doth me behove,
Of that pure Heaven me set wherein to move.
My least spot seen unto the Earth so near,
Wherefore that [19] compass that doth oft appear
About my body, is the dampy mist,
From Earth arising, striving to resist
The rays my full orb plenteously projects
On the gross cloud, whose thickness it reflects,
And mine own light about myself doth fling
In equal parts, in fashion of a ring;
For near'st to mortals though my state I keep,
Yet not the colour of the troubled deep,
Those spots supposed, nor the fogs that rise
From the dull Earth, me any whit agrize;
Whose perfect beauty no way can endure,
But what like me is excellently pure;
For moist and cold although I do respire,
Yet in myself had I not genuine fire [20],
When the gross Earth divided hath the space
Betwixt the full orb and my brother's face,
Though I confess much lessen'd be my light,
I should be taken utterly from sight:
And for I so irregularly go,
Therein wise Nature most of all doth show
Her searchless judgment: for did I in all
Keep on in that way, which star-gazers call
The line ecliptic [21], as my glorious brother
Doth in his course, one opposite to other;
Twice every month, th' eclipses of our light
Poor mortals should prodigiously affright;
Yet by proportion certainly I move,
In rule of number, and the most I love
That which you call full, that most perfect seven
Of three and four made [22], which for odd and even
Are male and female, which by mixture frame,
It most mysterious, that as mine I claim;
Quarter'd thereby, first of which seven my prime,
The second seven accomplisheth the time
Unto my fulness, in the third I range
Less'ning again, the fourth then to my change:
The which four sevens the eight and twenty [23] make,
Through the bright circle of the zodiac
In which I pass, whose quarters [24] do appear
As the four seasons of my brother's year.
First in my birth am moisten'd as his spring;
Hot as the summer, he illumining
My orb, the second; my third quarter dry,
As is his autumn; when from him I fly,
Depriv'd his bright beams, and as waxing old,
Lastly, my wane is as his winter cold.'
"Whereat she paus'd; who all the while she spake,
The bustling winds their murmur often brake;
And being silent seemed yet to stay,
To listen if she had ought else to say.
When now the while much troubled was his thought,
And her fair speech so craftily had caught
Him, that the spirits soon shaking off the load
Of the gross flesh, and hating her abode;

[13] Secundum motum diurnum singulis diebus bis fluens, bis refluens.
[14] Selenetropium, the flower of the Moon.
[15] The Selenite, of σελήνη.
[16] Cinocephal the babion, or baboon.
[17] Adonis slain by a boar.
[18] Partes Lunæ rariores & proinde minus lucidæ.

[19] The cause of that circle which the philosophers call halo, which we often see about the Moon.
[20] Luna lumen habet congenitum.
[21] The line supposed to divide the zodiac.
[22] Numerus impar mea par fœmina.
[23] The month of the year, of the Moon.
[24] The four quarters of the month resemble the four seasons of the year. Macro.

Being thoroughly heated in these amorous fires,
Wholly transported with the dear desires
Of her embraces: for the living soul,
Being individual, uniform and whole,
By her unwearied faculties doth find
That which the flesh of duller earth by kind
Not apprehends, and by her function makes
Good her own state; Endymion now forsakes
All the delights that shepherds do prefer,
And sets his mind so gen'rally on her,
That all neglected to the groves and springs,
He follows Phœbe, that him safely brings
(As their great queen) unto the nymphish bowers,
Wherein clear rivers beautified with flowers,
The silver Naides [25] bathe them in the brack.
Sometime with her the sea-horse he doth back,
Amongst the blue Nereides [26]; and when
Weary of waters, goddess-like agen,
She the high mountains actively assays,
And there amongst the light Oriades [27],
That ride the swift roes, Phœbe doth resort;
Sometime amongst those that with them comport,
The Hamadriades [28], doth the wobds frequent;
And there she stays not; but incontinent,
Calls down the dragons that her chariot draw,
And with Endymion pleased that she saw,
Mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an eye,
Stripping the winds, beholding from the sky
The Earth in roundness of a perfect ball,
Which as a point but of this mighty all,
Wise Nature fix'd, that permanent doth stay,
Whereas the spheres by a diurnal sway
Of the first Mover carried are about.
And how the several elements throughout,
Strongly infolded, and the vast air spread
In sundry regions, in the which are bred
Those strange impressions often that appear
To fearful mortals, and the causes there,
And light'ned by her piercing beams, he sees
The powerful planets, how in their degrees,
In their due seasons they do fall and rise:
And how the signs [29] in their triplicities
Re sympathising in their trine consents,
With whose inferior forming elements,
From which our bodies the complexions take,
Natures and number: strongly and do make
Our dispositions like them, and on Earth
The power the Heavens have over mortal birth,
That their effects which men call fortune, are
As is that good or inauspicious star,
Which at the frail nativity doth reign.
Yet here her love could Phœbe not contain,
And knowledge him so strongly doth inspire,
That in most plenty, more he doth desire;
Raising him up to those excelling sights,
The glorious Heaven, where all the fixed lights,
Whose images supposed to be therein,
Are fram'd of stars, whose names did first begin
By those wise ancients, not to stellify
The first world's heroes only, but imply
To teach their courses, for distinguished
In constellations, a delight first bred
In slothful man, into the same to look,
That from those figures nomination took,
Which they resembled her on Earth below,
And the bright Phœbe subtilly doth know
The heavenly motions high her orb above,
As well as those that under her do move.
For with long titles do we her invest,
So these great three most powerful of the rest,
Phœbe, Diana, Hecate, do tell,
Her sovereignty in Heaven, in Earth and Hell;
And wise Apollo, that doth likewise send
Her his pure beams, with them doth likewise send
His wondrous knowledge, for that god most bright,
King of the planets, fountain of the light [30]:
That seeth all things, will have her to see,
So far as where the sacred angels be.
Those hierarchies that Jove's great will supply,
Whose orders formed in triplicity,
Holding their places by the treble trine,
Make up that holy theologic nine [31]:
Thrones, cherubin, and seraphin [32] that rise,
As the first three, when principalities,
With dominations, potestates are plac'd
The second; and the ephionian last,
Which virtues, angels, and archangels be.
" Thus yonder man that in the moon you see,
Rapt up from Latmus, thus she doth prefer,
And goes about continually with her:
Over the world that every month doth look,
And in the same there's scarce that secret nook
That he surveys not, and the places hidden
Whence simple truth and candle-light forbidden
Dare not approach, he peepeth with his light;
Whereas suspicious Policy by night
Consults with Murder, Baseness at their hand,
Armed to act whatever they command,
With guilty conscience and intent so foul,
That oft they start at whooping of an owl,
And slily peering at a little pore,
See one sometimes content to keep the door:
One would not think the bawd that did not know,
Such a brave body could descend so low.
And the base churl, the Sun that dare not trust,
With his old gold, yet smelling it doth rust,
Lays it abroad, but locks himself within
Three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin
To ope his bags, and being sure of all;
Else, yet therewith dare scarcely trust the wall:
And with a candle in a filthy stick,
The grease not fully covering the wick,
Pores o'er his base god, forth a flame that fries,
Almost as dim as his foul bleared eyes:
Yet like to a great murderer, that gave
Some slight reward unto some bloody knave,
To kill, the second secretly doth slay,
Fearing lest he the former should betray:
He the poor candle murd'reth ere burnt not,
Because that he the secresy doth doubt;
And oftentimes the Mooned-man outspies
The eve-dropper, and circumspectly eyes
The thief and lover, 'specially which two
With night and darkness have the most to do.
And not long since, besides this, did behold
Some of you here, when you should tend your fold,
A nights were wenching: thus he me doth tell."
With that, they all in such a laughter fell,

[25] The nymphs of the waters.
[26] Nymphs of the sea.
[27] Nymphs of the mountains.
[28] Nymphs of the woods.
[29] The signs in their triplicities sympathize with the elements.
[30] Sol, fons lucis.
[31] Nine the most holy number.
[32] The nine orders of the angels.

That the field rang: when from a village near
The watchful cock crew, and with notes full clear
The early lark upon summoned the day,
When they departed every one their way.

ODES;

WITH OTHER LYRIC POESIES.

TO THE WORTHY KNIGHT AND MY NOBLE FRIEND,

SIR HENRY GOODERE,

A GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

THESE lyric pieces, short and few,
Most worthy sir, I send to you,
To read them be not weary:
They may become John Hewes his lyre,
Which oft at Powlsworth by the fire
Hath made us gravely merry.

Believe it, he must have the trick
Of rhyming with invention quick,
That should do lyrics well:
But how I have done in this kind,
Though in myself I cannot find,
Your judgment best can tell.

Th' old British bards, upon their harps,
For falling flats, and rising sharps,
That curiously were strung;
To stir their youth to warlike rage,
Or their wild fury to assuage,
In their loose numbers sung.

No more I for fools' censures pass,
Than for the braying of an ass,
Nor once mine ear will lend them:
If you but please to take in gree
These Odes, sufficient 'tis to me;
Your liking can commend them.

Yours,

M. DRAYTON.

TO THE READER.

ODES I have called these my few poems; which how happy soever they prove, yet criticism itself cannot say, that the name is wrongfully usurped: for (not to begin with definitions against the rule of oratory, nor ab ovo, against the prescript rule of poetry in a poetical argument, but somewhat only to season thy palate with a slight description) an ode is known to have been properly a song, modelled to the ancient harp, and neither too short breathed, as hasting to the end, nor composed of the longest verses, as unfit for the sudden turns and lofty tricks with which Apollo used to manage it. They are (as the learned say) divers: Some transcendently lofty, and far more high than the epic (commonly called the heroic poem) witness those of the inimitable Pindar, consecrated to the glory and renown of such as returned in triumph from Olympus, Elis, Isthmus, or the like: Others among the Greeks are amorous, soft, and made for chambers, as others for theatres; as were Anacreon's, the very delicacies of the Grecian Erato, which Muse seemed to have been the minion of that Teian old man, which composed them: Of a mixed kind were Horace's, and may truly therefore be called his mixed; whatsoever else are mine, little partaking of the high dialect of the first:

Though we be all to seek
Of Pindar that great Greek.

Nor altogether of Anacreon, the arguments being amorous, moral, or what else the Muse pleaseth. To write much in this kind, neither know I how it will relish, nor in so doing, can I but injuriously presuppose ignorance or sloth in thee, or draw censure upon myself, for sinning against the decorum of a preface, by reading a lecture, when it is enough to sum the points. New they are, and the work of playing hours; but what other commendation is theirs, and whether inherent in the subject, must be thine to judge. But to act the go-between of my poems and thy applause, is neither my modesty nor confidence, that oftener than once have acknowledged thee kind, and do not doubt hereafter to do somewhat in which I shall not fear thee just: and would at this time also gladly let thee understand what I think above the rest, of the last ode of this number, or if thou wilt, ballad in my book: for both the great master of Italian rhymes Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and other of the upper house of the Muses, have thought their canzons honoured in the title of a ballad; which for that I labour to meet truly therein with the old English garb, I hope as able to justify, as the learned Colin Clout his roundelay. Thus requesting thee in thy better judgment, to correct such faults as have escaped in the printing, I bid thee farewel.

M. DRAYTON.

ODES.

TO HIMSELF, AND THE HARP.

AND why not I, as he
That's greatest, if as free,
(In sundry strains that strive,
Since there so many be)
Th' old lyric kind revive?

I will, yea, and I may;
Who shall oppose my way?
For what is he alone,
That of himself can say,
He's heir of Helicon?

Apollo, and the Nine,
Forbid no man their shrine,
That cometh with hands pure;
Else they be so divine,
They will him not endure.

For they be such coy things,
That they care not for kings,
And dare let them know it;
Nor may he touch their springs,
That is not born a poet.

The Phocean[1] it did prove,
Whom when foul lust did move,
Those maids unchaste to make,
Fell, as with them he strove,
His neck and justly brake.

That instrument ne'er heard,
Struck by the skilful bard,
It strongly to awake;
But it th' infernals scar'd,
And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetic strings[2]
Whose sounds with fiery wings
Drove fiends from their abode,
Touch'd by the best of kings,
That sung the holy ode.

So his[3], which women slew,
And it in't Hebrus threw,
Such sounds yet forth it sent,
The banks to weep that drew,
As down the stream it went.

That by the tortoise-shell,
To Maya's son[4] it fell,
The most thereof no doubt
But sure some power did dwell
In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,
And air, with rivers t' yield,
Which mov'd: that sturdy glebes,
And massy oaks could wield
To raise the piles of Thebes[5].

And diversly through strong,
So anciently we sung
To it, that now scarce known,
If first it did belong
To Greece or if our own.

The Druides[6] imbru'd
With gore, on altars rude
With sacrifices crown'd
In hollow woods bedew'd,
Ador'd the trembling sound.

Though we be all to seek
Of Pindar[7] that great Greek,
To finger it aright,
The soul with power to strike,
His hand retain'd such might.

Or him[8] that Rome did grace,
Whose airs we all embrace,
That scarcely found his peer,
Nor giveth Phœbus place
For strokes divinely clear.

The Irish[9] I admire,
And still cleave to that lyre,
As our music's mother,
And think, till I expire,
Apollo's such another.

As Britons, that so long
Have held this antique song,
And let all our carpers
Forbear their fame to wrong,
Th' are right skilful harpers.

Southern[10], I long thee spare,
Yet wish thee well to fare,
Who me pleased'st greatly,
As first, therefore more rare,
Handling thy harp neatly.

To those that with despite
Shall term these numbers slight,
Tell them their judgment's blind,
Much erring from the right,
It is a noble kind.

Nor is't the verse doth make,
That giveth or doth take,
'Tis possible to climb,
To kindle, or to slake,
Although in Skelton's[11] rhyme.

[1] Pyreneus, king of Phocis, attempting to ravish the Musea.

[2] Sam. lib. 1. cap. 16.

[3] Orpheus the Thracian poet. Caput Hebre lyramque exip. &c. Ovid. lib. 11. Metam.

[4] Mercury inventor of the Harp, as Horace, Ode. 10. lib. 7. curvaq; lyræ parentem.

[5] Thebes feigned to have been raised by music.

[6] The ancient British priests, so called from their abode in woods.

[7] Pindar, prince of the Greek lyric, of whom Horace: Pindarum quisquis studet, &c. Od. 2. lib. 4.

[8] Horace, first of the Romans in that kind.

[9] The Irish harp.

[10] Southern, an English lyric.

[11] An old English rhymer.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Rich statue, double-fac'd,
With marble temples grac'd,
To raise thy godhead higher,
In flames where altars shining,
Before thy priests divining,
Do od'rous fumes expire.

Great Janus, I thy pleasure,
With all the Thespian treasure,
Do seriously pursue;
To the pass'd year returning,
As though the old adjourning,
Yet bringing in the new.

Thy ancient vigils yearly
I have observed clearly,
Thy feasts yet smoking be;
Since all thy store abroad is,
Give something to my goddess,
As hath been us'd by thee.

Give her th' Eoan brightness,
Wing'd with that subtil lightness,
That doth transpierce the air;
The roses of the morning
The rising heav'n adorning,
To mesh with flames of hair,

Those ceaseless sounds, above all,
Made by those orbs that move all,
And every swelling there,
Wrapp'd up in numbers flowing,
Them actually bestowing,
For jewels at her ear.

O rapture great and holy,
Do thou transport me wholly,
So well her form to vary,
That I aloft may bear her,
Whereas I will insphere her
In regions high and starry.

And in my choice composures
The soft and easy closures
So amorously shall meet;
That ev'ry lively measure
Shall tread a perfect measure,
Set on so equal feet.

That spray to fame so fertile,
The lover-crowning myrtle,
In wreaths of mixed bows,
Within whose shades are dwelling
Those beauties most excelling,
Enthron'd upon her brows.

Those parallels so even,
Drawn on the face of Heaven,
That curious art supposes,
Direct those gems, whose clearness
Far off amaze by nearness,
Each globe such fire encloses.

Her bosom full of blisses,
By nature made for kisses,
So pure and wondrous clear,
Whereas a thousand graces
Behold their lovely faces,
As they are bathing there.

O, thou self-little blindness,
The kindness of unkindness,
Yet one of those divine;
Thy brands to me were lever,
Thy fascia, and thy quiver,
And thou this quill of mine.

This heart so freshly bleeding,
Upon its own self feeding,
Whose wounds still dropping be;
O love, thyself confounding,
Her coldness so abounding,
And yet such heat in me.

Yet if I be inspired,
I'll leave thee so admired,
To all that shall succeed,
That were they more than many,
'Mongst all, there is not any
That time so oft shall feed.

For adamant engraved,
That hath been choicely'st saved,
Idea's name but-wears;
So large a flower as this is,
The greatest often misses,
The diadem that bears.

TO HIS VALENTINE.

Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth chuse a make,
This day's St. Valentine's;
For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see,
What beauty it shall be,
That fortune us assigns.

But lo, in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies,
In yonder climbing tow'r,
Gilt by the glitt'ring rise;
O Jove! that in a show'r,
As once that thund'rer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprise.

Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
So ravishing a sight;
That it the gods might awe,
And pow'rfully transpierce
The globy universe,
Out-shooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heav'nly cheek,
Dy'd like the dawning day,
As polish'd ivory sleek:
And in her ear I'll say;
"O thou bright morning-star,
'Tis I that come so far,
My Valentine to seek.

Each little bird, this tide,
Doth chuse her loved phere,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide:
So may we two be true,
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

"The sparrow, swan, the dove,
Tho' Venus' birds they be,
Yet are they not for love
So absolute as we:
For reason us doth move;
They but by billing woo:
Then try what we can do,
To whom each sense is free.

"Which we have more than they,
By livelier organs sway'd,
Our appetite each way
More by our sense obey'd:
Our passions to display,
This season us doth fit;
Then let us follow it,
As nature us doth lead.

"One kiss in two let's break,
Confounded with the touch,
But half words let us speak,
Our lips employ'd so much
Until we both grow weak;
With sweetness of thy breath,
O smother me to death:
Long let our joys be such.

" Let's laugh at them that choose
Their Valentines by lot,
To wear their names that use,
Whom idly they have got:
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend;
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not."

THE HEART.

If thus we needs must go,
What shall our one heart do,
This one made of our two?

Madam, two hearts we break,
And from them both did take
The best, one heart to make.

Half this is of your heart,
Mine in the other part,
Join'd by our equal art.

Wer't cemented, or sown,
By shreds or pieces known,
We each might find our own.

But 'tis dissolv'd, and fix'd,
And with such cunning mix'd,
No diff'rence that betwixt.

But how shall we agree,
By whom it kept shall be,
Whether by you, or me?

It cannot two breasts fill,
One must be heartless still,
Until the other will.

It came to me today,
When I will'd it to say,
With whether it would stay?

It told me, In your breast,
Where it might hope to rest:
For if it were my guest,

For certainty it knew,
That I would still woo
Be sending it to you.

Never, I think, had two
Such work, so much to do
A unity to woo.

Yours was so cold and chaste,
Whilst mine with zeal did waste,
Like fire with water plac'd.

How did my heart entreat,
How pant, how did it beat,
Till it could give yours heat!

Till to that temper brought,
Through our perfection wrought,
That blessing either's thought.

In such a height it lies,
From this base world's dull eyes,
That Heaven it not envies.

All that this Earth can show,
Our heart shall not once know,
For it too vile and low.

THE SACRIFICE TO APOLLO.

Priests of Apollo, sacred be the vents,
For this learn'd meeting: let no barbarous groom,
How brave soe'er he be,
Attempt to enter;
But of the Muses free,
None here may venture;
This for the Delphian prophets is prepar'd:
The profane vulgar are from hence debarr'd.

And since the feast so happily begins,
Call up those fair Nine, with their violins;
They are begot by Jove,
Then let us place them,
Where no clown in may shove,
That may disgrace them:
But let them near to young Apollo sit;
So shall his foot-pace overflow with wit.

Where be the Graces, where be those fair three?
In any hand they may not absent be:
They to the gods are dear,
And they can humbly
Teach us ourselves to bear,
And do things comely:
They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem,
They grace the Muses, and the Muses them.

Bring forth your flaggons (fill'd with sparkling wine)
Whereon swoln Bacchus, crowned with a vine,
Is graven; and fill out,
It well bestowing,
To ev'ry man about,
In goblets flowing:
Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound;
To our god Phœbus let the health go round.

Let your jests fly at large; yet therewithal
See they be salt, but yet not mix'd with gall:
Not tending to disgrace,
But fairly given,
Becoming well the place,
Modest and even;
That they with tickling pleasure may provoke
Laughter in him, on whom the jest is broke.

Or if the deeds of heroes ye rehearse,
Let them be sung in well-order'd verse,
That each word have its weight,
Yet run with pleasure;
Holding one stately height,
In so brave measure,
That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak,
And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud'st doth speak.

And if ye list to exercise your vein,
Or in the sock, or in the buskin'd strain,
Let art and nature go
One with the other;
Yet so, that art may show
Nature her mother;
The thick-brain'd audience lively to awake,
Till with shrill claps the theatre do shake.

Sing hymns to Bacchus then, with hands uprear'd,
Offer to Jove, who most is to be fear'd:
From him the Muse we have,
From him proceedeth
More than we dare to crave;
'Tis he that feedeth
Them, whom the world would starve; then let the lyre
Sound, whilst his altars endless flame respire.

TO CUPID.

Maidens, why spare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind shooter?
Because wanton Venus,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her son's tutor.

Now in the spring
He proveth his wing,
The field is his bower,
And as the small bee
About flieth he,
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers,
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth,
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doom'd by fate,
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind;
For very despite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing,
(Ill his mark choosing)
Or his bow broken;
The moan Venus maketh,
And care that she taketh,
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending
Her love, and straight sending
Her doves and her sparrows,
With kisses unto him,
And all but to woo him,
To make her son arrows.

Telling what he hath done,
(Saith she, "Right mine own son")
In her arms him she closes,
Sweets on him fans,
Laid in down of her swans,
His sheets leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;
Which oft when he misses,
He ever is froward,
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child so untoward.

Yet in a fine net,
That a spider set,
The maidens had caught him,
Had she not been near him,
And chanced to hear him,
More good they had taught him.

AN AMOURET ANACREONTIC.

Most good, most fair,
Or things as rare,
To call you's lost;
For all the cost
Words can bestow,
So poorly show
Upon your praise,
That all the ways
Sense hath, come short;
Whereby report
Falls them under;
That when wonder
More hath seized,
Yet not pleased,
That it in kind
Nothing can find,
You to express:
Nevertheless,
As by globes small,
This mighty all
Is show'd, though far
From life, each star
A world being:
So we seeing
You, like as that,
Only trust what
Art doth us teach;
And when I reach
At moral things,
And that my strings
Gravely should strike,
Straight some mislike
Blotteth mine Ode.
As with the load
The steel we touch,
Forc'd ne'er so much,
Yet still removes
To that it loves,
Till there it stays;
So to your praise
I turn ever,
And though never
From you moving,
Happy so loving.

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

Wer't granted me to chuse,
How I would end my days;
Since I this life must lose,
It should be in your praise;
For there is no bays
Can be set above you.

S'impossibly I love you
And for you sit so high,
Whence none may remove you
In my clear poesy,
That I oft deny
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit
Maintaining still my cause,
Your sex nor to inherit,
Urging the Salique laws;
But your virtue draws
From me every due.

Thus still you me pursue,
That no where I can dwell,
By fear made just to you,
Who naturally rebel,
Of you that excel
That should I still indite,

Yet will you want some rite,
That lost in your high praise
I wander to and fro,
As seeing sundry ways:
Yet which the right not know
To get out of this maze.

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE.

You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Whilst loit'ring hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.
Go, and subdue,

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail,
With vows as strong,
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold,
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitfull'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass,
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras.

To whose, the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares that tend,
But them to defend
From winter's age,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
O you the happy'st men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide Heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel every where,
Apollo's sacred tree,
You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hackluit,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

AN ODE WRITTEN IN THE PEAK.

This while we are abroad,
Shall we not touch our lyre?
Shall we not sing an ode?
Shall that holy fire,
In us that strongly glow'd,
In this cold air expire?

Long since the Summer laid
Her lusty brav'ry down,
The Autumn half is way'd,
And Boreas 'gins to frown,
Since now I did behold
Great Brute's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak
A while we do remain,
Amongst the mountains bleak
Expos'd to sleet and rain,
No sport our hours shall break,
To exercise our vein.

What though bright Phœbus' beams
Refresh the southern ground,
And though the princely Thames
With beauteous nymphs abound,
And by old Camber's streams
Be many wonders found;

Yet many rivers clear
Here glide in silver swathes,
And what of all most dear,
Buxton's delicious baths,
Strong ale and noble cheer,
T' assuage breem Winter's scathes.

Those grim and horrid caves,
Whose looks affright the day,
Wherein nice Nature saves
What she would not bewray,
Our better leisure craves,
And doth invite our lay.

In places far or near,
Or famous, or obscure,
Where wholesome is the air,
Or where the most impure,
All times, and every where,
The Muse is still in ure.

HIS DEFENCE AGAINST THE IDLE CRITIC.

The rhyme nor mars, nor makes,
Nor addeth it, nor takes,
From that which we propose;
Things imaginary
Do so strangely vary,
That quickly we them lose.

And what's quickly beget,
As soon again is not,
This do I truly know:
Yea, and what's borne with pain,
That sense doth long'st retain,
Gone with a greater flow.

Yet this critic so stern,
But whom, none must discern,
Nor perfectly have seeing,
Strangely lays about him,
As nothing without him
Were worthy of being.

That I myself betray
To that most public way,
Where the world's old bawd,
Custom, that doth humour,
And by idle rumour,
Her dotages applaud,

That whilst she still prefers
Those that be wholly hers,
Madness and ignorance,
I creep behind the time,
From spertling with their crime,
And glad too with my chance.

O wretched world the while,
When the evil most vile
Beareth the fairest face,
And inconstant lightness,
With a scornful slightness,
The best things doth disgrace.

Whilst this strange knowing beast,
Man, of himself the least,
His envy declaring,
Makes virtue to descend,
Her title to defend,
Against him, much preparing.

Yet these me not delude,
Nor from my place extrude,
By their resolved hate;
Their vileness that do know,
Which to myself I shew,
To keep above my fate.

TO HIS RIVAL.

Her lov'd I most,
By thee that's lost,
Though she were won with leisure;
She was my gain,
But to my pain,
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure.

The ship full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmed,
May suffer wreck
In sailing back,
By tempest overwhelmed.

But she, good sir,
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging;
But for that she
Found faith in me,
And she lov'd to be changing.

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot,
Be silent now you have her;
The time I know
She slighted you,
When I was in her favour.

None stands so fast,
But may be cast
By fortune, and disgraced:
Once did I wear
Her garter there,
Where you her glove have placed.

I had the vow
That thou hast now,
And glances to discover
Her love to me,
And she to thee
Reads but old lessons over.

She hath no smile
That can beguile,
But as my thought I know it;
Yea, to a hair,
Both when and where
And how she will bestow it.

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And first to me was given;
Thou laugh'st at me,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are even.

But I'll not mourn,
But stay my turn,
The wind may come about, sir,
And once again
May bring me in,
And help to bear you out, sir.

A SKELTONIAD.

The Muse should be sprightly,
Yet not handling lightly
Things grave; as much loth,
Things that be slight, to clothe
Curiously: to retain
The comeliness in main,
Is true knowledge and wit.
Nor me forc'd rage doth fit,
That I thereto should lack
Tobacco, or good sack,
Which to the colder brain
Is the true hippocrene;
Nor did I ever care
For great fools, nor them spare,
Virtue, though neglected,
Is not so dejected,
As vilely to descend
To low baseness their end;
Neither each rhyming slave
Deserves the name to have

Of poet: so the rabble
Of fools, for the table,
That have their jests by heart,
As an actor his part,
Might assume them chairs
Amongst the Muse's heirs.
Parnassus is not clome
By every such mome;
Up whose steep side who swerves
It behoves t' have strong nerves:
My resolution such,
How well, and not how much
To write, thus do I fare,
Like some, few good that care
(The evil sort among)
How well to live, and not how long.

THE CRYER.

Good folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a cryer;
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes, that pass'd this way.
O yes, O yes, O yes,
If there be any man,
In town or country, can
Bring me my heart again,
I'll please him for his pain;
And by these marks I will you show,
That only I this heart do owe.
It is a wounded heart,
Wherein yet sticks the dart,
Ev'ry piece sore hurt throughout it,
Faith, and troth, writ round about it:
It was a tame heart, and a dear,
And never us'd to roam;
But having got this haunt, I fear
'Twill hardly stay at home.
For God's sake, walking by the way,
If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a stray,
Or send it back to me.

TO HIS COY LOVE,

A CANZONET.

I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me:
These poor half kisses kill me quite;
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanched.
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in Hell,
But thus in Heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

AN HYMN.

TO HIS LADY'S BIRTH-PLACE.

COVENTRY, that dost adorn
The country wherein I was born,
Yet therein lies not thy praise,
Why I should crown thy tow'rs with bays:
'Tis not thy wall[12] me to thee weds,
Thy ports, nor thy proud pyramids,
Not thy trophies of the boar[13],
But that she which I adore,
Which scarce goodness' self can pair,
First there breathing blest thy air.
Idea, in which name I hide
Her, in my heart deify'd,
For what good man's mind can see,
Only her ideas be;
She, in whom the virtues came
In woman's shape, and took her name,
She so far past imitation,
As but Nature our creation
Could not alter, she had aimed
More then woman to have framed:
She, whose truly written story,
To thy poor name shall add more glory,
Than if it should have been thy chance
T' have bred our kings that conquer'd France.
Had she been born the former age,
That house had been a pilgrimage,
And reputed more divine,
Then Walsingham[14] or Becket's[14] shrine.
That princess[15], to whom thou dost owe
Thy freedom, whose clear blushing snow
The envious Sun saw, when as she
Naked rode to make thee free,
Was but her type, as to foretel,
Thou should'st bring forth one, should excel
Her bounty, by whom thou should'st have
More honour than she freedom gave;
And that great queen[16], which out of late
Rul'd this land in peace and state,
Had not been, but Heaven had sworn,
A maid should reign when she was born.
Of thy streets which thou hold'st best,
And most frequent of the rest,
Happy Mich-Parke[17] of the year,
On the fourth[18] of August there,
Let thy maids from Flora's bowers,
With their choice and daintiest flowers
Deck thee up, and from their store,
With brave garlands crown that door.

[12] Coventry finely walled.
[13] The shoulder-bone of a boar of mighty bigness.
[14] Two famous pilgrimages, the one in Norfolk, the other in Kent.
[15] Godiva, duke Leofric's wife, who obtained the freedom of the city, of her husband, by riding through it naked.
[16] Queen Elizabeth.
[17] A noted stabl in Coventry.
[18] His mistress's birth-day.

The old man passing by that way,
To his son in time shall say,
" There was that lady born, which long
To after-ages shall be sung;"
Who unawares being passed by,
Back to that house shall cast his eye,
Speaking my verses as he goes,
And with a sigh shut ev'ry close.
Dear city, travelling, by thee,
When thy rising spires I see,
Destined her place of birth;
Yet methinks the very earth
Hallowed is, so far as I
Can thee possibly descry:
Then thou dwelling in this place,
Hearing some rude hind disgrace
Thy city with some scurvy thing,
Which some jester forth did bring,
Speak these lines where thou dost come,
And strike the slave for ever dumb.

TO THE CAMBRIO BRITONS, AND THEIR HARP, HIS BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed king Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
" Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the Sun
By fame been raised.

" And for myself," quoth he,
" This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

" Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
No less our skill is,
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopp'd the French lilies."

The duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his hench-men.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear, was wonder;
That with cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew;
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,

Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his ax did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which Fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a king Harry!

PASTORALS:

CONTAINING ECLOGUES.

TO THE HONOUR OF MY NOBLE PATRON

SIR WALTER ASTON:

AS OTHER MY POEMS, SO I CONSECRATE THESE MY PASTORALS POSIES.

M. DRAYTON.

TO

THE READER OF HIS PASTORALS.

SOMEWHAT is to be said, by way of general preparative, touching the name and nature of pastoral poesy, before I give thee my pastorals. Pastorals, as they are a species of poesy, signify feigned dialogues, or other speeches in verse, fathered upon herdsmen, whether opiliones, bubulci, &c. that is to say, shepherds, neat-herds, &c. who are ordinary persons in this kind of poem, worthily therefore to be called base, or low. This, as all other forms of poesy, (excepting, perhaps, the admirable Latin Piscatories of that noble Neapolitan Sanazara) hath been received from the Greeks, and as at the second hand, from the Romans. The subject of pastorals, as the language of it ought to be poor, silly, and of the coarsest woof in appearance; nevertheless, the most high, and most noble matters of the world may be shadowed in them, and for certain sometimes are: but he who hath almost nothing pastoral in his pastorals, but the name, (which is my case), deals more plainly, because detracto velamine, he speaks of most weighty things. The Greek pastorals of Theocritus have the chief praise. Whether Virgil in his bucolics hath kept within pastoral humbleness, let Scaliger, and the nation of learned censors, dispute: the blessing which came in them to the testimonial majesty of the Christian name, out of Sibyls' monuments, cited before Christ's birth, must ever make Virgil venerable with me: and in the angels' song to shepherds at our Saviour's nativity, pastoral poesy seems consecrated. It is not of this time and place to show the originals of this invention: let it here suffice to have pointed out the best, and them so old, as may serve for prescription. The chief law of pastorals is the same which is of all poesy, and of all wise carriage, to wit, decorum, and that not to be exceeded without leave, or without at least fair warning. For so did Virgil, when he wrote,

——Paulò majora canamus.

Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for the immortality of his name, had he only given us his Shepherd's Calendar, a master-piece, if any. The Colin Clout of Skoggan[1], under king Henry the Seventh, is pretty: but Barkley's Ship of Fools hath twenty wiser in it. Spenser is the prime pastoralist of England. My pastorals, bold upon a new strain, must speak for themselves, and the tabor striking up, if thou hast in thee any country quicksilver, thou hadst rather be at the sport, than hear thereof. Farewel.

PASTORALS.

THE FIRST ECLOGUE.

PHŒBUS full out his yearly course had run,
(The woeful Winter labouring to out-wear)
And though 'twas long first, yet at length begun
To heave himself up to our hemisphere,
For which pleas'd Heaven to see this happy hour,
O'ercome with joy, wept many a silver shower.

When Philomel, the augur of the Spring,
Whose tunes express a brother's trait'rous fact,
Whilst the fresh groves with her complaints do ring,
To Cynthia her sad tragedy doth act.
The jocund mirl, perch'd on the highest spray,
Sings his love forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling snake against the morning Sun,
Like Iris shows his sundry colour'd coat,
The gloomy shades and enviously doth shun,
Ravish'd to hear the warbling birds to roat.
The buck forsakes the lawns where he hath fed,
Fearing the hunt should view his velvet head.

Through every part dispersed is the blood,
The lusty Spring in fulness of her pride:
Man, bird, and beast, each tree, and every flood,
Highly rejoicing in this goodly tide:
Save Rowland, leaning on a ranpike[2] tree,
Wasted with age, forlorn with woe was he.

"Great God," quoth he, (with hands rear'd to the [sky)
"Thou wise Creator of the starry light,
Whose wondrous works thy essence do imply,
In the dividing of the day and night:
The earth relieving with the teeming Spring,
Which the late Winter low before did bring.

"O thou strong Builder of the firmament,
Who placed'st Phœbus in his fiery car,
And for the planets wisely didst invent
Their sundry mansions, that they should not jar,
Appointing Cynthia mistress of the night,
From Titan's flames to fetch her forked light,

"From that bright palace where thou reign'st alone,
Whose floor with stars is gloriously enchas'd;
Before the foot-stool of whose glittering throne
Those thy high orders severally are plac'd,
Receive my vows, that may thy court ascend,
Where thy clear presence all the powers attend.

[1] Skoggan. Mr. Warton thinks he must mean Skelton. *C.*

[2] A tree with age beginning to decay at the top.

" Shepherds' great Sovereign, graciously receive,
Those thoughts to thee continually erected,
Nor let the world of comfort me bereave,
Whilst I before it sadly lie dejected,
Whose sins, like fogs that over-cloud the air,
Darken those beams which promis'd me so fair.

" My hopes are fruitless, and my faith is vain,
And but mere shows, disposed me to mock,
Such are exalted basely that can feign,
And none regards just Rowland of the Rock.
To those fat pastures, which flocks healthful keep,
Malice denies me entrance with my sheep.

" Yet will I Nature enviously accuse,
Nor blame the Heavens thus hapless me to make:
What they impose, but vainly we refuse,
When not our power their punishment can slake;
Fortune the world that towzes to and fro,
Fickle to all, is constant in my woe.

" This only rests, time shall devour my sorrow,
And to affliction minister relief,
When as there never shall succeed a morrow,
Whose labouring hours shall lengthen out my grief,
Nor in my breast care sit again so deep:
Tyring the sad night with distemper'd sleep.

" And when that time expired hath the date,
What wears out all things, lastly perish must,
And that all-searching and impartial Fate
Shall take account of long-forgotten dust,
When every being silently shall cease,
Lock'd in the arms of everlasting peace."

Now in the ocean Titan quench'd his flame,
That summon'd Cynthia, to set up her light,
And she the near'st of the celestial frame,
Sat the most glorious on the brow of night;
When the poor swain, with heaviness oppress,
To the cold earth sunk sadly down to rest.

THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

MOTTO.

Mourr my youth's mirth become the aged years,
My gentle shepherd, father of us all,
Wherewith I wonted to delight my pheers,
When to their sports they pleased me to call.

Now would I tune my miskins[3] on this green,
And frame my verse, the virtues to unfold
Of that sole phenix bird, my life's sole queen,
Whose locks do stain the three times burnish'd gold.

But melancholy settled in thy spleen,
My rhymes seem harsh to thy unrelish'd taste,
Thy wits that long replenish'd have not been,
Wanting kind moisture, do unkindly waste.

WINKEN.

Well, wanton, laugh not my old age to scorn,
Nor twit me so, my senses to have lost;
The time hath been, when as my hopeful morn
Promis'd as much as now thy youth can boast.

My direful cares have drawn upon my face,
In wrinkled lines with age's iron pen,
The morphew quite discoloured the place,
Which had the power t' attract the eyes of men.

What mock'd the lily, bears this tawney dye,
And this once crimson, looks thus deadly pale,
Sorrow hath set his foot upon mine eye,
And hath for ever perished my sale.

A cumber-world, yet in the world am left,
A fruitless plot with brambles overgrown:
Of all those joys, that pleas'd my youth, bereft,
And now too late my folly but bemoan.

Those dainty strains of my well-tuned reed,
Which many a time have pleas'd the curious ears,
In me no more those pleasing thoughts do breed,
But tell the errours of my wand'ring years.

Those pois'ning pills been biding at my heart,
Those loathsome drugs unseason'd youth did chaw,
Not once so sweet, but now they be as tart;
Not in the mouth, what they are in the maw.

MOTTO.

Even so I ween: for thy old age's fever
Deems sweetest potions bitter as the gall,
And thy cold palate, having lost the savour,
Receives no comfort by a cordial.

WINKEN.

As thou art, once was I a gamesome boy,
Ill-winter'd now, and aged as you see,
And well I know, thy swallow-winged joy
Quickly shall vanish as 'tis fled from me.

When on the arch of thy eclipsed eyes,
Time shall have deeply character'd thy death,
And sun-burnt age thy kindly moisture dries,
Thy wasted lungs be niggards of thy breath;

Thy brawn-fall'n arms and thy declining back
To the sad burthen of thy years shall yield,
And that thy legs their wonted force shall lack,
Able no more thy wretched trunk to wield.

Now am I like the knotty aged oak,
Whom wasting time hath made a tomb for dust,
That of his branches reft by tempest's stroke,
His bark consumes with canker-worms and rust.

And though thou seem'st like to the bragging bryer,
And spread'st thee like the morn-lov'd marygold,
Yet shall thy sap be shortly dry and seer,
Thy gawdy blossoms blemished with cold.

Even such a wanton and unruly swain,
Was little Rowland, when as lately he
Upon the verge of yonder neighb'ring plain,
Carved this rhyme upon a beechen tree.

THEN this great universe no less
Can serve her praises to express:
Betwixt her eyes, the poles of love,
The host of heavenly beauties move,
Depainted in their proper stories,
As well the fixt as wandering glories,
Which from their proper orbs not go,
Whether they gyre swift or slow:
Where from their lips, when she doth speak,
The music of those spheres do break,
Which their harmonious motion breedeth:
From whose cheerful breath proceedeth
That balmy sweetness that gives birth
To every offspring of the Earth:
The structure of whose gen'ral frame,
And state wherein she moves the same,

[3] A little bagpipe.

In that proportion, Heaven's best treasure,
Whereby it doth all poise and measure,
So that alone her happy sight
Contains perfection and delight.

MOTTO.

O divine love! which so aloft can raise,
And lift the mind out of the earthly mire,
And dost inspire us with so glorious praise,
As with the Heavens doth equal man's desire:

What doth not help to deck thy holy shrine,
With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree?
Who will not say that thou art most divine,
At least, confess a deity in thee?

WINKEN.

A foolish boy, full ill is he repay'd:
For now the wanton pines in endless pain,
And sore repents what he before mis-said.
So may they be, which can so lewdly feign.

Now hath this yonker torn his tressed locks,
And broke his pipe which was of sound so sweet,
Forsaking his companions and their flocks,
And casts his garland lodely at his feet.

And being shrouded in a homely coat,
And full of sorrow, (I him sitting by)
He turn'd his rebec to a mournful note,
And thereto sang this doleful elegy:

"Upon a bank with roses set about,
Where turtles oft sit joining bill to bill,
And gentle springs steal softly murm'ring out,
Washing the foot of Pleasure's sacred hill:
There little Love sore wounded lies,
His bow and arrows broken,
Bedew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,
Oh, grievous to be spoken!

"Bear him my heart, slain with her scornful eye,
Where sticks the arrow which that heart did kill,
With whose sharp pile, request him, ere he die,
About the same to write his latest will;
And bid him send it back to me,
At instant of his dying,
That cruel, cruel she, may see,
My faith and her denying.

"His chapel be a mournful cypress' shade,
And for a chantry Philomel's sweet lay,
Where prayers shall continually be made
By pilgrim lovers passing by that way,
With nymphs' and shepherds' yearly moan,
His timeless death beweeping,
In telling that my heart alone
Hath his last will in keeping."

MOTTO.

Woe's me for him that pineth so in pain,
Alas, poor Rowland, how for him I grieve!
That such a bait should breed so foul a bane,
Yet she not deign his sorrow to relieve.

WINKEN.

Beware by him, thou foolish wanton swain,
By others' harms thus may'st thou learn to heed:
Beauty and wealth been fraught with high disdain,
The night draws on: come, homeward let us speed.

THE THIRD ECLOGUE.

PERKIN.

Rowland, for shame, awake thy drowsy Muse,
Time plays the hunt's-up to thy sleepy head;
Why ly'st thou here, whilst we are ill bested,
Foul idle swain?

Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing vein,
And now doth hear this scurvy minstrelsy,
Tending to nought, but beastly ribaldry,
That doth not muse?

Then slumber not with dull Endymion,
But tune thy reed to dapper verilayes,
And sing awhile of blessed Beta's praise,
Of none but she.

Above the rest so happy may'st thou be,
For learned Colin lays his pipes to gage,
And is to Fayrie gone a pilgrimage,
The more our moan.

ROWLAND.

What, Beta, shepherd? she is Pan's belov'd,
Fair Beta's praise beyond our strain doth stretch,
A note too high for my poor pipe to reach,
An oaten reed.

The most unfit to speak of worthy's deed,
I'll set my song unto a lower key,
Whereas a horn-pipe I may safely play,
And unreprov'd.

With flattery my Muse could never fadge,
Nor could this vain scurrility affect,
From looser youth to win a light respect,
Too base and vile.

Me that doth make, that I care not the while,
Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
Which so bestirs him at the Morrice-dance,
For penny wage.

PERKIN.

Rowland, so toys esteemed often are,
And fashions ever vary with the time,
But since the season doth require some rhyme,
With lusty glee,

Let me then hear that roundelay of thee,
Which once thou sang'st to me in Janevier,
When Robin-red-breast, sitting on a briar,
The burthen bare.

ROWLAND.

Well, needs I must, yet with a heavy heart,
Yet were not Beta, sure, I would not sing,
Whose praise the echoes cease not yet to ring
Up to the skies.

PERKIN.

Be blythe, good Rowland, then, and clear thine eyes,
And since good Robin to his roost is gone,
Supply his want, and put two parts in one,
To show thy art.

ROWLAND.

"Stay, Thames, to hear my song, thou great and famous flood,
Beta alone the phenix is of all thy wat'ry brood,
The queen of virgins only she,
The king of floods allotting thee
Of all the rest, be joyful then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subject of my lay,

With dainty and delightsome strains of dapper verilayes: [praise;
Come, lovely shepherds, sit by me, to tell our Beta's
And let us sing so high a verse,
Her sovereign virtues to rehearse, [sing,
That little birds shall silent sit to hear us shepherds
Whilst rivers backward bend their course, and flow up to their spring.

Range all thy swans, fair Thames, together on a rank, [ing bank,
And place them each in their degree upon thy wind-
And let them set together all,
Time keeping with the water's fall:
And crave the tuneful nightingale to help them with her lay. [our May.
The woosel and the throstle-cock, chief music of

See what a troop of nymphs come leading hand in hand, [the strand:
In such a number that well-near they take up all
And hark, how merrily they sing,
That makes the neighbouring meadows ring,
And Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall,
And as the queen of all the rest, doth wear a coronal.

"Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred tree, [to be,
Whose tutage and especial care I wish her still
That for his darling hath prepar'd
A glorious crown as her reward,
Not such a golden crown as haughty Cæsar wears,
But such a glittering starry one as Ariadne bears.

"Maids, get the choicest flowers, a garland and entwine, [eglantine,
Nor pinks, nor pansies, let there want, be sure of
See that there be store of lilies,
(Call'd of shepherds daffadillies) [flower-de-lis,
With roses damask, white, and red, the dearest
The cowslip of Jerusalem, and clove of Paradise.

"O thou great eye of Heaven, the day's most dearest light, [night,
With thy bright sister Cynthia, the glory of the
And those that make ye seven,
To us the near'st of Heaven,
And thou, O gorgeous Iris, with all thy colours dy'd,
When she streams forth her rays, then dash'd is all your pride.

"In thee whilst she beholds (O flood!) her heavenly face, [her embrace,
The sea-gods in their wat'ry arms would gladly
Th' enticing Syrens in their lays,
And Tritons do resound her praise,
Hasting with all the speed they can unto the spacious sea, [holyday.
And thro' all Neptune's court proclaim our Beta's

"O evermore refresh the root of the fat olive tree,
In whose sweet shadow ever may thy banks preWith bays that poets do adorn, [served be,
And myrtle of chaste lovers worn,
That fair may be the fruit, the boughs preserv'd by peace, [cease.
And let the mournful cypress die, and here for ever

"We'll strew the shore with pearl, where Beta walks alone, [Indian stone,
And we will pave her summer bower with the rich
Perfume the air, and make it sweet,
For such a goddess as is meet,
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's light,
No marvel then although their beams do dazzle human sight.

"Sound loud your trumpets then from London's loftiest towers, [raging showers,
To beat the stormy tempests back, and calm the
Set the cornet with the flute,
The orpharion to the lute,
Tuning the tabor and the pipe to the sweet violins,
And mock the thunder in the air with the loud clarions.

"Beta, long may thine altars smoke with yearly sacrifice, [solemnize,
And long thy sacred temples may their high days
Thy shepherds watch by day and night,
Thy maids attend thy holy light,
And thy large empire stretch her arms from East into the West, [ing crest."
And Albion on the Apennines advance her conquer-

PERKIN.

Thanks, gentle Rowland, for thy roundelay,
And as for Beta, burthen of thy song,
The shepherds' goddess may she flourish long,
And happy be,

And not disdain to be belov'd of thee:
Triumphing Albion, clap thy hands for joy,
That hast so long not tasted of annoy,
Nor that thou may.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, and when my milk-white ewes have yean'd,
Beta shall have the firstling of the fold, [yean'd,
Yea, though the horns were of the purest gold,
And the fine fleece, the richest purple grain.

PERKIN.

Believe me, as I am true shepherd swain,
Then for thy love all others I forsake,
And unto thee myself I do betake,
With faith unfeign'd.

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE.

MOTTO.

SHEPHERD, why creep we in this lowly vein,
As though our store no better us affords?
And in this season, when the stirring swain
Makes the wide fields sound with great thund'ring words?

Not as 'twas wont, now rural be our rhymes,
Shepherds of late are waxed wond'rous neat.
Though they were richer in the former times,
We be enraged with more kindly heat.

The wither'd laurel freshly grows again,
Which simply shadow'd the Pierian spring,
Which oft invites the solitary swain
Thither, to hear those sacred virgins sing:

Then if thy Muse have spent her wonted zeal,
With wither'd twists thy forehead shall be bound:
But if with these she dare advance her sail,
Amongst the best then may she be renown'd.

CORIN.

Shepherd, these men at mighty things do aim,
And therefore press into the learned troop,
With filed phrase to dignify their name,
Else with the world shut in this shameful coop.

But such a subject ill beseemeth me,
For I must pipe amongst the lowly sort,
Those silly herd-grooms who have laugh'd to see,
When I by moon-shine made the Fairies sport.

Who of the toils of Hercules will treat,
And put his hand to an eternal pen,
In such high labours it behoves he sweat,
To soar beyond the usual pitch of men:

Such monster-tamers who would take in hand,
As have ty'd up the triple-headed hound,
Or of those giants which 'gainst Heaven durst stand,
Whose strength the gods it troubled to confound:

Who listeth with so mighty things to mell,
And dares a task so great to undertake,
Should raise the black inhabitants of Hell,
And stir a tempest on the Stygian lake.

He that to worlds pyramides will build
On those great heroes got by heavenly powers,
Should have a pen most plentifully fill'd
In the full streams of learned Maro's showers.

Who will foretel mutations, and of men,
Of future things and wisely will inquire,
Before should slumber in that shady den,
That often did with prophecy inspire.

Sooth-saying Sybils sleeping long agone,
We have their reed, but few have conn'd their art,
And the Welsh wizard[1] cleaveth to a stone,
No oracles more wonders shall impart.

When him[2] this round that nearest over-ran,
His labouring mother to this light did bring,
The sweat that then from Orpheus' statue ran,
Foretold the prophets had whereon to sing.

When virtue had allotted her a prize,
The oaken garland, and the laurel crown,
Fame then resum'd her lofty wings to rise,
And plumes were honour'd with the purple gown.

When first religion with a golden chain
Men unto fair civility did draw,
Who sent from Heaven brought justice forth again,
To keep the good, the viler sort to awe.

That simple age as simple sung of love,
Till thirst of empire and of earthly sways,
Drew the good shepherd from his lass's glove,
To sing of slaughter, and tumultuous frays.

Then Jove's love-theft was privily descry'd,
How he play'd false play in Amphitrio's bed,
And young Apollo, in the mount of Ide,
Gave Œnon physic for her maidenhead.

The tender grass was then the softest bed:
The pleasant'st shades esteem'd the stateliest halls,
No belly-churl with Bacchus banqueted,
Nor painted rags then cover'd rotten walls.

Then simple love, by simple virtue sway'd,
Flowers the favours, which true faith revealed,
Kindness again with kindness was repay'd,
And with sweet kisses covenants were sealed.

And beauty's self, by herself beautify'd,
Scorn'd painting's pergit, and the borrow'd hair,
Nor monstrous forms deformities did hide,
The foul to varnish with compounded fair.

The purest fleece then cover'd the pure skin:
For pride as then with Lucifer remain'd;
Ill-favour'd fashions then were to begin,
Nor wholesome clothes with poison'd liquor stain'd.

But when the bowels of the Earth were sought,
Whose golden entrails mortals did espy,
Into the world all mischief then was brought,
This fram'd the mint, that coin'd our misery.

The lofty pines were presently hew'd down,
And men, sea-monsters, swam the bracky flood,
In wainscot tubs, to seek out worlds unknown,
For certain ill, to leave assured good.

The steed was tam'd and fitted to the field,
That serves a subject to the rider's laws,
He that before ran in the pastures wild,
Felt the stiff curb control his angry jaws.

The Cyclops then stood sweating to the fire,
The use thereof in soft'ning metals found,
That did straight limbs in stubborn steel attire,
Forging sharp tools the tender flesh to wound.

The city builder then entrench'd his towers,
And laid his wealth within the walled town,
Which afterward in rough and stormy stow'rs
Kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks down.

This was the sad beginning of our woe,
That was from Hell on wretched mortals hurl'd,
And from this fount did all those mischiefs flow,
Whose inundation drowneth all the world.

MOTTO.

Well, shepherd, well, the golden age is gone,
Wishes no way revoke that which is past:
Small wit there were to make two griefs of one;
And our complaints we vainly should but waste.

Listen to me then, lovely shepherd lad,
And thou shalt hear, attentive if thou be,
A pretty tale I of my grandame had,
One winter's night, when there were none but we.

GORBO.

Shepherd, say on, so may we pass the time,
There is no doubt, it is some worthy rhyme.

MOTTO.

Far in the country of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras:
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good sir Topes.
He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free:
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was ycond the leir
Of mickle courtesy.
The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle-work:
And she couth help the priest to say
His mattins on a holyday,
And sing a psalm in kirk.
She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,

[1] Merlin. [2] Alexander the Great.

Which seemly was to see;
A head to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Ywrought full featously.
Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent.
This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall.
Thus as she wander'd here and there,
And picked off the bloomy briar,
She chanced to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like Chanty-clear he crowed crank,
And pip'd full merrily.
He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round:
Whilst he full many a carrol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
And all the woods did sound.
In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
Which held proud kings in awe:
But meek as any lamb mought be;
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother slaw.
The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest lock,
That could be cut with sheer.
His mittens were of bauzons' skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of miniveer.
His awl and lingel in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
His breech of Cointree blue.
Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true.
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
Which liked Dowsabel;
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell.
At length she tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh:
But then the shepherd pip'd a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
To hear this melody.
"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
The which can pipe so well:"
"Yea but," saith he, "their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel."
"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"
Quoth she, "look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray."
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May."
With that she 'gan to vaile[1] her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said;
With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.
Saith she, "I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee."
"My cote," saith he, "nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me."
Saith she, "Yet lever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men."
Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.
And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower."
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever maiden yet might be
Unto her paramour."
With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kiss'd.
With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blest."

GORBO.

Now by my sheephook, here's a tale alone,
Learn me the same, and I will give thee hire;
This was as good as curds for our Joan,
When at a night we sitten by the fire.

MOTTO.

Why gentle Gorbo, I'll not stick for that,
When we shall meet upon some merry day:
But see, whilst we have set us down to chat,
Yon tykes of mine begin to steal away.

And if thou please to come unto our green,
On Lammas day, when as we have our feast,
Thou shalt sit next unto the shepherds' queen,
And there shall be the only welcome guest.

THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

COME, let us frolic merrily, my swain;
Let's see what spirit there quickens yet in thee,
If there so much be left but as a grain
Of the great stock of antique poesy,
Or living but one slip of Phœbus' sacred tree.

Or if reserv'd from Time's devouring rage,
With his sad ruins scorning once to fall,
Any memorial left thee as a gage:
Or the delight of simple pastoral,
May thee revive, whom care seems to appal.

To Fortune's orphans Nature hath bequeath'd
What mightiest monarchs seldom have possess'd,
From highest Heaven this influence is breath'd,
The most divine impression of the breast,
And whom th' one pines, the other oft doth feast.

[1] Vaile, not to veil or cover, but to hang down her head for shame.

Nor doth 't affect this fond gentility,
Whereon the fool world open-mouthed gazes,
Thinking itself of great ability.
That it a great great grandsire's glory blazes,
And paints out fictions in untimely phrases.

Idly we think that honour can inflame
These moving pictures, made but for the street,
(We daily find) that over-live their name,
And black oblivion is their winding-sheet,
Their glory trodden under vulgar feet.

Envy discharging all her poison'd darts,
The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
At her fierce loose that weakly never starts,
But, in despite, doth force her to retire,
With careless feet, and spurns her in the mire.

ROWLAND.

I may not sing of such as fall or climb,
Nor chant of arms, and of heroic deeds,
It fitteth not a shepherd's rural rhyme,
Nor is agreeing with my oaten reeds:
Nor from my song gross flattery proceeds.

On the world's idols I do hate to smile,
Nor shall their names e'er in my page appear,
To bolster baseness I account it vile;
'Tis not their looks, nor greatness, that I fear,
Nor shall 't be known by me, that such there were.

No fatal dreads, nor fruitless vain desires,
Low cape and court'sies to a painted wall,
Nor heaping rotten sticks on needless fires,
Ambitious ways to climb, nor fears to fall,
Nor things so base do I affect at all.

MOTTO.

If these, nor these, may like thy varying quill,
As of too high, or of too low a strain,
That do not aptly parallel thy skill,
Nor well agreeing with a shepherd's vein,
Subjects (suppos'd) ill to beseem a swain:

Then tune thy pipe to thy Idea's praise,
And teach the woods to wonder at her name,
Thy lowly notes so may'st thou lightly raise,
And thereby others happily inflame:
Yet thou the whilst stand farthest off from blame.

Thy temples then with laurel shall be dight,
When as thy Muse got high upon her wing,
With nimble pinions shall direct her flight
To th' place from whence all harmonies do spring,
To rape the fields with touches of her string.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, since thou so strongly dost persuade,
And her just worth so amply us affords,
O sacred fury! all my powers invade,
All fulness flows from thy abundant hoards,
Her praise requires the excellentest words.

Shall I then first sing of her heavenly eye,
To it attracting every other sight?
May a poor shepherd's praise aspire so high,
Which if the Sun should give us up to night,
The stars from it should fetch a purer light.

Or that fair brow, where Beauty keeps her state,
There still residing as her proper sphere.
Which when the world she meaneth to amate,
Wonder invites to stand before her there,
Throughout the world the praise thereof to bear.

Or touch her cheek, dear Nature's treasury,
Whereas she stores th' abundance of her bliss,
Where of herself she 'xacts such usury,
That she's else needy by enwealthying this,
And like a miser her rich chest doth kiss.

Or those pure hands, in whose delicious palms
Love takes delight the palmister to play,
Whose crystal fingers dealing heavenly alms,
Give the whole wealth of all the world away.
O, who of these sufficiently can say!

Or th' ivory columns, which this fane upbear,
Where Dian's nuns their goddess do adore,
Before her, ever sacrificing there,
Her hallow'd altars kneeling still before,
Where more they do perform, their zeal the more.

Unconning shepherd of these praise I none,
Although surpassing, yet let I them pass,
Nor in this kind her excellence is shown,
To sing of these not my intent it was,
Our Muse must undergo a weightier mass,

And be directed by a straighter line,
Which me must unto higher regions guide,
That I her virtues rightly may define,
From me myself that's able to divide,
Unless by them my weakness be supply'd.

That be the end whereat I only aim,
Which to perform, I faithfully must strive,
Fair as I can, to build this goodly frame,
And every part so aptly to contrive,
That time from this example may derive,

In whom, as on some well-prepared stage,
Each moral virtue acts a princely part,
Where every scene pronounced by a sage,
Hath the true fulness both of wit and art,
And wisely stealeth the spectator's heart;

That every censure worthily doth brook,
And unto it a great attention draws,
Int' which when wisdom doth severely look,
Often therewith she forced is to pause,
To yield a free and general applause.

Who unto goodness can she not excite,
And in the same not teacheth to be wise,
And deeply seen in each obsequious rite,
Wherein of that some mystery there lies,
Which her sole study is, and only exercise?

But the great'st volume, nor exactest comment,
Wherein art ever absolutest shin'd,
Nor the small'st letter filling up the margent,
Yet every space with matter interlined,
In th' highest knowledge, rightly her defined.

O! if but sense effectually could see,
What is in her t' be worthily admired,
How infinite her excellencies be,
The date of which can never be expired,
From her high praise the world could not be hired.

But since that Heaven must only be the mirror,
Wherein the world can her perfections view,
And Fame is stricken silent with the terrour,
Wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,
Colours can give her nothing that is new,

Then since there wants ability in colours,
Nor pencil yet sufficiently can blaze her,
For her I'll make a mirror of my dolours, [her:
And in my tears shoest' look herself, and praise
Happy were I, if such a glass might please her.

Go, gentle winds, and whisper in her ear,
And tell Idea, how much I do adore her;
And you, my flocks, report ye to my fair,
How far she passeth all that went before her,
And as their goddess all the plains adore her.

And thou, clear brook, by whose pure silver stream
Grow those tall oaks, where I have carv'd her name,
Convey her praise to Neptune's wat'ry realm,
And bid the Tritons to sound forth her fame,
Until wide Neptune scarce contain the same.

MOTTO.

Stay there, good Rowland, whither art thou rapt,
Beyond the Moon that strivest thus to strain?
Into what phrenzy lately art thou hapt,
That in this sort intoxicates thy brain,
Much disagreeing from a shepherd's vein?

ROWLAND.

Motto, why me so strangely shouldst thou tempt
Above my strength with th' magic of her style?
The scope of which from limits is exempt,
As be all they that of it do compile,
Able to raise the spirit that is most vile.

Didst thou me first unto her praises stir,
And now at last dost thou again refuse me?
What if, perhaps, with too much love I err,
And that therein the forward Muse abuse me?
The cause thou gav'st is able to excuse me.

MOTTO.

Rowland, then cease, reserve thy plenteous Muse,
Till future time; thy simple oaten reed
Shall with a far more glorious rage infuse,
To sing the glory of some worthy's deed:
For this, I think, but little shall thee steed.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, farewell, the skies begin to lowr,
Yon pitchy cloud, that hangeth in the west,
Shows us, ere long, that we shall have a shower:
Come, let us home, for I so think it best,
For to their cotes our flocks are gone to rest.

MOTTO.

Content, and if thou'lt come to my poor cote,
Although, God knows, my cheer be very small,
For wealth with me was never yet a-flote:
Yet take in gree whatever do befal,
We'll sit and turn a crab, and tune a madrigal.

THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.

GORBO.

Well met, good Winken, whither dost thou wend?
How hast thou far'd, old shepherd, many a year?
His days in darkness thus can Winken spend,
Who I have known for piping had no peer?

Where be those fair flocks thou wert wont to guide?
What, be they dead, or hapt on some mischance?
Or mischief thee, their master, doth betide?
Or lordly love hath cast thee in a trance?

What, man, let's still be merry while we may,
And take a truce with sorrow for a time,
The whilst we pass this weary winter's day,
In reading riddles, or in making rhyme.

WINKEN.

A woe's me, Gorbo! mirth is far away,
Nor may it sojourn with sad discontent,
O! blame me not (to see this dismal day)
Then, though my poor heart it in pieces rent.

My tune is turn'd into a swan-like song,
That best becomes me drawing to my death,
Till which, methinks, that every hour is long,
My breast become a prison to my breath.

Nothing more loathsome than the cheerful light,
Com'n is my night, when once appears the day:
The blessed Sun is odious to my sight,
Nor sound me liketh, but the screech owl's lay.

GORBO.

What, mayst thou be that old Winken de Word,
That of all shepherds wert the man alone,
Which once with laughter shook'st the shepherds'. board,
With thine own madness lastly overthrown?

I think, thou dost in thy declining age,
Or for the looseness of thy youth art sorry,
And therefore vow'st some solemn pilgrimage,
To holy Hayle's[1] or Patrick's[2] purgatory.

Come, sit we down under this hawthorn tree,
The morrow's light shall lend us day enough,
And let us tell of Gawen, or sir Guy,
Of Robin Hood, or of old Clem a Clough.

Or else some romant unto us areed,
By former shepherds taught thee in thy youth,
Of noble lords and ladies' gentle deed.
Or of thy love, or of thy lass's truth.

WINKEN.

Shepherd, no, no, that world with me is past,
Merry was it, when we those toys might tell:
But 'tis not now as when thou saw'st me last,
A great mischance me since that time befell.

Elphin is dead, and in his grave is laid,
O! to report it, how my heart it grieveth!
Cruel that fate, that so the time betray'd,
And of our joys untimely us depriveth.

GORBO.

Is it for him thy tender heart doth bleed?
For him that living was the shepherds' pride:
Never did Death so merciless a deed,
Ill hath he done, and ill may him betide:

Nought hath he got, nor of much more can boast,
Nature is paid the utmost of her due,
Pan hath receiv'd so dearly that him cost:
O Heavens, his virtues did belong to you!

Do not thou then incessantly complain,
Best doth the mean befit the wise in mourning:
And to recall that, labour not in vain,
Which is by fate prohibited returning.

[1] An ancient pilgrimage in Gloucestershire, called the Holyrood of Hayles.

[2] That famous cave of Ireland.

WINKEN.

Wer't for the best this present world affords,
Shepherd, our sorrows might be eas'ly cast,
But, oh, his loss requireth more than words,
Nor it so slightly can be over-past.

When his fair flocks he fed upon the downs,
The poorest shepherd suffered not annoy:
Now are we subject to those beastly clowns,
That all our mirth would utterly destroy.

Long after he was shrouded in the earth,
The birds for sorrow did forbear to sing.
Shepherds forewent their wonted summer's mirth,
Winter therewith outwore a double spring.

That had not Nature lastly call'd to mind
The near approaching of her own decay,
Things should have gone contrary unto kind,
And to the Chaos all was like to sway.

The nymphs forbear in silver springs to look,
With sundry flowers to braid their yellow hair,
And to the deserts sadly them betook,
So much opprest, and overcome with care.

And for his sake the early wanton lambs,
That 'mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,
Sadly ran bleating to their careful dams,
Nor would their soft lips to the udders lay.

The groves, the mountains, and the pleasant heath,
That wonted were with roundelays to ring,
Are blasted now with the cold northern breath,
That not a shepherd takes delight to sing.

Who would not die when Elphin now is gone?
Living, that was the shepherds' true delight.
With whose blest spirit (attending him alone)
Virtue to Heaven directly took her flight.

Only from fools he from the world did fly,
Knowing the time strange monsters forth should bring,
That should his lasting poesy deny,
His worth and honour rashly censuring:

Whilst he aloft with glorious wings is borne,
Singing with angels in the gorgeous sky,
Laughing even kings and their delights to scorn,
And all those sots that them do deify.

And, learned shepherd, thou to time shalt live,
When their false names are utterly forgotten,
And fame to thee eternity shall give,
When with their bones their sepulchers are rotten.

Nor mournful cypress, nor sad widowing yew,
About thy tomb to prosper shall be seen,
But bay and myrtle which be ever new,
In spight of winter flourishing and green.

Summer's long'st day shall shepherds not suffice,
To sit and tell full stories of thy praise,
Nor shall the longest winter's night comprise
Their sighs for him, the subject of their lays.

And, gentle shepherds, (as sure some there be)
That living yet his virtues do inherit,
Men from base envy and detraction free,
Of upright hearts and of as humble spirit:

Thou, that down from the goodly western waste,
To drink at Avon driv'st thy sunned sheep,
Good Melibœus, that so wisely hast
Guided the flocks deliver'd thee to keep,

Forget not Elphin: and thou, gentle swain,
That dost thy pipe by silver Doven sound,
Alexis, that dost with thy flocks remain,
Far off within the Caledonian ground,

Be mindful of that shepherd that is dead:
And thou too long that I to pipe have taught,
Unhappy Rowland, that from me art fled,
And sett'st old Winken and his words at nought;

And like a graceless and untutor'd lad,
Art now departed from my aged sight,
And need'sly to the southern fields wilt gad,
Where thou dost live in thriftless vain delight;

Thou wanton boy, as thou can'st pipe as well
As any he, a bagpipe that doth bear,
Still let thy rounds of that good shepherd tell,
To whom thou hast been evermore so dear.

Many, you seeming to excel in fame,
And say as they, that none can pipe so high,
Scorning well-near a shepherd's simple name,
So puff'd and blown with worldly vanity:

These, if an aged man may umpire be,
Whose pipes are well near worn out of his hand,
The highest skill, that in their songs I see,
Scarce reach the base whereon his praises stand.

And all those toys that vainly you allure
Shall in the end no other guerdon have,
But living shall you mickle woe procure,
And lastly bring you to an unknown grave.

Then, gentle shepherds, wheresoe'er you rest,
In hill or dale, whoever that you be,
Whether with love or worldly care opprest,
Or be you bond, or happily be free:

The closing evening 'ginning to be dark,
When as the small birds sing the Sun to sleep,
You fold your lambs; or, with the early lark,
Into the fair fields drive your harmless sheep:

Still let your pipes be busied in his praise,
Until your flocks be learnt his loss to know,
And tattling Echo many sundry ways
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

CORIN.

Cease, shepherd, cease, from future plaints refrain,
See but of one, how many do arise,
That by the tempest of my troubled brain,
The floods already swelling up mine eyes.

And now the Sun beginneth to decline:
Whilst we in woes the time away do wear,
See where yon little moping lamb of mine
Itself hath tangled in a crawling briar.

THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

BATTE.

Borris, why sit'st thou musing in thy cote,
Like dreaming Merlin in his drowsy cell?
With too much learning doth the shepherd dote?
Or art enchanted with some magic spell?
A hermit's life or mean'st thou to profess,
Or to thy beeds fall like an anchoress?

See how fair Flora decks our fields with flowers,
And clothes our groves in gawdy summer's green,
And wanton Ver distills herself in showers
To hasten Ceres, harvest's hallowed queen,

Near-hand that in her yellow robe appears,
Crowning full summer with her ripen'd ears.

Now shepherds lay their winter weeds away,
And in neat jackets minsen on the plains,
And at the rivers fishing day by day,
Now who so frolic as the shepherd swains?
Why lig'st thou here then in thy loathsome cave,
Like as a man put quick into his grave?

BORRIL.

Batte, my cote from tempest standeth free,
When stately towers been often shak'd with wind:
And wilt thou, Batte, come and sit with me,
The happy life here shalt thou only find,
Free from the world's vile and inconstant qualms,
And herry Pan with orizons and alms,

And scorn the crowd of such as cog for pence,
And waste their wealth in sinful bravery,
Whose gain is loss, whose thrift is lewd expense,
Content to live in golden slavery,
Wond'ring at toys, as foolish worldlings doone,
Like to the dog that barketh at the Moon?

Here may'st thou range the goodly pleasant field,
And search out simples to procure thy heale,
What sundry virtues, sundry herbs do yield,
'Gainst grief which may thy sheep or thee assail:
Here may'st thou hunt the fittle harmless hare,
Or laugh t' intrap false Reynard in a snare.

Or if thee please in antique romants reed
Of gentle lords and ladies that of yore
In foreign lands did many a famous deed,
And been renown'd from east to western shore,
Or shepherds' skill i'th' course of Heaven to know
When this star falls, when that itself doth show.

BATTE.

Shepherd, these things been all too coy for me,
Whose youth is spent in jollity and mirth,
Sike hidden arts been better fitting thee,
Whose days are fast declining to the earth:
May'st thou suppose that I shall e'er endure
To follow that no pleasure can procure?

These been for such them votaries do make,
And do accept the mantle and the ring,
And the long night continually do wake,
Musing, themselves how they to Heaven may bring,
That whisper still of sorrow in their bed;
And do despise both love and lusty-head.

Like to the cur with anger well-near wood,
Who makes his kennel in the ox's stall,
And snarleth when he seeth him take his food,
And yet his chaps can chew no hay at all:
Borril, even so it with thy state doth fare,
And with all those that such-like wizards are.

BORRIL.

Sharp is the thorn soon I perceive by thee,
Bitter the blossom when the fruit is sour,
And early crook'd that will a camoc be;
Loud is the wind before a stormy shower:
Pity thy wit should be so much misled,
And thus ill-guided by a giddy head.

Ah, foolish elf, I at thy madness grieve,
That art abus'd by thy lewd brain-sick will,
Those hidden baits that canst not yet perceive,
Nor find the cause that breedeth all thy ill,
Thou think'st all gold, that hath a golden show,
But art deceiv'd, and that I truly know.

Such one art thou, as is the little fly,
Who is so crowse and gamesome with the flame,
Till with her bus'ness and her nicety,
Her nimble wings are scorched with the same:
Then falls she down with piteous buzzing note,
And in the fire doth singe her mourning coat.

BATTE.

Alas, good man, thou now begimn'st to rave,
Thy wits do err and miss the cushion quite,
Because thy head is gray, and words be grave,
Thou think'st thereby to draw me from delight;
Tush, I am young, nor sadly can I sit,
But must do all that youth and love befit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,
Whilst I am swift and nimble as the roe;
Thou, like a bird, art shut up in a cage,
And in the fields I wander to and fro;
Thou must do penance for thy old misdeeds,
On the world's joys the whilst my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canst, yet me it shall not let;
For why, my fancy straineth me so sore,
That day and night my mind is wholly set,
How to enjoy, and please my paramour:
Only on love I set my whole delight,
The summer's day, and all the winter's night.

That pretty Cupid, little god of love,
Whose imped wings with speckled plumes are dight,
Who woundeth men below, and gods above,
Roving at random with his feather'd flight:
Whilst lovely Venus stands to give the aim,
Smiling to see her wanton bantling's game.

Upon my staff his statue will I carve,
His bow and quiver on his winged back;
His forked heads for such as them deserve,
And not of his one implement shall lack,
And in her coach fair Cypria set above,
Drawn with a swan, a sparrow, and a dove.

And under them Thisbe of Babylon,
With Cleopatra Egypt's chief renown,
Phillis that dy'd for love of Demophon,
And lovely Dido, queen of Carthage town:
Who ever held god Cupid's laws so dear,
To whom we offer sacrifice each year.

BORRIL.

A wilful boy, thy folly now I find,
And it is hard a fool's talk to endure,
Thou art as deaf, as thy poor god is blind,
Such as the saint, such is the servitor.
Then of this love wilt please thee hear a song,
That's to the purpose, though it be not long?

BATTE.

Borril, sing on, I pray thee, let us hear,
That I may laugh to see thee shake thy beard;
But take heed, shepherd, that thy voice be clear,
Or (by my hood) thou'lt make us all afraid;
Or 'tis a doubt that thou wilt fright our flocks,
When they shall hear thee bark so like a fox.

BORRIL.

"Now, fie upon thee, wayward Love,
Woe to Venus which did nurse thee,
Heaven and Earth thy plagues do prove,
Gods and men have cause to curse thee!

What art thou but th' extremest madness,
Nature's first and only terrour,
That consum'st our days in sadness,
By the mind's continual terrour:
Walking in Cimmerian blindness,
In thy courses void of reason,
Sharp reproof thy only kindness,
In thy trust the highest treason?
Both the nymph and ruder swain
Vexing with continual anguish,
Which dost make the old complain,
And the young to pine and languish;
Who thee keeps his care doth nurse,
That seducest all to folly,
Blessing, bitterly dost curse,
Tending to destruction wholly.
Thus of thee as I began,
So again, I make an end:
Neither god, neither man,
Neither fairy, neither fiend."

BATTE.

Now surely, shepherd, here's a goodly song,
Upon my word, I never heard a worse,
Away, old fool, and learn to rule thy tongue,
I would thy clap were shut up in my purse,
It is thy life, if thou may'st scold and brawl,
Though in thy words there be no wit at all.

And for the wrong that thou to love hast done,
I will revenge it, and defer no time,
And in this manner as thou hast begun,
I will recite thee a substantial rhyme;
That to thy teeth sufficiently shall prove,
There is no power to be compar'd to love.

BORRIL.

Come on, good boy, I pray thee let us hear,
Much will be said, and ne'er a wit the near.

BATTE.

What is love, but the desire
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?
A holy and resistless fire,
Weak and strong, alike that ceaseth,
Which not Heaven hath power to let,
Nor wise Nature cannot smother.
Whereby Phœbus doth beget
On the universal mother,
That the everlasting chain,
Which together all things ty'd,
And unmov'd doth them retain,
And by which they shall abide:
That consent we clearly find,
Which doth things together draw,
And so strong in every kind,
Subjects them to Nature's law,
Whose high virtue number teaches,
In which every thing doth move,
From the lowest depth that reaches,
To the height of Heaven above:
Harmony that wisely found,
When the cunning hand doth strike,
Whereas every amorous sound
Sweetly marries with the like.
The tender cattle scarcely take
From their dams the fields to prove,
But each seeketh out a mate;
Nothing lives that doth not love:
Not so much as but the plant,
As Nature every thing doth pair,
But if it the male do want,
Doth dislike and will not bear.
Nothing then is like to love,
In the which all creatures be,
From it ne'er let me remove,
Nor let it remove from me.

BORRIL.

Remove from thee? Alas, poor silly lad,
Too soon shalt thou be weary of thy guest:
For where he rules, no reason can be had,
That is an open enemy to rest:
I grieve to think, ere many years be spent,
How much thou shalt thy time in love repent.

BATTE.

Gramercy, Borril, for thy company,
For all thy jests, and all thy merry bourds,
Upon thy judgment much I shall rely,
Because I find such wisdom in thy words:
Would I might watch, whenever thou dost ward,
So much thy love and friendship I regard.

THE EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

PERKIN.

It joys me, Gorbo, yet we meet at last,
'Tis many a month since I the shepherd saw,
Methinks thou look'st as thou wert much aghast,
What is't so much that should thy courage awe?
What, man! have patience, wealth will come and go,
And to the end the world shall ebb and flow.

The valiant man, whose thoughts be firmly plac'd,
And sees sometime how Fortune lists to rage:
That by her frowns he would not be disgrac'd,
By wisdom his straight actions so doth gage,
That when she fawns, and turns her squinting eye,
He laughs to scorn her loose inconstancy.

When as the cullian, and the viler clown,
That like the swine on draff sets his desire,
Feeling the tempest, sadly lays him down,
Whilst that blind strumpet treads him in the mire;
Yet tasting weal, the beast will quickly bray,
But feeling woe, as soon consumes away.

GORBO.

Perkin, I thy philosophy approve,
And know who well hath learn'd her sacred ways,
The storms of Fortune not so eas'ly move,
With her high precepts arm'd at all assays,
When other folk her force may not endure,
Because they want that med'cine for their cure.

Yet altogether blam'd let me not pass,
Though often I, and worthily admire
Wise men disgraced, and the barbarous ass
Unto high place and dignity aspire:
What should I say, that Fortune is to blame?
Or unto what should I impute the shame?

PERKIN.

Why, she is queen here of this world below,
That at her pleasure all things doth dispose,
And blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestow,
Yet where she raises, still she overthrows:

Therefore her emblem is a turning wheel, [reel.
From whose high top the high'st soon'st downard

Gave she her gifts to virtuous men and wise,
She would confirm this wordly state so sure,
That very babes her godhead would despise,
Nor longer here her government endure:
Best she may give from whom she ever takes,
Fools she may mar, for fools she ever makes.

For her own sake we wisdom must esteem,
And not how other basely her regard:
For howsoe'er disgraced she doth seem,
Yet she her own is able to reward,
And none are so essentially high,
As those that on her bounty do rely.

GORBO.

O but, good shepherd, tell me where been they,
That as a god did Virtue so adore?
And for her imps did with such care purvey?
Ah, but in vain, their want we do deplore,
Long time since swaddled in their winding sheet:
And she, I think, is buried at their feet.

PERKIN.

Nay, stay, good Gorbo, Virtue is not dead,
Nor been her friends gone all that wonned here,
But to a nymph for succour she is fled,
Which her doth cherish, and most holdeth dear,
In her sweet bosom she hath built her nest,
And from the world, there doth she live at rest.

This is that nymph, on that great western waste
Her flocks far whiter than the driven snow,
Fair shepherdess, clear Willy's[1] banks that grac'd,
Yet she them both for pureness doth out-go:
To whom all shepherds dedicate their lays,
And on her altars offer up their bays.

Sister sometime she to that shepherd was,
That yet for piping never had his peer,
Elphin, that did all other swains surpass,
To whom she was of living things most dear,
And on his death-bed by his latest will,
To her bequeath'd the secrets of his skill.

GORBO.

May we yet hope then in their weaker kind,
That there be some, poor shepherds that respect:
The world else universally inclin'd
To such an inconsiderate neglect,
And the rude times their ord'rous matter fling
Into the sacred and once hallow'd spring.

Women be weak, and subject most to change,
Nor long to any can they stedfast be,
And as their eyes, their minds do ever range,
With every object varying that they see:
Think'st thou in them that possibly can live,
Which Nature most denieth them to give?

No other is the stedfastness of those
On whom even Nature wills us to rely,
Frail is it that the elements compose,
Such is the state of all mortality,
That as the humour in the blood doth move,
Lastly do hate, what lately they did love.

[1] A river running by Wilton, near to the plain of Salisbury.

So did great Olcon, which a Phœbus seem'd,
Whom all good shepherds gladly flock'd about,
And, as a god, of Rowland was esteem'd,
Which to his praise drew all the rural rout:
For, after Rowland, as it had been Pan,
Only to Olcon every shepherd ran.

But he forsakes the herd-groom and his flocks,
Nor of his bag-pipes takes at all no keep,
But to the stern wolf and deceitful fox
Leaves the poor shepherd and his harmless sheep,
And all those rhymes that he of Olcon sung,
The swain disgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

Then since the world's distemp'rature is such,
And man made blind by her deceitful show,
Small virtue in their weaker sex is much,
And to it in them much the Muses owe,
And praising some may happily inflame,
Others in time with liking of the same.

As those two sisters most discreetly wise,
That virtue's hests religious obey,
Whose praise my skill is wanting to comprise,
Th' eld'st of which is that good Panape,
In shady Arden[2] her dear flock that keeps,
Where mournful Ankor for her sickness weeps.

The younger then, her sister not less good,
Bred where the other lastly doth abide,
Modest Idea, flower of womanhood,
That Rowland hath so highly deify'd:
Whom Phœbus' daughters worthily prefer,
And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful Mene[3],
Which daily looks upon the lovely Stowre,
Near to that vale[4], which of all vales is queen,
Lastly, forsaking of her former bow'r;
And of all places holdeth Cotswold dear,
Which now is proud, because she lives it near.

Then is dear Sylvia one the best alive,
That once in Moreland[5] by the silver Trent,
Her harmless flocks as harmlessly did drive,
But now allured to the fields of Kent:
The faithfull'st nymph wherever that she won,
That at this day doth live under the Sun.

Near Ravensburn[6] in cottage low she lies,
There now content her calm repose to take,
The perfect clearness of whose lovely eyes
Hath oft enforc'd the shepherds to forsake
Their flocks, and folds, and on her set their keep,
Yet her chaste thoughts still settled on her sheep.

Then that dear nymph that in the Muses joys,
That in wild Charnwood[7] with her flocks doth go,
Mirtilla, sister to those hopeful boys,
My loved Thyrsis, and sweet Palmeo:
That oft to Soar[8] the southern shepherds bring,
Of whose clear waters they divinely sing.

[2] A river in the confines of Warwick and Leicestershire, in some parts dividing the shires.
[3] A mountain near Cotswold.
[4] The vale of Evesham.
[5] A part of Staffordshire, famous for breedings cattle.
[6] A river falling at Dartford into the Thames.
[7] A forest in Leicestershire.
[8] A river under the same forest.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,
As none to her might brother be but they,
Nor none a sister unto them, but she,
To them for wit few like, I dare will say:
In them as Nature truly meant to show,
How near the first, she in the last could go.

GORBO.

Shepherd, their praise thou dost so clearly sing,
That even when groves their nightingales shall
Nor valleys heard with rural notes to ring: [want,
And every where when shepherds shall be scant:
Their names shall live from memory unraz'd,
Of many a nymph and gentle shepherd prais'd.

THE NINTH ECLOGUE.

Late 'twas in June, the fleece when fully grown,
In the full compass of the passed year,
The season well by skilful shepherds known,
That them provide immediately to sheer.

Their lambs late wax'd so lusty and so strong,
That time did them their mothers' teats forbid,
And in the fields the common flocks among,
Eat of the same grass that the greater did.

When not a shepherd any thing that could,
But greas'd his start-ups black as autumn's sloe,
And for the better credit of the wold,
In their fresh russets every one doth go.

Who now a posy pins not in his cap?
And not a garland baldric-wise doth wear?
Some, of such flowers as to his hand doth hap;
Others, such as a secret meaning bear:

He from his lass him lavender hath sent,
Showing her love, and doth requital crave;
Him rosemary his sweet heart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance have.

Roses, his youth and strong desire express;
Her sage, doth show his sov'reignty in all;
The July-flower declares his gentleness; [call:
Thyme, truth; the pansy, heart's-ease maidens

In cotes such simples, simply in request,
Wherewith proud courts in greatness scorn to mell,
For country toys become the country best,
And please poor shepherds, and become them well.

When the new-wash'd flock from the river's side,
Coming as white as January's snow,
The ram with nosegays bears his horns in pride,
And no less brave the bell-wether doth go.

After their fair flocks in a lusty rout,
Came the gay swains with bag-pipes strongly blown,
And busied, though this solemn sport about,
Yet had each one an eye unto his own.

And by the ancient statutes of the field,
He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring,
(As it fell out then, Rowland's charge to yield)
Always for that year was the shepherds' king.

And soon preparing for the shepherds' board,
Upon a green that curiously was squar'd,
With country cates be'ng plentifully stor'd:
And 'gainst their coming handsomely prepar'd.

New whig, with water from the clearest stream,
Green plumbs, and wildings, cherries chief of
feast, [cream,
Fresh cheese, and dowsets, curds, and clouted
Spic'd syllibubs, and cyder of the best:

And to the same down solemnly they sit,
In the fresh shadow of their summer bowers,
With sundry sweets them every way to fit,
The neighb'ring vale despoiled of her flowers.

And whilst together merry thus they make,
The Sun to west a little 'gan to lean,
Which the late fervour soon again did slake,
When as the nymphs came forth upon the plain.

Here might you many a shepherdess have seen,
Of which no place, as Cotswold, such doth yield,
Some of it native, some for love I ween,
Thither were come from many a fertile field.

There was the widow's daughter of the glen,
Dear Rosalynd, that scarcely brook'd compare,
The moorland-maiden, so admir'd of men,
Bright Goldy-Locks, and Phillida the fair.

Lettice and Parnell, pretty lovely peats,
Cusse of the fold, the virgin of the well,
Fair Ambry with the alabaster teats,
And more, whose names were here too long to tell,

Which now came forward following their sheep,
Their batt'ning flocks on grassy leas to hold,
Thereby from skathe and peril them to keep,
Till evening come, that it were time to fold.

When now, at last, as lik'd the shepherds' kings
(At whose command they all obedient were)
Was pointed, who the roundelay should sing,
And who again the under-song should bear.

The first whereof he Batte doth bequeath,
A wittier wag on all the wold's not found;
Gorbo, the man, that him should sing beneath,
Which his loud bag-pipe skilfully could sound.

Who, amongst all the nymphs that were in sight,
Batte his daintie Daffadil there miss'd,
Which, to inquire of, doing all his might,
Him his companion kindly doth assist.

BATTE.

Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or, as thou, through the fields didst stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffadil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Tho' Phœbus' paramours.

GORBO. Thou well describ'st the daffadil,
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

BATTE. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffadil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring.

GORBO. I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lillies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffadillies.

BATTE. Yet, Corbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see;
For, know, my pretty Daffadil
Is worn of none but me.

To show itself but near her seat
No lilly is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold.

CORBO. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffadil;

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent,
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the vallies loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffadil.

CORBO. I, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill,
That she alone, kind shepherd boy;
Let us to Daffadil.

The easy turns and quaintness of the song,
And slight occasion whereupon 'twas rais'd,
Not one this jolly company among,
(As most could well judge) highly that not prais'd.

When Motto next with Perkin pay their debt,
The moorland-maiden Sylvia that espy'd,
From th' other nymphs a little that was set,
In a near valley by a river's side.

Whose sov'reign flowers her sweetness well express'd,
And honour'd sight a little not them mov'd:
To whom their song they reverently address'd,
Both as her loving, both of her belov'd.

MOTTO. "Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain,
Who's yonder in the valley set?
PERKIN. O! it is she, whose sweets do stain
The lilly, rose, the violet.

MOTTO. "Why doth the Sun against his kind,
Stay his bright chariot in the skies?
PERKIN. He pauseth, almost stricken blind,
With gazing on her heavenly eyes.

MOTTO. "Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
Which sometime was their chief delight?
PERKIN. Because they need no other good,
That live in presence of her sight.

MOTTO. "How come those flowers to flourish still,
Not withering with sharp winter's breath?
PERKIN. She hath robb'd Nature of her skill,
And comforts all things with her breath.

MOTTO. "Why slide these brooks so slow away,
As swift as the wild roe that were?
PERKIN. O! muse not shepherd that they stay,
When they her heavenly voice do hear.

MOTTO. "From whence come all those goodly swains,
And lovely girls attir'd in green?
PERKIN. From gathering garlands on the plains,
To crown thy Syl: our shepherds' queen.

MOTTO. The Sun that lights this world below,
Flocks, brooks, and flowers can witness bear.
PERKIN. These shepherds, and these nymphs do know,
Thy Sylvia is as chaste as fair.

Lastly, it came unto the clownish king,
Who, to conclude this shepherds' yearly feast,
Bound as the rest, his roundelay to sing,
As all the other him were to assist.

When she (whom then they little did expect,
The fairest nymph that ever kept in field)
Idea did her sober pace direct
Towards them, with joy that every one beheld.

And whereas other drave their careful keep,
Hers did her follow duly at her will,
For, through her patience she had learnt her sheep,
Where'er she went, to wait upon her still.

A milk-white dove upon her hand she brought,
So tame, 'twould go, returning at her call,
About whose neck was in a collar wrought,
"Only like me, my mistress hath no gall."

To whom her swain (unworthy though he were)
Thus unto her his roundelay applies,
To whom the rest the under part did bear,
Casting upon her their still longing eyes.

ROWLAND. Of her pure eyes (that now is seen,)
CHORUS. Come, let us sing, ye faithful swains,
ROWLAND. O! she alone the shepherds' queen,
CHORUS. Her flock that leads,
The goddess of these meads,
The mountains and these plains.

ROWLAND. Those eyes of hers that are more clear,
CHORUS. Than can poor shepherds' songs express;
ROWLAND. They be his beams that rules the year,
CHORUS. Fie on that praise,
In striving things to raise:
That doth but make them less.

ROWLAND. That do the flow'ry spring prolong,
CHORUS. So all things in her sight do joy,
ROWLAND. And keeps the plenteous summer young;
CHORUS. And do asswage
The wrathful winter's rage,
That would our flocks annoy.

ROWLAND. Jove saw her breast that naked lay,
CHORUS. A sight most fit for Jove to see:
ROWLAND. And swore it was the Milky Way,
CHORUS. Of all most pure,
The path (we us assure)
To his bright court to be.

ROWLAND. He saw her tresses hanging down,
CHORUS. That moved with the gentle air,
ROWLAND. And said that Ariadne's crown
CHORUS. With those compar'd,
The gods should not regard,
Nor Berenice's hair.

ROWLAND. When she hath watch'd my flocks by night,
CHORUS. O happy flocks that she did keep,
ROWLAND. They never needed Cynthia's light,
CHORUS. That soon gave place,
Amazed with her grace,
That did attend thy sheep.

ROWLAND. Above, where Heaven's high glories are,
CHORUS. When she is placed in the skies,
ROWLAND. She shall be call'd the Shepherds' star,
CHORUS. And evermore,
We shepherds will adore
Her setting and her rise.

THE TENTH ECLOGUE.

What time the weary weather-beaten sheep,
To get them fodder, hie them to the fold,
And the poor herds that lately did them keep,
Shudder'd with keenness of the winter's cold:
The groves of their late summer pride forlorn,
In mossy mantles sadly seem'd to mourn.

That silent time, about the upper world,
Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team,
And down again the steep Olympus whirl'd
To wash his chariot in the western stream,
In night's black shade, when R. wland all-alone,
Thus him complains his fellow shepherd's gone.

"You Flames," quoth he, "wherewith thou Heaven art dight,
That me (alive) the wofull'st creature view,
You, whose aspects have wrought me this despite,
And me with hate yet ceaselessly pursue,
For whom too long I tarried for relief,
Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

"Yearly my vows, O Heavens, have I not paid,
Of the best fruits, and firstlings of my flock?
And oftentimes have bitterly inveigh'd
'Gainst them that you profanely dar'd to mock?
O, who shall ever give what is your due,
If mortal man be uprighter than you?

"If the deep sighs of an afflicted breast,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected eyes
Of a poor wretch with miseries oppress,
For whose complaints, tears never could suffice,
Have not the power your deities to move,
Who shall e'er look for succour from above?

"O Night, how still obsequious have I been,
To thy slow silence whispering in thine ear,
That thy pale sovereign often hath been seen
Stay to behold me sadly from her sphere,
Whilst the slow minutes duly I have told,
With watchful eyes attending on my fold.

"How oft by thee the solitary swain,
Breathing his passion to the early spring,
Hath left to hear the nightingale complain,
Pleasing his thoughts alone to hear me sing!
The nymphs forsook their places of abode,
To hear the sounds that from my music flow'd.

"To purge their springs, and sanctify their grounds,
The simple shepherds learned I the mean,
And sov'reign simples to their use I found,
Their teeming ewes to help when they did yean:
Which when again in summer time they share,
Their wealthy fleece my cunning did declare.

"In their warm cotes, whilst they have soundly slept,
And pass'd the night in many a pleasant bower,
On the bleak mountains I their flocks have kept,
And bid the brunt of many a cruel shower,
Warring with beasts, in safety mine to keep;
So true was I, and careful of my sheep.

"Fortune and Time, why tempted you me forth,
With those your flattering promises of grace,
Fickle, so falsely to abuse my worth,
And now to fly me, whom I did embrace?
Both that at first encourag'd my desire,
Lastly against me lewdly do conspire.

"Or Nature, did'st thou prodigally waste
Thy gifts on me unfortunatest swain,
Only thereby to have thyself disgrac'd?
Virtue, in me why wert thou plac'd in vain?
If to the world predestined a prey,
Thou wert too good to have been cast away.

"There's not a grove that wond'reth not my woe,
Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,
I hear the echoes (wand'ring to and fro)
Resound my grief though every hill and dale;
That birds and beasts yet in their simple kind
Lament for me, no pity else that find.

"None else there is gives comfort to my grief,
Nor my mishaps amended with my moan,
When Heaven and Earth have shut up all relief,
Nor care avails what cureless now is grown:
And tears I find do bring no other good,
But as new showers increase the rising flood."

When on an old tree, under which ere now
He many a merry roundelay had sung,
Upon a leafless canker-eaten bough
His well tun'd bag-pipe carelessly he hung:
And by the same, his sheep-hook, once of price,
That had been carv'd with many a rare device.

He call'd his dog, (that sometime had the praise)
Whitefoot, well known to all that keep the plain,
That many a wolf had worried in his days,
A better cur there never followed swain;
Which, though as he his master's sorrows knew,
Wagg'd his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue.

"Poor cur," quoth he, and him therewith did
"Go to our cote, and there thyself repose, [stroke;
Thou with thine age, my heart with sorrow broke.
Be gone, ere death my restless eyes do close,
The time is come thou must thy master leave,
Whom the vile world shall never more deceive."

With folded arms thus hanging down his head,
He gave a groan, his heart in sunder cleft,
And as a stone, already seemed dead,
Before his breath was fully him bereft:
The faithful swain here lastly made an end,
Whom all good shepherds ever shall defend.

THE MUSES' ELYSIUM,

LATELY DISCOVERED,

BY A NEW WAY OVER PARNASSUS.

THE PASSAGES THEREIN, BEING THE SUBJECT OF TEN SUNDRY NYMPHALS, LEADING THREE DIVINE POEMS:

NOAH'S FLOOD.
MOSES, HIS BIRTH AND MIRACLES.
DAVID AND GOLIAH.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

EDWARD EARL OF DORSET,

KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL, AND LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO HER MAJESTY,

MY MOST HONOURED LORD.

I HAVE ever found that constancy in your favours, since your first acknowledging of me, that their durableness have now made me one of your family, and I am become happy in the title to be called yours: that for retribution, could I have found a fitter way to publish your bounties, my thankful-

DORIDA. Had I that foot hid in those shoes,
(Proportion'd to my height)
Short heel, thin instep, even toes,
A sole so wond'rous strait;
The foresters and nymphs at this
Amazed all should stand,
And kneeling down should meekly kiss
The print left in the sand.

By this the nymphs came from their sport,
All pleased wondrous well,
And to those maidens make report
What lately them befel:
One said the dainty Lelipa
Did all the rest outgo,
Another would a wager lay
She would outstrip a roe;
Says one, "How like ye Florimel?
There is your dainty face!"
A fourth reply'd, she lik'd that well,
Yet better lik'd her grace:
"She's counted, I confess," quoth she,
"To be our only pearl,
Yet have I heard her oft to be
A melancholy girl."
Another said she quite mistook,
That only was her art,
When melancholy had her look;
Then mirth was in her heart.
"And hath she then that pretty trick?"
Another doth reply:
"I thought no nymph could have been sick
Of that disease but I."
"I know you can dissemble well,"
Quoth one, "to give you due;
But here be some (who I'll not tell)
Can do't as well as you."
Who thus replies, "I know that too,
We have it from our mother;
Yet there be some this thing can do
More cunningly than other:
If maidens but dissemble can
Their sorrow and their joy,
Their poor dissimulation then
Is but a very toy."

THE SECOND NYMPHAL.

LALUS, CLEON, LIROPE.

The Muse new courtship doth devise,
By nature's strange varieties,
Whose rarities she here relates,
And gives you pastoral delicates.

LALUS, a jolly youthful lad,
With Cleon, no less crown'd
With virtues; both their beings had
On the Elysium ground.
Both having parts so excellent,
That it a question was,
Which should be the most eminent,
Or did in aught surpass.
This Cleon was a mountaineer,
And of the wilder kind,
And from his birth had many a year
Been nurst up by a hind:
And as the sequel well did show,
It very well might be;
For never hart, nor hare, nor roe,
Were half so swift as he.

But Lalus in the vale was bred
Amongst the sheep and neat,
And by those nymphs there choicely fed
With honey, milk, and wheat;
Of stature goodly, fair of speech,
And of behaviour mild,
Like those there in the valley rich,
That bred him of a child.
Of falconry they had the skill,
Their hawks to feed and fly,
No better hunters e'er clome hill,
Nor hallooed to a cry.
In dingles deep, and mountains hoar,
Oft with the bearded spear
They combated the tusky boar,
And slew the angry bear.
In music they were wondrous quaint,
Fine airs they could devise;
They very curiously could paint,
And neatly poetise;
That wagers many times were laid
On questions that arose,
Which song the witty Lalus made,
Which Cleon should compose.
The stately steed they manag'd well,
Of fence the art they knew,
For dancing they did all excel
The girls that to them drew;
To throw the sledge, to pitch the bar,
To wrestle, and to run,
They all the youth excell'd so far,
That still the prize they won.
These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
Call'd Lirope the Bright,
In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight.
There was no beauty so divine
That ever nymph did grace,
But it beyond itself did shine
In her more heavenly face:
What form she pleas'd each thing would take
That e'er she did behold,
Of pebbles she could diamonds make,
Gross iron turn to gold:
Such power there with her presence came,
Stern tempests she allay'd,
The cruel tiger she could tame,
She raging torrents stay'd.
She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,
Again she made to die,
She rais'd a war, appeas'd a strife,
With turning of her eye.
Some said a god did her beget,
But much deceiv'd were they,
Her father was a Rivulet,
Her mother was a Fay.
Her lineaments so fine that were,
She from the fairy took,
Her beauties and complexion clear,
By nature from the brook.
These rivals waiting for the hour
(The weather calm and fair)
When as she us'd to leave her bower,
To take the pleasant air:
Accosting her, their compliment
To her their goddess done;
By gifts they tempt her to consent,
When Lalus thus begun:

LALUS. Sweet Lirope, I have a lamb
Newly weaned from the dam,

Of the right kind, it is notted[1],
Naturally with purple spotted,
Into laughter it will put you,
To see how prettily 'twill butt you;
When on sporting it is set,
It will beat you a corvet,
And at every nimble bound
Turn itself above the ground;
When 'tis hungry it will bleat,
From your hand to have its meat,
And when it hath fully fed,
It will fetch jumps about your head,
As innocently to express
Its silly sheepish thankfulness;
When you bid it, it will play,
Be it either night or day:
This, Lirope, I have for thee,
So thou alone wilt live with me.

CLEON. From him O turn thine ear away,
And hear me, my lov'd Lirope,
I have a kid as white as milk,
His skin as soft as Naples silk,
His horns in length are wondrous even,
And curiously by Nature written;
It is of th' Arcadian kind,
There's not the like 'twixt either Ind;
If you walk, 'twill walk you by,
If you sit down, it down will lie,
It with gesture will you woo,
And counterfeit those things you do;
O'er each hillock it will vault,
And nimbly do the summersault,
Upon the hinder legs 'twill go,
And follow you a furlong so;
And if by chance a tune you rote,
'Twill foot it finely to your note;
Seek the world and you may miss
To find out such a thing as this:
This my love I have for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

LIROPE. Believe me, youths, your gifts are rare,
And you offer wondrous fair;
Lalus for lamb, Cleon for kid,
'Tis hard to judge which most doth bid:
And have you two such things in store,
And I ne'er knew of them before?
Well yet I dare a wager lay
That Brag my little dog shall play
As dainty tricks when I shall bid,
As Lalus' lamb, or Cleon's kid.
But 't may fall out that I may need them,
Till when ye may do well to feed them;
Your goat and mutton pretty be,
But, youths, these are no baits for me:
Alas, good men, in vain ye woo,
'Tis not your lamb nor kid will do.

LALUS. I have two sparrows white as snow,
Whose pretty eyes like sparks do show;
In her bosom Venus hatch'd them,
Where her little Cupid watch'd them,
Till they too fledge their nests forsook,
Themselves and to the fields betook,
Where by chance a fowler caught them,
Of whom I full dearly bought them;
They'll fetch you conserve from the hip[2],
And lay it softly on your lip,
Through their nibbling bills they'll chirup
And fluttering feed you with the sirup,
And if thence you put them by,
They to your white neck will fly,
And if you expulse them there,
They'll hang upon your braided hair;
You so long shall see them prattle
Till at length they'll fall to battle;
And when they have fought their fill,
You will smile to see them bill:
These birds my Lirope's shall be,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

CLEON. His sparrows are not worth a rush,
I'll find as good in every bush;
Of doves I have a dainty pair,
Which when you please to take the air,
About your head shall gently hover,
Your clear brow from the Sun to cover,
And with their nimble wings shall fan you,
That neither cold nor heat shall tan you.
And like umbrellas with their feathers
Shield you in all sorts of weathers:
They be most dainty colour'd things,
They have damask backs and chequer'd wings;
Their necks more various colours show
Than there be mixed in the bow;
Venus saw the lesser dove,
And therewith was far in love,
Offering for't her golden ball,
For her son to play withal:
These my Lirope's shall be
So she'll leave him and go with me.

LIROPE. Then for sparrows, and for doves,
I am fitted 'twixt my loves;
But, Lalus, I take no delight
In sparrows, for they'll scratch and bite;
And though join'd, they are ever wooing,
Always billing if not doing;
'Twixt Venus' breasts if they have lien,
I much fear they'll infect mine:
Cleon, your doves are very dainty,
Tame pigeons else you know are plenty,
These may win some of your marrowe,
I am not caught with doves nor sparrows.
I thank ye kindly for your cost,
Yet your labour is but lost.

LALUS. With full-leav'd lilies I will stick
Thy braided hair all o'er so thick,
That from it a light shall throw
Like the Sun's upon the snow.
Thy mantle shall be violet leaves,
With the fin'st the silk worm weaves,
As finely woven, whose rich smell
The air about thee so shall swell
That it shall have no power to move.
A ruff of pinks thy robe above
About thy neck so neatly set
That art it cannot counterfeit,
Which still shall look so fresh and new,
As if upon their roots they grew.
And for thy head I'll have a tire
Of netting, made of strawberry wire;
And in each knot that doth compose
A mesh, shall stick a half blown rose,
Red, damask white, in order set.
About the sides, shall run a fret
Of primroses, the tire throughout
With thrift and daisies fring'd about:

[1] Without horns.

[2] The red fruit of the smooth bramble.

All this, fair nymph, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

CLEON. These be but weeds and trash he brings,
I'll give thee solid costly things,
His will wither and be gone
Before thou well can'st put them on;
With coral I will have thee crown'd,
Whose branches intricately wound
Shall girt thy temples every way;
And on the top of every spray
Shall stick a pearl orient and great,
Which so the wand'ring birds shall cheat,
That some shall stoop to look for cherries,
As other for tralucent berries.
And wond'ring, caught ere they be ware
In the curl'd trammels of thy hair:
And for thy neck a crystal chain,
Whose links shap'd like to drops of rain,
Upon thy panting breast depending,
Shall seem as they were still descending;
And as thy breath doth come and go,
So seeming still to ebb and flow:
With amber bracelets cut like beds,
Whose strange transparency who sees,
With silk small as the spider's twist
Doubled so oft about thy wrist,
Would surely think alive they were,
From lilies gathering honey there.
Thy buskins ivory, carv'd like shells
Of scollop, which as little bells
Made hollow, with the air shall chime,
And to thy steps shall keep the time:
Leave Lalus, Lirope, for me,
And these shall thy rich dowry be.

LIROPE. Lalus for flowers, Cleon for gems,
For garlands, and for diadems
I shall be sped; why this is brave:
What nymph can choicer presents have?
With dressing, braiding, frouncing, flow'ring,
All your jewels on me pouring,
In this bravery being drest,
To the ground I shall be prest,
That I doubt the nymphs will fear me,
Nor will venture to come near me;
Never lady of the May
To this hour was half so gay;
All in flowers, all so sweet,
From the crown beneath the feet,
Amber, coral, ivory, pearl;
If this cannot win a girl,
There's nothing can, and this ye woo me.
Give me your hands, and trust ye to me;
(Yet to tell ye I am loth)
That I'll have neither of you both.

LALUS. When thou shalt please to stem the flood,
(As thou art of the wat'ry brood)
I'll have twelve swans more white than snow,
Yok'd for the purpose, two and two,
To draw thy barge wrought of fine reed
So well, that it nought else shall need.
The traces by which they shall hail
Thy barge, shall be the winding trail
Of woodbine, whose brave tassel'd flowers
(The sweetness of the wood-nymphs' bowers)
Shall be the trappings to adorn
The swans, by which the barge is borne;
Of flower'd flags I'll rob the bank,
Of water-cuns and king-cups rank,
To be the covering of thy boat;
And on the stream as thou dost float,
The Naiades that haunt the deep,
Themselves about thy barge shall keep,
Recording most delightful lays,
By sea-gods written in thy praise.
And in what place thou happ'st to land,
There the gentle silvery sand
Shall soften, curled with the air,
As sensible of thy repair:
This, my dear love, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him, and go with me.

CLEON. Tush, nymph, his swans will prove but geese,
His barge drinks water like a fleece;
A boat is base; I'll thee provide
A chariot, wherein Jove may ride,
In which when bravely thou art borne,
Thou shalt look like the glorious morn
Ushering the Sun, and such a one,
As to this day was never known;
Of the rarest Indian gums,
More precious than your balsamums,
Which I by art have made so hard,
That they with tools may well be carv'd
To make a coach of; which shall be
Materials of this one for thee,
And of thy chariot, each small piece
Shall inlaid be with ambergrease,
And gilded with the yellow ore
Produc'd from Tagus' wealthy shore;
In which along the pleasant lawn,
With twelve white stags thou shalt be drawn,
Whose branch'd palms, of a stately height,
With several nosegays shall be dight;
And as thou rid'st thy coach about,
For thy strong guard shall run a rout
Of ostriches, whose curled plumes,
'Cens'd with thy chariot's rich perfumes,
The scent into the air shall throw,
Whose naked thighs shall grace the show;
Whilst the wood-nymphs, and those hind
Upon the mountains, o'er thy head
Shall bear a canopy of flowers,
Tinsell'd with drops of April showers,
Which shall make more glorious shows
Than spangles, or your silver oars:
This, bright nymph, I'll do for thee,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

LIROPE. Vie and revie, like chapmen proffer'd,
Would't be received what you have offer'd,
Ye greater honour cannot do me,
If not building altars to me:
Both by water, and by land,
Barge and chariot at command;
Swans upon the streams to taw me,
Stags upon the land to draw me;
In all this pomp should I be seen,
What a poor thing were a queen!
All delights in such excess,
As but ye, who can express:
Thus mounted should the nymphs me see,
All the troop would follow me,
Thinking by this state that I
Would assume a deity.
There be some in love have been,
And I may commit that sin;
And if e'er I be in love,
With one of you I fear 'twill prove;

But with which I cannot tell,
So my gallant youths farewel.

THE THIRD NYMPHAL.

DORON, HAIS, CLORIS, CLAIA, DORILUS, CLOE, MERTILLA, FLORIMEL.

With nymphs and foresters.

Poetic raptures, sacred fires,
With which Apollo his inspires,
This Nymphal gives you; and withal
Observes the Muses' festival.

Amongst th' Elysians' many mirthful feasts,
At which the Muses are the certain guests,
Th' observe one day with most imperial state,
To wise Apollo which they dedicate,
The poets' god, and to his altars bring
Th' enamel'd bravery of the beauteous spring,
And strew their bowers with every precious sweet,
Which still wax fresh, most trod on with their feet;
With most choice flowers each nymph doth braid her hair,
And not the mean'st but bauldric wise doth wear
Some goodly garland, and the most renown'd
With curious roseate anadems are crown'd.
These being come into the place where they
Yearly observe the orgies to that day,
The Muses from their Heliconian spring
Their brimful mazers to the feasting bring:
When with deep draughts out of those plenteous bowls,
The jocund youth have swill'd their thirsty souls,
They fall enraged with a sacred heat,
And when their brains do once begin to sweat,
They into brave and stately numbers break,
And not a word that any one can speak
But 'tis prophetic; and so strangely far
In their high fury they transported are,
As there's not one, on any thing can strain,
But by another answered is again
In the same rapture, which all sit to hear;
When as two youths, that soundly liquor'd were,
Dorilus and Doron, two as noble swains
As ever kept on the Elysian plains,
First by their signs attention having won,
Thus they the revels frolicly begun.

DORON. Come Dorilus, let us be brave,
In lofty numbers let us rave,
With rhymes I will enrich thee.

DORILUS. Content, say I, then bid the base,
Our wits shall run the wildgoose-chace,
Spur up, or I will switch thee.

DORON. The Sun out of the east doth peep,
And now the day begins to creep
Upon the world at leisure.

DORILUS. The air enamour'd with the greaves,
The west wind strokes the velvet leaves,
And kisses them at pleasure.

DORON. The spinners' webs 'twixt spray and spray
The top of every bush make gay,
By many cords there dangling.

DORILUS. For now the last day's evening dew
Even to the hill itself doth shew,
Each bough with pearl bespangling.

DORON. O boy, how thy abundant vein,
Even like a flood breaks from thy brain,
Nor can thy Muse be gaged.

DORILUS. Why Nature forth did never bring
A man that like to me can sing,
If once I be enraged.

DORON. Why, Dorilus, I in my skill
Can make the swiftest stream stand still,
Nay, bear back to his springing.

DORILUS. And I into a trance most deep
Can cast the birds, that they shall sleep
When fain'st they would be singing.

DORON. Why, Dorilus, thou mak'st me mad,
And now my wits begin to gad,
But sure I know not whither.

DORILUS O, Doron; let me hug thee then,
There never was two madder men,
Then let us on together.

DORON. Hermes the winged horse bestrid,
And thorow thick and thin he rid,
And flounder'd through the fountain.

DORILUS. He spurr'd the tit until he bled,
So that at last he run his head
Against the forked mountain.

DORON. How say'st thou, but py'd Iris got
Into great Juno's chariot,
I spake with one that saw her.

DORILUS. And there the pert and saucy elf
Behav'd her as 'twere Juno's self,
And made the peacocks draw her.

DORON. I'll borrow Phœbus' fiery jades,
With which about the world he trades,
And put them in my plough.

DORILUS. O thou most perfect frantic man,
Yet let thy rage be what it can,
I'll be as mad as thou.

DORON. I'll to great Jove, hap good, hap ill,
Though he with thunder threat to kill,
And beg of him a boon.

DORILUS. To swerve up one of Cynthia's beams,
And there to bathe thee in the streams,
Discover'd in the Moon.

DORON. Come, frolic youth, and follow me,
My frantic boy, and I'll show thee
The country of the fairies.

DORILUS. The fleshy mandrake where 't doth grow,
In noonshade of the misletoe,
And where the phenix airies.

DORON. Nay more, the swallow's winter bed,
The caverns where the winds are bred,
Since thus thou talk'st of showing.

DORILUS. And to those indraughts I'll thee bring
That wonderous and eternal spring
Whence th' ocean hath its flowing.

DORON. We'll down to the dark house of sleep,
Where snoring Morpheus doth keep,
And wake the drowsy groom.

DORILUS. Down shall the doors and windows go,
The stools upon the floor we'll throw,
And roar about the room.

The Muses here commanded them to stay,
Commending much the carriage of their lay;
As greatly pleas'd at this their madding bout,
To hear how bravely they had borne it out
From first to last, of which they were right glad,
By this they found that Helicon still had
That virtue it did anciently retain
When Orpheus, Lynus, and th' Ascrean swain
Took lusty rouses, which hath made their rhymes
To last so long to all succeeding times.
And now amongst this beauteous bevy here,
Two wanton nymphs, tho' dainty ones they were,
Naiis and Cloe in their female fits,
Longing to show the sharpness of their wits,
Of the nine sisters special leave do crave
That the next bout they two might freely have;
Who having got the suffrages of all,
Thus to their rhyming instantly they fall.

NAIIS. Amongst you all let us see
Who is't opposes me,
Come on the proudest she
To answer my ditty.

CLOE. Why, Naiis, that am I,
Who dares thy pride defy;
And that we soon shall try
Though thou be witty.

NAIIS. Cloe, I scorn my rhyme
Should observe feet or time,
Now I fall, then I climb,
What is't I dare not.

CLOE. Give thy invention wing,
And let her flirt and fling,
Till down the rock she ding,
For that I care not.

NAIIS. This presence delights me,
My freedom invites me,
The season excites me
In rhyme to be merry.

CLOE. And I beyond measure,
Am ravish'd with pleasure,
To answer each cessure,
Until thou be'st weary.

NAIIS. Behold the rosy dawn,
Rises in tinsel'd lawn,
And smiling seems to fawn
Upon the mountains.

CLOE. Awaked from her dreams
Shooting forth golden beams,
Dancing upon the streams
Courting the fountains.

NAIIS. These more than sweet showrets,
Entice up these flowrets,
To trim up our bowrets,
Perfuming our coats.

CLOE. Whilst the birds billing
Each one with his dilling,
The thickets still filling
With amorous notes.

NAIIS. The bees up in honey roll'd
More than their thighs can hold,
Lapp'd in their liquid gold,
Their treasure us bringing.

CLOE. To these rillets purling,
Upon the stones curling,
And oft about whirling,
Dance tow'rd their springing.

NAIIS. The wood-nymphs sit singing,
Each grove with notes ringing,
Whilst fresh Ver is flinging
Her bounties abroad.

CLOE. So much as the turtle
Upon the low myrtle,
To the meads fertile,
Her cares doth unload.

NAIIS. Nay, 'tis a world to see
In every bush and tree,
The birds with mirth and glee
Woo'd as they woo.

CLOE. The robin and the wren,
Every cock with his hen,
Why should not we and men
Do as they do.

NAIIS. The fairies are hopping,
The small flowers cropping,
And with dew dropping,
Skip thorow the greaves.

CLOE. At barley-break they play
Merrily all the day,
At night themselves they lay
Upon the soft leaves.

NAIIS. The gentle winds sally
Upon every valley,
And many times dally
And wantonly sport.

CLOE. About the fields tracing,
Each other in chasing,
And often embracing,
In amorous sort.

NAIIS. And Echo oft doth tell
Wondrous things from her cell,
As her what chance befel,
Learning to prattle.

CLOE. And now she sits and mocks
The shepherds and their flocks,
And the herds from the rocks
Keeping their cattle.

When to these maids the Muses silence cry,
For 'twas th' opinion of the company,
That were not these two taken off, that they
Would in their conflict wholly spend the day.
When as the turn to Florimel next came,
A nymph for beauty of especial name,
Yet was she not so jolly as the rest;
And though she were by her companions prest,
Yet she by no entreaty would be wrought
To sing, as by th' Elysian laws she ought:
When two bright nymphs that her companions were,
And of all other only held her dear,
Mild Cloris and Mertilla, with fair speech,
Their most beloved Florimel beseech,
T' observe the Muses, and the more to woo her,
They take their turns, and thus they sing unto her.

CLORIS. Sing, Florimel, O sing, and we
Our whole wealth will give to thee,

We'll rob the brim of every fountain,
Strip the sweets from every mountain,
We will sweep the curled valleys,
Brush the banks that mound our allies,
We will muster Nature's dainties,
When she wallows in her plenties,
The luscious smell of every flower,
New wash'd by an April shower,
The mistress of her store we'll make thee,
That she for herself shall take thee;
Can there be a dainty thing,
That's not thine, if thou wilt sing?

MERTILLA. When the dew in May distilleth,
And the Earth's rich bosom filleth,
And with pearl embrouds each meadow,
We will make them like a widow,
And in all their beauties dress thee,
And of all their spoils possess thee,
With all the beauties Zephyr brings,
Breathing on the yearly springs,
The gaudy blooms of every tree
In their most beauty when they be,
What is here that may delight thee,
Or to pleasure may excite thee,
Can there be a dainty thing
That's not thine, if thou wilt sing?

But Florimel still sullenly replies,
"I will not sing at all, let that suffice:"
When as a nymph, one of the merry ging,
Seeing she no way could be won to sing;
"Come, come," quoth she, "ye utterly undo her
With your entreaties, and your reverence to her;
For praise nor prayers she careth not a pin;
They that our froward Florimel would win,
Must work another way: let me come to her,
Either I'll make her sing, or I'll undo her."

CLAIA. Florimel, I thus conjure thee,
Since their gifts cannot allure thee;
By stamp'd garlic that doth stink
Worse than common sewer or sink;
By henbane, dogsbane, wolfsbane, sweet
As any clown's or carrier's feet;
By stinking nettles, pricking teasels,
Raising blisters like the measles;
By the rough burbreeding docks,
Ranker than the oldest fox;
By filthy hemloc, pois'ning more
Than any ulcer or old sore;
By the cockle in the corn,
That smells far worse than doth burnt horn:
By hemp in water that hath lain,
By whose stench the fish are slain;
By toadflax which your nose may taste,
If you have a mind to cast;
May all filthy stinking weeds
That e'er bore leaf, or e'er had seeds;
Florimel, be given to thee,
If thou'lt not sing as well as we.

At which the nymphs to open laughter fell,
Amongst the rest the beauteous Florimel,
(Pleas'd with the spell from Claia that came,
A mirthful girl, and given to sport and game)
As gamesome grows as any of them all,
And to this ditty instantly doth fall.

FLORIMEL. How in my thoughts shall I conceive
The image I am framing,
Which is so far superlative,
As 'tis beyond all naming?
I would Jove of my counsel make,
And have his judgment in it,
But that I doubt he would mistake
How rightly to begin it:
It must be builded in the air,
And 'tis my thoughts must do it,
And only they must be the stair
From earth to mount me to it:
For of my sex I frame my lay,
Each hour ourselves forsaking,
How should I then find out the way,
To this my undertaking?
When our weak fancies working still,
Yet changing every minute,
Will show that it requires some skill,
Such difficulty's in it.
We would things, yet we know not what,
And let our will be granted,
Yet instantly we find in that
Something unthought of wanted:
Our joys and hopes such shadows are,
As with our motions vary,
Which when we oft have fetch'd from far,
With us they never tarry:
Some worldly cross doth still attend
What long we have been spinning,
And ere we fully get the end,
We lose of our beginning.
Our policies so peevish are,
That with themselves they wrangle,
And many times become the snare,
That soonest us entangle;
For that the love we bear our friends,
Though ne'er so strongly grounded,
Hath in it certain oblique ends,
If to the bottom sounded:
Our own well wishing making it
A pardonable treason;
For that it is deriv'd from wit,
And underpropp'd with reason.
For our dear selves' beloved sake,
(Even in the depth of passion)
Our centre though ourselves we make,
Yet is not that our station;
For whilst our brows ambitious be,
And youth at hand awaits us,
It is a pretty thing to see
How finely beauty cheats us.
And whilst with time we trifling stand
To practise antique graces,
Age with a pale and wither'd hand,
Draws furrows in our faces.

When they which so desirous were before
To hear her sing; desirous are far more
To have her cease; and call to have her staid,
For she too much already had bewray'd.
And as the three sisters thus had grac'd
Their celebration, and themselves had plac'd
Upon a violet bank, in order all
Where they at will might view the festival,
The nymphs and all the lusty youth that were
At this brave nymphal, by them honour'd there,
To gratify the heavenly girls again,
Lastly prepare in state to entertain
Those sacred sisters, fairly and confer,
On each of them their praise particular,
And thus the nymphs to the nine Muses sung,
When as the youth and foresters among,

That well prepared for this business were,
Become the Chorus, and thus sung they there.

NYMPHS. Clio, thou first of those celestial nine
That daily offer to the sacred shrine
Of wise Apollo; queen of stories,
Thou that vindicat'st the glories
Of past ages, and renew'st
Their acts, which every day thou view'st,
And from a lethargy dost keep
Old nodding Time, else prone to sleep.

CHORUS. Clio, O crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Melpomene, thou melancholy maid,
Next, to wise Phœbus, we invoke thy aid,
In buskins that dost stride the stage,
And in thy deep distracted rage,
In bloodshed that dost take delight,
Thy object the most fearful sight,
That low'st the sighs, the shrieks, and sounds
Of horrour, that arise from wounds.

CHORUS. Sad Muse O crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and birth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Comic Thalia, then we come to thee,
Thou mirthful maiden, only that in glee
And love's deceits thy pleasure tak'st,
Of which thy varying scene that mak'st,
And in thy nimble sock doth stir
Loud laughter through the theatre,
That with the peasant mak'st thee sport,
As well as with the better sort.

CHORUS. Thalia, crave of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Euterpe, next to thee we will proceed,
That first found'st out the music on the reed,
With breath and fingers giving life
To the shrill cornet and the fife,
Teaching every stop and key
To those upon the pipe that play,
Those which wind-instruments we call,
Or soft, or loud, or great, or small.

CHORUS. Euterpe, ask of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Terpsichore, thou of the lute and lyre,
And instruments that sound with cords and wire,
That art the mistress to command
The touch of the most curious hand,
When every quaver doth embrace
His like, in a true diapase;
And every string his sound doth fill,
Touch'd with the finger or the quill.

CHORUS. Terpsichore, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Thou, Erato, wise Muse, we thee we call
In lines to us that dost demonstrate all,
Which, neatly, with thy staff and bow,
Dost measure, and proportion show;
Motion and gesture that dost teach,
That every height and depth can'st reach;
And dost demonstrate by thy art
What nature else would not impart.

CHORUS. Dear Erato, crave Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. To thee, thou brave Calliope, we come,
Thou that maintain'st the trumpet and the drum,
The neighing-steeds that lov'st to hear,
Clashing of arms doth please thine ear;
In lofty lines that dost rehearse
Things worthy of a thund'ring verse,
And at no time art heard to strain
On aught that suits a common vein.

CHORUS. Calliope, crave Phœbus to inspire.
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Thou, Polyhymnia, most delicious maid,
In rhetoric's flowers that art array'd;
In tropes and figures richly drest,
The filed phrase that lovest best,
That art all elocution, and
The first that gav'st to understand
The force of words, in order plac'd,
And with a sweet delivery grac'd.

CHORUS. Sweet Muse, persuade our Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

NYMPHS. Lofty Urania, then we call to thee,
To whom the Heavens for ever open'd be,
Thou th' asterisms by name dost call,
And show'st when they do rise and fall;
Each planet's force, and dost divine
His working, seated in his sign;
And how the starry frame still rolls
Between the fixed stedfast poles.

CHORUS. Urania, ask of Phœbus to inspire
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,
And let his glorious ever-shining rays
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

THE FOURTH NYMPHAL.

CLORIS, MERTILLA.

Chaste Cloris doth disclose the shames
Of the Pelician frantic dames,
Mertilla strives t' appease her woe,
To golden wishes then they go.

MERTILLA. Why, how now Cloris, what, thy head
Bound with forsaken willow?
Is the cold ground become thy bed?
The grass become thy pillow?
O let not those life-lightning eyes
In this sad veil be shrouded,
Which into mourning puts the skies,
To see them over-clouded.

CLORIS. O, my Mastilla, do not praise
These lamps, so dimly burning,
Such sad and sullen lights as these
Were only made for mourning:
Their objects are the barren rocks
With aged moss o'ershaded;
Now, whilst the Spring lays forth her locks,
With blossoms bravely braded.

MERTILLA. O, Cloris, can there be a spring,
O my dear nymph, there may not,
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,
Without which Nature cannot:
Say what it is that troubleth thee,
Increas'd by thy concealing,
Speak, sorrows many times we see
Are lessen'd by revealing.

CLORIS. Being of late too vainly bent,
And but at too much leisure,
Nor with our groves and downs content,
But surfeiting in pleasure;
Felicia's fields I would go see,
Where fame to me reported,
The choice nymphs of the world to be
From meaner beauties sorted;
Hoping that I from them might draw
Some graces to delight me,
But there such monstrous shapes I saw,
That to this hour affright me.
Thro' the thick hair, that thatch'd their brows,
Their eyes upon me stared,
Like to those raging frantic froes
For Bacchus' feasts prepared;
Their bodies, although straight by kind,
Yet they so monstrous make them,
That for huge bags, blown up with wind,
You very well may take them.
Their bowels in their elbows are,
Whereon depend their paunches,
And their deformed arms, by far,
Made larger than their haunches:
For their behaviour and their grace,
Which likewise should have priz'd them,
Their manners were as beastly base
As th' rags that so disguis'd them;
All antics, all so impudent,
So fashion'd out of fashion,
As black Cocytus up had sent
Her fry into this nation,
Whose monstrousness doth so perplex,
Of reason and deprives me,
That, for their sakes, I loath my sex,
Which to this sadness drives me.

MERTILLA. O, my dear Cloris, be not sad,
Nor with these furies daunted,
But let these female fools be mad
With hellish pride enchanted;
Let not thy noble thoughts descend
So low as their affections,
Whom neither counsel can amend,
Nor yet the gods' corrections;
Such mad folks ne'er let us bemoan,
But rather scorn their folly,
And since we two are here alone,
To banish melancholy,
Leave we this lowly creeping vein,
Not worthy admiration,
And in a brave and lofty strain
Let's exercise our passion,
With wishes of each other's good,
From our abundant treasures,
And, in this jocund sprightly mood
Thus alter we our measures.

MERTILLA. O I could wish this place were strew'd with roses, [grass
And that this bank were thickly thrumb'd with
As soft as sleave or sarcenet ever was,
Whereon my Cloris her sweet self reposes.

CLORIS. O that these dews rose-water were for thee,
These mists perfumes that hang upon these thicks,
And that the winds were all aromatics, [be.
Which if my wish could make them, they should

MERTILLA. O that my bottle one whole diamond
So fill'd with nectar that a fly might sup, [were,
And at one draught that thou might'st drink it up,
Yet a carouse not good enough I fear.

CLORIS. That all the pearl, the seas or Indias have,
Were well dissolv'd, and thereof made a lake,
Thou there in bathing, and I by to take
Pleasure to see thee clearer than the wave.

MERTILLA. O that the horns of all the herds we
Were of fine gold, or else that every horn [see
Were like to that one of the unicorn,
And of all these, not one but were thy foe.

CLORIS. O that their hoofs were ivory, or some thing
Than the pur'st ivory far more crystalline,
Fill'd with the food wherewith the gods do dine,
To keep thy youth in a continual spring.

MERTILLA. O that the sweets of all the flowers that grow
The labouring air would gather into one,
In gardens, fields, nor meadows leaving none,
And all their sweetness upon thee would throw.

CLORIS. Nay that those sweet harmonious strains we hear,
Amongst the lively birds' melodious lays,
As they recording sit upon the sprays,
Were hovering still for music at thine ears.

MERTILLA. O that thy name were carv'd on every tree,
That as these plants still great, and greater grow,
Thy name, dear nymph, might be enlarged so,
That every grove and coppice might speak thee.

CLORIS. Nay would thy name upon their rinds were set,
And by the nymphs so oft and loudly spoken,
As that the echoes to that language broken
Thy happy name might hourly counterfeit.

MERTILLA. O let the Spring still put stern Winter
And in rich damask let her revel still, [by
As it should do if I might have my will,
That thou might'st still walk on her tapestry;
And thus since fate no longer time allows
Under this broad and shady sycamore,
Where now we sit, as we have oft before,
Those yet unborn shall offer up their vows.

THE FIFTH NYMPHAL.

CLAIA, LELIPA, CLARINAX A HERMIT.

Of garlands, anadems, and wreaths
This Nymphal nought but sweetness breathes,
Presents you with delicious posies,
And with powerful simples closes.

CLAIA. See where old Clarinax is set,
His sundry simples sorting,
From whose experience we may get
What worthy is reporting;
Then, Lelipa, let us draw near,
Whilst he his weeds is weathering,
I see some powerful simples there
That he hath late been gathering.
Hail, gentle hermit, Jove thee speed,
And have thee in his keeping,
And ever help thee at thy need,
Be thou awake or sleeping.

CLARINAX. Ye pair of most celestial lights,
O beauties three times burnish'd,
Who could expect such heavenly wights
With angels' features furnish'd?
What god doth guide you to this place,
To bless my homely bower?
It cannot be but this high grace
Proceeds from some high power;
The hours like handmaids still attend,
Disposed at your pleasure,
Ordained to no other end
But to await your leisure;
The dews drawn up into the air,
And by your breaths perfumed,
In little clouds do hover there
As loth to be consumed;
The air moves not but as you please,
So much, sweet nymphs, it owes you,
The winds do cast them to their ease,
And amorously enclose you.

LELIPA. Be not too lavish of thy praise,
Thou good Elysian hermit,
Lest some to hear such words as these,
Perhaps may flattery term it;
But of your simples something say,
Which may discourse afford us,
We know your knowledge lies that way,
With subjects you have stor'd us.

CLAIA. We know for physic yours you get,
Which thus you here are sorting,
And upon garlands we are set,
With wreaths and posies sporting:
Each garden great abundance yields,
Whose flowers invite us thither;
But you abroad in groves and fields
Your med'cinal simples gather.

LELIPA. The chaplet and the anadem,
The curled tresses crowning,
We looser nymphs delight in them,
Not in your wreaths renowning.

CLARINAX. The garland long ago was worn,
As time pleas'd to bestow it,
The laurel only to adorn
The conqueror and the poet.
The palm his due, who, uncontroul'd,
On danger looking gravely,
When fate had done the worst it could,
Who bore his fortunes bravely.
Most worthy of the oaken wreath
The ancients him esteemed,
Who in a battle had from death
Some man of worth redeemed.
About his temples grass they tie,
Himself that so behaved
In some strong siege by th' enemy
A city that hath saved.
A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
Amongst our garlands named,
Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
Offensive war proclaimed.
The sign of peace who first displays,
The olive wreath possesses:
The lover with the myrtle sprays
Adorns his crisped tresses
In love the sad forsaken wight
The willow garland weareth:
The funeral man, befitting night,
The baleful cypress beareth.
To Pan we dedicate the pine,
Whose slips the shepherd graceth:
Again, the ivy and the vine
On his swoln Bacchus placeth.

CLAIA. The boughs and sprays, of which you tell,
By you are rightly named:
But we with those of precious smell
And colours are enflamed;
The noble ancients to excite
Men to do things worth crowning,
Not unperformed left a rite
To heighten their renowning:
But they that those rewards devis'd,
And those brave wights that wore them,
By these base times tho' poorly priz'd,
Yet, hermit, we adore them.
The store of every fruitful field,
We nymphs at will possessing,
From that variety they yield
Get flowers for every dressing:
Of which a garland I'll compose,
Then busily attend me,
These flowers I for that purpose chose,
But where I miss amend me.

CLARINAX. Well, Claia, on with your intent,
Let's see how you will weave it;
Which done, here for a monument,
I hope, with me you'll leave it.

CLAIA. Here damask roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread,
My chiefest flower this make I;
Amongst these roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double daisies then for show,
And will not this be dainty?
The pretty pansy then I'll tye
Like stones some chain inchasing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.
The curious choice clove july-flower,
Whose kinds hight the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power
Shall help my wreath to fashion;
Whose sundry colours, of one kind,
First from one root derived,
Them in their several suits I'll bind,
My garland so contrived:

A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
And here and there (tho' sparely)
The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
Like pearls, which will show rarely:
Then with these marygolds I'll make
My garland somewhat swelling,
These honeysuckles then I'll take,
Whose sweets shall help their smelling.
The lily and the flower-de lis,
For colour much contenting,
For that, I them do only prize,
They are but poor in scenting:
The daffadil most dainty is
To match with these in meetness;
The columbine compar'd to this,
All much alike for sweetness;
These in their natures only are
Fit to emboss the border,
Therefore I'll take especial care
To place them in their order:
Sweet-williams, campions, sops-in-wine
One by another neatly:
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
And finished it featly.

LELIPA. Your garland thus you finish'd have;
Then as we have attended
Your leisure, likewise let me crave
I may the like be friended.
Those gaudy garish flowers you chuse,
In which our nymphs are flanting,
Which they at feasts and bridals use,
The sight and smell enchanting:
A chaplet me of herbs I'll make,
Than which though yours be braver,
Yet this of mine I'll undertake
Shall not be short in savour.
With basil then I will begin,
Whose scent is wondrous pleasing;
This eglantine I'll next put in,
The sense with sweetness seizing.
Then in my lavender I'll lay,
Muscado put among it,
And here and there a leaf of bay,
Which still shall run along it.
Germander, marjoram, and thyme,
Which used are for strewing,
With hyssop, as an herb most prime,
Here in my wreath bestowing,
Then balm and mint helps to make up
My chaplet, and for trial,
Costmary that so likes the cup,
And next it pennyroyal:
Then burnet shall bear up with this,
Whose leaf I greatly fancy,
Some camomile doth not amiss,
With savory and some tansy;
Then here and there I'll put a sprig
Of rosemary into it:
Thus not too little nor too big,
'Tis done if I can do it.

CLARINAX. Clais, your garland is most gay,
Compos'd of curious flowers,
And so, most lovely Lelipa,
This chaplet is of yours:
In goodly gardens yours you get,
Where you your laps have laded;
My simples are by nature set
In groves and fields untreaded.
Your flowers most curiously you twine,
Each one his place supplying,
But these rough harsher herbs of mine,
About me rudely lying;
Of which some dwarfish weeds there be,
Some of a larger stature,
Some by experience, as we see,
Whose names express their nature.
Here is my moly of much fame,
In magics often used,
Mugwort and night-shade for the same,
But not by me abused;
Here henbane, poppy, hemloc here,
Procuring deadly sleeping,
Which I do minister with fear,
Not fit for each man's keeping:
Here holy vervane, and here dill,
'Gainst witchcraft much availing,
Here horehound 'gainst the mad dog's ill
By biting, never failing.
Here mandrake that procureth love,
In pois'ning filtres mixed,
And makes the barren fruitful prove,
The root about them fixed;
Enchanting lunary here lies,
In sorceries excelling.
And this is dictam, which we prize,
Shot shafts and darts expelling;
Here saxifrage against the stone
That powerful is approved,
Here dodder, by whose help alone
Old agues are removed;
Here mercury, here hellebore,
Old ulcers mundifying,
And shepherd's-purse, the flux most sore
That helps by the applying;
Here wholesome plantane, that the pain
Of eyes and ears appeases;
Here cooling sorrel that again
We use in hot diseases:
The med'cinable mallow here,
Assuaging sudden tumours,
The jagged polypodium there,
To purge old rotten humours;
Next these here egremony is,
That helps the serpent's biting,
The blessed betony by this,
Whose cures deserven writing:
This all-heal, and so nam'd of right,
New wounds so quickly healing;
A thousand more I could recite,
Most worthy of revealing,
But that I hinder'd am by fate,
And business doth prevent me,
To cure a madman which of late
Is from Felicia sent me.

CLAIA. Nay, then thou hast enough to do,
We pity thy enduring,
For they are there infected so,
That they are past thy curing.

THE SIXTH NYMPHAL.

SILVIUS, HALCIUS, MELANTHUS.

A woodman, fisher, and a swain
This Nymphal through with mirth maintain;

Whose pleadings so the nymph do please,
That presently they give them bays.

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
All chequer'd was the sky,
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
Veil'd Heaven's most glorious eye.
The wind had no more strength than this,
That leisurely it blew,
To make one leaf the next to kiss,
That closely by it grew.
The rills that on the pebbles play'd
Might now be heard at will;
This world they only music made,
Else every thing was still.
The flowers, like brave embroider'd girls,
Look'd as they much desir'd,
To see whose head with orient pearls
Most curiously was tyr'd;
And to itself the subtile air
Such sovereignty assumes,
That it receiv'd too large a share
From nature's rich perfumes.
When the Elysian youth were met,
That were of most account,
And to disport themselves were set
Upon an easy mount:
Near which, of stately fir and pine
There grew abundant store,
The tree that weepeth turpentine,
And shady sycamore.
Amongst this merry youthful train
A forester they had,
A fisher, and a shepherd swain,
A lively country lad:
Betwixt which three a question grew,
Who should the worthiest be,
Which violently they pursue,
Nor stickled would they be:
That it the company doth please
This civil strife to stay,
Freely to hear what each of these
For his brave self could say.
When first this forester, of all
That Silvius had to name,
To whom the lot being cast doth fall,
Doth thus begin the game.

Silvius. For my profession then, and for the life I lead,
All others to excel, thus for myself I plead; [lead,
I am the prince of sports, the forest is my fee,
He's not upon the Earth, for pleasure lives like me;
The morn no sooner puts her rosy mantle on,
But from my quiet lodge I instantly am gone,
When the melodious birds from every bush and brier
Of the wild spacious wastes, make a continual choir;
The mottled meadows then, new varnish'd with the Sun,
Shoot up their spicy sweets upon the winds that run,
In easily ambling gales, and softly seem to pace,
That it the longer might their lusciousness embrace.
I am clad in youthful green, I other colours scorn,
My silken bauldric bears my bugle or my horn;
Which setting to my lips, I wind so loud and shrill,
As makes the echoes shout from every neighbouring hill:
My dog-hook at my belt, to which my lyam's ty'd,
My sheaf of arrows by, my wood-knife by my side,
My cross-bow in my hand, my gaffle or my rach
To beat them when I please, or if I list to stack;
My hound them in my lyams, I by the woodman's art [hart;
Forecast where I may lodge the goodly high-palm'd
To view the grazing herds, so sundry times I use,
Where by the loftiest head I know my deer to choose,
And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the ground
Upon my well-breath'd nag, to cheer my earning hound.
Sometime I pitch my toils the deer alive to take,
Sometime I like the cry, the deep-mouth'd kennel make. [strike,
Then underneath my horse, I stalk my game to
And with a single dog to hunt him hurt I like.
The sylvans are to me true subjects, I their king,
The stately hart his hind doth to my presence bring.
The buck his loved doe, the roe his tripping mate,
Before me to my bower, whereas I sit in state.
The dryads, hamadryads, the satyrs and the fawns,
Oft play at hide and seek before me on the lawns;
The frisking fairy oft, when horned Cynthia shines,
Before me as I walk dance wanton matachines;
The numerous feather'd flocks, that the wild forests haunt,
Their sylvan songs to me, in cheerful ditties chaunt:
The shades like ample shields, defend me from the Sun, run;
Through which me to refresh the gentle rivulets
No little bubbling brook from any spring that falls,
But on the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.
I' th' morn I climb the hills, where wholesome winds do blow,
At noon-tide to the vales, and shady groves below;
T'wards evening I again the crystal floods frequent,
In pleasure thus my life continually is spent.
As princes and great lords have palaces, so I
Have in the forests here, my hall and gallery
The tall and stately woods, which underneath are plain; [again
The groves my gardens are, the heath and downs
My wide and spacious walks. Then say all what ye can,
The forester is still your only gallant man.

He of his speech scarce made an end,
But him they load with praise,
The nymphs most highly him commend,
And vow to give him bays:
He's now cry'd up of every one,
And who but only he?
The forester's the man alone,
The worthiest of the three.
When some than th' other far more staid,
Will'd them a while to pause,
For there was more yet to be said,
That might deserve applause.
When Halcius his turn next plies,
And silence having won,
Room for the fisherman he cries,
And thus his plea begun.

Halcius. No, foresters, it so must not be beaten away,
But hear what for himself the fisher first can say;
The crystal current streams continually I keep,
Where every pearl-pav'd ford, and every blue-ey'd deep,
With me familiar are; when in my boat being set,
My oar I take in hand, my angle and my net
About me; like a prince myself in state I steer,
Now up, now down the stream, now am I here, now there,

The pilot and the fraught myself; and at my ease
Can land me when I list, or in what place I please;
The silver-scaled shoals, about me in the streams,
As thick as ye discern the atoms in the beams,
Near to the shady bank where slender sallies grow,
And willows their shag'd tops down t'wards the waters bow,
I shove in with my boat to shield me from the heat,
Where choosing from my bag some prov'd especial bait,
The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle strike,
And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous pike,
Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks away,
Though at my line's full length so long I let him play
Till by my hand I find he well-near weary'd be,
When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.
The lusty salmon too, I oft with angling take,
Which me above the rest most lordly sport doth make,
Who feeling he is caught, such frisks and bounds doth fetch,
And by his very strength my line so far doth stretch,
As draws my floating cork down to the very ground,
And wresting of my rod, doth make my boat turn round.
I never idle am, sometime I bait my weels,
With which by night I take the dainty silver eels,
And with my draught-net then, I sweep the streaming flood,
And to my trammel next, and cast-net from the mud,
I beat the scaly brood; no hour I idly spend,
But weary'd with my work I bring the day to end.
The Naiades and nymphs that in the rivers keep,
Which take into their care the store of every deep,
Amongst the flowery flags, the bullrushes and reed,
That of the spawn have charge (abundantly to breed),
Well mounted upon swans, their naked bodies lend
To my discerning eye, and on my boat attend,
And dance upon the waves, before me (for my sake)
To th' music the soft wind upon the reeds doth make.
And for my pleasure more, the rougher gods of seas
From Neptune's court send in the blue Neriades,
Which from his bracky realm upon the billows ride,
And bear the rivers back with every streaming tide.
Those billows 'gainst my boat, borne with delightful gales,
Oft seeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,
Whilst loads of liquid pearl still load my labouring oars,
As stretch'd upon the stream they strike me to the shores:
The silent meadows seem delighted with my lays,
And sitting in my boat I sing my lass's praise.
Then let them that like, the forester up-cry,
Your noble fisher is your only man, say I.

This speech of Silicius turn'd the tide,
And brought it so about,
That all upon the fisher cry'd;
That he would bear it out;
Him for the speech he made, to clap
Who lent him not a hand?
And said t'would be the waters' hap,
Quite to put down the land.
This while Melanthus silent sits,
(For so the shepherd height)
And having heard these dainty wits,
Each pleading for his right;
To hear them honour'd in this wise,
His patience doth provoke,
When "For a shepherd room," he cries,
And for himself thus spoke:

MELANTHUS. Well fisher you have done, and forester for you [due.
Your tale is neatly told, s'are both's to give your
And now my turn comes next, then hear a shepherd speak;
My watchfulness and care gives day scarce leave to break
But to the fields I haste, my folded flock to see,
Where when I find, nor wolf, nor fox hath injur'd me,
I to my bottle straight, and soundly baste my throat,
Which done, some country song or roundelay I roat,
So merrily; that to the music that I make,
I force the lark to sing ere she be well awake;
Then Ball my cut-tail'd cur and I begin to play,
He o'er my sheephook leaps, now th' one, now th' other way,
Then on his binder feet he doth his himself advance,
I tune, and to my note, my lively dog doth dance;
Then whistle in my fist, my fellow swains to call,
Down go our hooks and scrips, and we to nine-holes fall,
At dust-point, or at quoits, else are we at it hard,
All false and cheating games, we shepherds are debarr'd;
Surveying of my sheep, if ewe or wether look
As though it were amiss, or with my cur or crook
I take it, and when once I find what it doth ail,
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heal;
And when my careful eye I cast upon my sheep,
I sort them in my pens, and sorted so I keep:
Those that are bigg'st of bone, I still reserve for breed,
My cullings I put off, or for the chapman feed.
When th' evening doth approach I to my bagpipe take,
And to my grazing flocks such music then I make,
That they forbear to feed; then me a king you see,
I playing go before, my subjects follow me;
My bell-wether most brave, before the rest doth stalk,
The father of the flock, and after him doth walk
My writhen-headed ram, with posies crown'd in pride,
Fast to his crooked horns with ribbons neatly ty'd;
And at our shepherds' board that's cut out of the ground,
My fellow swains and I together at it round
With green cheese, clouted cream, with flawns and custards stor'd,
Whig, cyder, and with whey, I domineer a lord.
When sheering time is come I to the river drive
My goodly well fleec'd flocks, (by pleasure thus I thrive) [day,
Which being wash'd at will, upon the sheering
My wool I forth in locks, fit for the winder lay,
Which upon lusty heaps into my cote I heave,
That in the handling feels as soft as any sleave;
When every ewe two lambs that yeaned hath that year,
About her new shorn neck a chaplet then doth wear;
My tar-box, and my scrip, my bagpipe at my back,
My sheephook in my hand, what can I say I lack?
He that a scepter sway'd, a sheephook in his hand
Hath not disdain'd to have; for shepherds then I stand.

Then forester, and you my fisher, cease your strife,
I say your shepherd leads your only merry life.

They had not cry'd the forester,
And fisher up before,
So much: but now the nymphs prefer
The shepherd ten times more,
And all the ging goes on his side,
Their minion him they make,
To him themselves they all apply,
And all his party take;
Till some in their discretion cast,
Since first the strife begun,
In all that from them there had past
None absolutely won;
That equal honour they should share;
And their deserts to show,
For each a garland they prepare,
Which they on them bestow,
Of all the choicest flowers that were
Which purposely they gather,
With which they crown them, parting there
As they came first together.

THE SEVENTH NYMPHAL.

FLORIMEL, LELIPA, NAIIS, CODRUS A FERRYMAN.

The nymphs the queen of love pursue,
Which oft doth hide her from their view:
But lastly from th' Elysian nation
She banish'd is by proclamation.

FLORIMEL.

Dear Lelipa, where hast thou been so long?
Was't not enough for thee to do me wrong,
To rob me of thyself, but with more spite
To take my Naiis from me, my delight?
Ye lazy girls, your heads where have ye laid,
Whilst Venus here her antic pranks hath play'd?

LELIPA. Nay, Florimel, we should of you enquire,
The only maiden, whom we all admire
For beauty, wit, and chastity, that you
Amongst the rest of all our virgin crew,
In quest of her, that you so slack should be,
And leave the charge to Naiis and to me.

FLORIMEL. Y'are much mistaken, Lelipa, 'twas I,
Of all the nymphs, that first did her descry,
At our great hunting, when as in the chase
Amongst the rest, methought I saw one face
So exceeding fair, and curious, yet unknown,
That I that face not possibly could own.
And in the course, so goddess-like a gait,
Each step so full of majesty and state;
That with myself, I thus resolv'd, that she
Less than a goddess, surely, could not be.
Thus as Idalia stedfastly I ey'd,
A little nymph, that kept close by her side,
I noted, as unknown as was the other,
Which Cupid was disguis'd so by his mother.
The little purblind rogue, if you had seen,
You would have thought he verily had been
One of Diana's votaries, so clad,
He every thing so like a huntress had:
And she had put false eyes into his head,
That very well he might us all have sped.
And still they kept together in the rear,
But as the boy should have shot at the deer,
He shot amongst the nymphs, which when I saw,
Closer unto them I began to draw;
And fell to hearken, when they nought suspecting,
Because I saw them utterly neglecting,
I heard her say, "My little Cupid, to't,
Now, boy, or never, at the bevy shoot."
"Have at them, Venus," quoth the boy anon,
"I'll pierce the proud'st, had she a heart of stone:"
With that I cry'd out, "Treason, treason;" when
The nymphs, that were before, turning again
To understand the meaning of this cry,
They out of sight were banish'd presently.
Thus but for me, the mother and the son,
Here, in Elysium, had us all undone.

NAIIS. Believe me, gentle maid, 'twas very well,
But now hear me, my beauteous Florimel.
Great Mars his lemman being cry'd out here,
She to Felicia goes, still to be near
Th' Elysian nymphs, for at us is her aim,
The fond Felicians are her common game.
I upon pleasure idly wand'ring thither,
Something worth laughter from those fools to gather,
Found her, who thus had lately been surpris'd,
Fearing the like, had her fair self disguis'd
Like an old witch, and gave out to have skill
In telling fortunes, either good or ill;
And that more neatly she with them might close,
She cut the corns of dainty ladies' toes;
She gave them physic either to cool or move them,
And powders too to make their sweethearts love
And her son Cupid as her zany went, [them:
Carrying her boxes, whom she often sent
To know of her fair patients how they slept,
By which means she and the blind archer crept
Into their favours, who would often toy,
And took delight in sporting with the boy;
Which many times, amongst his waggish tricks,
These wanton wenches in the bosom pricks;
That they before which had some frantic fits,
Were by his witchcraft quite out of their wits.
Watching this wizard, my mind gave me still
She some impostor was, and that this skill
Was counterfeit, and had some other end:
For which discovery, as I did attend,
Her wrinkled vizard being very thin,
My piercing eye perceiv'd her clearer skin
Thro' the thick rivels perfectly to shine;
When I perceiv'd a beauty so divine,
As that so clouded, I began to pry
A little nearer, when I chanc'd to 'spy
That pretty mole upon her cheek, which when
I saw; surveying every part again,
Upon her left hand I perceiv'd the scar
Which she received in the Trojan war:
Which when I found, I could not choose but smile;
She, who again had noted me the while,
And, by my carriage, found I had descry'd her,
Slipp'd out of sight, and presently doth hide her.

LELIPA. Nay then, my dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But I myself as strangely found her out
As either of you both; in field and town,
When like a pedlar she went up and down:
For she had got a pretty handsome pack,
Which she had fardled neatly at her back:
And opening it, she had the perfect cry,
"Come, my fair girls, let's see, what will you buy?
Here be fine night-masks, plaster'd well within,
To supple wrinkles, and to smooth the skin:

Here's crystal, coral, bugle, jet, in beads,
Corneliun bracelets, for my dainty maids:"
Then perriwigs and searcloth gloves doth show,
To make their hands as white as swan or snow;
Then takes she forth a curious gilded box,
Which was not open'd but by double locks,
Takes them aside, and doth a paper spread,
In which was painting both for white and red;
And next a piece of silk, wherein there lies
For the decay'd, false breasts, false teeth, false eyes:
And all the while she's opening of her pack,
Cupid, with's wings bound close down to his back,
Playing the tumbler, on a table gets,
And shows the ladies many pretty feats.
I seeing behind him that he had such things,
For well I knew no boy but he had wings,
I view'd his mother's beauty, which to me
Less than a goddess said she could not be:
With that, quoth I to her, "The other day,
As you do now, so one that came this way,
Show'd me a neat piece, with the needle wrought,
How Mars and Venus were together caught
By polt-foot Vulcan in an iron net;
It griev'd me after that I chanc'd to let
It go from me;" whereat waxing red,
Into her hamper she hung down her head,
As she had stoop'd some novelty to seek,
But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing cheek:
When she her trinkets trusseth up anon,
Ere we were 'ware, and instantly was gone.

FLOR. But hark you, nymphs, amongst our idle prate,
'Tis current news through the Elysian state,
That Venus and her son were lately seen
Here in Elysium, whence they oft have been
Banish'd by our edict, and yet still merry
Were here in public row'd o'er at the ferry,
Where, as 'tis said, the ferryman and she
Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,
Codrus much wond'ring at the blind boy's bow.

NAIS. And what it was, that easily you may know,
Codrus himself comes rowing here at hand.

LELIPA. Codrus, come hither, let your wherry stand,
I hope upon you ye will take no state,
Because two gods have grac'd your boat of late;
Good ferryman, I pray thee let us hear
What talk they had, aboard thee whilst they were.

CODRUS. Why thus, fair nymphs,
As I a fare had lately past,
And thought that side to ply,
I heard one, as it were in haste,
"A boat, a boat," to cry;
Which as I was about to bring,
And came to view my fraught,
Thought I; "What more than heavenly thing
Hath fortune hither brought!"
She seeing mine eyes still on her were,
Soon, smilingly, quoth she,
"Sirrah! look to your rudder there,
Why look'st thou thus at me?"
And nimbly stepp'd into my boat,
With her a little lad
Naked and blind, yet did I note,
That bow and shafts he had,
And two wings to his shoulders fixt,
Which stood like little sails,
With far more various colours mixt
Than be your peacocks' tails:
I seeing this little dapper elf
Such arms as these to bear,
Quoth I, thus softly to myself,
"What strange thing have we here?
I never saw the like," thought I,
"'Tis more than strange to me,
To have a child have wings to fly,
And yet want eyes to see;
Sure this is some devised toy,
Or it transform'd hath been,
For such a thing, half bird, half boy,
I think was never seen:"
And in my boat I turn'd about,
And wistly view'd the lad,
And clearly saw his eyes were out,
Though bow and shafts he had.
As wistly she did me behold,
"How lik'st thou him?" quoth she.
"Why well," quoth I, "and better should,
Had he but eyes to see."
"How say'st thou? honest friend," quoth she,
"Wilt thou a 'prentice take?
I think, in time, though blind he be,
A ferryman he'll make."
"To guide my passage boat," quoth I,
"His fine hands were not made,
He hath been bred too wantonly
To undertake my trade."
"Why help him to a master then;"
Quoth she, "such youths be scant,
It cannot be but there be men
That such a boy do want."
Quoth I, "When you your best have done,
No better way you'll find,
Than to a harper bind your son,
Since most of them are blind."
The lovely mother, and the boy,
Laugh'd heartily thereat,
As at some nimble jest or toy,
To hear my homely chat.
Quoth I, "I pray you let me know,
Came he thus first to light,
Or by some sickness, hurt, or blow,
Deprived of his sight?"
"Nay, sure," quoth she, "he thus was born."
"'Tis strange! born blind!" quoth I;
"I fear you put this as a scorn
On my simplicity."
Quoth she, "Thus blind I did him bear."
Quoth I, "If 't be no lie,
Then he's the first blind man I'll swear,
E'er practis'd archery."
"A man!" quoth she, "nay there you miss,
He's still a boy as now,
Nor to be elder than he is
The gods will him allow."
"To be no elder than he is!
Then sure he is some sprite,"
I strait reply'd. Again at this
The goddess laugh'd outright.
"It is a mystery to me,
An archer, and yet blind!"
Quoth I again, "How can it be,
That he his mark should find?"
"The gods," quoth she, "whose will it was
That he should want his sight,
That he in something should surpass,
To recompense their spite,

Gave him this gift, though at his game
He still shot in the dark,
That he should have so certain aim,
As not to miss his mark."
By this time we were come ashore,
When me my fare she pay'd,
But not a word she utter'd more,
Nor had I her bewray'd.
Of Venus nor of Cupid I
Before did never hear,
But that a fisher coming by
Then told me who they were.

FLORIMEL. Well; against them then proceed
As before we have decreed,
That the goddess, and her child,
Be for ever hence exil'd,
Which, Lelipa, you shall proclaim
In our wise Apollo's name.

LELIPA. To all th' Elysian nymphish nation,
This we make our proclamation,
Against Venus and her son
For the mischiefs they have done:
After the next last of May,
The fix'd and peremptory day,
If she or Cupid shall be found
Upon our Elysian ground,
Our edict mere rogues shall make them,
And as such, whoe'er shall take them,
Them shall into prison put;
Cupid's wings shall then be cut,
His bow broken, and his arrows
Given to boys to shoot at sparrows,
And this vagabond be sent,
Having had due punishment,
To mount Cytheron, which first fed him,
Where his wanton mother bred him,
And there out of her protection,
Daily to receive correction;
Then her passport shall be made,
And to Cyprus isle convey'd,
And at Paphos in her shrine,
Where she hath been held divine.
For her offences found contrite,
There to live an anchorite.

THE EIGHTH NYMPHAL.

MERTILLA, CLAIA, CLORIS.

A nymph is married to a fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All sites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

MERTILLA. But will our Tita wed this fay?
CLAIA. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

MERTILLA. But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

CLAIA. Why by her smallness you may find,
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides, he's deft and wond'rous airy,
And of the noblest of the fairy,
Chief of the cricketts of much fame,
In Fairy a most ancient name.
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

CLORIS. If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.
MERTILLA. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear)
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

CLAIA. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendent, then take mine;
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,
Whose brightness Venus' self did move,
Therein to put her drink of love,
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbec was a phenix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

CLORIS. For jewels for her ears she's sped;
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I have a tyre,
That all fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth enclose,
Like drops of gold ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scatter'd seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' th' rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whose dainty colours being mix'd
With th' other beauties, and so fix'd,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in cirolets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

MERTILLA. Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree,
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

CLAIA. Of pansey, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves:
And all embroidery to supply,
Powder'd with flowers of rosemary:
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun;
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With th' smallest of the spinner's clue:
And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train:

Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The Sun shall it like tinsel show.

CLORIS. And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head:
Mix'd with the plume of (so high price)
The precious bird of paradise.
Which to make up our nymphs shall ply
Into a curious canopy,
Borne o'er her head (by our inquiry)
By elfs, the fittest of the fairy.

MERTILLA. But all this while we have forgot
Her buskins, neighbours, have we not?

CLAIA. We had, for those I'll fit her now,
They shall be of the lady-cow:
The dainty shell upon her back
Of crimson strew'd with spots of black;
Which as she holds a stately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

CLORIS. But then for music of the best,
This must be thought on for the feast.

MERTILLA. The nightingale of birds most choice
To do her best shall strain her voice;
And to this bird to make a set,
The mavis, merl, and robinet:
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
That make a choir of every bush.
But for still music, we will keep
The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep
Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,
The rest into their chambers gone.
And like those upon ropes that walk
On gossimer, from stalk to stalk,
The tripping fairy trieks shall play
The evening of the wedding day.

CLAIA. But for the bride-bed, what were fit,
That hath not yet been talk'd of yet.

CLORIS. Of leaves of roses white and red,
Shall be the covering of her bed:
The curtains, vallens, tester, all,
Shall be the flower imperial:
And for the fringe, it all along
With azure harebells shall be hung:
Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuft of the butter-fly.

MERTILLA. Thus far we handsomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage song, of all the rest,
A thing that much must grace our feast.
Let us practise then to sing it
Ere we before th' assembly bring it;
We in dialogue must do it,
Then my dainty girls set to it.

CLAIA. This day must Tita married be,
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

MERTILLA. But is it certain that ye say?
Will she wed the noble fay?

CLORIS. Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets use:
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies:
Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair.

CLAIA. For our Tita is this day
MERTILLA. To be married to a fay.

CLAIA. By whom then shall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed?

MERTILLA. Only by yourself and I,
Who that roomth should else supply?

CLORIS. Come, bright girls, come all together,
And bring all your off'rings hither,
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
All your goodly graces levy,
Come in majesty and state
Our bridal here to celebrate.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day
CLAIA. Married to a noble fay.

CLAIA. Whose lot will't be the way to strew,
On which to church our bride must go?

MERTILLA. That I think as fitt'st of all,
To lively Lelipa must fall.

CLORIS. Summon all the sweets that are,
To this nuptial to repair;
Till with their throngs themselves they smother,
Strongly stifling one another;
And at last they all consume,
And vanish in one rich perfume.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day
CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay,

MERTILLA. By whom must Tita married be,
'Tis fit we all to that should see?

CLAIA. The priest he purposely doth come,
Th' arch-flamen of Elysium.

CLORIS. With tapers let the temples shine,
Sing to Hymen hymns divine;
Load the altars till there rise
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice,
With your censers sling aloof
Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day
CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay.

MERTILLA. But coming back when she is wed,
Who breaks the cake above her head?

CLAIA. That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,
And our Tita is the smallest.

CLORIS. Violins, strike up aloud,
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,
Let the nimble hand belabour
The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor:
To the full the bagpipe rack,
'Till the swelling leather crack.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day
CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay.

CLAIA. But when to dine she takes her seat,
What shall be our Tita's meat?

MERTILLA The gods this feast, as to begin,
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

CLORIS. Then serve we up the straw's rich berry,
The respas, and Elysium cherry:

The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hybla, wrought in Flora's bowers:
Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day
CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay.

CLAIA. But when night comes, and she must go
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

MERTILLA. In the posset must be brought,
And points be from the bridegroom caught.

CLORIS. In masks, in dances, and delight,
And rare banquets spend the night:
When about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble:
Over stools and tables tumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble.

MERTILLA. For our Tita is this day
CLAIA. Married to a noble Fay.

THE NINTH NYMPHAL.

MUSES AND NYMPHS.

The Muses spend their lofty lays,
Upon Apollo and his praise;
The Nymphs whith gems his altars build,
This Nymphal is with Phœbus fill'd.

A TEMPLE of exceeding state,
The Nymphs and Muses rearing,
Which they to Phœbus dedicate,
Elysium ever cheering:
These Muses and these Nymphs contend
This fane to Phœbus offering,
Which side the other should transcend,
These praise, those prizes proffering.
And at this long appointed day,
Each one their largess bringing,
Those nine fair sisters led the way
Thus to Apollo singing.

THE MUSES. Thou youthful god that guid'st the [hours,
The Muses thus implore thee,
By all those names, due to thy powers,
By which we still adore thee.
Sol, Titan, Delius, Cynthius, stiles,
Much rev'rence that have won thee,
Deriv'd from mountains as from isles
Whose worship first was done thee.
Rich Delos brought thee forth divine,
Thy mother thither driven;
At Delphos thy most sacred shrine,
Thy oracles were given;
In thy swift course from east to west,
The minutes miss to find thee,
That bear'st the morning on thy breast,
And leav'st the night behind thee.
Up to Olympus' top so steep,
Thy startling coursers currying;
Thence down to Neptune's vasty deep
Thy flaming chariot hurrying.
Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois[1], proud,
Their lightning manes advancing,
Breathing forth fire on every cloud,
Upon their journey prancing:
Whose sparkling hoofs with gold for speed
Are shod, to 'scape all dangers,
Where they upon ambrosia feed
In their celestial mangers.
Bright Colatina[2], that of hills
Is goddess, and hath keeping
Her nymphs, the clear Oreades wills
T' attend thee from thy sleeping.
Great Demogorgon[3] feels thy might,
His mines about him heating;
Who through his bosom dart'st thy light,
Within the center sweating.
If thou but touch the golden lyre,
Thou Minos[4] mov'st to hear thee;
The rocks feel in themselves a fire,
And rise up to come near thee.
'Tis thou that physics didst devise,
Herbs by their natures calling;
Of which some opening at thy rise,
And closing at thy falling.
Fair Hyacinth, thy most lov'd lad,
That with the sledge thou slewest,
Hath in a flower the life he had,
Whose root thou still renewest;
Thy Daphne, thy beloved tree,
That scorns thy father's thunder,
And thy dear Clitia[5] yet we see,
Not time can from thee sunder;
From thy bright bow that arrow flew
(Snatch'd from thy golden quiver)
Which that fell serpent Python slew,
Renowning thee for ever.
The Actian[6] and the Pythian games
Devised were to praise thee,
With all th' Apollinary names
That th' ancients' thought could raise thee.
A shrine upon this mountain high
To thee we'll have erected,
Which thou the god of poesy
Must care to have protected:
With thy lov'd Cynthus that shall share,
With all his shady bowers.
Nor Lycia's Cragus shall compare
With this, for thee of ours.

Thus having sung, the nymphish crew
Thrust in amongst them thronging,
Desiring they might have the due
That was to them belonging,
Quoth they, "Ye Muses, as divine,
Are in his glories graced,
But it is we must build the shrine
Wherein they must be placed:
Which of those precious gems we'll make
That nature can afford us,
Which from that plenty we will take,
Wherewith we here have stor'd us?
O glorious Phœbus! most divine!
Thine altars then we hallow,
And with those stones we build a shrine
To thee our wise Apollo."

[1] The horses drawing the chariot of the Sun.

[2] The mountains first saluting the Sun at his rising.

[3] Supposed the god of Earth.

[4] One of the judges of Hell.

[5] A nymph lov'd of Apollo, and by him changed into a flower.

[6] Plays or games in honour of Apollo.

THE NYMPHS. No gem from rocks, seas, running streams,
(Their numbers let us muster)
But hath from thy most perfect beams
The virtue and the lustre.
The diamond, the king of gems,
The first is to be placed,
That glory is of diadems,
Them gracing, by them graced:
In whom thy power the most is seen,
The raging fire refelling.
The emerald then, most deeply green;
For beauty most excelling,
Resisting poison often prov'd
By those about that wear it.
The cheerful ruby then, much lov'd,
That doth revive the spirit,
Whose kind to large extensure grown
The colour so enflamed,
Is that admired mighty stone
The carbuncle that's named,
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth.
The yellow jacynth, strength'ning sense,
Of which who hath the keeping,
No thunder hurts nor pestilence,
And much provoketh sleeping.
The chrysolite that doth resist
Thirst, proved never-failing:
The purple-colour'd amethyst,
'Gainst strength of wine prevailing:
The verdant gay green smaragdus,
Most sov'reign over passion:
The sardonyx, approv'd by us
To master incontination.
Then that celestial colour'd stone
The sapphire, heavenly wholly,
Which worn, there weariness is none,
And cureth melancholy:
The lazulus whose pleasant blue
With golden veins is graced;
The jaspis of so various hue,
Amongst our other placed.
The onyx from the ancients brought,
Of wondrous estimation,
Shall in amongst the rest be wrought
Our sacred shrine to fashion.
The topaz we'll stick here and there,
And sea-green colour'd beryl,
And turkesse, which who haps to bear
Is often kept from peril.
The selenite, of Cynthia's light
So nam'd, with her still ranging,
Which as she wanes or waxeth bright
Its colours so are changing.
With opals more than any one
We'll deck thine altar fuller,
For that of every precious stone
It doth retain some colour.
With bunches of pearl paragon
Thine altar underpropping,
Whose base is the cornelian,
Strong bleeding often stopping:
With th' agate very oft that is
Cut strangely in the quarry,
As nature meant to show in this,
How she herself can vary:
With woods of gems from mines and seas
Elysium well might store us,
But we content ourselves with these
That readiest lie before us.
And thus, O Phœbus! most divine,
Thine altars still we hallow,
And to thy godhead rear this shrine,
Our only wise Apollo.

THE TENTH NYMPHAL.

NAIIS, CLAIA, CORBILUS, SATYR.

A satyr on Elysium lights,
Whose ugly shape the nymphs affrights;
Yet when they hear his just complaint,
They make him an Elysian saint.

CORBILUS.

WHAT! breathless, nymphs? bright virgins, let me know
What sudden cause constrains ye to this haste?
What have ye seen that should affright you so?
What might it be from which ye fly so fast?
I see your faces full of pallid fear,
As though some peril follow'd on your flight;
Take breath a while, and quickly let me hear
Into what danger ye have lately light.

NAIIS. Never were poor distressed girls so glad,
As when kind, loved Corbilus we saw,
When our much haste us so much weak'ned had,
That scarcely we our wearied breaths could draw:
In this next grove under an aged tree,
So fell a monster lying there we found,
As till this day, our eyes did never see,
Nor ever came on the Elysian ground.
Half man, half goat, he seem'd to us in show,
His upper parts our human shape doth bear,
But he's a very perfect goat below,
His crooked cambrils arm'd with hoof and hair.

CLAIA. Thro' his lean chops a chattering he doth make,
Which stirs his staring beastly drivel'd beard,
And his sharp horns he seem'd at us to shake;
Canst thou then blame us through we were afraid.

CORBILUS. Surely it seems some satyr this should be,
Come and go back and guide me to the place,
Be not afraid, ye are safe enough with me;
Silly and harmless be their sylvan race.

CLAIA. How, Corbilus; a satyr do you say?
How should he over high Parnassus hit?
Since to these fields there's none can find the way,
But only those the Muses will permit.

CORBILUS. 'Tis true; but oft the sacred sisters
The silly satyr, by whose plainness they [grace
Are taught the world's enormities to trace,
By beastly men's abominable way;
Besides he may be banish'd his own home
By this base time or be so much distrest,
That he the craggy by cliff hill hath clome,
To find out these more pleasant fields of rest.

NAIIS. Yonder he sits, and seems himself to bow [him?
At our approach; what, doth our presence awe
Methinks he seems not half so ugly now,
As at the first, when I and Claia saw him,

CORBILUS. Tis an old satyr, nymph, I now dis-
Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame, [cern,
His looks would say, that we may easily learn
How, and from whence, he to Elysium came.
Satyr, these fields how cam'st thou first to find?
What fate first show'd thee this most happy shore?
When never any of thy sylvan kind
Set foot on the Elysian earth before?

SATYR. O never ask, how I came to this place,
What cannot strong necessity find out?
Rather bemoan my miserable case,
Constrain'd to wander the wide world about.
With wild Silvanus and his woody crew,
In forests I, at liberty and free,
Liv'd in such pleasure as the world ne'er knew,
Nor any rightly can conceive but we.
This jocund life we many a day enjoy'd,
Till this last age, those beastly men forth brought,
That all those great and goodly woods destroy'd,
Whose growth their grandsires with such sufferance sought,
That fair Felicia which was but of late
Earth's paradise, that never had her peer,
Stands now in that most lamentable state,
That not a silvan will inhabit there;
Where in the soft and most delicious shade,
In heat of summer we were wont to play,
When the long day too short for us was made,
The sliding hours so slily stole away;
By Cynthia's light, and on the pleasant lawn,
The wanton fairy we were wont to chase,
Which to the nimble cloven-footed fawn,
Upon the plain durst boldly bid the base.
The sportive nymphs, with shouts and laughter shook
The hills and valleys in their wanton play,
Waking the echoes, their last words that took,
Till at the last they louder were than they.
The lofty high wood, and the lower spring,
Sheltering the deer, in many a sudden shower;
Where choirs of birds oft wonted were to sing,
The flaming furnace wholly doth devour.
Once fair Felicia, but now quite defac'd,
Those braveries gone wherein she did abound,
With dainty groves, when she was highly grac'd
With goodly oak, ash, elm, and beeches crown'd:
But that from Heaven their judgment blinded is,
In human reason it could never be,
But that they might have clearly seen by this,
Those plagues their next posterity shall see.
The little infant on the mother's lap
For want of fire shall be so sore distrest,
That whilst it draws the lank and empty pap,
The tender lips shall freeze unto the breast.
The quaking cattle which their warm stall want,
And with bleak winter's northern wind opprest,
Their brows and stouer waxing thin and scant,
The hungry crows shall with their carrion feast.
Men wanting timber wherewith they should build,
And not a forest in Felicia found,
Shall be enforc'd upon the open field
To dig them caves for houses in the ground.
The land thus robb'd of all her rich attire,
Naked and bare herself to Heaven doth show,
Begging from thence that Jove would dart his fire
Upon those wretches that disrob'd her so.
This beastly brood by no means may abide
The name of their brave ancestors to hear,
By whom their sordid slavery is descry'd,
So unlike them as though not theirs they were.
Nor yet they sense, or understanding have,
Of those brave Muses that their country song,
But with false lips ignobly do deprave
The right and honour that to them belong.
This cruel kind thus viper-like devour
That fruitful soil which them too fully fed;
The earth doth curse the age and every hour
Again, that it these viperous monsters bred.
I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come
Upon this people, clearly them forsook:
And thus am light into Elysium,
To whose straight search I wholly me betook.

NAIIS. Poor silly creature, come along with us,
Thou shalt be free of the Elysian fields:
Be not dismay'd, nor inly grieved thus,
This place content in all abundance yields.
We to the cheerful presence will thee bring
Of Jove's dear daughters, where in shades they sit,
Where thou shalt hear those sacred sisters sing
Most heavenly hymns, the strength and life of wit.

CLAIA. Where to the Delphian god upon their lyres
His priests seem ravish'd in his height of praise:
Whilst he is crowning his harmonious choirs
With circling garlands of immortal bays.

CORBILUS. Here live in bliss, till thou shalt see those slaves
Who thus set virtue and desert at nought,
Some sacrific'd upon their grandsires' graves,
And some like beasts in markets sold and bought.
Of fools and madmen leave thou them the care,
That have no understanding of their state: [pare,
From whom high Heaven doth so just plagues pre-
That they to pity shall convert thy hate.
And to Elysium be thou welcome then,
Until those base Felicians thou shalt hear,
By that vile nation captived again,
That many a glorious age their captives were.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

TO

THE RIGHT NOBLE, RELIGIOUS, AND TRULY VIRTUOUS

LADY MARY, COUNTESS OF DORSET,

Worthy of all titles and attributes, that were ever given to the most renowned of her sex; and of me most deservedly to be honoured. To her fame and memory I consecrate these my Divine Poems, with all the wishes of a grateful heart, for the preservation of her, and her children, the succeeding hopes of the ancient and noble family of the Sackvilles.

Her servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

ETERNAL and all-working God, which wast
Before the world, whose frame by thee was cast,
And beautify'd with beamful lamps above,
By thy great wisdom set how they shall move
To guide the seasons, equally to all,
Which come and go as they do rise and fall.

My mighty Maker, O do thou infuse
Such life and spirit into my labouring Muse,
That I may sing (what but from Noah thou hid'st)
The greatest thing that ever yet thou didst
Since the creation; that the world may see
The Muse is heav'nly, and deriv'd[1] from thee.
O let that glorious angel which since kept
That gorgeous Eden, where once Adam slept,
When tempting Eve was taken from his side,
Let him, great God, not only be my guide,
But with his fiery fauchion still be nigh,
To keep affliction far from me, that I
With a free soul thy wondrous works may show,
Then like that deluge shall thy numbers flow,
Telling the state wherein this Earth then stood,
The giant race, the universal flood.
The fruitful Earth being lusty then and strong,
Like to a woman, fit for love, and young,
Brought forth her creatures mighty, not a thing
Issu'd from her, but a continual spring
Had to increase it, and to make it flourish,
For in herself she had that power to nourish
Her procreation, that her children then
Were at the instant of their birth, half men.
Men then begot so soon, and got so long,
That scarcely one a thousand men among,
But he ten thousand in his time might see,
That from his loins deriv'd their pedigree.
The full-womb'd women very hardly went
Out their nine months, abundant Nature lent
Their fruit such thriving, as that once wax'd quick,
The large-limb'd mother, neither faint nor sick,
Hasted her hour by her abundant health,
Nature so play'd the unthrift with her wealth,
So prodigally lavishing her store
Upon the teeming Earth, then wasting more
Than it had need of: not the smallest weed[2]
Known in that first age, but the natural seed
Made it a plant, to these now since the flood,
So that each garden look'd then like a wood:
Beside, in med'cine simples had that power,
That none need then the planetary hour
To help their working, they so juiceful were,
The winter and the spring-time of the year
Seem'd all one season: that most stately tree,
Of Libanus, which many times we see
Mention'd for tallness in the holy writ,
Whose tops the clouds oft in their wand'ring hit,
Were shrubs to those then on the Earth that grew,
Nor the most sturdy storm that ever blew
Their big-grown bodies to the earth e'er shook,
Their mighty roots so certain fast'ning took;
Cover'd with grass more soft than any silk;
The trees dropt honey, and the springs gush'd milk:
The flower-fleec'd meadow, and the gorgeous grove,
Which should smell sweetest in their bravery strove;
No little shrub but it some gum let fall,
To make the clear air aromatical:
Whilst to the little birds' melodious strains
The trembling rivers tripp'd along the plains.
Shades serv'd for houses, neither heat nor cold
Troubled the young, nor yet annoy'd the old:
The batt'ning Earth all plenty did afford,
And without tilling, of her own accord;
That living idly without taking pain,
(Like to the first) made every man a Cain.

[1] A Jove Musa.

[2] The fruitfulness and bravery of the earth before the flood.

Seven hundred years a man's age scarcely then,
Of mighty size so were these long-liv'd men,
The flesh of lions, and of bulls, they tore,
Whose skins those giants for their garments wore.
Yet not term'd giants only, for that they
Excell'd men since, in bigness every way:
Nor that they were so puissant of their hand,
But that the race wherewith the Earth was mann'd,
So wrathful, proud, and tyrannous were then,
Not dreading God[3], nor yet respecting men,
For they knew neither magistrate nor law,
Nor could conceive ought that their wills could awe:
For which wax'd proud, and haughty in their thought,
They set th' eternal living God at nought.
Mankind increasing greatly every day,
Their sins increase in numbers more than they.
Seven ages had past Adam, when men prone
To tyranny, and no man knew his own:
His sensual will then followed, and his lust
His only law, in those times to be just
Was to be wicked; God so quite forgot,
As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.
With one another's flesh themselves they fill'd,
And drank the blood of those whom they had kill'd.
They dar'd to do what none should dare to name,
They never heard of such a thing as shame.
Man mix'd with man, and daughter, sister, mother,
Were to these wicked men as any other[4].
To rip their women's wombs, they would not stick,
When they perceiv'd once they were waxed quick;
Feeding on that from their own loins that sprung;
Such wickedness these monsters was among,
That they us'd beasts, digressing from all kind:
That the Almighty pond'ring in his mind
Their beastliness, (from his intent) began
T' repent himself that he created man.
Their sins ascending the Almighty's seat,
Th' eternal throne with horrour seem'd to threat;
Still daring God a war with them to make,
And of his power no knowledge seem'd to take:
So that he vow'd, the world he would destroy,
Which he revealed only to just Noy.
For but that man, none worthy was to know,
Nor he the manner to none else would show.
For since with stars he first high Heaven enchas'd,
And Adam first in Paradise had plac'd,
Amongst all those inhabiting the ground,
He not a man so just as Noah had found.
For which he gave him charge an ark to build,
And by those workmen which were deepest skill'd
In architecture, to begin the frame,
And thus th' Almighty taught just Noah the same.
[5]Three hundred cubits the whole length to be,
Fifty the breadth, the height (least of the three)
Full thirty cubits; only with one light
A cubit broad, and just so much in height:
And in three stories bade him to divide
The inner room, and in the vessel's side
To place a door, commanding Noah to take
Great care thereof: and this his ark to make
Of Gopher wood, which some will needsly have
To be the pine-tree, and commandment gave
That the large planks whereof it was compos'd,
When they by art should curiously be clos'd,
Should with bitumen both within and out
Be deeply pitch'd, the vessel round about,

[3] Josephus. [4] Berosus cited by Pirerius.

[5] The structure of the ark.

So strong a glew as could not off be worn,
The rage of winds and waters that doth scorn;
Like to a chest or coffer it was fram'd,
For which an ark most fitly it was nam'd;
Not like a ship, for that a ship below
Is ridg'd and narrow, upward but doth grow
Wider and wider: but this mighty bark,
Built by just Noah, this universal ark,
Held one true breadth i' th' bottom as above,
That when this frame upon the flood should move,
On the fall'n waters it should float secure,
As it did first the falling shower endure:
And close above, so to bear out the weather
For forty days when it should rain together.
A hundred years the ark in building was,
So long a time ere he could bring to pass
This work intended; all which time just Noy
Cry'd, that th' Almighty would the world destroy:
And as this good man used many a day
To walk abroad, his building to survey,
These cruel giants coming in to see,
(In their thoughts wond'ring what this work should be)
He with erected hands to them doth cry,
" [6] Either repent ye, or ye all must die.
Your blasphemies, your beastliness, your wrongs,
Are heard to Heaven, and with a thousand tongues
Shoot in the ears of the almighty Lord;
So that your sins no leisure him afford
To think on mercy, they so thickly throng,
That when he would your punishment prolong,
Their horrour hales him on, that from remorse
In his own nature, you do him enforce,
Nay, wrest plagues from him upon human kind,
Who else to mercy wholly is inclin'd.
From Seth, which God to Eva gave in lieu
Of her son Abel, whom his brother slew,
That cursed Cain, how hath th' Almighty blest'd
The seed of Adam, though he so transgress'd,
In Enos, by whose godliness men came
At first to call on the Almighty name;
And Enoch, whose integrity was such,
In whom the Lord delighted was so much,
As in his years he suffer'd no decay,
But God to Heaven took bodily away;
With long life blessing all that goodly stem,
From the first man down to Methusalem;
Now from the loins of Lamech sendeth me,
(Unworthy his ambassador to be)
To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,
He will lay by his wrathful punishment.
That God, who was so merciful before
To our forefathers, likewise hath in store
Mercy for us, their nephews, if we fall
With tears before him, and he will recal
His wrath sent out already; therefore fly
To him for mercy; yet thet hreat'ning sky
Pauses, ere it the deluge down will pour,
For every tear you shed, he'll stop a shower;
Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may win,
He'll leave to punish, if you leave to sin;
That God eternal, which old Adam cast
Out of that earthly Heaven, where he had plac'd
That first-made man, for his forbidden deed
From thence for ever banishing his seed,
For us his sinful children doth provide,
And with abundance hath us still supply'd;
And can his blessings, who respects you thus,
Make you most wicked, most rebellious?
Still is your stubborn obstinacy such?
Have ye no mercy, and your God so much?
Your God! said I, O wherefore said I so?
Your words deny him, and your works say no.
O! see the day doth but too fast approach,
Wherein Heav'n's Maker means to set abroach
That world of water, which shall overflow
Those mighty mountains whereon now ye go.
The dropsied clouds, see, your destruction threat,
The Sun and Moon both in their course are set
To war by water, and do all they can
To bring destruction upon sinful man;
And every thing shall suffer for your sake,
For the whole Earth shall be but one whole lake.
O cry for mercy, leave your wicked ways,
And God from time shall separate those days
Of vengeance coming, and he shall disperse
Those clouds now threat'ning the whole universe,
And save the world, which else he will destroy."
But this good man, this terrour-preaching Noy,
The bears and tigers might have taught as well,
They laugh'd to hear this godly man to tell
That God would drown the world; they thought him mad,
For their great Maker they forgotten had.
They knew none such, " Th' Almighty God," say they,
" What might he be? and when shall be the day
Thou talk'st of to us? canst thou think that we
Can but suppose that such a thing can be?
What can he do that we cannot defeat?
Whose brawny fists to very dust can beat
The solid'st rock, and with our breasts can bear
The strong'st stream backward? dost thou think to
Us with these dreams of deluges? to make
Us our own ways and courses to forsake?
Let us but see that God who dares to stand
To what thou speak'st, that with his furious hand
Dare say he'll drown us, and we will defy
Him to his teeth; and if he keep the sky,
We'll dare him thence, and if he then come down,
And challenge us that he the world will drown,
We'll follow him until his threats he stints,
Or we will batter his blue house with flints."
The ark is finish'd, and the Lord is wrath,
To aid just Noah, and he provided hath
His blessed angels, bidding them to bring
The male and female of each living thing
Into the ark, by whom he had decreed
T' renew the world, and by their fruitful seed
To fill it as before, and is precise
For food for men, and for his sacrifice,
That seven just pairs, of birds, and beasts that were
Made clean by him, should happily repair
To the great ark; the other made unclean,
Of male and female only should come twain:
Which by the angels every where were sought,
And thither by their ministry were brought.
When Noah sets ope the ark, and doth begin
To take his fraught, his mighty lading in:
And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud,
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness;
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-ey'd cow;
The stately courser for his mare doth neigh,
And t'wards the new ark guideth her the way;

[6] Noah threatening God's vengeance upon the world: with his sermon of repentance.

The wreath'd-horn'd ram his safety doth pursue,
And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe;
The brisly boar, who with his snout up plough'd
The spacious plains, and with his grunting loud,
Rais'd rattling echoes all the woods about,
Leaves his dark den, and having scented out
Noah's new built ark, in with his sow doth come,
And stye themselves up in a little room;
The hart with his dear hind, the buck and doe,
Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe
Along with them; and from the mountain steep
The clamb'ring goat, and coney, us'd to keep
Amongst the cliffs, together get, and they
To this great ark find out the ready way;
Th' unweildy elk, whose skin is of much proof,
Throngs with the rest t' attain this wooden roof;
The unicorn leaves off his pride, and close
There sets him down by the rhinoceros;
The elephant there coming to embark,
And as he softly getteth up the ark,
Feeling by his great weight his body sunk,
Holds by his huge tooth and his nervy trunk;
The crook-back'd camel climbing to the deck,
Draws up himself with his long sinewy neck;
The spotted panther, whose delicious scent
Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent,
But having got them once into his power,
Sucketh their blood, and doth their flesh devour;
His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,
And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,
And brings into the universal shop
The ounce, the tiger, and the antilop;
By the grim wolf the poor sheep safely lay,
And was his care, which lately was his prey;
The ass upon the lion lean'd his head,
And to the cat the mouse for succour fled;
The silly hare doth cast aside her fear,
And forms herself fast by the ugly bear,
At whom the watchful dog did never bark,
When he espy'd him clamb'ring up the ark;
The fox got in, his subtilties hath left,
And as ashamed of his former theft,
Sadly sits there, as though he did repent,
And in the ark became an innocent;
The fine-furr'd ermin, martern, and the cat
That yoideth civet, there together sat
By the shrewd monkey, babian, and the ape,
With the hyæna, much their like in shape,
Which by their kind are ever doing ill,
Yet in the ark sit civilly and still;
The skipping squirrel of the forest free,
That leap'd so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,
Itself into the ark then nimbly cast,
As 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast;
The porcupine into the ark doth make,
Nor his sharp quills, tho' angry, once doth shake;
The sharp-fang'd beaver, whose wide gaping jaw
Cutteth down plants as it were with a saw,
Whose body poised, weigheth such a mass,
As though his bowels were of lead or brass,
His cruel chaps though breathless he doth close,
As with the rest into the ark he goes;
Th' uneven-legg'd badger (whose eye-pleasing skin
The case to many a curious thing hath been,
Since that great flood) his fortresses forsakes
Wrought in the earth, and tho' but halting, makes
Up to the ark; the otter then that keeps
In the wild rivers, in their banks and sleeps,
And feeds on fish, which under water still,
He with his keld feet and keen teeth doth kill;
The other twp into the ark do follow,
Tho' his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow;
The tortoise and the hedgehog both so slow,
As in their motion scarce discern'd to go,
Good footmen grown, contrary to their kind,
Lest from the rest they should be left behind;
The rooting mole, as to foretel the flood,
Comes out o'th' earth, and clambers up the wood;
The little dormouse leaves her leaden sleep,
And with the mole up to the ark doth creep;
With many other, which were common then,
Their kind decay'd, but now unknown to men:
For there was none that Adam e'er did name,
But to the ark from every quarter came;
By two and two the male and female beast,
From swift'st to slow'st, from greatest to the least;
And as within the strong pale of a park,
So were they all together in the ark.

And as our God the beasts had given in charge
To take the ark, themselves so to embarge,
He bids the fowl: the eagle in his flight,
Cleaving the thin air, on the deck doth light;
Nor are his eyes so piercing to controul
His lowly subjects, the far lesser fowl,
But the Almighty, who all creatures fram'd,
And them by Adam in the garden nam'd,
Had given courage fast by him to sit,
Nor at his sharp sight are amaz'd one whit;
The swan by his great Maker taught this good,
T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sail,
And oar-like feet, him nothing to avail
Against the rain, which likely was to fall,
Each drop so great, that like a pond'rous mall
Might sink him under water, and might drown
Him in the deluge, with the crane comes down,
Whose voice the trumpet is, that thro' the air
Doth summon all the other to repair
To the new ark; when with his mooned train,
The strutting peacock yawling 'gainst the rain,
Flutters into the ark, by his shrill cry
Telling the rest the tempest to be nigh;
The iron-eating ostrich, whose bare thighs
Resembling man's, fearing the low'ring skies,
Walks to the great boat; when the crowned cock,
That to the village lately was the clock,
Comes to roost by him, with his hen, foreshewing
The shower would quickly fall, that then was brewing;
The swift-wing'd swallow feeding as it flies,
With the fleet martlet thrilling thro' the skies,
As at their pastime sportively they were,
Feeling th' unusual moisture of the air,
Their feathers flag, into the ark they come,
As to some rock or building, their own home;
The airy lark his hallelujah sung,
Finding a slackness seize upon his tongue,
By the much moisture, and the welkin dark,
Drops with his female down into the ark;
The soaring kite there scantled his large wings,
And to the ark the hovering castril brings;
The raven comes, and croaking, in doth call
The carrion crow, and she again doth brawl,
Foretelling rain: by these there likewise sat
The careful stork [7], since Adam wonder'd at
For thankfulness, to those where he doth breed,
That his ag'd parents naturally doth feed,

[7] The stork, used to build upon houses, leaveth ever one behind him for the owner.

In filial duty as instructing man;
By them there sat the loving pellican,
Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting,
With her own blood to life again doth bring;
The constant turtle up her lodging took
By these good birds; and in a little nook
The nightingale, with her melodious tongue,
Sadly there sits, as she had never sung;
The merl and mavis on the highest spray,
Who with their music wak'd the early day,
From the proud cedars to the ark come down,
As tho' forewarn'd, that God the world would drown;
The prating parrot comes to them aboard,
And is not heard to counterfeit a word;
The falcon and the dove sit there together,
And th' one of them doth prune the other's feather;
The goss-hawk and the pheasant there do twin,
And in the ark are perch'd upon one pin;
The partridge on the spar-hawk there doth tend,
Who entertains her as a loving friend;
The ravenous vulture feels the small birds sit
Upon his back, and is not mov'd a whit;
Amongst the thickest of these several fowl
With open eyes still sat the broad-fac'd owl;
And not a small bird as they wonted were,
Either persuade or woud'red at her there.
No wayless desert, heath, nor fen, nor moor,
But in by couples sent some of their store;
The ospray, and the cormorant forbear
To fish, and thither with the rest repair:
The heron leaves watching at the river's brim,
And brings the snyte and plover in with him;
There came the halcyon, whom the sea obeys,
When she her nest upon the water lays;
The goose, which doth for watchfulness excel,
Came for the rest to be the sentinel;
The charitable robinet in came,
Whose nature taught the others to be tame;
All feather'd things yet ever known to men,
From the huge ruck [8], unto the little wren;
From forests, fields, from rivers and from ponds,
All that have webs, or cloven-footed ones;
To the grand ark together friendly came,
Whose several species were too long to name.

The beasts and birds thus by the angels brought,
Noah found his ark not fully yet was fraught,
To shut it up for as he did begin,
He still saw serpents [9], and their like, come in;
The salamander to the ark retires;
To fly the flood, it doth forsake the fires;
The strange camelion, comes t' augment the crew,
Yet in the ark doth never change her hue;
To these poor silly few of harmless things,
So were there serpents, with their teeth and stings
Hurtful to man, yet will th' Almighty have,
That Noah their seed upon the Earth should save;
The watchful dragon comes the ark to keep,
But, lull'd with murmur, gently falls to sleep;
The cruel scorpion comes to climb the pile,
And meeting with the greedy crocodile,
Into the ark together meekly go,
And like kind mates themselves they there bestow;
The dart and dipsas, to the ark com'n in,
Enfold each other as they were a twin;
The cockatrice there kills not with his sight,
But in his object joys, and in the light;
The deadly killing aspic [10] when he seeth,
This world of creatures sheaths his poison'd teeth,
And with the adder and the speckled snake,
Them to a corner harmlessly betake;
The lizard shuts up his sharp-sighted eyes,
Amongst these serpents, and there sadly lies;
The small-ey'd slow-worm held of many blind,
Yet this great ark it quickly out could find,
And as the ark it was about to climb,
Out of its teeth shoots the invenom'd slime;
These viler creatures on the earth that creep,
And with their bellies the cold dews do sweep;
All these base groveling, and ground-licking sute,
From the large boas [11], to the little newt;
As well as birds, or the four-footed beasts,
Came to the ark their hostry as Noah's guests.

Thus fully furnish'd, Noah need not to cark
For stowage, for provision for the ark:
For that wise God, who first direction gave,
How he the structure of the ark would have,
And for his servant could provide this fraught,
Which thither he miraculously brought,
And did the food for every thing survey,
Taught him on lofts it orderly to lay:
On flesh some feed, as others fish do eat,
Various the kind, so various was the meat:
Some on fine grass, as some on grosser weeds,
As some on fruits, so other some on seeds,
To serve for food for one whole year for all,
Until the flood, which presently should fall
On the whole world, his hand again should drain,
Which under water should that while remain.
Th' Almighty measur'd the proportion such,
As should not be too little, nor too much:
For he that breath to every thing did give,
Could not that God them likewise make to live,
But with a little, and therewith to thrive,
Who at his pleasure all things can contrive?

Now some there be, too curious at this day,
That from their reason dare not stick to say,
The flood a thing fictitious is, and vain,
Nor that the ark could possibly contain
Those sundry creatures, from whose being came
All living things man possibly could name.
I say it was not, and I thus oppose
Them by my reason, strong enough for those:
My instance is a mighty argosie,
That in it bears, besides th' artillery,
Of fourscore pieces of a mighty bore,
A thousand soldiers, (many times and more)
Besides the sails, and arms for every one,
Cordage, and anchors, and provision,
The large spread sails, the masts both big and tall,
Of all which Noah's ark had no need at all,
Within the same eight persons only were:
If such a ship can such a burthen bear,
What might the ark do, which doth so excel
That ship, as that ship doth a cockle-shell;
Being so capacious for this mighty load,
So long, so high, and every where so broad;
Besides three lofts just of one perfect strength,
And bearing out proportionably in length,
So fitly built, that being thus employ'd,
There was not one inch in the ark was void.
Beside, I'll charge their reason to allow
The cubits doubled to what they are now:

[8] The mighty Indian bird.

[9] Creeping things, in the sixth of Gen. the 20th verse.

[10] The aspic hath a kell of skin which covereth his teeth until it be angry.

[11] A serpent of an incredible bigness.

We are but pigmies (even our tallest men)
To the huge giants that were living then:
For but th' Almighty, which to this intent
Ordain'd the ark, knew it sufficient,
He in his wisdom (had he thought it meet)
Could have bid Noah to have built a fleet,
And many creatures on the Earth since grown
Before the flood that were to Noah unknown:
For though the mule begotten on the mare,
By the dull ass, is said doth never pair,
Yet sundry others naturally have mix'd [12],
And those that have been gotten them betwixt
Others begot, on others from their kind.
In sundry climates, sundry beasts we find,
That what they were, are nothing now the same,
From one self-strain, tho' at the first they came,
But by the soil they often alter'd be,
In shape and colour, as we daily see.
Now Noah's three sons all busy that had been
To place these creatures as they still came in:
Sem, Ham, and Japheth, with their wives [13] assign'd
To be the parents of all human kind:
Seeing the ark thus plentifully stor'd,
The wondrous work of the Almighty Lord,
Behold their father looking every hour,
For this all-drowning earth-destroying shower,
When Noah their faith thus lastly to awake,
To his lov'd wife, and their six children, spake:
"The mighty hand of God do you not see,
In these his creatures, that so well agree?
Which were they not thus master'd by his power,
Us silly eight would greedily devour:
And with their hoofs and paws to splinters rend
This only ark, in which God doth intend
We from the flood that remnant shall remain,
T' restore the world, in aged Adam's strain:
Ye seven, with sad astonishment then see
The wondrous things the Lord hath wrought for me!
What have I done, so gracious in his sight,
Frail wretched man, but that I justly might
Have with the Earth's abominable brood
Been overwhelm'd, and buried in the flood?
But in his judgment, that he hath decreed,
That from my loins by your successful seed,
The Earth shall be replenished agen,
And the Almighty be at peace with men.
A hundred years are past (as well you know)
Since the Almighty God, his power to show,
Taught me the model of this mighty frame,
And it the ark commanded me to name.
Be strong in faith, for now the time is nigh,
That from the conduits of the lofty sky,
The flood shall fall, that in short time shall bear
This ark we are in up into the air,
Where it shall float, and further in the end,
Shall fifteen cubits the high'st hills transcend,
Then bid the goodly fruitful Earth adieu,
For the next time it shall be seen of you,
It with an ill complexion shall appear,
The weight of waters shall have chang'd her cheer:
Be not affrighted when ye hear the roar
Of the wide waters when they charge the shore,
Nor be dismay'd at all, when you shall feel
Th' unwieldy ark from wave to wave to reel;
Nor at the shrieks of those that swimming by
On trees and rafters, shall for succour cry,
'O ye most lov'd of God, O take us in!
For we are guilty, and confess our sin."
Thus whilst he spake, the skies grew thick and dark,
And a black cloud hung hovering o'er the ark;
Venus and Mars [14], God puts this work upon,
Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction
I' th' tail of Cancer, inundations threat,
Luna disposed generally to wet,
The Hyades and Pleiades put too
Their helps; Orion doth what he can do.
No star so small, but some one drop let down,
And all conspire the wicked world to drown:
On the wide Heaven there was not any sign,
To wat'ry Pisces but it doth incline.
Now some will ask, When th' Almighty God (but
And his) by waters did the world destroy, [Noy
Whether those seven then in ark were good,
And just as he (reserved from the flood)?
Or that th' Almighty for his only sake,
Did on the other such compassion take?
'Tis doubtless Noah, being one so clearly just,
That God did with his secret judgments trust
From the whole world; one that so long had known
That living Lord, would likewise teach his own
To know him too, who by this mean might be,
As well within the covenant as he.
By this the Sun had suck'd up the vast deep [15],
And in gross clouds like cisterns did it keep;
The stars and signs by God's great wisdom set,
By their conjunctions waters to beget,
Had wrought their utmost, and even now began
Th' Almighty's justice upon sinful man:
From every several quarter of the sky,
The thunder roars, and the fierce lightnings fly
One at another, and together dash,
Volley on volley, flash comes after flash,
Heaven's lights look sad, as they would melt away,
The night is come i' th' morning of the day:
The card'nal winds he makes at once to blow,
Whose blasts to buffets with such fury go,
That they themselves into the centre shot
Into the bowels of the Earth and got,
Being condens'd [16] and strongly stiff'ned there,
In such strange manner multiply'd the air,
Which turn'd to water, and increas'd the springs
To that abundance, that the Earth forth brings
Water to drown herself, should Heaven deny
With one small drop the deluge to supply,
That through her pores, the soft and spongy Earth,
As in a dropsy, or unkindly birth,
A woman, swol'n, sends from her fluxive womb
Her oozy springs, that there was scarcely room
For the waste waters which came in so fast,
As though the Earth her entrails up would cast.
But these seem'd yet but easily let go,
And from some sluice came softly in, and slow,
Till God's great hand so squeez'd the boisterous clouds, [shrouds,
That from the spouts of Heaven's embattl'd
Even like a flood-gate pluck'd up by the height,
Came the wild rain, with such a pond'rous weight

[12] The opinions of the best naturalists that have written.

[13] The names of the women were Tita, Pandora, Noella, and Noegla, as some of the most ancient write; but Epiphanius will have Noah's wife's name to to be Barthenon.

[14] God makes the stars his instruments to punish the wicked.

[15] A description of the tempest, at the falling of the deluge.

[16] Water is but air condensed.

As that th' fierceness of the hurrying flood,
Remov'd huge rocks, and ramm'd them into mud:
Pressing the ground with that impetuous power,
As that the first shock of this drowning shower
Furrow'd the Earth's late plump and cheerful face
Like an old woman, that in little space
With rivel'd cheeks, and with blear'd blubber'd eyes,
She wistly look'd upon the troubled skies.
Up to some mountain as the people make,
Driving their cattle till the shower should slake;
The flood o'ertakes them, and away doth sweep
Great herds of neat, and mighty flocks of sheep.
Down through a valley as one stream doth come,
Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring echo dumb,
Another meets it, and whilst there they strive,
Which of them two the other back should drive,
Their dreadful currents they together dash,
So that their waves like furious tides do wash
The head of some near hill, which falleth down
For very fear, as it itself would drown.
Some back their beasts, so hoping to swim out,
But by the flood incompassed about,
Are overwhelm'd; some clamber up to towers;
But these and them the deluge soon devours:
Some to the top of pines and cedars get,
Thinking themselves they safely there should set;
But the rude flood that over all doth sway,
Quickly comes up, and carrieth them away.
The roe's[17] much swiftness doth no more avail,
Nor help him now, than if he were a snail:
The swift-wing'd swallow, and the slow-wing'd owl,
The fleetest bird, and the most flagging fowl,
Are at one pass, the flood so high hath gone,
There was no ground to set a foot upon:
Those fowl that follow'd moistness, now it fly,
And leave the wet land, to find out the dry;
But by the mighty tempest beaten down,
On the blank water they do lie and drown.
The strong-built tower is quickly overborne,
The o'er-grown oak out of the earth is torn:
The subtle shower the earth hath soft'ned so,
And with the waves, the trees tost to and fro,
That the roots loosen, and the tops down sway,
So that whole forests quickly swim away.
Th' offended Heaven had shut up all her lights,
The Sun nor Moon make neither days nor nights,
The waters so exceedingly abound,
That in short time the sea itself is drown'd,
That by the freshness of the falling rain,
Neptune no more his saltness doth retain;
So that those scaly creatures us'd to keep
The mighty wastes of the unmeasur'd deep,
Finding the general and their natural brack,
The taste and colour every where to lack,
Forsake those seas wherein they swam before,
Strangely oppressed with their wat'ry store.
The crooked dolphin on those mountains plays,
Whereas before that time, not many days,
The goat was grazing; and the mighty whale
Upon a rock out of his way doth fall,
From whence before one ea'rly might have seen
The wand'ring clouds far under to have been.
The grampus, and the whirlpool, as they rove,
Lighting by chance upon a lofty grove
Under this world of waters, are so much
Pleas'd with their wombs each tender branch to touch,

[17] The roe deer, the swiftest beast known.

That they leave slime upon the carled sprays,
On which the birds sung their harmonious lays,
As huge as hills still waves are wallowing in,
Which from the world so wondrously do win,
That the tall mountains which on tiptoe stood,
As though they scorn'd the force of any flood,
No eye of Heaven of their proud tops could see
One foot, from this great inundation free.
As in the chaos ere the frame was fast,
The air and water were so strongly mix'd,
And such a bulk of grossness do compose [18],
As in those thick clouds which the globe enclose,
Th' all-working Spirit were yet again to wade,
And Heaven and Earth again were to be made.
Meanwhile the great and universal ark,
Like one by night were groping in the dark,
Now by one billow, then another rock'd,
Within whose boards all living things were lock'd;
Yet Noah his safety not at all doth fear,
For still the angels his blest barge do steer:
But now the shower continued had so long,
The inundation wax'd so wondrous strong,
That fifteen cubits caus'd the ark to move
The highest part of any hill above:
And the gross earth so violently binds,
That in their coasts it had enclos'd the winds;
So that the whole wide surface of the flood,
As in the whole height of the tide it stood,
Was then as sleek and even as the seas
In the more still and calmest halcyon days.
The birds, the beasts, and serpents, safe on board,
With admiration look upon their lord,
The righteous Noah; and with submissive fear
Tremble his grave and awful voice to hear,
Where to his household (during their abode)
He preach'd the power of the Almighty God.
"Dear wife and children!" quoth this goodly Noy,
"Since the Almighty vow'd he would destroy
The wicked world, a hundred years are past,
And see, he hath performed it at last;
In us poor few the world consists alone,
And besides us there not remaineth one,
But from our seed the emptied Earth agen
Must be repeopled with the race of men;
Then since thus far his covenant is true,
Build ye your faith on that which shall ensue;
Such is our God, who thus did us embark,
(As his select) to save us by the ark,
And only he whose angels guard our boat,
Knows over what strange region now we float,
Or we from hence that very place can sound,
From which the ark was lifted first from ground:
He that can span the world, and with a grip
Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip
This mass of waters, whose abundant birth
Almost to Heaven thus droweth up the Earth;
He can remove this round, if he shall please,
And with these waters can sup up the seas,
Can cause the stars out of their spheres to fall,
And on the winds can toss this earthly ball;
He can wrest drops from the Sun's radiant beams,
And can force fire from the most liquid streams,
He curls the waves with whirlwinds, and doth make
The solid centre fearfully to shake;
He can stir up the elements to wars,
And at his pleasure can compose their jars;

[18] A simile of the grossness of the deluge.
[19] Noah preaching faith to his family.

The sands serve not his wondrous works to count,
Yet doth his mercy all his works surmount;
His rule and power eternally endures.
He was your fathers' God, he's mine, he's yours:
In him, dear wife and children, put your trust,
He only is almighty, only just."

But on the Earth the waters were so strong;
And now the flood continued had so long,
That the let year[20] foreslow'd about to bring
The Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the Spring;
The gyring planets, with their starry train,
Down to the south had sunk, and rose again
Up towards the north, whilst the terrestrial globe
Had been involved in this wat'ry robe.
During which season every twinkling light
In their still motion, at this monstrous sight,
By their complexion a distraction show'd,
Looking like embers that through ashes glow'd.
When righteous Noah remembereth at the last,
The time prefix'd to be approaching fast,
After a hundred fifty days were gone,
Which to their period then were drawing on,
The flood should somewhat slack, God promis'd so,
On which relying, the just godly Noah,
To try if then but one poor foot of ground,
Free from the flood, might any where be found,
Lets forth a raven, which straight cuts the sky,
And wond'rous proud his rested wings to try,
In a large circle girdeth in the air,
First to the east, then to the south doth bear,
Follows the Sun, then towards his going forth,
And then runs up into the rising north,
Thence climbs the clouds, to prove if his sharp eye
From that proud pitch could possibly descry
Of some tall rock-crown'd mountain, a small stone,
A minute's space to set his foot upon,
But finding his long labour but in vain,
Returneth wearied to the ark again;
By which Noah knew he longer yet must stay,
For the whole Earth still under water lay.

Seven days he rests, but yet he would not cease,
(For that he knew the flood must needs decrease)
But as the raven late, he next sends out
The damask-colour'd dove, his nimble scout,
Which thrills the thin air, and his pinions plies,
That like to lightning, gliding through the skies,
His sundry colour'd feathers by the Sun,
As his swift shadow on the lake doth run,
Causeth a twinkling both at hand and far,
Like that we call the shooting of a star;
But finding yet that labour lost had been,
Comes back to Noah, who gently takes him in.

Noah rests awhile, but meaning still to prove
A second search, again sends out the dove,
After other seven, some better news to bring,
Which by the strength of his unwearied wing
Finds out at last a place for his abode,
When the glad bird stays all the day abroad,
And wondrous proud that he a place had found,
Who of a long time had not touch'd the ground,
Draws in his head, and thrusteth out his breast,
Spreadeth his tail, and swelleth up his crest,
And turning round and round with cuttry-coo,
As when the female pigeon and he woo;
Bathing himself, which long he had not done,
And dries his feathers in the welcome Sun,
Pruning his plumage, cleansing every quill,
And going back, he beareth in his bill
An olive leaf; by which Noah understood
The great decrease and waning of the flood;
For that on mountains olives seldom grow,
But in flat vallies, and in places low;
Never such comfort came to mortal man,
Never such joy was since the world began,
As in the ark, when Noah and his behold
The olive leaf, which certainly them told
The flood decreas'd, and they such comfort take,
That with their mirth the birds and beasts they make
Sportive, which send forth such a hollow noise,
As said they were partakers of their joys.
The lion roars, but quickly doth forbear,
Lest he thereby the lesser beasts should fear;
The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh,
The stag, the buck, and shag-hair'd goat, do bray,
The boar doth grunt, the wolf doth howl, the ram
Doth bleat, which yet so faintly from him came,
As though for very joy he seem'd to weep;
The ape and monkey such a chattering keep
With their thin lips, which they so well express'd,
As they would say, "We hope to be releas'd;"
The silly ass set open such a throat,
That all the ark resounded with the note;
The watchful dog doth play, and skip, and bark,
And leaps upon his masters in the ark;
The raven croaks, the carrion crow doth squall,
The pye doth chatter, and the partridge call,
The jocund cock crows as he claps his wings,
The merl doth whistle, and the mavis sings,
The nightingale strains her melodious throat,
Which of the small birds being heard to roat,
They soon set to her, each a part doth take,
As by their music up a choir to make;
The parrot, lately sad, then talks and jeers,
And counterfeiteth every sound he hears;
The purblind owl, which heareth all this do,
T' express her gladness, cries too-whit too-whoo.
No beast nor bird was in the ark with Noy,
But in their kind express'd some sign of joy;
When that just man, who did himself apply
Still to his dear and godly family,
Thus to them spake, and with erected hands
The like obedience from the rest demands.

"The world's foundation is not half so sure
As is God's promise, nor is Heaven so pure
As is his word, to me most sinful man;
To take the ark who when I first began,
Said on the hundred and the fiftieth day
I should perceive the deluge to decay;
And 'tis most certain, as you well may know,
Which this poor pigeon by his leaf doth show.
He that so long could make the waters stand
Above the Earth, see how his powerful hand
Thrusts them before it, and so fast doth drive
The big-swoln billows, that they seem to strive
Which shall fly fastest on that secret path,
Whence first they came to execute his wrath;
The Sun which melted every cloud to rain,
He makes it now to sup it up again;
The wind by which he brought it on before,
In their declining drives it o'er and o'er:
The tongues of angels serve not to express,
Neither his mercy, nor his mightiness.
Be joyful then in our great God," (saith he)
"For we the parents of mankind shall be,

[20] The revolution of the year by a short periphrasis.

From us poor few, his pleasure that attend,
Shall all the nations of the Earth descend."
When righteous Noah, desirous still to hear
In what estate th' unwieldy waters were,
Sends forth the dove as he had done before,
But it found dry land, and came back no more;
Whereby this man precisely understood
The great decrease of this world-drowning flood.
Thus as the ark is floating on the main,
As when the flood rose, in the fall again,
With currents still encountered every where,
Forward and backward which it still do bear,
As the stream strait'neth, by the rising clives
Of the tall mountains, 'twixt which oft it drives,
Until at length, by God's almighty hand,
It on the hills of Ararat[21] doth land.
When those within it felt the ark to strike
On the firm ground, was ever comfort like
To theirs, which felt it fixed there to stay,
And found the waters went so fast away,
That Noah set up the covering of the ark,
That those which long had sitten in the dark,
Might be saluted with the cheerful light,
(O since the world, was ever such a sight!)
That creeping things, as well as bird or beast,
Their several comforts sundry ways expreset?
His wife and children then ascend to see
What place it was so happy that should be
For th' ark to rest on, where they saw a plain,
A mountain's top which seemed to contain,
On which they might discern within their ken,
The carcasses of birds, of beasts, and men,
Chok'd by the deluge, when Noah spake them thus:
"Behold th' Almighty's mercy show'd to us,
That through the waves our way not only wrought,
But to these mountains safely hath us brought,
Whose dainty tops all earthly pleasures crown,
And on the green-sward sets us safely down.
Had our most gracious God not been our guide,
The ark had fall'n upon some mountain side,
And with a rush removing of our freight,
Might well have turn'd it backward with the weight,
Or by these billows lastly overborne,
Or on some rock her ribs might have been torn.
But see, except these here, each living thing
That crept, or went, or kept the air with wing,
Lay here before us to manure the land;
Such is the power of God's all-working hand."
In the six hundredth year of that just man,
The second month[22], the seventeenth day, began
That horrid deluge, when Heaven's windows were
At once all open'd, then did first appear
Th' Almighty's wrath, when for full forty days
There rain'd from Heaven not showers, but mighty seas,
A hundred fifty days that so prevail'd,
Above the mountains till the great ark sail'd,
In the seventh month[23], upon the seventeenth day,
Like a ship fall'n into a quiet bay,
It on the hills of Ararat doth light:
But Noah deny'd yet to discharge the freight,
For that the mountains clearly were not seen,
Till the first day of the tenth month, when green
Smil'd on the blue skies, when the Earth began
To look up cheerly, yet the waters ran
Still through the vallies, till the month[24] again
In which before it first began to rain;
Of which, the seven and twentieth day expir'd,
Quite from the Earth the waters were retir'd:
When the Almighty God bade Noah to set
Open the ark, at liberty to let [came
The beasts, the birds, and creeping things, which
Like as when first they went into the same;
Each male comes down, his female by his side,
As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride,
Till th' ark was emptied, and that mighty load,
For a whole year that there had been bestow'd,
(Since first that forty days' still falling rain
That drown'd the world, was then dry'd up again)
Which with much gladness do salute the ground,
The lighter sort some caper, and some bound,
The heavier creatures tumble them, as glad
That they such ease by their enlargement had;
The creeping things together fall to play;
Joy'd beyond measure for this happy day,
The birds let from this cage, do mount the sky,
To show they yet had not forgot to fly,
And sporting them upon the airy plain,
Yet to their master Noah they stoop again,
To leave his presence and do still forbear,
Till they from him of their release might hear;
The beasts each other woo, the birds they bill,
As they would say to Noah, they meant to fill
The roomthy Earth, then altogether void,
And make, what late the deluge had destroy'd.
When righteous Noah, who ever had regard
To serve his God, immediately prepar'd
To sacrifice, and of the cleanest beasts
That in the ark this while had been his guests,
He seizeth, (yet obedient to his will)
And of them he for sacrifice doth kill:
Which he and his religiously attend,
And with the smoke their vows and thanks ascend;
Which pleas'd th' Almighty, that he promis'd then,
Never by flood to drown the world agen;
And that mankind his covenant might know,
He in the clouds left the celestial bow.
When to these living things quoth righteous Noah,
"Now take you all free liberty to go,
And every way do you yourselves disperse,
Till you have fill'd this globy universe
With your increase; let every soil be yours,
He, that hath sav'd ye, faithfully assures
Your propagation: and, dear wife," quoth he,
"And you, my children, let your trust still be
In your Preserver, and on him rely,
Whose promise is, that we shall multiply,
Till in our days, of nations we shall hear,
From us poor few in th' ark that lately were."
To make a new world, thus works every one,
The deluge ceaseth, and the old is gone.

[21] Mountains of a wondrous height, either within, or bordering upon Armenia.
[22] In May, according to the expositors.
[23] Part of September and part of October.
[24] In the same month the flood began, it ceased, which made up the year.

TO THIS POEM.

See how ingrate forgetfulness
Circles us round with dangers,
That all the saints whom God doth highly bless,
To us are strangers.
Now Heaven into our souls inspires
No true celestial motions:
Lust's ardent flame hath dimm'd the holy fires
Of our devotions.

While 'gainst blasphemers' general sight
Our paiuful author striveth,
And happy spirits which live in heavenly light
On Earth reviveth.
Thou patriarch great, who with mild looks
His lab'ring Muse beholdest,
Reach him those leaves where thou in sacred books
All truth unfoldest:
And guide (like Israel) poets' hands
From Egypt, from vain stories,
Only to sing of the fair promis'd lands,
And all their glories. JOHN BEAUMONT.

AD MICHAELEM DRAYTONEM.

Dum reluctantem Pharium Jehovae
Drayton, & fractum canis, & rubentes
Dividis fluctus, equites reducta &
Obruis unda:
Instruis quanto monumenta nisu?
Quam sacra nomen tibi crescit ode?
Pyramis cedit peritura: cedit
Totaque Memphis.
Cedit, & quicquid posuere reges
Molibus fisi nimium superbis.
O sacer vatis labor! a rapaci
Tempore tutus.

BEALE SAPPERTON.

TO MR. MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Thy noble Muse already hath been spread
Through Europe, and the sun-scorch'd southern climes,
That isle where Saturn's royal son was bred,
Hath been enrich'd with thy immortal rhymes:
Even to the burnt line have thy poems flown,
And gain'd high fame in the declining west,
And o'er that cold sea shall thy name be blown,
That icy mountains rolleth on her breast:
Her soaring hence so far made me admire,
Whither at length thy worthy Muse would fly,
Borne through the tender air with wings of fire,
Able to lift her to the starry sky: [replete
This work resolv'd my doubts, when th' Earth's
With her fair fruit, in Heaven she'll take her seat.

THOMAS ANDREWE.

Ex arduis aeternitas.

MOSES HIS BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

This casts our attracted Muse
The prophet's glorious birth pursues
The various changes of his fate,
From humbleness to high estate,
His beauty more than mortal shape,
From Egypt how he doth escape,
By his fair bearing in his flight,
Obtains the lovely Midianite,
Where God unto the Hebrew spake,
Appearing from the burning brake,
And back doth him to Egypt send,
That mighty things doth here intend.

Girt in bright flames, rapt from celestial fire,
That our unwearied faculties refine,
By zeal transported boldly we aspire
To sing a subject gloriously divine:
Him that of mortals only had the grace,
(On whom the spirit did in such power descend)
To talk with God face opposite to face,
Even as a man with his familiar friend.
Muse, I invoke the utmost of thy might,
That with an armed and auspicious wing,
Thou be obsequious in his doubtless right
'Gainst the vile atheist's vituperious sting:
Where thou that gate industriously may'st fly,
Which nature strives but feignedly to go,
Borne by a power so eminent and high,
As in his course leaves reason far below,
To show how poesy (simply hath her praise)
That from full Jove takes her celestial birth,
And quick as fire, her glorious self can raise
Above this base abominable Earth.
O if that time have happily reserv'd,
(Besides that sacred and canonic writ,
What once in slates and barks of trees was carv'd)
Things that our Muse's gravity may fit,
Unclasp the world's great register to me,
That smoky rust hath very near defac'd,
That I in those dim characters may see
From common eyes that hath aside been cast,
And thou translator of that faithful Muse
This All's creation that divinely sung,
From courtly French (no travel dost refuse)
To make him master of thy genuine tongue,
Salust, to thee, and Silvester thy friend,
Comes my high poem peaceably and chaste
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend,
That wreckful Time shall not have power to waste.
A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)
Amram, a levite honourably bred,
Of the same offspring won a beauteous wife,
And no less virtuous, goodly Jacobed:
So fitly pair'd that (without all ostent)
Even of the wise it hardly could be said
Which of the two was most preheminent,
Or he more honour'd, or she more obey'd.
In both was found that livelihood and meetness,
By which affection any way was mov'd:
In him that shape, in her there was that sweetness,
Might make him lik'd, or her to be belov'd:
As this commixtion, so their married mind
Their good corrected, or their ill reliev'd,
As truly loving as discreetly kind,
Mutually joy'd, as mutually griev'd:
Their nuptial bed by abstinence maintain'd,
Yet still 'gave fuel to love's sacred fire,
And when fruition plentifullest gain'd
Yet were they chaste in fulness of desire.
Now grieved Israel many a woeful day,
That at their vile servility repin'd,
Press'd with the burthens of rude boist'rous clay,
By stern Egyptian tyranny assign'd:
Yet still the more the Hebrews are oppress'd
Like to firm seed they fructify the more,
That by th' eternal providence fore-blest,
Goshen gives roomth but scantly to their store.

And the wise midwives in their natural need,
That the fair males immediately should kill,
Hating a' abhorr'd and heathenish a deed,
Check his harsh brutenes and rebellious will.
That small effect perceiving by the same,
Bids the men-children (greatly that abound)
After that day into the world that came,
Upon their birth should instantly be drown'd.
And now the time came had been long foretold,
He should be born unto the Hebrews' joy,
Whose puissant hand such fatal power should hold,
As in short time all Egypt should destroy.
The execution which more strongly forc'd,
And every where so generally done,
As in small time unnaturally divorc'd
Many a dear mother and as dear a son.
Though her chaste bosom that fair altar were,
Where love's pure vows he dutifully paid,
His arms to her a sanctuary dear,
Yet they so much his tyranny obey'd,
By free consent to separate their bed,
Better at all no children yet to have,
Than their dear love should procreate the dead,
Untimely issue for a timeless grave.
When in a vision whilst he slept by night,
God bids him so not Jacobed to leave,
The man [1] that Egypt did so much affright,
Her pregnant womb should happily conceive.
Soon after finding that she was with child,
The same conceals by all the means she can,
Lest by th' appearance she might be beguil'd,
If in the birth it prov'd to be a man.
The time she goes till her account was nigh,
Her swelling belly no conception shows,
Nor at the time of her delivery,
As other women panged in her throes.
When lo the fair fruit of that prospering womb
Wounds the kind parents in the prime of joy,
Whose birth pronounceth his too timeless doom,
Accus'd by nature forming it a boy:
Yet 'tis so sweet, so amiably fair,
That their pleas'd eyes with rapture it behold,
The glad sad parents full of joy and care
Pain would reserve their infant if they could;
And still they tempt the sundry varying hours,
Hopes and despairs together strangely mixt,
Distasting sweets with many cordial sours,
Opposed interchangeably betwixt,
If ought it ail'd or haplessly it cry'd,
Unheard of any that she might it keep,
With one short breath she did entreat and chide,
And in a moment she did sing and weep.
Three lab'ring months them flatterer-like beguil'd,
And danger still redoubling as it lasts,
Suspecting most the safety of the child,
Thus the kind mother carefully forecasts:
(For at three months a scrutiny was held,
And searchers then sent every where about,
That in that time if any were conceal'd, [out)
They should make proof and straightly bring them
To Pharoah's will she awfully must bow,
And therefore hastens to abridge these fears,
And to the flood determines it should go,
Yet ere it went she'll drown it with her tears.
This afternoon love bids a little stay,
And yet these pauses do but lengthen sorrow,
But for one night although she make delay,
She vows to go unto his death to-morrow.

[1] Joseph.

The morning comes, it is too early yet,
The day so fast not hast'ning on his date,
The gloomy evening murder best doth fit,
The evening come, and then it is too late.
Her pretty infant lying on her lap
With his sweet eyes her threat'ning rage beguiles,
For yet he plays and dallies with his pap,
To mock her sorrows with his am'rous smiles,
And laugh'd, and chuck'd, and spread the pretty hands,
When her full heart was at the point to break,
(This little creature yet not understands
The woeful language mother's tears did speak.)
Wherewith surpris'd, and with a parent's love
From his fair eyes she doth fresh courage take,
And nature's laws allowing, doth reprove
The frail edicts that mortal princes make.
It shall not die, she'll keep her child unknown,
And come the worst in spite of Pharoah's rage,
As it is hers, she will dispose her own,
And if't must, it must die at riper age.
And thus revolving of her fruitless care,
A thousand strange thoughts throng her troubled mind,
Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,
Betwixt the laws of cruelty and kind.
But it must die, and better yet to part,
Since pre-ordain'd to his disastrous fate,
His want will sit the nearer to the heart
In riper and more flourishing estate.
The perfect husband whose impressive soul
Took true proportion of each pensive throe,
Yet had such power his passion to controul,
As not the same immediately to show;
With carriage full of comeliness and grace,
As grief not felt nor sorrow seem'd to lack,
Courage and fear so temper'd in his face,
Thus his beloved Jacobed bespake:
"Dear heart be patient, stay these timeless tears,
Death of thy son shall never quite bereave thee,
My soul with thine that equal burthen bears,
As what he takes, my love again shall give thee:
For Israel's sin if Israel's seed must suffer,
And we of mere necessity must leave him,
Please yet to grace me with this gentle offer,
Give him to me by whom thou did'st conceive him,
So though thou with so dear a jewel part,
This yet remaineth lastly to relieve thee,
Thou hast impos'd this hindrance on my heart,
Another's loss shall need the less to grieve thee;
Nor are we Hebrews abject by our name,
Though thus in Egypt hatefully despis'd,
That we that blessing fruitlessly should claim
Once in that holy covenant compris'd,
It is not fit mortality should know
What his eternal providence decreed,
That unto Abraham ratify'd the vow
In happy Sarah and her hallowed seed.
Nor shall the wrong to godly Joseph done
In his remembrance ever be enroll'd,
By Jacob's sighs for his lost little son
A captiv'd slave to the Egyptians sold:
Reason sets limits to the longest grief,
Sorrow scarce past when comfort is returning,
He sends affliction that can lend relief,
Best that is pleas'd with measure in our mourning."
Lost in herself, her spirits are so distracted,
All hopes dissolv'd might fortify her further,
Her mind seems now of misery compacted,
That must consent unto so dear a murder.

Of slime and twigs she makes a simple shred
(The poor last duty to her child she owes,
This pretty martyr, this yet living dead)
Wherein she doth his living corpse enclose:
And means to bear it presently away,
And in some water secretly bestow it,
But yet a while bethinks herself to stay,
Some little kindness she doth further owe it:
Nor will she in this cruelty persevere,
That by her means his timeless blood be spilt,
If of her own she doth herself deliver,
Let other hands be 'nocent of the guilt:
Yet if she keep it from the ruthless flood
That is by Pharaoh's tyranny assign'd it,
What boots that wretched miserable good,
If so dispos'd where none do come to find it;
For better yet the homicide should kill it,
Or by some beast in pieces to be rent,
Than lingering famine cruelly should spill it,
That it endure a double languishment:
And neighbouring near to the Egyptian court,
She knows a place that near the river side
Was oft frequented by the worthier sort,
For now the spring was newly in her pride.
Thither she hastes but with a painful speed
The nearest way she possibly could get,
And by the clear brim 'mongst the flags and reed,
Her little coffin carefully she set;
Her little girl (her mother following near)
As of her brother that her leave would take,
Which the sad woman unexpecting there,
Yet it to help her kindly thus bespake:
Quoth she, "Sweet Miriam, secretly attend,
And for his death see who approacheth hither,
That once for all assured of his end,
His days and mine be consummate together;
It is some comfort to a wretch to die,
(If there be comfort in the way of death)
To have some friend or kind alliance by,
To be officious at the parting breath."
Thus she departs, oft stays, oft turneth back,
Looking about lest any one espy'd her,
Fain would she leave, that leaving she doth lack,
That in this sort so strangely doth divide her.
Unto what dame (participating kind)
My verse her sad perplexity shall show,
That in a soft'ned and relenting mind
Finds not a true touch of that mother's woe?
Yet all this while full quietly it slept,
(Poor little brat incapable of care)
Which by that powerful Providence is kept,
Who doth this child for better days prepare.
See here an object utterly forlorn,
Left to destruction as a violent prey,
Whom man might judge accursed to be born,
To dark oblivion moulded up in clay,
That man of might in after-times should be
(The bounds of frail mortality that brake)
Which that Almighty gloriously should see,
When he in thunder on mount Sinai spake. [fair,

Now Pharaoh's daughter, Termuth, young and
With such choice maidens as she favour'd most,
Needs would abroad to take the gentle air,
Whilst the rich year his braveries seem'd to boast;
Softly she walks down to the secret flood,
Through the calm shades most peaceable and quiet,
In the cool streams to check the pamper'd blood,
Stirr'd with strong youth and their delicious diet;
Such as the princess, such the day address,
As though provided equally to pair her,
Either in other fortunately blest,
She by the day, the day by her made fairer,
Both in the height and fulness of their pleasure,
As to them both some future good divining,
Holding a steady and accomplish'd measure,
This in her perfect clearness, that in shining;
The very air to emulate her meekness,
Strove to be bright and peaceable as she,
That it grew jealous of that sudden sleekness,
Fearing it after otherwise might be.
And if the fleet wind by some vigorous gale
Seem'd to be mov'd, and patiently to chide her,
It was as angry with her lawny veil,
That from his sight it enviously should hide her:
And now approaching to the flowery mead
Where the rich summer curiously had dight her,
Which seem'd in all her jollity arrayd,
With nature's cost and pleasures to delight her:
See this most blessed! this unusual hap!
She the small basket sooner should espy,
That the child wak'd, and missing of his pap,
As for her succour instantly did cry;
Forth of the flags she caus'd it to be taken,
Calling her maids this orphanet to see,
Much did she joy an innocent forsaken
By her from peril privileg'd might be:
This most sweet princess, pitiful and mild,
Soon on her knee unswathes it as her own,
Found for a man, so beautiful a child,
Might for an Hebrew easily be known:
Nothing the care in dressing it bestow'd,
Each thing that fitted gentleness to wear,
Judg'd the sad parents this lost infant ow'd,
Were as invulgar as their fruit was fair.
Saith she, "My mind not my way suggests
An unchaste womb these lineaments hath bred,
For thy fair brow apparently contests
The current stamp of a clean nuptial bed:"
She nam'd it Moses, which in time might tell
(For names do many mysteries expound)
When it was young the chance that it befel,
How by the water strangely it was found.
Calling which women that Egyptians were,
Once to the teat his lips he would not lay,
As though offended with her sullied fear,
Seeming as still to turn his head away.

The little girl that near at hand did lurk,
(Thinking this while she tarried but too long)
Finding these things so happily to work,
Kindly being crafty, wise as she was young,
"Madam," saith she, "will't please you I provide
A nurse to breed the infant you did find,
There is an Hebrew dwelling here beside,
I know can do it fitly to your mind:
For a right Hebrew if the infant be,
(As well produce you instances I can,
And by this child as partly you may see)
It will not suck of an Egyptian."
The courteous princess offered now so fair,
That which before she earnestly desir'd,
That of her foundling had a special care,
The girl to fetch her instantly requir'd.
Away the girl goes, doth her mother tell
What favour God hath to her brother shown,
And what else in this accident befel,
That she might now be nurse unto her own.
Little it boots to bid the wench to ply her,
Nor the kind mother hearken to her son,
Nor to provoke her to the place to hie her,
Which seem'd not now on earthly feet to run:

Slow to herself yet hasting as she flew,
(So fast affection forward did her bear)
As though forewafted with the breath she drew,
Borne by the force of nature and of fear,
Little the time, and little is the way,
And for her business either's speed doth crave,
Yet in her haste bethinks her what to say,
And how herself in presence to behave:
Slack she'll not seem, lest to another's trust
Her hopeful charge were happily directed,
Nor yet too forward show herself she must,
Lest her sweet fraud thereby be suspected:
Com'n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,
And every joint incessantly doth tremble,
Gladness and fear each other so confound,
So hard a thing for mothers to dissemble.
Saith this sweet Termuth, "Well I like thy beauty,
Nurse me this child (if it thy state behove)
Although a prince I'll not enforce thy duty,
But pay thy labour, and reward thy love:
Though even as God's, is Pharoah's high command,
And as strong nature so precise and strict,
There rests that power yet in a princess' hand,
To free one Hebrew from this strong edict:
That shall in rich habiliments be dight,
Deck'd in the gems that admirablest shine,
Wearing our own robe gracious in our sight,
Free in our court, and nourished for mine:
Love him, dear Hebrew, as he were thine own;
Good nurse, be careful of my little boy,
In this to us thy kindness may be shown,
Some mother's grief is now a maiden's joy."

This while all mute, the poor astonish'd mother,
With admiration as transpierced stood,
One bursting joy doth so confound another,
Passion so powerful in her ravish'd blood,
Whisp'ring some soft words which deliver'd were,
As rather seem'd her silence to impart,
And being inform'd from bashfulness and fear,
Came as true tokens of a graceful heart.
Thus she departs her husband to content,
With this dear present back to him she brought,
Making the time short, telling each event,
In all shapes joy presented to her thought.
Yet still his manly modesty was such,
(That his affections strongly so control'd)
As if joy seem'd his manly heart to touch,
It was her joy and gladness to behold;
When all rejoic'd unmov'd thereat the whiles,
In his grave face such constancy appears,
As now scarce showing comfort in his smiles,
Nor then revealing sorrow in his tears:
Yet oft beheld it with that stedfast eye,
Which though it 'sdain'd the pleas'dness to confess,
More in his looks in fulness there did lie,
Than all their words could any way express.

In time the princess playing with the child [2],
In whom she seem'd her chief delight to take,
With whom she oft the weary time beguil'd,
That as her own did of this Hebrew make:
It so fell out as Pharoah was in place,
Seeing his daughter in the child to joy,
To please the princess, and to do it grace,
Himself vouchsafes to entertain the boy:
Whose shape and beauty when he did behold,
With much content his princely eye that fed,
Giving to please it any thing it would,
Set his own crown upon the infant's head,
Which this weak child regarding not at all
(As such a baby carelessly is meet)
Unto the ground the diadem let fall,
Spurning it from him with neglectful feet.
Which as the priests beheld this ominous thing,
(That else had pass'd unnoted as a toy)
As from their skill report unto the king,
This was the man that Egypt should destroy.
Told by the Magi that were learn'd and wise,
Which might full well the jealous king inflame,
Said by th' Egyptian ancient prophecies
That might give credit ear'lier to the same.
She as discreet as she was chaste and fair,
With princely gesture, and with countenance mild,
By things that hurtful and most dangerous were,
Shows to the king the weakness of the child:
Hot burning coals doth to his mouth present,
Which he to handle simply doth not stick,
This little fool, this ratchless innocent
The burning gleed with his soft tongue doth lick:
Which though in Pharaoh her desire it wrought,
His babish imbecility to see,
To the child's speech impediment it brought,
From which he never after could be free.

The child grew up, when in his manly face
Beauty was seen in an unusual clear,
Such mixtures sweet of comeliness and grace,
Likely apparel'd in complexion clear.
The part of Earth contends with that of Heaven,
Both in their proper purity excelling,
To whether more preheminence was given,
Which should excel, the dweller or the dwelling.
Man's usual stature he did far exceed,
And every part proportioned so well,
The more the eye upon his shape did feed,
The more it long'd upon the same to dwell:
Each joint such perfect harmony did bear,
That curious judgment taking any limb,
Searching might miss to match it any where,
Nature so fail'd in paralleling him:
His hair bright yellow, on an arched brow
Sat all the beauties kind could ever frame,
And did them there so orderly bestow,
As such a seat of majesty became.
As time made perfect each exterior part,
So still his honour with his years increas'd,
That he sat lord in many a tender heart:
With such high favours his fair youth was blest'd.

So fell it out that Æthiop war began,
Invading Egypt with their armed powers,
And taking spoils, the country over-ran
To where as Memphis vaunts her climbing towers;
Wherefore they with their oracles confer
About th' event, which do this answer make:
That if they would transport this civil war,
They to their captain must an Hebrew take.
And for fair Moses happily was grown
Of so great towardness and especial hope,
Him they do choose as absolutest known,
To lead their power against the Æthiops.
Which they of Termuth hardly can obtain,
Though on their altars by their gods they vow
Him to deliver safe to her again,
(Once the war ended) safe as he was now.
Who for the way the army was to pass,
That by th' Egyptians only was intended,
Most part by water, more profitless was
Than present peril any whit commended:
To intercept the Æthiopians wrought
A way far nearer who their legions led,

[2] Josephus. Pet. Comestor.

Which till that time inpeasable was thought,
Such store of serpents in that place was bred:
Devis'd by birds this danger to eschew,
Whereof in Egypt be exceeding store,
The stork, and ibis, which he wisely knew,
All kinds of serpents naturally abhor.
Which he in baskets of Egyptian reed,
Borne with his carriage easily doth convey,
And where incampeth sets them forth to feed;
Which drive the serpents presently away.
Thus them preventing by this subtle course,
That all their succour suddenly bereft,
When Æthiop flies before th' Egyptian force,
Shut up in Saba their last refuge left. [long,
Which whilst with strait siege they beleagued
The king's fair daughter haps him to behold [1],
And became fetter'd with affection strong,
Which in short time could hardly be control'd.
Tarbis that kindled this rebellious rage,
That they to Egypt tributary were,
When the old king decrepit now with age,
She in his stead the sovereignty did bear.
Up to his tower where she the camp might see,
To look her new love every day she went,
And when he happen'd from the field to be,
She thought her blest beholding but his tent;
And oftentimes doth modestly inveigh
'Gainst him the city walled first about,
That the strong sight should churlishly deny
Him to come in, or her for passing out,
Had the gates been but soften'd as her breast
(That to behold her loved enemy stands)
He had ere this of Saba been possess'd,
And therein planted the Egyptian bands:
Oft from a place as secretly she might
(That from her palace look'd unto his tent)
When she came forth appearing in his sight,
Showing by signs the love to him she meant.
For in what arms it pleas'd him to be dight,
After the Hebrew or th' Egyptian guise:
He was the bravest, the most goodly wight
That ever graced Æthiop with his eyes.
And finding means to parley from a place
By sight, her passion doth to him discover,
To yield the city if he would embrace
Her a true princess, as a faithful lover.
The features of so delicate a dame
Motives sufficient to his youth had been,
But to be lord of kingdoms by the same,
And of so great and absolute a queen.
Soon gently stole him from himself away,
That doth to him such rarities partake,
Off'ring so rich, so excellent a prey,
Loving the treason for the traytor's sake.
But whilst he lived in this glorious vein,
Israel his conscience oftentimes doth move,
That all this while in Egypt did remain,
Virtue and grace o'er coming youth and love.
And though God knows unwilling to depart,
From so high empire wherein now he stood,
And her that sat so near unto his heart,
Such power hath Israel in his happy blood,
By skill to quit him forcibly he wrought,
As he was learn'd and traded in the stars,
Both by the Hebrews and th' Egyptians taught,
That were the first, the best astronomers,
Two sundry figures makes [4], whereof the one
Cause them that wear it all things past forget,

As th' other of all accidents foregone
The memory as eagerly do whet,
Which he insculped in two likely stones,
For rareness of invaluable price,
And cunningly contriv'd them for the nones
In likely rings of excellent device:
That of oblivion giving to his queen,
Which soon made show the violent effect,
Forgot him straight as he had never been,
And did her former kindnesses neglect.
The other (that doth memory assist)
Him with the love of Israel doth enflame;
Departing thence not how the princess wist,
In peace he leaves her as in war he came.
But all the pleasures of the Egyptian court
Had not such power upon his springing years,
As had the sad and tragical report
Of the rude burdens captiv'd Israel bears:
Nor what regards he to be grac'd of kings?
Or flatter'd greatness idly to await?
Or what respects he the negotiating
Matters comporting emperie and state?
The bondage and servility that lay
On buried Israel (sunk in ordurous slime)
His grieved spirit down heavily doth weigh,
That to lean care oft lest the prosperous time.
A wretched Hebrew happen'd to behold,
Bruis'd with sad burdens without all remorse,
By an Egyptian barb'rously control'd,
Spurning his pin'd and miserable corse,
Which he beholding vexed as he stood,
His fair veins swelling with impatient fire,
Pity and rage so wrestled in his blood
To get free passage to conceived ire,
Rescuing the man th' Egyptian doth resist:
(Which from his vile hands forcibly he took)
And by a strong blow with his valiant fist,
His hateful breath out of his nostrils struck,
Which though his courage boldly dare aver,
In the proud power of his imperious hand,
Yet from high honour deigneth to inter
The wretched carcase in the smould'ring sand;
Which then suppos'd in secret to be wrought,
Yet still hath envy such a jealous eye,
As forth the same incontinent it sought,
And to the king deliver'd by and by,
Which soon gave vent to Pharoah's cover'd wrath,
Which till this instant reason did confine,
Opening a straight way, and apparent path
Unto that great and terrible design:
Most for his safety forcing his retreat
When now affliction every day did breed,
And when revengeful tyranny did threat
The greatest horrour to the Hebrew seed;
To Midian now his pilgrimage he took,
Midian Earth's only paradise for pleasures,
Where many a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
Thro' the sweet vallies trip in wanton measures,
Where as the curl'd groves and the flow'ry fields
To his free soul so peaceable and quiet,
More true delight and choice contentment yields
Than Egypt's braveries and luxurious diet:
And wandering long he happen'd on a well,
Which he by paths frequented might espy,
Border'd with trees where pleasure seem'd to dwell,
Where to repose him, eas'ly down doth lie:
Where the soft winds did mutually embrace
In the cool arbours Nature there had made,
Fanning their sweet breath gently in his face,
Thro' the calm cincture of the sun'rous shade:

[1] Comester. [4] Comester ex vet. script.

Till now it nigh'd the noon-stead of the day,
When scorching heat the gadding herds do grieve,
When shepherds now and herdsmen every way
Their thirsting cattle to the fountain drive:
Amongst the rest seven shepherdesses went
Along the way for watering of their sheep,
Whose eyes him seemed such reflection sent,
As made the flocks even white that they did keep!
Girls that so goodly and delightful were,
The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,
Winter was as the spring-time of the year,
The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew:
Daughters they were unto a holy man,
(And worthy too of such a sire to be)
Jethro the priest of fertile Median,
Few found so just, so righteous men as he.
But see the rude swain, the untutor'd slave,
Without respect or rev'rence to their kind,
Away their fair flocks from the water drave,
Such is the nature of the barb'rous hind.
The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,
Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem,
Were in his presence discontent thereat,
Whom he perhaps improvident might deem;
Which he perceiving kindly doth entreat,
Reproves the rustics for that offer'd wrong,
Averring it an injury too great,
To such, of right, all kindness did belong.
But finding well his oratory fail,
His fists about him frankly he bestows,
That where persuasion could not late prevail,
He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.
Entreats the damsels their abode to make,
With courtly semblance and a manly grace,
At their fair pleasures quietly to take,
What might be had by freedom of the place.
Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,
Exceeding these, the honour of his mind,
For what in mortal could their hearts desire,
That in this man they did not richly find?
Returning sooner than their usual hour,
All that had happen'd to their father told,
That such a man reliev'd them by his power,
As one all civil courtesy that could:
Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,
Of his behaviour greatly pleas'd to hear,
Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,
To honour him by whom his honour'd were:
Gently receives him to his goodly seat,
Feasts him his friends and families among,
And him with all those offices entreat,
That to his place and virtues might belong:
Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,
Wherein wise nature her own skill admires,
He feeds those secret and implercing flames,
Nurs'd in fresh youth, and gotten in desires:
Won with this man this princely priest to dwell,
For greater hire than bounty could devise,
For her whose praise makes praise itself excel,
Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise.
In her, her sisters severally were seen,
Of every one she was the rarest part,
Who in her presence any time had been,
Her angel-eye transpierced not his heart.
For Zipora a shepherd's life he leads,
And in her sight deceives the subtile hours,
And for her sake oft robs the flow'ry meads,
With those sweet spoils t' enrich her rural bowers.
Up to mount Horeb with his flock he took,
The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep,
Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook;
Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep:
To feed and fold full warily he knew,
From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free;
The goodliest flowers that in the meadows grew
Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.
Gently his fair flocks leasow'd he along
Through the frim pastures freely at his leisure,
Now on the hills, the vallies then among,
Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure.
Whilst feather'd silvans from each blooming sprays
With murm'ring waters wistly as they creep,
Make him such music, to abridge the way,
As fits a shepherd company to keep.
When lo! that great and fearful God of might
To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,
In a bush burning visible and bright,
Yet unconsuming as no fire there were:
With hair erected and upturned eyes,
Whilst he with great astonishment admires,
Lo! that eternal Rector of the skies,
Thus breathes to Moses from those quick'ning fires:
"Shake off thy sandals," saith the thund'ring God,
"With humbled feet my wond'rous power to see;
For that the soil where thou hast boldly trod,
Is most select and hallow'd unto me:
The righteous Abraham for his God me knew,
Isaac and Jacob trusted in my name,
And did believe my covenant was true,
Which to their seed shall propagate the same:
My folk that long in Egypt had been barr'd,
Whose cries have enter'd Heaven's eternal gate,
Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
Kneeling in tears at our eternal state;
And am come down them in the land to see,
Where streams of milk thro' betful valleys flow,
And luscious honey dropping from the tree
Load the full flowers that in their shadows grow:
By thee my power am purposed to try,
That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews bring,
Bearing that great and fearful embassy
To that monarchal and imperious king.
And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,
When thou returnest from that conquer'd land,
Thou hallow'd altars unto me shalt light,
This for a token certainly shall stand."
"O! who am I!" this wond'rous man replies,
"A wretched mortal, that I should be sent,
And stand so clear in thine eternal eyes,
To do a work of such astonishment!"
And trembling now with a transfixed heart,
Humbling himself before the Lord, quoth he,
"Who shall I tell the Hebrews that thou art,
That giv'st this large commission unto me?"
"Say," quoth the spirit from that impetuous flame,
"Unto the Hebrews asking thee of this,
That 'twas, I AM; which only is my name,
God of their fathers; so my title is:
Divert thy course to Goshen then again,
And to divulge it constantly be bold,
And their glad ears attractively retain,
With what, at Sinai, Abraham's God hath told:
And tell great Pharoah, that the Hebrews' God
Commands from Egypt that he set you free,
Three journies thence in deserts far abroad
To offer hallow'd sacrifice to me:
But he refusing to dismiss you so,
On that proud king I'll execute such force,
As never yet came from the sling, the bow,
The keen-edg'd curt'lax or the puissant hoods

" But if th' afflicted miserable sort,
To idle incredulity inclin'd,
Shall not," quoth Moses, " credit my report,
That thou to me hast so great power assign'd."
" Cast down," quoth God, " thy wand unto the [ground."
Which he obeying fearfully, behold
The same a serpent suddenly was found,
Itself contorting into many a fold.
With such amazement Moses doth surprise,
With cold convulsions shrinking every vein,
That his affrighted and uplifted eyes,
Even shot with horrour, sink into his brain.
But being encourag'd by the Lord to take
The ugly tail into his trembling hand,
As from a dream he suddenly doth wake,
When at the instant it became a wand.
By the same hand into his bosom shut,
Whose eyes his wither'd leprosy abhorr'd,
When forth he drew it, secondly being put,
Unto the former purity restor'd.
These signs he gives this sad admiring man,
Which he the weak incredulous should show,
When this frail mortal freshly now began
To forge new causes, why unfit to go?
Egypt accusing to have done him wrong,
Scantling that bounty nature had bestow'd,
Which had well-near depriv'd him of his tongue,
Which to this office chiefly had been ow'd:
When he whose wisdom nature must obey,
In whose resistance reason weakly fails,
To whom all human instances give way,
'Gainst whom not subtil argument prevails,
Thus doth remove this idle vain excuse,
" Who made the mouth? who th' eye? or who the [ear?
Or who deprives those organs of their use?
That thou thy imbecility should'st fear?
Thy brother Aaron cometh unto thee,
Which as thy speaker purposely I bring,
To whom thyself even as a god shall be,
And he interpret to th' Egyptian king.
That when he at thy miracles shall wonder,
And wan with fear shall tremble at thy rod,
To feel his power that sways the dreadful thunder,
That is a jealous and a fearful God.
Then shall mine ownself purchase me renown,
And win me honour by my glorious deed
On all the Pharoahs on th' Egyptian throne,
That this proud mortal ever shall succeed."

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Moses doth his message bring,
Acts miracles before the king,
With him the Magi do contend,
Which he doth conquer in the end,
When by th' extenture of the wand
He brings ten plagues upon the land,
And in despite of Pharoah's pride,
From Goshen doth the Hebrews guide.

When now from Midian Moses forward set,
With whom his wife and fair retinue went,
Where on his way him happily hath met
His brother Aaron to the Lord's intent,
And to the Hebrews in th' impatient band
Of mighty Egypt all his power implies,
And as the Lord expressly did command,
Acteth his wonders in their pleased eyes.
Those miracles mortality beholds
With an astonish'd and distracted look,
The mind that so amazedly enfolds,
That every sense the faculty forsook,
The little infant with abundant joy,
To man's estate immediately is sprung,
And though the old man could not back turn boy,
Casts half his years so much becoming young,
Whilst mirth in fulness measureth every eye,
Each breast is heap'd up with excess of pleasure,
Rearing their spread hands to the glorious sky,
Gladly embracing the Almighty's leisure.
These Hebrews ent'ring the Egyptian court,
Their great commission publicly proclaim,
Which there repulsed as a slight report,
Doth soon denounce defiance to the same.
Where now these men their miracles commend,
By which their power precisely might be try'd,
And Pharoah for his sorcerers doth send,
By them the Hebrews only to deride.
Where Heaven must now apparently transcend
Th' infernal powers imperiously to thwart,
And the bright perfect Deity contend
With abstruse magic and fallacious art.
Never was so miraculous a strife
Where admiration ever so abounded,
Where wonders were so prodigally rife,
That to behold it nature stood confounded.
Casting his rod a serpent that became,
Which he suppos'd with marvel them might strike,
When every priest assaying in the same,
By his black skill did instantly the like:
Which Pharoah's breast with arrogance doth fill,
Above the high God's to exalt his power,
When by his power (t' amate their weaker skill)
The Hebrew's rod doth all their rods devour:
Which deed of wonder slightly he rejects,
His froward spirit insatiately elate,
Which after caus'd those violent effects
That sate on Egypt with the power of fate.
When he whose wisdom ere the world did fare,
From whom not counsel can her secrets hide,
Forewarneth Moses early to prepare
T' accost the proud king by the river's side.
What heavenly rapture doth enrich my brain,
And through my blood extravagantly flows,
That doth transport me to that endless main,
Whereas th' Almighty his high glories shows?
That holy heat into my spirit infuse,
Wherewith thou wont'st thy prophets to inspire,
And lend that power to our delightful Muse,
As dwelt in sounds of that sweet Hebraic lyre.
A task unusual I must now assay,
Striving through peril to support this mass,
No former foot did ever tract a way,
Where I propose unto myself to pass.
When Moses meeting the Egyptian king,
Urgeth afresh the Israelites' depart,
And him by Aaron stoutly menacing,
To try the temper of his stubborn heart.
When lo! the torrent, the fleet hurrying flood[1]
So clear and perfect crystaline at hand,
As a black lake or settled marish stood
At the extenture of the Hebrew's wand.

[1] The first plague.

Where segs, rank bulrush, and the sharpen'd reed,
That with the fluxure of the wave is fed,
Might be discern'd unnaturally to bleed,
Dying their fresh green to a sullied red:
Like issuing ulcers every little spring,
That being ripen'd void the filthy core,
Their loathsome slime and matter vomiting
Into the rivers they enrich'd before:
What in her banks hath batt'ning Nilus bred,
Serpent, or fish, or strange deformed thing,
That on her bosom she not beareth dead,
Where they were born them lastly burying?
That bird and beast incontinently fly
From the detested and contagious stink,
And rather choose by cruel thirst to die,
Than once to taste of this contaminate drink;
And useful cisterns delicately fill'd,
With which rich Egypt wondrously abounds,
Looking as bowls receiving what was spill'd
From mortal and immedicable wounds.
That the faint earth even poison'd now remains,
In her ownself so grievously dejected,
Horrid pollution traveling her veins,
Desp'rate of cure, so dangerously infected
The spongy soil, that digging deep and long
To suck clear liquor from her plenteous pores,
This bloody issue breaketh out among,
As sickly menstruas or inveterate sores:
Seven days continuing in this flux of blood,
Sadly sits Egypt a full week of woe,
Shame taints the brow of every stew and flood;
Blushing, the world her filthiness to show.
Yet 'stains proud Pharoah Israel thus to free,
Nor this dire plague his harden'd heart can tame,
Which he suppos'd but fallacies to be,
When his magicians likewise did the same.
When he again that glorious rod extends
'Gainst him that Heaven presumeth thus to dare:
On Egypt soon a second plague[2] that sends,
Which he till now seem'd partially to spare
The soil, that late the owner did enrich
Him his fair herds and goodly flocks to feed,
Lies now a leystall, or a common ditch,
Where in their todder loathly paddocks breed,
Where as the upland mountainous and high
To them that sadly do behold it shows,
As though in labour with this filthy fry,
Stirring with pain in the parturious throes:
People from windows looking to the ground,
At this stupendous spectacle amaz'd,
See but their sorrow every where abound,
That most abhorring whereon most they gaz'd.
Their troughs and ovens toadstools now become,
That housewives wont so carefully to keep,
These loathsome creatures taking up the room,
And croaking there continually do creep.
And as great Pharoah on his throne is set,
From thence affrighted with his odious thing,
Which crawling up into the same doth get,
And him deposing sitteth as a king.
The wearied man his spirits that to refresh
Gets to his bed to free him from his fear,
Scarce laid but feels them at his naked flesh,
So small the succour that remaineth there.
No court so close to which the speckled toad
By some small cranny creeps not by and by,
No tower so strong, nor natural abode,
To which for safety any one might fly.

[2] The second plague.

Egypt now hates the world her so should call,
Of her ownself so grievously asham'd,
And so contemned in the eyes of all,
As but in scorn she scarcely once is nam'd.
When this prophane king with a wounded heart
(His Magi though these miracles could do)
Sees in his soul one greater than their art,
Above all power, that put a hand thereto:
But as these plagues and sad afflictions cess'd
At the just prayer of this mild godlike man,
So Pharoah's pride and stubbornness encreas'd,
And his lewd course this headstrung mortal ran.
Which might have surelier settled in his mind,
(At his request which Moses quickly slew,
Leaving a stench so pestilent behind)
As might preserve old sorrows freshly new.
But stay, my Muse, in height of all this speed,
Somewhat plucks back to quench this sacred heat,
And many perils doth to us areed
In that whereof we seriously entreat,
Lest too concise injuriously we wrong
Things that such state and fearfulness impart,
Or led by zeal irregularly long,
Infringe the curious liberties of art,
We that calumnious critic may eschew,
That blasteth all things with his poison'd breath,
Detracting what laboriously we do,
Only with that which he but idly saith.
O be our guide, whose glories now we preach,
That above books must steer us in our fate,
For never ethnic to this day did teach,
(In this) whose method we may imitate.
When now these men of miracle proceed,
And by extending of that wondrous wand,
As that resistless Providence decreed,
Thereby bring lice[3] on the distemper'd land:
All struck with lice so numberless they lie,
The dust grown quick in every place doth creep,
The sands their want do secondly supply,
As they at length would suffocate the deep:
That th' atomi that in the beams appear,
As they the Sun through crannies shining see,
The form of those detested things do bear,
So miserable the Egyptians be:
Who rak'd the brands the passed evening burn'd,
(As is the use the morning fire to keep),
To these foul vermin finds the ashes turn'd,
Covering the earth, so thick thereon they creep.
Now prince and peasant equally are drest,
The costliest silks and coarsest rags alike,
The worst goes now companion with the best,
The hand of God so generally doth strike.
The king's pavillion and the captive's pad
Are now in choice indifferent unto either,
Great, small, fair, foul, rich, poor, the good and bad,
Do suffer in this pestilence together.
In vain to cleanse, in vain to purge and pick,
When every mote that with the breath doth rise,
Forthwith appeareth venomously quick,
Although so small scarce taken with the eyes,
By which his wisdom strongly doth prevail,
When this self-wise, this overweening man,
Even in the least, the slightest thing doth fail,
The very beggar absolutely can;
When now these wizards with transfixed hearts
To make his glory by the same the more,
Confess a godhead shining through their arts,
Which by their magics they deny'd before.

[3] The third plague.

Yet this proud Pharoah as oppugning fate,
Still doth resist that majesty so high,
And to himself doth yet appropriate
A supreme power his godhead to deny:
When from his wilful stubbornness doth grow
That great amazement to all ears and eyes,
When now the Lord by Aaron's rod will show
His mighty power even in the wretched'st flies[4]:
Varying his vengeance in as many kinds,
As Pharoah doth his obstinacies vary,
Suiting their plagues so fitly with their minds,
As though their sin his punishments did carry.
In summer time as in a evening fair,
The gnats are heard in a tumultuous sound
On tops of hills, so troubled is the air
To the disturbance of the wondering ground.
The skies are darken'd as they yet do hover
In so gross clouds congested in their flight,
That the whole land with multitudes they cover,
Stopping the streams as generally the light.
O cruel land, might these not yet thee move?
Art thou alone so destitute of fear?
Or dost thou mean thy utmost to approve
How many plagues thou able art to bear?
Three have fore-threaten'd thy destruction sure,
And now the fourth is following on as fast,
Dost thou suppose thy pride can still endure?
Or that his vengeance longer cannot last?
These are as weak and worthless as the rest,
Thou much infeebled, and his strength is more,
Fitly prepar'd thee sadly to infest,
Thy sins so many, by their equal store.
This wretched creature, man might well suppose
To be the least that he had need to fear,
Amongst the rest is terrify'd with those
With which before none ever troubled were.
As we behold a swarming cast of bees
In a swoln cluster to some branch to cleave:
Thus do they hang in branches on the trees,
Pressing each plant, and loading ev'ry greave.
The houses cover'd with these must'ring flies,
And the fair windows that for light were made,
Eclips'd with horrour, seeming to their eyes
Like the dim twilight, or some ominous shade.
For human food what Egypt had in store,
The creatures feed on, till they bursting die,
And what in this unhappy land was more,
Their loathsome bodies lastly putrify.
O goodly Goshen, where the Hebrews rest,
How dear thy children in th' Almighty's sight,
That for their sakes thou only should'st be blest,
When all these plagues on the Egyptians light?
What promis'd people rested thee within,
To whom no peril ever might aspire,
For whose dear sake some watchful cherubin
Stood to defend thee arm'd in glorious fire?
Thou art that holy sanctuary made,
Where all th' afflicted cast aside their fear,
Whose privileges ever to invade,
The Heavens command their horrours to forbear.
But since man's pride and insolence is such,
Nor by these plagues his will to pass could bring,
Now with a sharp and wounding hand will touch
The dearer body of each living thing:
To other ends his courses to direct,
By all great means his glory to advance,
Altereth the cause by altering the effect,
To work by wonder their deliverance.

As Aaron grasping ashes in his hand,
Which scarcely cast into the open air,
But brings a murrain over all the land,
With scabs and botches[5] such as never were.
What chews the cud, or hoof or horn allotted,
Wild in the fields, or tamed by the yoke,
With this contagious pestilence is rotted,
So universal's the Almighty's stroke.
The goodly horse of hot and fiery strain
In his high courage hardly brook'd his food,
That ditch or mound not lately could contain,
On the firm ground so scornfully that stood,
Crest-fall'n hange down his handly manag'd head,
Lies where but late disdainfully he trod,
His quick eye fixed heavily and dead,
Stirs not when prick'd with the impulsive goad.
The swine which nature secretly doth teach,
Only by fasting sickenesses to cure,
Now but in vain is to itself a leach,
Whose sudden end infallibly is sure.
Where frugal shepherds reckoning wool and lamb,
Or who by herds hop'd happily to win,
Now sees the young-one perish with the dam,
Nor dare his hard hand touch the poison'd skin.
Those fertile pastures quickly over-spread
With their dead cattle, where the birds of prey
Gorg'd on the garbage (woefully bestead)
Poison'd fall down as they would fly away.
And hungry dogs the tainted flesh refrain'd,
Whereon their master gormandiz'd of late,
What nature for man's appetite ordain'd,
The creature that's most ravenous doth hate.
Thus all that breathes and kindly hath increase,
Suffer for him that proudly did offend,
Yet in this manner here it shall not cease[6],
In beasts begun, in wretched man to end.
To whom it further violently can,
Not by th' Almighty limited to slake,
As beasts is plagued for rebellious man,
Man in some measure must his pain partake.
Those dainty breasts that open'd lately were,
Which with rich veins so curiously did flow,
With boils and blains most loathsome do appear,
Which now the damsel not desires to show.
Features disfigur'd only now the fair,
(All are deformed) most ill-favour'd be,
Where beauty was most exquisite and rare,
There the least blemish eas'li'st you might see.
For costly garments fashion'd with device
To form each choice part curious eyes to please,
The sick man's gown is only now in price,
To give their blotch'd and blister'd bodies ease.
It is in vain the surgeon's hand to prove,
Or help of physic to assuage the smart,
For why, the power that ruleth from above
Crossing all means of industry and art.
Egypt is now an hospital forlorn,
Where only cripples and diseased are,
How many children to the world are born,
So many lazars thither still repair.
When those proud Magi as oppos'd to fate,
That durst high Heaven in every thing to dare,
Now in most vile and miserable state
As the mean'st caitiff equally do fare.
Thus stands that man so eminent alone,
Arm'd with his power that governeth the sky,
Now when the wizards lastly overthrown,
Groveling in sores before his feet do lie.

[4] The fourth plague.

[5] The fifth plague. [6] The sixth plague.

Not one is found unpunished escapes
So much to do his hungry wrath to feed,
Which still appeareth in as many shapes
As Pharoah doth in tyrannies proceed.
Even as some grave wise magistrate to find [a]
Out some vile treason, or some odious crime,
That beareth every circumstance in mind,
Of place, of manner, instance, and of time:
That the suspected strongly doth arrest,
And by all means invention can devise
By hopes or torture out of him to wrest
The ground, the purpose, and confederacies,
Now slacks his pain, now doth the same augment,
Yet in his strait hand doth contain him still,
Proportioning his allotted punishment
As he's remoy'd or pliant to his will.
But yet hath Egypt somewhat left to vaunt,
What's now remaining may her pride repair,
But lest perhaps she should be arrogant,
Till she be humbled he will never spare.
These plagues seem yet but nourished beneath,
And even with man terrestrially to move,
Now Heaven his fury violently shall breath,
Rebellious Egypt scourging from above.
Winter let loose in his robustious kind [a]
Wildly runs raving through the airy plains,
As though his time of liberty assign'd
Roughly now shakes off his impris'ning chains.
The winds spit fire in one another's face,
And mingled flames fight furiously together,
Thro' the wild Heaven that one the other chase,
Now flying thence and then returning thither.
No light but lightning ceaselessly to burn
Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,
And being gone doth suddenly return
Ere you could say precisely that it was.
In one self moment darkness and the light
Instantly born, as instantly they die,
And every minute is a day and night
That breaks and sets in twinkling of an eye.
Mountain and valley suffer one self ire,
The stately tower and lowly cote alike,
The shrub and cedar this impartial fire
In one like order generally doth strike:
On flesh and plant this subtil lightning preys,
As through the pores its passage fitly finds,
In the full womb the tender burthen slays,
Piercing the stiff trunk through the spongy rinds.
Throughout this great and universal ball
The wrath of Heaven outrageously is thrown,
As the lights quick'ning and celestial
Had put themselves together into one.
This yet continuing, the big-bellied clouds
With heat and moisture in their fulness brake,
And the stern thunder from the airy shrouds
To the sad world in fear and horrour spake.
The black storm bellows and the yearning vault,
Full charg'd with fury as some signal given,
Preparing their artillery to assault,
Shoot their stern vollies in the face of Heaven.
The bolts new-wing'd with fork'd ethereal fire,
Through the vast region every where do rove,
Goring the earth in their imperious ire,
Pierce the proud'st building, rend the thickest grove.
When the breem hail as rising in degrees
Like ruffled arrows through the air doth sing,
Beating the leaves and branches from the trees,
Forcing an autumn earlier than the spring.
The birds late shrouded in their safe repair,
Where they were wont from winter's wrath to rest,
Left by the tempest to the open air,
Shot with cold bullets thro' the trembling breast.
Whilst cattle grazing on the batful ground,
Finding no shelter from the shower to hide,
In ponds and ditches willingly are drown'd,
That this sharp storm no longer can abide.
Windows are shiver'd to forgotten dust,
The slates fall shatter'd from the roof above,
Where any thing finds harbour from this gust,
Now even as death it feareth to remove.
The rude and most impenetrable rock
Since the foundation of the world was laid,
Never before stir'd with tempestuous shock,
Melts with this storm as sensibly afraid.
Never yet with so violent a hand,
A brow contracted and so full of fear,
God scourg'd the pride of a rebellious land,
Since into kingdoms nations gather'd were.
But he what mortal was there ever known,
So many strange afflictions did abide,
On whom so many miseries were thrown,
Whom Heaven so oft and angerly did chide?
Who but relenting Moses doth relieve,
Taking off that which oft on him doth light,
Whom God so oft doth punish and forgive,
Thereby to prove his mercy and his might.
So that eternal providence could frame
The means whereby his glory should be try'd,
That as he please, miraculously can tame
Man's sensual ways, his transitory pride.
But Pharoah bent to his rebellious will,
His hate to Israel instantly renews,
Continuing author of his proper ill,
When now the plagues of grass-hoppers ensues.
Long ere they fell [b], on th' face of Heaven they
In so vast clouds as covered all the skies, [hung,
Colouring the sun-beams piercing through their
With strange distraction to beholding eyes. [throng,
This idle creature that is said to sing
In wanton summer, and in winter poor,
Praising the emmet's painful labouring,
Now eats the labourer and the heaped store.
No blade of grass remaineth to be seen,
Weed, herb, nor flower, to which the spring gives
Yet ev'ry path, even barren hills are green, [birth,
With those that eat the greenness from the earth.
What is most sweet, what most extremely sour,
The loathsome hemloc as the vendurous rose,
These filthy locusts equally devour,
So do the Heavens of every thing dispose.
The trees all barkless nakedly are left,
Like people stript of things that they did wear,
By the enforcement of disastrous theft,
Standing as frighted with erected hair:
Thus doth the Lord her nakedness discover,
Thereby to prove her stoutness to reclaim,
That when nor fear nor pumishment could move her,
She might at length be tempted with her shame.
Disrob'd of all her ornaments she stands,
Wherein rich nature whilom did her dight,
That the sad verges of the neighbouring lands
Seem with much sorrow wond'ring at the sight.
But Egypt is so impudent and vile,
No blush is seen that pity might compel,
That from all eyes to cover her awhile,
The Lord in darkness leaveth her to dwell.

[a] A simile of God's justice. [b] The seventh plague. [c] The eighth plague.

Over the great and universal face [10]
Are drawn the curtains of the horrid night,
As it would be continually in place,
That from the world had banished the light.
As to the sight, so likewise to the touch
Th' appropriate object equally is dealt,
Darkness is now so palpable and much,
That as 'tis seen, as easily is felt.
Who now it happ'd to travel by the way,
Or in the field did chance abroad to roam;
Losing himself then wander'd as astray,
Nor finds his hostry nor returneth home.
The cock, the country horologe that rings
The chearful warning to the Sun's awake,
Missing the dawning, scantles in his wings,
And to his roost doth sadly him betake.
One to his neighbour in the dark doth call,
When the thick vapour so the air doth smother,
Making the voice so hideous therewithal,
That one's afraid to go unto the other.
The little infant for the mother shrieks,
Then lies it down astonished with fear,
Who for her child whilst in the dark she seeks,
Treads on the babe that she doth hold so dear.
Darkness so long upon the land doth dwell,
Whilst men amaz'd, the hours are stol'n away,
Erring in time that now there's none can tell
Which should be night, and which should be the day.
Three doubled nights the proud Egyptian lies
With hunger, thirst, and weariness opprest,
Only relieved by his miseries,
By fear enforced to forget the rest.
Those lights and fires they labour'd to defend,
With the foul damp that over all doth flow,
Such an eclipsed sullidness doth send,
That darkness far more terrible doth show:
When the perplexed and astonish'd king,
'Twixt rage and fear distracted in his mind,
Israel to pass now freely limiting,
Only their cattle to be staid behind.
Commanding Moses to depart his sight,
And from that time to see his face no more,
Which this mild man doth willingly acquite
That he well knew would come to pass before.
That for the droves the Israelites should leave,
Forbid by Pharoah to be borne away,
Israel shall Egypt of her store bereave,
To bear it with her as a violent prey.
So wrought her God in the Egyptians' thought,
As he is only provident and wise,
That he to pass for his choice people brought
More than man's wisdom ever might devise.
Touching their soft breasts with a wounding love
Of those who yet they enviously admir'd,
Which doth the happy Jacobites behove,
To compass what they instantly requir'd,
That every Hebrew borrow'd of a friend
Some special jewel feignedly to use,
Every Egyptian willing is to lend,
Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.
Now closets, chests, and cabinets are sought
For the rich gem, the rarity, or thing,
And they the happiest of the rest are thought,
That the high'st priz'd officiously could bring.
Rings, chains, and bracelets, jewels for the ear,
The perfect glorious, and most lustrous stone,
The carcanet so much requested there,
The pearl most orient, and a paragon.

[10] The ninth plague.

What thing so choice that curious art could frame,
Luxurious Egypt had not for her pride?
And what so rare an Israelite could name,
That he but asking was thereof deny'd?
When God doth now the passover command,
Whose name that sacred mystery doth tell,
That he pass'd o'er them with a spareful hand,
When all the first-born of th' Egyptians fell,
Which should to their posterity be taught,
That might for ever memorize his deed,
The fearful wonders he in Egypt wrought,
For Abraham's offspring, Sarah's promis'd seed.
A lamb unblemish'd, or a spotless kid,
That from the dam had weaned out a year,
Which he without deformity did bid,
Held to himself a sacrifice so dear.
Roasted and eaten with unleaven'd bread,
And with sour herbs such viands as became,
Meat for the ev'ning, that prohibited
The morn ensuing partner of the same:
Girding their loins, shoes fasten'd to their feet,
Staves in their hands, and passing it to take,
In manner as to travellers is meet,
A voyage forth immediately to make.
Whose blood being put upon the outmost posts,
Whereby his chosen Israelites he knew,
That night so dreadful when the Lord of hosts
All the first-born of the Egyptians slew [11].
Darkness invades the world, when now forth went
The spoiling angel as the Lord did will,
And where the door was not with blood besprent,
There the first-born he cruelly did kill.
Night never saw so tragical a deed,
Thing so replete with heaviness and sorrow,
Nor shall the day hereafter ever read
Such a black time as the ensuing morrow.
The dawn now breaking, and with open sight
When every lab'ring and affrighted eye
Beholds the slaughter of the passed night,
The parting plague protracted misery.
One to his neighbour hastes his heedless feet,
To bring him home his heavy chance to see,
And him he goes to by the way doth meet,
As grieved and as miserable as he.
Who out of door now hastily doth come,
Thinking to howl and bellow forth his woe,
Is for his purpose destitute of room,
Each place with sorrow doth so overflow.
People awaked with this sudden fright,
Run forth their doors, as naked as they be,
Forget the day, and bearing candle light
To help the Sun their miseries to see.
Who lost his first-born, ere this plague begun,
Is now most happy in this time of woe,
Who mourn'd his eld'st, a daughter or a son,
Is now exempt from what the rest must do.
To one that feigns poor comfort to his friend,
His child was young; and need the less be car'd,
Replies, if his had liv'd the other's end,
With all his heart he could him well have spar'd.
No eye can lend a mourning friend one tear,
So busy is the gen'ral heart of moan,
So strange confusion sits in every ear,
As wanteth power to entertain his own.
Imparted woe, the heavy heart's relief,
When it hath done the utmost that it may,
Outright is murder'd with a second grief,
To see one mute tell more than it can say:

[11] The tenth plague.

The greatest blessing that the heart could give,
The joy of children in the married state,
To see his curse the parent now doth live,
And none be happy but th' unfortunate.
Whilst some for burial of their children stay,
Others pass by with theirs upon the bier,
Which from the church meet mourners by the way,
Others they find that yet are burying there.
Afflicted London, in six hundred three,
When God thy sin so grievously did strike,
And from th' infection that did spring from thee,
The spacious isle was patient of the like.
That sickly season, when I undertook
This composition faintly to supply,
When thy affliction serv'd me for a book
Whereby to model Egypt's misery.
When pallid horrour did possess thy street,
Nor knew thy children refuge where to have,
Death them so soon in every place did meet,
Unpeopling houses to possess the grave.
When woful Egypt with a wounded heart
So many plagues that suffer'd for their stay,
Now on their knees entreat them to depart,
And even impatient of their long delay.
Six hundred thousand Israelites depart,
Besides the nations that they thence releas'd,
And Hebrew babes, the joy of many a heart,
That Sarah's happy promises had bless'd.
After four hundred thirty years expir'd,
(Measuring by minutes many a woful hour)
That day they came they thence again depart,
By his eternal providence and power.
With all the jewels Egypt could afford
With them away that wisely they did bear,
Th' Egyptians ask'd not to have back restor'd,
All them so busy at their burials were:
And Joseph's[15] bones precisely thence convey,
Whose tomb by Nile's oft inundations drown'd,
(Yet the deceased strictly to obey)
By Moses were miraculously found:
Who did in gold that powerful word[16] engrave,
By which th' Almighty fully is exprest,
Which bare the metal floating on the wave,
Till o'er his coffin lastly it did rest.
As by a sheep that show'd them to the same,
To make them mindful of the reverend dead,
Which beast thenceforth they call by Joseph's name,
And when they went from Egypt with them led.
But that he thus did find his burying place,
As we tradition wisely may suspect,
We only this as history embrace,
But else in faith as fabulous neglect.

[15] Commeter in Exod. [16] Tetragrammaton.

THE THIRD BOOK.

ARGUMENT.

God drowns th' Egyptians in his ire,
Doth marsh before his host in fire,
From the hard rocks strikes gushing springs,
Rains quails and manna, conquers kings,
And fearful plagues on them doth try,
For murm'ring and idolatry:
Unto the promis'd land them brought,
When it they forty years had sought;
Balaam to bless them he doth send,
Their good success, mild Moses' end.

THOSE which at home scorn'd Pharoah and his force,
And whose departure he did humbly pray,
He now pursues with his Egyptian horse
And warlike foot to spoil them on the way.
Where his choice people strongly to protect,
The only God of empire and of might,
Before his host his standard doth erect,
A glorious pillar in a field of light,
Which he by day in sable doth unfold,
To dare the Sun his ardour to forbear;
By night converts it into flaming gold,
Away the coldness of the same to fear:
Not by Philistia he his force will lead,
Though the far nearer and the happier way,
His men of war a glorious march shall tread
On the vast bowels of the bloody sea.
And sends the winds as couriers forth before,
To make them way from Pharoah's power to fly,
And to convey them to a safer shore;
Such is his might that can make oceans dry.
Which by the stroke of that commanding wand,
Shoulder'd the rough seas forcibly together,
Raised as ramparts by that glorious hand,
('Twixt which they march) that did conduct them thither.
The surly waves their ruler's will obey'd,
By him made up in this confused mass,
Like as an ambush secretly were laid,
To set on Pharoah as his power should pass.
Which soon with wombs insatiably wide,
Loos'd from their late bounds, by th' Almighty's power,
Come raging in, enclosing every side,
And the Egyptians instantly devour.
The sling, the stiff bow, and the sharpen'd lance,
Floating confus'dly on the waters rude,
They which these weapons lately did advance,
Perish in sight of them that they pursu'd.
Clashing of armours, and the rumorous sound
Of the stern billows in contention stood,
Which to the shores do every way rebound,
As doth affright the monsters of the flood.
Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms
On the rough seas his slaughtery to keep,
And his cold self in breath of mortals warms,
Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep.
There might you see a chequer'd ensign swim
About the body of the envy'd dead,
Serve for a hearse or coverture to him,
Ere while did waft it proudly 'bout his head:
The warlike chariot turn'd upon the back
With the dead horses in their traces ty'd,
Drags their fat carcase through the foamy brack,
That drew it late undauntedly in pride.
There floats the barb'd steed with his rider drown'd,
Whose foot in his caparison is cast,
Who late with sharp spurs did his courser wound,
Himself now ridden with his strangled beast.
The waters conquer (without help of hand)
For them to take for which they never toil,
And like a quarry cast them on the land,
As those they slew they left to them to spoil.
In eighty-eight at Dover that had been,
To view that navy, (like a mighty wood),
Whose sails swept Heaven, might easily there have seen,
How pulssant Pharoah perish'd in the flood.

What for a conquest strictly they did keep,
Into the channel presently was pour'd.
Castilian riches scatter'd on the deep,
That Spain's long hopes had suddenly devour'd.
Th' afflicted English rang'd along the strand,
To wait what would this threat'ning power betide,
Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
In his high justice scourg'd th' Iberian pride.
Hence three days' march to Mara leads them on,
Where Sur's wild deserts, as the army past,
Seemed as from their presence to have flown,
The mountains stood so miserably aghast.
Where for with drought they hardly are bested,
And the foul waters bitter as the gall,
That they should through this wilderness be led,
To thankless murm'ring presently they fall.
God pointeth Moses to a precious tree,
Whose med'c'nal branches cast into the lake,
Of that rare virtue he approv'd to be,
The waters sweet and delicate to make.
Not that his hand stands any way in need
Of meditate means his purposes to bring,
But that in state his wisdom will proceed
To show his power in every little thing.
Nor metaphysics fully him confine,
All measuring so immeasurably great,
That doth in nature every cause combine,
This ALL in him so amply hath receate.
Which might have learn'd them in this helpless case,
With tribulations willingly to meet,
When men with patience troubles do embrace,
How oftentimes it makes afflictions sweet.
And his free bounty fully now they found,
As they for Mara to mount Sinai made,
Pitching in Elim in that plenteous ground
Of pleasant fountains and delicious shade.
But as at Sur, so they again at Sin,
Before of thirst, of hunger now complain,
Wishing they might in Egypt still have been,
Where never famine all their time did reign.
When clouds of quails from the Arabian shore
Upon the camp immediately are sent,
Which came so long and in such marv'lous store,
That with their flight they smother'd every tent:
This glads the ev'ning, each unto his rest,
With souls even sated with these dainty cates,
And the great goodness of the Lord confest,
That in like measure each participates.
The morn strews manna all about the host,
(The meat of angels) mortals to refresh,
Candying the fresh grass, as the winter's frost,
Never such bread unto such dainty flesh.
O Israel! pamper'd with this heavenly food,
Which else to nations earthly he denies,
To raise thy spirits, to rectify thy blood,
With these so rare celestial purities.
Then the fat flesh-pots they so much desire,
Whereon in Egypt gluttoning they fed,
When they came hungry home from carrying mire,
Which only dulness and gross humours bred.
Yet in the sweetness and th' abundant store,
His power not so conclusively exprest,
But who took most not capable of more
Than in his gomer he that gather'd least.
By night corrupting, each day gathering new,
But for the sabbath what they did provide,
That day descended not that heavenly dew,
That as that day was only sanctify'd.
Thence through those deserts desolate and dry,
They reach to Raph'dem, where as they should pass,
There was not found a fountain far nor nigh,
Such want of water every where there was.
Thither the Lord by Moses did them bring,
His force the faithless Israelites might know,
For even in the impossiblest thing,
He most delights his wond'rous might to show.
Far worse than Mara is this fruitless soil,
For there were waters, (bitter though they were),
But here are none, tho' sought with ne'er such toil,
That they from murm'ring longer not forbear.
Commanding Moses he should take the rod,
Wherewith in Egypt he such wonders wrought,
For that most wise, that secret-seeing God,
Saw there were some thus reason'd in their thought.
The mystery of that miraculous wand
He did to plagues and fearful things imply,
That Aaron yet ne'er took it in his hand,
When work of mercy was achiev'd thereby.
Therefore bids Moses to his high intent,
The same to use, they visibly might see,
That this which erst had been the instrument
Of justice, so of clemency to be.
Which with a blow, the cleeves in sunder crackt,
As with an earthquake violently rent,
Whence came so strong and rough a cataract,
That in the stones wore gutters as it went.
The springs spout forth such plenty, that withal
Down the slope sides it violently swept,
So divers ways, so various in the fall,
Through every cranny the clear water crept.
In pails, kits, dishes, basons, pinboukes, bowls,
Their scorched bosoms merrily they baste,
Until this very hour their thirsty souls
Never touch'd water of so sweet a taste.
Scarcely suffic'd but in the very neck
Of this, 'tis bruted by the watchful post,
That the near-bord'ring envious Amalek
Was marching towards them with a mighty host.
When he forth Joshua from the rest doth draw,
A man selected, of courageous spirit,
Which Moses with prophetic eye foresaw,
Should be the man his room that should inherit.
Commanding him to muster out of hand,
And draw his forces presently to head,
Against that proud Amalekite to stand,
Which in the field a puissant army led.
Whilst on rock Horeb, with erected hand,
Bearing the rod up to the glorious sky,
'Twixt Hur and Aaron, Amram's son doth stand,
Whilst both the hosts for victory do try.
When blades are brandish'd, and the fight begun,
War's thund'ring horrour trumpets do proclaim,
With the reflection of the radiant Sun,
Seems to beholders as a general flame.
Much courage and dexterity that day
On either side sufficiently is shown,
And on the earth full many a soldier lay,
Thrusting through danger to make good his own.
Here men might see how many a strenuous guide
Striveth to make his enemy to bleed,
Now the fierce vaward, then the rereward ply'd,
As he perceiveth the battalions need.
They fight the full day, he the rod upheld,
But when his strength by long continuing fails,
Where as before the Israelites had quell'd,
The adverse proud Amalekite prevails.

Whilst the two Hebrews, provident of harms,
Setting grave Moses down upon a stone,
And by their force support his wearied arms,
Until the foe was lastly overthrown.
Jethro the just, to whom report had told
Th' achievements wrought by his renowned son,
That all the world did tributary hold,
By deeds in Egypt God by him had done:
This good old man, to consummate their joys,
In happy hour his son is come to see,
Bringing his wife and his two little boys,
Moses sent back to Midian safe to be:
Which by this time two proper youths are grown,
Bred by their grandsire with exceeding care,
In all the host there hardly could be shown
That with those boys for beauty could compare.
Such mirth and feasting as for them was seen,
For this grave father and this goodly dame,
Unto this day in Israel had not been,
Since to kind Joseph righteous Jacob came.
The day mild Moses scarcely can suffice
To tell this man the troubles they had past,
The wonders God had acted in their eyes,
Since they in Midian kindly parted last.
Jethro, that mark'd the pains that Moses took
In rising early, and in resting late,
That did himself into all causes look,
And in his person censure each debate:
This princely priest, a man exceeding wise,
And long experienc'd in this great affair,
(For at that time few states or monarchies
Whose government he could not well declare)
Reproves good Moses in this zealous deed:
Quoth he, "Methinks thou dost not well in this,
The course wherein I see thou dost proceed
Trouble to thee and to the people is.
Appoint out judges, and inferior courts,
'Twixt the plebeians and thyself to be,
From them receive those matters by report,
Speak thou to God, and let them speak to thee;
In things important be thou still in place,
In lesser causes leaving them to deal,
So may you both your quietness embrace,
By an exact and perfect commonweal."
Now when to Sinai they approached near,
God calls up Moses to the mount above,
And all the rest commandeth to forbear,
Nor from the bounds assign'd them to remove.
For who those limits loosely did exceed,
Which were by Moses mark'd them out beneath,
The Lord had irrevocably decreed
With darts or stones should surely die the death.
Where as the people, in a wondrous fright,
(With hearts transfixed even with frozen blood)
Beheld their leader openly in sight
Pass to the Lord, where he in glory stood.
Thunder and lightning led him down the air,
Trumpets celestial sounding as he came,
Which struck the people with astounding fear,
Himself invested in a splendorous flame.
Sinai before him fearfully doth shake,
Cover'd all over in a smould'ring smoke,
As ready the foundation to forsake,
On the dread presence of the Lord to look.
Erect your spirits, and lend attentive ear
To mark at Sinai what to you is said,
Weak Moses now you shall not simply hear,
The son of Amram and of Iacobed;
But He that Adam did imparadise,
And lent him comfort in his proper blood,
And saved Noah, that did the ark devise,
When the old world else perish'd in the flood,
To righteous Abraham Canaan frankly lent,
And brought forth Isaac so extremely late,
Jacob so fair and many children sent,
And rais'd chaste Joseph to so high estate;
He whose just hand plagu'd Egypt for your sake,
That Pharoah's power so scornfully did mock,
Way for his people through the sea did make,
Gave food from Heaven, and water from the rock.
Whilst Moses now in this cloud-cover'd hill
Full forty days his pure abode did make,
Whilst that great God, in his almighty will,
With him of all his ordinances brake.
The decalogue from which religion took
The being; sin and righteousness began
The different knowledge; and the certain book
Of testimony betwixt God and man.
The ceremonial as judicious laws,
From his high wisdom that receiv'd their ground,
Not to be alter'd in the smallest clause,
But as their Maker wondrously profound.
The composition of that sacred fane,
Which as a symbol curiously did shew,
What all his six days' workmanship contain,
Whose perfect model his own finger drew.
Whose absence thence gave leisure to their lust,
Oppugning Aaron, idols them to frame,
And by their power still strengthen this disgust,
In him denouncing the Almighty's flame.
A gold-made god how durst you ever name,
For him so long had led you from the sky,
In sight of Sinai crowned with a flame,
His glory thence residing in your eye?
Such things might melt mortality to see,
That even the very elements did fright,
He that in Egypt had perform'd for thee
What made the world amazed at his might.
Thy soul transpierced ne'er before thou felt'st,
But like a quarry it even clave thy breast,
Coming from Sinai when as thou beheld'st
Th' elected Israel kneeling to a beast.
Him sense forsook, his sinews strengthless are,
He came so much amazed therewithal,
The stoney tables slipp'd him unaware,
That with their own weight brake them in the fall.
Down this proud lump ambitiously he flung,
Into base dust dissolving it with fire,
That since they for variety did long,
They should thereby even surfeit their desire.
And sent the mineral through their hateful throats,
Whence late those horrid blasphemies did fly,
On bestial figures when they fell to doat
In prostitution to idolatry.
Now when this potion that they lately took,
This chymic medicine (their deserved fare)
Upon their beards and on their bosoms stuck,
He doth their slaughter presently prepare.
What's he himself to Levi could ally
Before this calf not sinfully did fall,
Girds not his broad blade to his sinewy thigh,
When he hears Moses unto arms to call?
Killing not him appointed he should slay,
Though they had slept in either's arms before,
Though in one womb they at one burthen lay,
Yea, when this dead, tho' that could be no more?

You whom not Egypt's tyranny could wound,
Nor seas, nor rocks, could any thing deny,
That till this day no terrour might astound
On the sharp points of your own swords to die?
When Moses now those tables to renew
Of that essential Deity doth merit,
Which from his hands he dissolutely threw
In the deep anguish of his grieved spirit.
When forty days, without all nat'ral food,
He on mount Sinai fixed his abode,
Retaining strength and fervour in his blood,
Rapt with the presence of that glorious God.
Who in his high estate whilst he pass'd by,
In the cleft rock that holy man did hide,
Lest he should perish by his radiant eye,
When Moses seeing but his glorious side,
Celestial brightness seized on his face,
That did the wond'ring Israelites amaze,
When he returned from that sovereign place,
His brows encircled with splendidious rays;
That their weak sight beholding of the same,
He after cover'd from the common eyes,
Lest when for answer unto him they came,
The lustful people should idolatrize.
Might we those muster'd Israelites admire,
From plains of Sinai mighty Moses led,
Or else to view that opulent desire,
To that rich ark so freely offered,
The marv'lous model of that rarest piece,
Th' engravings, carvings, and embroideries tell,
The cunning work and excellent device
Of neat Aholiab, and Bezaliel.
But we our Moses seriously pursue,
And our strong nerves to his high praise apply,
That through this maze shall guide us as a clew,
And may his virtues absolutely try.
Whose charge being weary of their mighty arms,
And much offended they had march'd so long,
As oft disturbed with their stern alarms,
Suppose by Moses to have suffer'd wrong.
When with the luggage such as lagg'd behind,
And that were set the carriages to keep,
'Gainst God and Moses grievously repin'd,
Wanting a little sustenance and sleep.
Who with their murm'ring moved in his ire,
That they so soon his providence mistrust,
Down from his full hand flung that forceful fire,
Which in a moment bruis'd their bones to dust.
Other the mutt'ring Israelites among,
When now to Pharan having come so far,
For flesh, fish, salads, and for fruits, do long,
Manna, they say, is not for men of war.
Their glutt'nous stomachs loath that heavenly bread,
That with full chargers hunger here relieves,
As by the belly when they strongly fed
On hearty garlic and the flesh of beeves.
Mild man, what fearful agony thee vex'd,
When thou thy God unkindly didst upbraid?
How grievously thy suff'ring soul perplex'd,
When thou repin'st the charge on thee was laid?
With God to reason why he should dispose
On thee that burthen heavy to sustain;
As though he did his purposes enclose
Within the limits of man's shallow brain.
To judge so many marching every day,
That all the flesh of forest and of flood
(When the wild deserts scarcely yield them way),
Should them suffice for competence of food.
That thou should'st wish that hand so full of dread
Thy ling'ring breath should suddenly expire,
Than that the clamorous multitude should spread
These wicked slanders to incite his ire.
That God to punish whom he still did love,
And in compassion of thy frailties fear,
The spirit he gave thee lastly should remove
To those thy burthen that should after bear.
O wondrous man! who paralell'd thee ever?
How large a portion diddest thou inherit?
That unto seventy he should it dissever,
Yet all be prophets only with thy spirit!
When lo a cloud comes sailing with the wind,
Unto these rebels terrible to see,
That when they now some fearful thing divin'd,
A flight of quails perceived it to be.
A full day's journey round about the host,
Two cubits' thickness over all they flow,
That when by Israel he was tempted most,
His glory then most notably to show.
The greedy people with the very sight,
Are fill'd before they come thereof to taste,
That with such surfeit gluts their appetite,
Their queasy stomachs ready are to cast.
Those that for beef in gluttony did call,
Those the high'st God, his powerfulness to try,
Cloys with the fowl that from the Heavens do fall,
Until they stuff their stomachs by the eye.
But whilst the flesh betwixt their teeth they chew,
And suck the fat so delicately sweet,
(With too much plenty, that even fulsome grew,
That lies so common, trodden under feet.)
That God impartial and so rightly just,
When he had given them more than they desire,
Duely to punish their insatiate lust,
Pours down his plagues consuming as his fire.
And with a strong hand violently strake
Their blood, distemper'd with luxurious diet,
That soon the sores in groins and arm-pits brake,
Thus could the Lord scourge their rebellious riot.
Aaron and Miriam, all too much it were
For grief when Moses ready is to die;
But you whom one womb happily did bear
'Gainst your mild brother needs must mutiny.
O unkind Aaron, when thou fondly fram'd'st
That beast-like idol bowing Israel's knee,
He then thee begg'd, and thou so basely blam'd'st,
And did divert the judgment due to thee.
Immodest Miriam, when the hand of might
Left thee with loathsome leprosy defil'd,
Contemn'd and abject in the vilest sight,
From the great host perpetually exil'd:
When thou hadst spit the utmost of thy spite,
And for thy sin this plague on thee was thrown,
He not forsook thee, but in heavy plight
Kneeling to God, obtain'd thee for his own.
His wondrous patience ever was apply'd
To those on him that causelessly complain,
Who did with comely carelessness deride
What happy men should evermore disdain.
When now the spials for the promis'd soil,
For the twelve tribes that twelve in number went,
Having discover'd forty days with toil,
Safely return'd as happily they went:
Bringing the figs, pomegranates, and the grapes,
Whose verdurous clusters that with moisture swell,
Seem, by the taste and strangeness of the shapes,
The place that bare them faithfully to tell:

M'immortal Maker that so oft have seen
(That God of wonder) these complaints not boot,
In yonder fields so delicate and green,
That may not set my miserable foot."
Thus leaning back against the rising cleeve,
Raising his faint hands to the hopeful skies,
Meek as the morning, never seen to strive,
Great'st of the prophets, the good Moses dies.
An hundred twenty hardly passed years,
His natural vigour no whit did assuage,
His eyes as bright, his body then appears
As in the height and summer of his age.
Who being dissolv'd, the angels did inter
Near to Bethpeor in the vallied ground,
But yet so secret kept his sepulchre
That it by mortal never should be found.
Lest that his people (if the place were known)
Seeing by him the miracles were done;
That ever to idolatry were prone,
Unto his bones a worshipping should run.
One that God grac'd so many sundry ways,
No former age hath mentioned to be,
Arrived at the period of his days
The future time in Israel shall not see.

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

Our sacred Muse of Israel's singer sings,
That heavenly harper, whose harmonious strings
Expell'd that evil spirit which Saul possess'd,
And of his torments often him releas'd:
That princely prophet, David, whose high lays,
Immortal God, are trumpets of thy praise,
Thou Lord of hosts be helping then to me,
To sing of him who hath so sung of thee.
What time great Saul, after so bloody fights,
Return'd a victor of th' Amalekites,
(Two hundred and ten thousand men at arms
Under his conduct), had reveng'd the harms
Done to God's chosen people, when as they
Came back from Egypt, troubled on their way;
Saul with their blood had now manur'd the plains,
Leading king Agag, as a slave, in chains:
But for that Saul this Agag's blood had spar'd,
And 'gainst the will of the Almighty dar'd
To save that man he should have put to sword,
For disobeying the Almighty's word,
Their larded fatlings keeping for a prey,
Which he commanded to be made away:
For which the living God displeased, swore
To holy Samuel, Saul should reign no more;
Samuel, God's prophet, by whose holy hand
The oil was pour'd, by his divine command,
Upon the head of comely Saul when he
Was chosen over Israel to be:
But for that place another, God had 'pointed,
Which should by Samuel likewise be anointed:
And this was David his most dear delight,
The son of Jesse the just Bethlemite.
Meanwhile this youth like a poor shepherd clad,
(Of whom such care the God of Israel had)
His father's flock was following day by day
Upon a desert near at hand that lay:
Whose wealthy fleeces and fat bodies he
From ravenous vermin hourly us'd to free,
His only arms his sling and sheephook were,
Other than those he had not us'd to bear;
With these a wolf oft coming from the wood,
Or subtle fox, that forag'd for his food,
He quickly slew; or if a bear, oppreat
With cruel hunger, happen'd to molest
His feeding flocks, he with such bangs him ply'd,
That with the prey even in his teeth he dy'd;
Or if a lion, as his fair flock graz'd,
Happ'd to assail it, he no whit amaz'd
At his stern roaring, when his clutches caught
At this brave shepherd, but such blows him wrought,
Till by the beard that kingly beast he shook,
And from his jaws the trembling wether took;
And if it chanc'd that sometime from the air
An eagle stoop'd a lamb away to bear,
He with a stone that from a sling he threw,
Down from the clouds would fetch her as she flew.
His curled tresses on his shoulders hung,
To which the dews at morn and eve so clung,
To the beholders that they did appear
As Nature threaded pearl with every hair:
The bees and wasps, in wildernesses wild,
Have with his beauties often been beguil'd,
Roses and lilies thinking they had seen,
But finding there they have deceived been,
Play with his eyes, which them that comfort bring,
That those two suns would shortly get a spring:
His lips in their pure coral liveries mock
A row of pales cut from a crystal rock,
Which stood within them, all of equal height:
From top to toe each limb so clean and straight,
By every joint of his that one might try,
Or give true laws to perfect symmetry:
The vermin oft his sheep that would surprise,
Become so charm'd with th' splendour of his eyes,
That they forgot their ravine, and have lain
Down by his flocks, as they would glad and fain
Keep them from others that on them would prey;
Or tend upon them, that they should not stray.
Whether in cotes he had his flock in hold,
Or for the fallows kept him in the fold,
He was not idle, though not taking pains,
Celestial lyrics singing to the swains,
And often sitting in the silent shade,
When his fair flock to rest themselves were laid,
On his lyre tuned such harmonious lays,
That the birds, perch'd upon the tender sprays,
Mad at his music, strain themselves so much
To imitate th' unimitable touch, [ground,
Breaking their hearts, that they have dropt to
And dy'd for grief in malicing the sound.
Sometimes a stag he with his sling would slay,
Or with his sheep-hook kill a boar at bay,
Or run a roe so long (he was so fleet)
Till it lay trembling, breathless, at his feet.
Sometimes again he practised a fight,
That from the desert should a dragon light
Upon his sheep, the serpent to assail,
How by clear skill through courage to prevail.
Then with a small stone thrown out of his sling
To hit a swallow on her height of wing.
And home at night when they their sheep should drive,
The sluggish shepherds lastly to revive,
He took his harp so excellently strung,
In a broad bauldric at his back that hung,
And on the same stroke such melodious strains,
That from the coverts of the neighbouring plains
The echoes wak'd with sweetness of his notes,
Which each to other diligently rotes.

And thus his time the Lord's beloved past,
Till God to Samuel calling at the last;
" Samuel," saith he, " to Bethlehem take thy way,
To Jesse's house, and to that old man say,
Out of his loins that I will choose a king;
And when his sons before thee he shall bring,
Choose out that man that I shall thee appoint,
With sacred oil and see thou him anoint;
For of them all, he's known to me right well,
The first to guide my people Israel."
Samuel replies, " My God, if Saul should know
Upon what business I to Bethlehem go,
Except my blood him nothing will suffice."
" Take thou a heifer," God again replies,
" And give it out thou purposely dost go
To sacrifice." As God doth counsel, so
The holy prophet acts, and coming thither,
The noblest of the people get together,
Doubting the Lord had angry with them been,
And had sent Samuel to reprove their sin.
But " Peace to all," the holy prophet cries,
And then preparing to the sacrifice:
The rites perform'd, he bids old Jesse bring
His sons before him whilst the offering
Smok'd on the altars (and the elders there
Stood round about with reverence and fear)
For in his household he a king must choose.
Jesse who might not God's command refuse,
Calls Eliab out for Samuel to see,
Who at the first thought surely this was he,
Till God to Samuel said, " Do not deceive
Thyself, weak man, but thy election leave,
Thou canst not see the soul of man, as I
Who search the heart, and every thought can try.
His second son Abinadab then came,
But this not he that Samuel must name;
Then calls he Shamma his third son, but yet
This was not he th' Almighty's turn must fit;
He calls for more till he had counted seven,
To none of these yet must the oil be given:
Before the prophet brother stood by brother,
A twelvemonth's growth just one before another;
Like seven brave blossom'd plants, that in the spring
Nature prepar'd such goodly fruit to bring:
So comely all, that none in them could read
Which one of them should any one exceed;
If he excell'd for loveliness of face,
Another for his person and his grace
Match'd him at full, as nature meant to show
Her equal bounties how she could bestow.
There he beholds one brother tall and straight,
Another that was wanting of his height,
For his complexion and his curious shape
Well-near outwent him; Nature let not 'scape
Aught she could do, in them each limb to fit
To grace the other that was next to it.
When Samuel asks if these were all he had,
Jesse replies, Only his youngest lad
That in the desert on his flocks doth tend.
Samuel commands away for him to send,
For till he came he vow'd he would not sit,
Out of the place nor would he stir a whit.
Before grave Samuel, David soon is brought,
Upon the prophet which most strongly wrought,
When he beheld him beautiful and tall,
Of goodly presence, and well-shap'd withal;
His cheek a mixture of such red and white,
As well with wonder might attract the sight;
A sprightful aspect, and so clear an eye,
As shot a lightning at the standers-by,
His every gesture seen in it to bring
The majesty that might befit a king;
All those rare parts that in his brothers were
Epitomiz'd, at large in him appear;
And (in his ear) God doth the prophet tell,
This David shall be king of Israel.
Whom with the sacred oil (instead of Saul)
Samuel anointed there before them all:
Which having done, to Rama takes his way,
Lest Saul for him the country should forelay.
When kingly David, of his own accord,
Though he were then th' anointed of the Lord,
And though his sheep-hook might his scepter be,
This holy youth so humble is, that he
Will back to th' fields his father's flock to keep,
And make his subjects (for a while) his sheep.
The powerful spirit of God redoubled grew
Daily in David, and his fame now flew
O'er all the region, how he was belov'd
Of God's high prophet, and by him approv'd;
Field, town, and city with his name do ring;
The tender virgins to their timbrels sing
Ditties of him; and in their rural plays
The homely shepherds in their roundelays
Record his acts, and build him shady bowers;
The maidens make him anadems of flowers;
And to what sport himself he doth apply,
" Let's follow David," all the people cry.
An evil spirit then sent by God possess'd
Enraged Saul, so grievously oppress'd
With melancholy, that it craz'd his wits,
And falling then into outragious fits,
With cramps, with stitches, and convulsions rack'd,
That in his pangs he oft was like to act
His rage upon himself, so raving mad,
And soon again disconsolate and sad;
Then with the throbs of his impatient heart,
His eyes were like out of his head to start,
Foams at his mouth, and often in his pain
O'er all his court is heard to roar again:
As the strong spirit doth punish or doth spare,
Even so his fits or great or lesser are,
That Israel now doth generally lament,
Upon their king, God's grievous punishment.
When some who saw this spirit possessing Saul,
Amongst themselves a council quickly call,
To search if there might remedy be found
For this possession, each man doth propound
His thoughts of curing, as by physic some,
Each man speaks what into his mind doth come;
But some whose souls were ravished more high,
Whose composition was all harmony,
Of th' angels' nature and did more partake,
By which as seers prophetickly they spake;
(With holy magic for some spirits inspir'd
Which by a clear divinity are fir'd,
And sharpen'd so, each depth and height to try,
That from their reach and visibility
Nature no secrets shuts, and Heaven reveals
Those things which else from reason it conceals)
Those men conclude the spirit that thus had harm'd
Their sovereign Saul, with music must be charm'd.
And having heard of Israel's dear delight,
Beloved David, the brave Bethlemite,
What wondrous things by music he had done,
How he fierce tygers to his hand had won,
Had laid the lion and the bear to sleep,
And put such spirit into his silly sheep

By his high strains, as that they durst oppose
The wolf and fox, their most inveterate foes:
Of this musician they inform the king,
And all assure him, there was no such thing
For him as music, and this man was he
That his physician in this kind must be.
When Saul dispatch'd his messengers away
To aged Jesse, that without delay
His young'st son David should to court be sent:
The speedy post relating the intent
To the old man; who in his heart was glad,
For at the first he great suspicion had,
That angry Saul might else have been acquainted,
By Samuel's hand his son had been anointed,
And therefore caused David to be sought,
As of his death he direly had forethought.
The good old man o'erjoy'd with this good news,
Calls home his darling from his teeming ewes,
And to the care of Israel's God, commends
His loved boy, and kindly by him sends
Of bread and wine a present to the king.
They him no sooner to Saul's presence bring,
But David's beauty so extremely took
The doating king, that in each glance or look
He thought he saw high valour mix'd with truth,
And near his person takes the lovely youth;
And who but David then with mighty Saul,
His only favourite is, his all in all?
Nor long it is e'er Saul the spirit doth feel
To stir within him, and begins to reel,
And suddenly into a trance he falls,
And with his hands lies grasping at the walls,
When David takes his well-tun'd harp in hand,
By which the spirit he meaneth to command;
His quavering fingers he doth now advance
Above the trembling strings, which 'gin to dance
At his most clear touch, and the winged sound
About the spacious room began to bound;
The airs flew high, and every dainty strain
Betters the former, which doth so detain
The ears of those stood by, that they heard not
Saul's sad complaints, and instantly forgot
To lift or stir him, and the standers-by
Were so intranced with the melody,
That to a holy madness some it brought,
Others again to prophecy it wrought.
The wiry chords now shake so wondrous clear
As one might think an angel's voice to hear
From every quaver, or some spirit had pent
Itself of purpose in the instrument;
The harmony of the untuned'st string
Torments the spirit which so torments the king,
Who as he faintly, or he strongly groans,
This brave musician altereth so his tones,
With sounds so soft, as like themselves to smother,
Then like loud echoes answering one the other:
Then makes the spirit to shift from place to place,
Still following him with a full diapase.
Thus day by day as th' evil spirit oppress'd
Diseased Saul, David himself address'd,
T' await the hours before the king to play,
Until he made th' unruly fiend obey
The force of music, more than that to fear
But the least sound of David's harp to hear.
When now the king by David's cunning cur'd,
Old Jesse's son who thought he had endur'd
Restraint too long, gets leave of Saul to go
To Bethlehem back (God's holy will was so);
He rather chose to view his well-shorn sheep,
His yeaning ewes, and late-fall'n lambs to keep,
Than on a bed of silk himself repose,
And the delights of the fresh fields to lose.
When now Philistia horribly enrag'd,
With God's own people had itself engag'd,
With a revengeful deadly hand to smite
The still-preserv'd oft-troubled Israelite,
Who had in battle many times before
Upon the earth spilt her unhallow'd gore.
Grim visag'd war more sternly doth awake
Than it was wont, and furiously doth shake
Her lightning sword, intruding with the force
Of men of war, both skilful foot and horse.
Two mighty nations are now up in arms,
And to both sides the soldiers come in swarms:
The fields with ensigns, as 'twere flowers, are deck'd,
Which their refulgence every way reflect
Upon the mountains and the vallies nigh,
And with their splendour seem to court the sky.
Two mighty armies on the plain appear,
These Israelites, and those Philistines were;
Their great commanders, proved men of war,
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
To order fights as they occasion found
T' offend the foe, by fitting with the ground,
Which chosen Israel's infantry doth call,
In this defensive war to follow Saul.
And aged Jesse faithfully to show
His love to Saul and Israel he doth owe,
His eldest three into the army sent,
That to the field, as well appointed, went,
As on their bravery they that bare them most,
Nor was there in the Israelitish host
Three goodlier men, especially when they
Were in their arms; the most unclouded day
That ever shone, took not with such delight
The glad beholders, as the wond'ring sight
Of these brave youths, still as they marched by.
Now in the fields the mighty armies lie
On the wide champaign, each in other's sight;
But as the trumpets shout them out to fight,
From the Philistines' host a giant came,
Whose splend'rous arms shone like a mighty flame
Against the Sun; Goliah nam'd of Gath;
The only champion that Philistia hath:
This huge Colossus, than six cubits' height
More by a handful: and his ponderous weight,
Wheresoe'er he made but any little stay,
Show'd that his breadth it answer'd every way:
Never such might in mortal man there was,
From head to foot at all points arm'd with brass;
Five thousand shekels his prov'd cuirass weigh'd,
Upon whose temper wondrous cost was laid:
His shield and harness well might load a team,
His lance as big as any weaver's beam;
Whose very pile upon the poise contain'd
A hundred shekels, he a less disdain'd:
His brows like two steep pent-houses hung down
Over his eye-lids, and his angry frown
Was like a cloud, when it like pitch appears,
And some stern tempest in its bosom bears;
His voice was hoarse, and hollow, yet so strong,
As when you hear the murmuring of a throng
In some vast arched hall, or like as when
A lordly lion anger'd in his den
Grumbles within the earth, such his resembled,
That when he spake, th' affrighted hearers trembled:
His 'squire before him marching to the field,
Who for this champion bare a second shield.
Upon two easy hills the armies lay,
A valley 'twixt them in the middle way;

Into the midst of which Goliah came,
And thus doth to the Israelites proclaim:
"If there be found in all your host," quoth he,
"A man so valiant, that dare fight with me,
If I shall fall under this mighty sword,
Israel shall then be the Philistines' lord:
But if I by my puissance shall prevail
Over your champion, that shall me assail,
Then as our slaves, of you we will dispose;
And use at pleasure as our conquer'd foes:
For he that's god of the Philistines boasts
Himself more powerful than your Lord of hosts."
Which challenge thus not only troubled Saul,
But bred amazement through the host in all.
For forty days thus us'd he forth to go,
Off'ring by combat to decide it so.
Old Jesse now desiring much to hear
Of his three sons, in what estate they were,
Doubting lest they some needful things might want,
As in the army victuals might grow scant,
Wherefore he calls young David from his sheep,
And to another gives his charge to keep.
"My boy," quoth he, "haste to the camp and see
In what estate my sons your brothers be: [food,
Bear them parch'd corn, and cakes, tho' homely
Yet simple cates may do poor soldiers good:
And to the general ten fine cheeses bear,
Such in the camp are not found every where:
And if for need t' have pawn'd aught of esteem,
Take money with you, and their pledge redeem.
David, make haste, for I desire to know
'Twixt the two puissant hosts how business go."
No marvel David in his heart was glad
That he such cause to view the armies had:
From his brave thoughts, and to himself he told
The wondrous things that he should there behold;
The rare divices by great captains worn,
The five-fold plumes their helmets that adorn;
Armours with stones and curious studs enrich'd,
And in what state they their pavillions pitch'd;
There should he see their marshalling a war,
Th' iron-bound chariot, and the armed car:
As where consisted either army's force,
Which had advantage by their foot or horse:
The several weapons either nation bear,
The long sword, bow, the pole-ax, and the spear:
There the Philistian gallantry, and then
His Israel's bravery answering them again:
And hear them tell th' adventures had been done,
As what brave man had greatest honour won.
David bestirs him presently, and packs
Up his provision, puts it into sacks,
And by his servant on his mule doth lay,
Then tow'rds Saul's army takes the ready way:
And his no tedious journey so contrives,
That in short time he at the camp arrives;
And at his coming, instantly bestows
His needful provant to the charge of those
That tend the carriage, and of them doth learn
(As near as he could make them to discern
By his description) Jesse's sons, who led,
And in the army where they quartered:
By whose direction he his brothers sought,
And told them what provision he had brought:
And to all three their father's pleasure show'd,
And how the cheeses he would have bestow'd.
As they were talking, suddenly a noise
Ran through the army, and the general voice,
Was "the Philistine, the Philistine see,"
Goliah comes, ordain'd our scourge to be;
Who as his used manner was, defies
The host of Israel, and thus loudly cries, [fight,
"Bring down your champion, that with me dares
And this our war shall be decided straight:
But Israel's God for fear draws back his hand,
Nor is there one against me that dare stand."
Which David hearing, his young blood doth rise,
And fire was seen to sparkle from his eyes:
His spirits begin to startle, and his rage
Admits no reason that may it assuage:
No nerve of his, but to itself doth take
A double strength, as tho' his arm could shake
The iron lance that great Goliah bears,
And beat his brazen shield about his ears.
His struggling thoughts now being set a work,
Awake that flame, which lately seem'd to lurk
In his meek breast, which into passion breaks,
And to himself thus princely David speaks.
"Despised nation, Israel," quoth he,
"Where be those valiant men that liv'd in thee?
What! are our souls in lesser moulds now cast,
Than at the first, with time or do they waste?
What slaved people! but we can stand by,
And hear this base Philistian dog defy
God and his people! must he stand to boast
His strength and valour, and in all the host
No man dare undertake him! might I prove
My manhood on him, I should soon remove
The world's opinion, and both hosts should know
He's but a dog on us that raileth so."
And to one standing near him thus he spake,
"Of this huge beast what wonder do you make!
What shall be done to that one man that shall
Fight with this giant, and before ye all,
His pride and horrid blasphemies shall quell,
And take this shame away from Israel?"
When one that heard him, quickly thus replies,
"He by whose hand this huge Goliah dies,
For wife to him Saul's daughter shall be given,
One of the goodliest creatures under Heaven;
And yet this further his reward shall be,
His father's house in Israel shall go free."
With this yet David closeth not his ear,
But of some others likewise doth inquire,
For his reward, the giant that should slay,
The former's words, which like a lesson say,
None of them thinking, this yet scarcely man
Should strike to death the proud Philistian.
His brother Eliab, now which over-heard
Young David's questions, and was much afraid
His over-daring spirit might draw him on
To work their shame, and his confusion,
Thinks with himself, it greatly him behoves
To check his boldness, and him thus reproves:
"'Fond boy," quoth he, "why stand'st thou to
inquire
After these things? thy business lies not here:
I would not (sure) but you the camp should view?
A sheep cote, sir, would better suit with you:
Who have you left after your flock to look?
Your scrip (no question) or your shepherd's crook.
Sirrah, my father sent you not to us,
About the vanity to lie loitering thus:
I think 'tis time to get you on your way,
Our father thinks that we inforce your stay."
At Eliab's speeches David somewhat mov'd,
To hear himself thus scornfully reprov'd:
"Brother," quoth he, "few words might have
suffic'd,
Had you but known how lightly they are prin'd

Of me, these speeches you would have forborne,
Upon some other and have spent your scorn.
I come to view the camp, you say; 'tis so,
And I will view it better ere I go.
Why may not I, as well as other men?
I'll go when I shall please, and not till then:
When time may me more liberty allow,
I may bear arms perhaps as you do now:
Look to your warfare, and what is your own,
Good brother Eliab, and let me alone:
For of myself I know how to dispose."
And thus away resolved David goes.
And as he went, still as he hears the cry
After Goliah, still more high and high,
His spirit is mounted, and his oft demand,
What his reward should be, whose valiant hand
Should kill Goliah, through the army went,
And was the common talk in every tent,
(But in the most bred sundry doubts and fears,
When as they weigh'd his tenderness of years),
Until his fame, by going getting strength,
In Saul's pavilion is cry'd up at length:
Who with much speed sent out to have him sought,
And to his presence caus'd him to be brought.
Who with a constant and delightful cheer,
Comes to the king, and doth to him appear
With such a sprightful and majestic grace,
As victory were written in his face:
And being by Saul demanded if 'twere he,
That Israel's champion undertook to be;
He with a meek smile, boldly doth reply,
"I am the man, my sovereign, 'tis even I:
My liege," quoth he, "be not at all dismay'd,
Nor let God's chosen Israel be afraid;
This mighty monster in the people's sight,
So terrible, whose shape doth so affright
The multitude, I do no more esteem
Than if a dwarf, nor he to me doth seem
But such a thing; my only envy 's this,
That he is not much greater than he is:
The more his strength the more his fall will be,
And Israel's God more glorify'd in me."
Quoth Saul again. "Thou art of tender age,
And in respect of him a very page;
Beside the other arms that he doth bear,
Thou art not able to lift half his spear:
If he strike at thee and thy body miss,
Yet on his side there this advantage is,
The wind of his huge weapon hath the force
To drive the breath out of thy slender corse:
And this vast man, besides his wondrous might,
No man as he so skilful is in fight;
Expert in all to duels that belong,
Train'd up in arms, whilst yet he was but young."
"The better," answer'd David, "if his skill
Equal his strength; for what is it to kill
A common man? a common thing it were,
Which happeneth every day, and every where;
But for a giant, such a one as he,
Upon the field to be subdu'd by me,—
This to all nations shall be thought a thing
Worthy of Israel's God, and Israel's king.
I have slain a lion and a bear," quoth he.
"And what is this uncircumcis'd to me
More than a beast? That only God of might,
By whose great power I conquer'd these in fight,
In spite of human strength and greatness, can
Give to my hands this proud Philistian."
When Saul thus sees that there was in his soul
That courage which no danger could controul,
A valour so invincible and high,
As naturally enabled him to fly
Above all thought of peril, and to bear
Him quite away beyond the bounds of fear;
He caus'd an armour for him to be brought,
But first of all a garment richly wrought
He puts upon the brave youth, and then bad
That in those goodly arms he should be clad;
Which put upon him, as to stir he strives,
He thinks himself in manacle and gives;
Their ponderousness him to the earth doth press,
These arms do make his activeness far less;
For he before had not been us'd to these,
Nor him at all their boist'rousness can please;
His gorget gall'd his neck, his chin beneath,
And most extremely hinder'd him to breathe;
His cuirass sit too close upon his side;
He in no hand his helmet can abide,
It is so heavy, and his temples wrings;
His pouldrons pinch him, and be cumb'rous things;
His gauntlets clumsy, and do wring his wrists,
And be so stiff he cannot clutch his fists;
His guises they so strong and stubborn be,
That for his life he cannot bend his knee;
He knew not how to bear his brazen shield,
Such weapons shepherds were not us'd to wield,
Their weight and their unwieldiness was such,
And they restrain'd his nimbleness so much,
That he pray'd Saul of these he might be freed,
It is not armour that must do the deed,
"Let me alone," saith he, "and I'll provide
Myself of arms, this quarrel to decide."
When forth he goes, shot for his sling to look,
And near the camp he finds a purling brook,
Whose shallow sides with pebbles did abound,
Where seeking such as massy were and round,
He picks out five, away with him to bring,
Such as he knew would fit his trusty sling,
And in his scrip them closely doth bestow,
By which he vows Goliah's overthrow.
When swift report throughout the army runs,
That youthful David, one of Jesse's sons,
A very stripling, and the young'st of eight,
With the Philistine was that day to fight;
The great Goliah which so oft had brav'd
Dejected Israel, and the combat crav'd
With any one she to the field could bring,
Now for it was so pertinent a thing,
As that their freedom or subjection lay
On the success of this unequal fray;
Th' event thereof struck every one with fear,
But his sad brethren most perplexed were,
And to themselves thus say they: "O that we
So long should draw our loathed breath, to see
That by the pride of this accurned boy,
Despised Israel should no more enjoy
Her ancient glories, but be made a slave
To proud Philistia; and our father's grave
Slander'd by him; his family and name
Branded by David with perpetual shame;
Curs'd be the time that he was hither sent,
Curs'd be the time he came into our tent."
And now and then they purposed to fly,
Nor would they stay to see their brother die,
But at the very point to take their way,
Bethink themselves, it better were to stay,
To seek his scatter'd limbs to pieces hew'd,
And see them in some obscure earth bestow'd.
In this sad manner whilst they murm'ring were,
David is busy list'ning still to hear

Of great Goliah; scarce can he refrain
From calling for him; now in every vein
His blood is dancing, and a sprightly fire
Takes up his bosom, which doth him inspire
With more than human courage, nor he can
Conceive a terrour to proceed from man;
His nerves and sinews to that vigour grow,
As that his strength assures him he can throw
Thro' thicker arms than mortal yet could wield.
Upon the sudden, when thro' all the field
The word was heard, Goliah now appears!
Which David's heart in such strange manner cheers,
As that he feels it caper in his breast.
When soon that huge uncircumcised beast,
As he was wont, between the hosts doth come,
And with his harsh voice, like an unbrac'd drum,
Calls to the host of Israel, "Where's your man,
You cowardly nation? Where's your champion
To undertake me? Bring him to the field,
Or to Philistia your subjection yield."
It was still summer, and the day so clear,
As not a little cloud did once appear;
In view of either army the free Sun,
That t'wards the noonstead half his course had run,
On the Philistine darting his clear rays,
His bright refulgent arms so sundry ways
Reflects the beams, as that he seems to all
Like that in painting we a glory call,
And from his helmet sharp'ning like a spire,
He look'd like to a pyramid on fire.

And now before young David could come in,
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,
And some the tops of tents, whence they might see
How this unarmed youth himself would bear
Against th' all-armed giant (which they fear);
Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;
That by their motion a vast murmur fills
The neighbouring valleys, that th' enemy thought
Something would by the Israelites be wrought
They had not heard of, and they long'd to see
What strange or warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soon they saw a goodly youth descend
Himself alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with arms might him supply,
As merely careless of his enemy:
His head uncover'd, and his locks of hair
As he came on being play'd with by the air
Toss'd to and fro, did with such pleasure move,
As they had been provocatives for love:
His sleeves stript up above his elbows were,
And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,
Which by the leather to it, and the string,
They easily might discern to be a sling;
Suiting to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,
Which from his side hung down upon his hip,
Those for a champion that did him disdain,
Cast with themselves what such a thing should mean;
Some seeing him so wonderously fair,
(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare)
Their verdict gave that they had sent him sure
As a choice bait their champion to allure;
Others again, of judgment more precise,
Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.
And though he seem'd thus to be very young,
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
And with a comely and undaunted grace,
Holding a steady and most even pace,
This way, nor that way, never stood to gaze,
But, like a man that death could not amaze,
Came close up to Goliah, and so near
As he might easily reach him with his spear.

Which when Goliah saw, "Why, boy," quoth he,
"Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure to be
Some dog, I think, and under thy command,
That thus art come to beat me with a wand:
The kites and ravens are not far away,
Nor beasts of ravine, that shall make a prey
Of a poor corpse, which they from me shall have,
And their foul bowels shall be all thy grave."

"Uncircumcised slave," quoth David then,
"That for thy shape, the monster art of men;
Thou thus in brass com'st arm'd into the field,
And thy huge spear of brass, of brass thy shield:
I, in the name of Israel's God alone,
That more than mighty, that Eternal One
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,
Nor once respect the arms that thou dost bear.
Slave, mark the earth whereon thou now dost stand,
I'll make thy length to measure so much land,
As thou ly'st grov'ling, and within this hour
The birds and beasts thy carcase shall devour."

In mean time David looking in his face,
Between his temples, saw how large a space
He was to hit, steps back a yard or two;
The giant wond'ring what the youth would do;
Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth bring
A pebble stone, and puts it in his sling,
At which the giant openly doth jeer,
And, as in scorn, stands leaning on his spear,
Which gives young David much content to see,
And to himself thus secretly saith he,
"Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
And have at all Philistia at a cast;"
When with such slight the shot away he sent,
That from his sling as 't had been lightning went;
And him so full upon the forehead smit,
Which gave a crack, when his thick scalp it hit,
As 't had been thrown against some rock or post,
That the shrill clap was heard through either host;
Staggering a while upon his spear he leant,
Till on a sudden he began to faint;
When down he came like an old o'ergrown oak,
His huge root hewn up by the labourer's stroke,
That with his very weight he shook the ground;
His brazen armour gave a jarring sound
Like a crack'd bell, or vessel chanc'd to fall
From some high place, which did like death appal
The proud Philistines (hopeless that remain)
To see their champion, great Goliah, slain:
When such a shout the host of Israel gave,
As cleft the clouds, and like to men that rave,
(O'ercome with comfort) cry, "The boy, the boy,
O the brave David, Israel's only joy:
God's chosen champion, O most wondrous thing!
The great Goliah slain with a poor sling!"
Themselves incompass, nor can they contain,
Now are they silent, then they shout again.
Of which no notice David seems to take,
But tow'rds the body of the dead doth make,
With a fair comely gait, nor doth he run,
As though he gloried in what he had done;
But treading on th' uncircumcised dead,
With his foot strikes the helmet from his head;
Which with the sword ta'en from the giant's side,
He from the body quickly doth divide.

Now the Philistines at this fearful sight,
Leaving their arms, betake themselves to flight;
Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay,
Time wants to carry any thing away,

Being strongly routed with a general fear;
Yet in pursuit Saul's army strikes the rear
To Ekron walls, and slew them as they fled,
That Sharam's plains lay cover'd with the dead:
And having put the Philistines to foil,
Back to the tents retire and take the spoil
Of what they left, and ransacking they cry,
"A David. David, and the victory."
When straightways Saul his general Abner sent
For valiant David, that incontinent
He should repair to court; at whose command
He comes along, and beareth in his hand
The giant's head, by th' long hair of his crown,
Which by his active knee hung dangling down.
And through the army as he comes along,
To gaze upon him the glad soldiers throng:
Some do enstile him Israel's only light,
And other some the valiant Bethlemite.
With congees all salute him as he past,
And upon him their gracious glances cast.
He was thought base of him that did not boast,
Nothing but David, David, through the host.
The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays,
Of him; till Saul grew jealous of his praise:
But for his meed doth to his wife receive
Saul's lovely daughter; where 'tis time I leave.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WARNER.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM WARNER,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

As in the scanty notices of this poet's life, there is little either to excite or gratify curiosity, they are here given nearly in the words of their respective authors, and nearly in the order in which they are arranged by the judicious editor of the late edition of Phillips's Theatrum Poetarum.

William Warner, a good honest plain writer of moral rules and precepts, in that old fashioned kind of seven-footed verse, which yet sometimes is in use, though in different manner, that is to say, divided into two. He may be reckoned with several other writers of the same time: i. e. queen Elizabeth's reign; who, though inferior to Sidney, Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel, yet have been thought by some not unworthy to be remembered and quoted: namely, George Gascoigne, Th. Hudson, John Markham, Thomas Achely, John Weever, Ch. Middleton, George Turberville, Henry Constable, sir Edw. Dyer, Thomas Churchyard, Charles Fitzgeoffry[1].

William Warner was a native of Oxfordshire, born, as Mr. Ellis is inclined to think, about 1558, and probably published his first work at the age of twenty-five[2]. He was educated at Oxford, but spent his time in the flowery paths of poetry, history, and romance, in preference to the dry pursuits of logic and philosophy, and departed without a degree to the metropolis, where he soon became distinguished among the minor poets. It is said, that in the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Carey, lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. Mr. Ritson adds to this account, that by his dedications to Henry and George, successive barons of Hunsdon, he appears to have been patronized by, or in some measure connected with, that family[3].

In the fourth edition of Percy's Ballads, we find the following extract from the parish register of Amwell, in Hertfordshire, communicated by Mr. Hoole, although first given by Scott, in his poem of Amwell, edit. 1776:—

[1] Phillip's Theatrum. c. [2] Ellis's Specimens, vol. II. p. 297. c.
[3] Ritson's Bibliographia Poetica. c.

" 1608-1609—Master William Warner, a man of good yeares, & of honest reputation: by his profession an atturnye of the Common Pleas: author of Albion's England, diynge suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday night, beeinge the 9th day of March: was buried the Saturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner, under the stone of Walter Ffader."

His Albion's England was his principal work, and was not only a favourite with his own age, but has received very high praise from the critics of our time. It is an epitome of the British history, and, according to the editor of the Muses' Library, Mrs. Cooper, is written with great learning, sense, and spirit: in some places fine to an extraordinary degree, of which an instance is given in the story of Argentill and Curan, a tale which, Mrs. Cooper adds, is full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style, and, in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals she ever met with. To this opinion, high as it is, Dr. Percy thinks nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Warner's contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called him the Homer and Virgil of their age. But Dr. Percy remarks, that he rather resembled Ovid, whose Metamorphoses he seems to have taken for a model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the reign of queen Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and indelicate, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity.

He was numbered in his own time among the refiners of the English tongue, which " by his pen was much enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments." Such is the opinion of Meres in his Wit's Treasury, but the progress Warner made in refining the English tongue, was certainly very inconsiderable. He owed his simplicity to his taste, but he had not the courage to abandon the uncouth and quaint expressions so peculiar to his time, and to show that wit and point might exist without them. His style, however, was then thought elegant, and such was his power of pleasing, that Albion's England superseded that very popular work The Mirror of Magistrates.

Warner was a writer of prose. His work was entitled, " Syrinx, or a Seauenfold Historie, handled with varietie of pleasant & profitable, both commical & tragical argument," printed in 1597. Warton calls it a novel, or rather a suite of stories, much in the style of the adventures of Heliodorus's Ethiopic Romance. He appears also to have translated Plautus's Menæchmi, published in 1595.

Ritson informs us that, by an entry in the Stationers' book, on the 17th of October, 1586, " The wardens upon serche of Roger Ward's house, dyd find there in printing, a book in verse, intytled England's Albion, beinge in English, and not authorised to be printed, which he had ben forbidden to prynte, aswell by the L. archb. of Canterburye, as also by the said wardens at his own house;" and for as much as he had done this " contrary to the late decrees of the hon. court of Starre-

chamber, the said wardens seised three heaps of the said England's Albion." Why this work was prohibited, except for the indelicacies already noticed, is not very apparent. We know that bishop Hall's Satires incurred the displeasure of the guardians of the press at no long distance from this time.

Mr. Headley, who has extracted many beauties from Warner, says that his tales, though often tedious, and not unfrequently indelicate, abound with all the unaffected incident and artless ease of the best old ballads, without their cant and puerility. The pastoral pieces that occur are superior to all the eclogues in our language, those of Collins only excepted. He also quotes Drayton's lines on Warner, which the reader will find in his piece Of Poets and Poesy. In the present edition, the division of the lines adopted by Mr. Ellis in his specimens has been followed throughout the whole.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, MY VERY GOOD LORD AND MAISTER,

HENRIE CAREY,

BARON OF HUNSDON,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER:

LORD CHAMBERLAINE OF HER MAIESTIES MOST HONORABLE HOUSHOLD:

LORD GOUERNOUR OF BARWICK:

LORD WARDEN OF THE EAST MARCHES FOR AND ANENST SCOTLAND:

LORD LIEFTENANT OF SUFFOLKE AND NORFOLKE:

CAPTAINE OF HER MAIESTIES GENTLEMEN PENCIONERS:

AND ONE OF HER HIGHNES MOST HONORABLE PRIUIE COUNSELL.

THIS our whole Iland, anciently called Brutaine, but more aunciently Albion, presently containing two kingdomes, England and Scotland, is cause (right honorable) that to distinguish the former, whose only occurrents I abridge, from the other, remote from our historie, I intitle this my booke Albion's England. A subject, in troth, (without vaine-glory be it spoken) worthy your honorable patronage: had it passed from the pen of a more countenaunced author. But for great personages gratefully to entertaine the good wils of meane workemen, is answerable to themselues, and animating to feeble artists. I therefore secure of your honors clemencie, and herein not vnlike to Phaëton, who at the first did fearefully admire euen the pallace of Phœbus, but anon feareles aduenture euen the presence of Phœbus, (hauing dedicated a former booke to him that from your honor deriueth his birth) now also present the like to your lordship, with so much the lesse doubt and so much the more duty, by how much the more I esteeme this my latter laboure of more valew, & I owe, & your lordship ex-

pecteth especiall dutie at the hands of your seruant. And thus (right honorable) hoping better than I may offend, desirous to please, desperate of praise, & destitute of a better present, I make tender onely of good will, more I haue not, for your honor's good word, lesse I hope not.

Your lordships most humble

and dutifull seruant,

W. WARNER.

TO THE READER.

WEL know I, that pearls low-prised in India are precious in England, that euen Homer was slightly authorised in Greece, but singularly admired elswhere, and that for the most part, the best authors find at home their worst auditors: bowbeit, whatsoeuer writer is most famous, the same is therefore indebted to his natiue language: neither preferre I aboue three speeches before ours, for more sententious.

Written haue I alreadie in proese, allowed of some: and now (friendly reader) offer I verse, attending thine indifferent censure. In which, if grosely I faile (as not greatly I so feare) in veritie, breuitie, inuention, and varietie, profitable, patheticall, pithie, and pleasant, so farre off shall I be from being opinionate of mine owne labours, that myselfe will also subscribe to prescribe the same for absurd and erronius. But in vaine is it either to intreat or feare the courteous or captious: the one will not cauill nor the other be reconciled.

My labour is past, and your liking to come: and things hardly founded, may easily be confounded; arrogancie is linx-eyed into aduantages: enuie and selfe-conceited readers capable of the least errour. But such are good mindes, and the contraries of these men in reading of books, as were the Paganes in reuerencing their gods, sacrificing as devoutly to a woodden Iupiter, as to a golden Iupiter: to an oxe, a cat, or vnreuerent Priapus, as to the Sunne, the starres, or amiable Venus: deuotion and discretion being euermore senceles in detraction. Of the latter sorte therefore I craue pardon, presupposing their patience; to the former, presupposing impatience, I offer pardon: resting to either, and to you all, in good will such as I should, yours,

W. W.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM WARNER,

ALBION'S ENGLAND:

A CONTINUED HISTORIE OF THE SAME KINGDOME, FROM THE ORIGINALS OF THE FIRST INHABITANTS THEREOF:

And most the chiefe alterations and accidents there hapning: vnto, and in, the happie raigne of our now most gracious soueraigne queene Elizabeth. With a varietie of inuentiue and historicall intermixtures. First penned and published by William Warner: and now reuised, and newly inlarged by the same author.

THE

FIRST BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. I.

I TELL of things done long agoe,
Of many things in few:
And chiefly of this clyme of ours,
The accidents pursue.

Thou high director of the same,
Assist mine artlesse pen,
To write the gests of Brutons stout,
And actes of English men.

When arked Noah, and seuen with him,
The empty'd world's remaine,
Had left the instrumentall meane,
Of landing them againe:

And that both man and beast, and all,
Did multiplie with store,
To Asia Sem, to Affrick Cham,
To Europe Iapheth bore

Their families. Thus triple wise
The world deuided was:
One language common vnto all:
Vntill it came to passe,

That Nembroth sonne to Chus, the sonne
Of Cham, old Noah his sonne,
In Caldea (neuer scene before)
An empire had begonne,

As he and his audacious crew,
The tower of Babell reare,
Pretending it should check the cloudes,
So to auoyd the feare

Of following floudles, the creator
Of creatures beheld
The climing toppes of cloud-high towers,
And more to be fulfilde.

To cut off which ambicious plot,
And quash their proud intent,
Amongst a world of people there
He sundry speeches sent,
So that, vnable to conferre
About the worke they went,

The tower was left vnfinished:
And euery man withdrew
Himselfe apart, to ioyne with those
Whose language best he knew:
And thus confused tongues at first,
To euery nation grew.

THE Babylonian Saturne though
His building's speede was bad,
Yet found the meanes that vnder him
He many nations had.

He was the first that rulde as king,
Or forraine landes subdude,
Or went about into the right
Of others to intrude:
Ere this aspiring mindes did sleepe,
And wealth was not pursude.

His sonne Ioue Belus after him,
Succeeded and puruaide
For dreadfull warres, but awlesse Death
His dreadfull purpose staide.

Then Ninus prosecutes the warres,
Preuented Belus sought,
And fild the wronged worlde with armes,
And to subiection brought

Much people, yet not capable
Of such his nouile fight.

Into the caue did flie,
Where making honie, Saturne's sonne
Did long time liue thereby.

CHAP. III.

It doth remayne of Iupiter, as how
(But then a lad)
From Epire to Pelasgis him
The lordes Epyrotes had,
To fetch their pledge Lycaon held,
When times of truce had ende.
Lycaon fayning to consent,
That did not so intend,
Next day, as though he would dismisse
The legates with estate,
Did make to them a solemne feast:
When, hauing slaine of late
The noble pledge, he brings his limmes
And setteth them before
His countreymen to feede vpon
In saused dishes store.
The strangers and his subiects too
Abhorring such a sight,
Sit gazing each in other's face,
Bereft of speech and sprite,
Vntill that lustie Iupiter,
A stripling to beholde,
Did take the limmes dismembered so,
And with a courage bolde
Did shew them throw Pelasgis' streetes,
Declaring by the way
The murther of their bloodie king:
Which did so much dismay
The citizens, that euen they,
Detesting such vnright,
Did rise in armes against their king,
Where youthfull Ioue did fight
So valiantly, that by his force
Lycaon tooke his flight:
And after did by robberies,
By blood, and rapiues liue:
For which to him a woolnish shape
The poets aptly giue.

IN Epyre and Pelasgis thus
Ioue first his honour wonne:
But greater things vntouched are
By this same worthy donne.
And partly, in the monstrous warre
That Titan and his crue
Did holde with Saturne, when by search
Of issue's males he knew
The which his brother had aliue,
Against their couenant made:
When, Titan victor, fast in hold
Was vanquisht Saturne laide,
Together with his wife and friends:
Where sorrow much they past,
Till Iupiter did vnderstand
His parentage at last.
He therefore landing tooke in Crete,
With well prouided men:
And slew his vncle Titan, and
The giant Tiphon then,
With most part of the Titanoies,
And sets his father free,
By meanes whereof they reconcile,
And well a while agree.

NOT brooking then Apollo's fault,
In that he entertainde
The remnaunt of the Titanoies,
That after warres remainde,
Apollo was by Iupiter
Inforced for to flie
His kingdome Paphos, and to liue
Exilde in Thessalie.
There loue, but chiefly penurie,
Constrained him to keepe
(Vntill he was restored home)
The king Admetus' sheepe.
And for his sonne disdainefully
Enuied Ioue his praise,
Ioue was the same phisition's death
That dead to life could raise:
Whose fame grew thus. As Æsculap
An heardsman did espie,
That did with easie fight enforce
A basiliske to flie.
(Albeit naturally that beast
Doth murther with the eye.)
Apollo's sonne perceiuing him
With garland on his head,
Imagins (as it was indeede)
Some hearb such vertue bred:
And for a proofe, he caused him
To cast the wreath away,
When straight the beast her onely eyes
The silly man did slay.
Then Æsculap himselfe did take
The wreath and puts it on,
And by that meanes he ouer came
The basiliske anon.
" In hearbs that deeper force is hid
Than science may containe
I finde," sayd he, and hearb by hearb
Into his mouth did straine
That lay for dead, an hearb at last
Reuiuing him agayne.
Henceforth, men thought him more then man,
When by his wondrous skill
He rendred life to many like,
So winning great good will.
But as he waxed famous thus,
He famous waxed proud,
Disdayning all, yea Ioue himselfe
For peere he disalowd:
Vntill that Saturn's angry sonne
Reueng'd his pride by death:
Correcting iustly eath abuse,
As rector on the Earth.

THE sonne's renoune thus added grace,
Vnto the father's name,
But shadowes waite on substances,
And enuie followes fame.
Euen Saturne, pompous Saturne, ridde
By Iupiter of foes

And feare of Titan, did renewe
His superstitious woes,
As touching former oracle:
And hastie sommons sent
Throughout his realme to muster men,
In purpose to prevent
By death of Ioue his destinie.
The men of Crete repinde
To put on armour to his ill
Whom they had found so kinde:
But will they, nill they, so they must,
For so their king assignd.
And Saturne with his armed troupes
Into Arcadia went,
Where Iupiter, forewarned of
His father's ill intent,
Intreated peace, to him denide,
So that perforce he must
Defend him from his froward sire,
Or rather foe vniust.
Theare might ye see king Saturne fight
Like to a lion wood,
Whilest Iupiter did beare his blowes
And spares his father's blood:
And him that foe-like would him slay,
He friendly did defend,
Desiring Saturne to retyre,
But wordes were to no end.
The wilfull man pursuing blood,
Ioue ceaseth to perswade,
And rushing in amongst his foes
So hote a skirmish made,
That euery blowe sets blood abroch,
And so in little space,
Euen he who late he did entreat
Is followed now in chace
By Arcas and his company:
For Ioue refraind the fight,
Because against his countrey men
He had no will to fight.
Whilest luckless Saturne did escape
By flight and fortune then,
And wandred long in vncouth seas,
Depriude of wealth and men,
Victorious Iupiter was crownde
With glory king of Create:
And Saturne, now ariude at Troy,
For succour did entreat.
Ganymedes, king Troyes sonne,
Was sent in Saturne's ayde:
A worthy knight, and valiant warre
To Iupiter he made.
But he and his were chased backe
Euen to their citie walles,
For whoso stoode with Iupiter,
By Iupiter he falles.
And theare the Troyan paragon
Ganymedes was tane,
Twixt whome and Iupiter thenceforth
Sound friendship did remaine.
Then Saturne did the second time
To seas with shame retire,
And neuer after durst by warre
Against his sonne conspire:
But sayling into lower realmes,
In Italie did dwell:

And hereof it is said, his sonne
Did chase him into Hell.

MEANE while, lesse ioyous of his fame
Than ielous of his freakes,
Her wrong queene Iuno on the truls
Of Iupiter she wreakes.
Which was the cause that, all too late,
He, purposing returne
To rescue Danae (in whose loue
He amorously did burne)
Was cast by stormes into the seas,
That forthwith tooke the name
Of him whom for his piracies
Ioue vanquisht in the same.
Ye might haue seene Aegeon there,
With wreakfull wrath inflamde
At sight of Ioue, at whose decay
He long in vaine had aimd.
And how that Ioue had now the worst,
And in a trise againe
The gyant with his twise three barkes
In hazard to be taine.
The centaures shew them valerous,
So did Ixeon stout,
And braue Ganymedes did deale
His balefull dole about:
But when courageous Iupiter
Had beaten to the ground
Aegeon, and in the selfe same chaynes
Wherein he often bound
The harmlesse soules that crost those seas,
Himselfe in fetters ley,
Ye might haue sayd, and truly sayd,
That then did end the fray.
So many were his high exploits,
Whereof such wonder bread,
That for the same the heathen folke
Doe deifie him dead.
Which since they are so manifold,
I many ouerpasse:
And though Amphitrio blush to heare
How he deceiued was,
And that Alcmena pinch my tongue,
Possest with bashfull shame,
Yea though that Iupiter himselfe
My lauish tongue shall blame,
Yeat since that ielous Iuno knowes
Already of the same,
I dare to tell how Iupiter
So cunningly beguilde
His loue Alcmena, that by him
She traueled with childe
Of Hercules: whose famous acts
We orderly shall tell,
Wherof the first, but not the least,
In cradle-time befell.

CHAP. IV.

Qvenne Iuno, not a little wroth
Against her husband's crime,
By whome shee was a cockquene made,
Did therefore at the time

In which Alcmena cride for helpe
To bring her fruit to light,
Three nights and dayes inchaunt her throwes:
And (of a diuelish spight)
Intended both the ladie's death,
And that wherewith she went;
Till Galinthis vnwitching her,
Did Iuno's spels prevent.
Howbeit cankered Iuno, still
Pursuing her intent,
Two poysoned serpents, got by charmes,
Into the chamber brought
Where Hercules in cradle lay,
And thinking to haue wrought
A tragedie, did let them loose;
Who smelling out their pray,
Skaerd Hercules his brother, that
In selfe same cradle lay:
But Hercules, as children vse
With little whelpes to play,
Did dallie childishly with them,
And no whit did dismay;
Vntill at last his tender flesh
Did feele their smarting stings,
And then displeased, betwixt his hands
The snakes to death he wringa.
Amphitrio and the Thebanes all
Of this same wonder tell;
And, yeeres permitting, Hercules
Did with Euristeus dwell.
This king, by spitefull Iuno's means,
Did set him taske on taske,
But Hercules perfourmed more
Then both of them could aske.
Yea, yet a lad, for actiuenes
The world did lack his like,
To wrestle, ride, run, cast, or shoote,
To swim, to shift, or strike;
As witnes (his inuention first)
Those solemne actiue plaies,
That were on mount Olimpus tride,
Where he had prick and praise.
For which his nouell, and himselfe
(In those not hauing peeres)
The Grecians by th' Olimpides
Kept reckning of their yeeres.

KING Atlas' daughters in the isles
Of Hesperus did holde
A many sheepe; and poets faine
Their fleeces were of golde,
(For rarenes then of sheepe and wooll
In figures so they faine:)
Euristeus pricks his pupil on
This nouile prize to gaine.
The Greekes applie their sweating oares,
And sailing doe persist,
Vntill they reach the wished shoare;
Where, ready to resist
Their entrance to the closed isles,
An armed giant stayd,
Whose grim aspects at first approch
Made Hercules afraide.
Now buckle they, and boysterous blocs
They giue and take among;
A cruel fight: but Hercules
Had victorie ere long.
The giant slaine, Philoctes tooke
The vanquisher in hand:
An harder taske had Hercules
Than pausing now to stand;
Most dreadfull was their doubtfull fight,
Both lay about them round,
Philoctes held the harder fight
By keeping higher ground.
The sonne of Ioue perceauing well
That prowesse not auail'd,
Did faine to faint: the other thought
That he in deed had quail'd,
And left th' aduantage of his ground,
And fiercely smites his foe:
But Hercules, whose policie
Was to contriue it so,
Renewing fight most eagerly,
So strikes and strikes againe,
That, to endure the doubled force,
His valiant foe had paine;
Who, yeelding to his victor's will,
Did finde in him such grace,
As Hercules did thenceforth vse
His friendship in each place.
Hesperides, the goodly nymphs,
Their keeper's chaunce lament;
But Hercules did comfort them,
And cure their discontent:
And shipping then of rammes and ewes
A parcell, thence he went.

IN coasting back by new-built Troy,
He saw a mournefull sort
Of people, clustering round about
Their yet vnconquered port.
He musing much, and striking saile,
Did boldlie aske wherefore
They made such dole: Laomedon,
Then standing on the shoare,
Did tell the cause. The cause was thus:
Laomedon ere than
To reare the statelie walles of Troy
(A costly worke) began;
And wanting pay to finish vp
The worke he had begunne,
Of Neptune's and of Phœbus' priests
(The godes of sea and Sunne)
He borrowed money, promising
Repaiment of the same
By certaine time, which thereunto
He did expresly name.
The walles are built, the time is come,
The priests their money crane;
Laomedon forsweares the debt,
And naughtie language gaue.
Forthwith the sea (the Diuell then
Did many wonders showe)
Began to swell, and much of Troy
With violence ouerflowe:
And thereupon the swealtie Sunne
(The wastfull sea retier'd)
So vehementlie did shine vpon
The oosie plashes myred,

That thereof noisome vapours rose,
And of those vapours spread
Such plagues, as scarce the liuing might
Giue buriall to the dead.

Repentant then, their wretched king
To diuell-god Delphos goes,
Where at the oracle he knew
His wrongs to cause such woes:

And how the gods of Sun and Seas,
Offended, doe require
Each month a virgin, to appease
A seaish monster's ire.

Wherefore to saue their common weale,
The Troyans did agree,
One virgin, as her lot did light,
Should pay that monthlie fee.

Now after many murdred maids,
(For monthlie, at one day,
The fearefull monster at the port
Expects his wonted pray)

The lot fell to Hesione,
The daughter of the king,
Whom to the port to be deuour'd
With teares the Troyans bring.

When Hercules thus vnderstoode
The hard occasion why
The guiltles lady should haue died,
He purposing to trie
His valiantnesse, (for what was it
That Hercules would flie?)

Did aske the king what gift should grow
To him that should both free
His daughter and his kingdome of
That bloody monthly fee.

The king, whom now a doubted hope
Of profered helpe made glad,
Made promise of two milk-white steedes,
As chiefest gemmes he had.

Braue Hercules, whose ventrous heart
Did onely hunt for fame,
Accepts th' assumpsit, and prepares
The fiend-like fish to tame.

Anone the dreadfull Diuell driues
The sea before his brest,
And spitting mighty waues abrode,
Disgorgde from monstrous chest,

Lifts vp his vgly head aboue
The troubled waues to catch
The trembling lady, for which pray
His yawning iawes did watch.

But he, whose strength exceeded sense,
With yron club in fist,
Did bootlesse long with brusing waight
The boistrous whale resist.

The greater strokes, the fiercer was
The monster's awlesse fight:
So that the Greekes and Troyans all
Misdoubt their dreadlesse knight.

Still Hercules did lay on load,
And held the fight so long,
That in the end the sea retirde,
And left the fish among

The bared sands; and so for want
Of water, not of strength,
Good fortune honours Hercules
With victorie at length.

Now when the king, his Troyans, and
The Grecians, had behild
The substance of the vgly shape,
Euen dreadfull being kild,

They bring the champion to the towne
With triumphs, gifts, and praise:
And who but he belou'd in Troy,
Whiles that in Troy he stayes?

Alone the king (a man, no doubt,
Predestinate to ill)
Obseruing how his subjects bore
To Hercules good will,

And fearing least their loue to him
Might turne himselfe to hate,
And seeing now himselfe and land
In prosperous estate,

Vnfriendly did exclude his friend
From out his city strong,
Whilest with his Greekes he hunts abroad,
Mistrustlesse of such wrong.

And when the champion and his men
Did from their sports returne,
Not onely did gain say in Troy
That longer they soiourne,

But also (impudent in guiles)
Withheld the corsers twaine,
Which Hercules so dearly wonne,
In hazard to be slayne.

Alcmena's sonne abashed then
To find so lewd a meede,
In lieu of well deserued loue,
Was chollerick indeed:

And made a vow (if life gaue leaue)
He would such vengeance take
On Troy, that euen the stones thereof
For dread of him should quake:

And that the liuing Troyans then
Should say, and iustly say,
That they were happie whom the plague
And monster made away.

And threatning so the trothlesse king,
Did leaue the hated port,
And shortly did ariue at Thebes,
And feasts in Creon's court.

THENCE brought he war and wrack to Troy,
And in his armie kings:
And by the way Larnessus' walles
Vnto the ground he flings,

And setteth Tenedos on fire,
Whose fearefull flames espide,
Gaue sommons vnto carelesse Troy
For worser to prouide.

Before the Greekes had reached Troy,
The Troyans by the way
Did bid them battaile: many men
On either part decay.

The sounding armours crack with blows,
Whilest piercing arrows flie,
This lyeth dead, that same is maimde,
And more at poynt to die.

Heads, armes, and armour, flie aboue,
And bodies swimme in blood,
And fresh supplies did fall with them
On whom they fighting stood.

But Hercules, aboue the rest,
Bestird himselfe so well,
That still before his balefull club
By shocks the Troyans fell:

Who, fainting now, seeke to retire
Into their fensiue towne,
Where Hercules their porter was,
And rudely knockes them downe.

Thus wonne he Troy, and sacked Troy,
And chanels flowed blood,
Nor did he breath whilest any part
Of all the citie stood,

Saue stately Ilion. In the same
A many ladies weare,
Whose piteous teares wrought Hercules
That onely place to spare:

As for the false Laomedon,
He secretly was fled,
And valiant Pryamus, his sonne,
To Greece was captiue led.

CHAP. V.

At home return'd, queene Iuno craues
His companie at Creat,
Whom, there arriu'd, with hartlesse ioy
His step-dame did intreat.

"What! hearest thou not, my sonne," (quoth she)
"How Argiue folke complaine
Of lions three, that in their fieldes
Both men and heardes haue slaine?"

All this she said, as knowing him
To seeke such hard affaires:
To win him to which desperate fight
No course nor cost she spares.

When this was said, enough was said,
And halfe was yet behinde,
When Hercules did vow redresse,
And Iuno had her minde.

He ioyes to heare of that exploit,
Such was his ventrous hart,
And thanking Iuno for her newes,
Did so from thence depart.

Philoctes now and Hercules
In Nemea forrest be,
Long seeking what they could not finde,
Till, crying from a tree,
An heardsman said, "Friends, shift away,
Or else come vp to me:

"Least that those cruell lions three,
Now ranging in this wood,
Which haue deuour'd those heards I had,
And with my manies bloud

"Imbrud their fierce deuouring chappes,
And forced me to clime
This tree, where I (vnhappie man!)
On leanes haue fed long time,

"May, all too soone, with tearing teeth,
Destroy you in like case."
The quaking heardsman scarce had said
Thus much, when as a pace
From out a thick the lions three
On Hercules did run.
Philoctes, trustlesse of his prowse,
By climing did them shun,

And now the rampant Lions great,
Whose onely view would quaile
An hundred knights, though armed well,
Did Hercules assaile,

And sometimes with their churlish teeth
And pinching pawes againe
So grieuously indanger him,
That neere he faints with paine.

Howbeit (glorie cheering griefe)
He twaine had now dispatcht:
The third, and dreadfulst of the three,
Though many a blow he catcht,

Yet neither club nor sword had force
To harme his hardned hide,
Vntill that (weapons laid apart)
By strangling breath he dide.

Not Hercules himselfe conceiu'd
More ioy of this successe
Then did Philoctes, who ere while
Did hope of nothing lesse.

The herdsman, poore Melorcus, like
As Hercules him wild,
Vncaest the lions, fearing long
To touch them being kild;
And in his cottage to the knights
A countrey feast he hild.

The Argiues, hearing of this deed,
With triumphs him intreate,
And offer all; but refusing all,
He doth returne to Create;

Whom glozing Iuno, 'gainst her minde,
With cost did intertaine,
And with a tongue, repugnant quite
To her malicious vaine,
Commends his deeds, when rather she
Did wish he had been slaine.

And therefore with an harder taske
His labour did renew:
But what was it that manhood might,
And he would not pursue?

IN Ægypt was a grieuous drought,
The cause thereof vnknowen:
Which to redresse, their diuelish gods
And oracle had showen.

"Doo offer vp strange bloud," they bid,
"And so auert our ire."
Busiris, prone before to bloud,
Had now his heart's desire.

No sooner stranger touchd the shoare,
But them the barbarous king
To frie in flames before his gods
For sacrifice doth bring.

Yea, custome added worse to ill,
His subiect and his friend
(When strangers misse) supplie the flames,
His murthers had no end.

Howbeit, with these butcheries
The drought did still remaine:
For in Busiris was the bloud
That should redeeme the raine.

The gods did meane (which they not minde)
That lewd Busiris, he
An alien borne, that stranger was,
Who dead, no drought should be.

A noble man of Iuno's kin
Busiris late had slaine,

For losse of whome the craftie queene
Did often sorrowes faine.

"Cease, madame," saieth Hercules,
"Not long the time shall be,
But I his tyrannie shall end,
Else it giue end to me."

Her sorrowes did not tith her ioy,
When he had giuen consent
To vndertake that deathfull taske:
For death was it she ment.

Now Hercules in Ægypt meetes
Busiris and his crew,
When sodainelie with maine assault
On him the giant flew:

Supposing to haue dealt with him
As he had done before
With other strangers. Hercules
Alonely, and no more

To take his part, with skathfull strokes
Bestird his club so well,
In battering of the tyrant's bones,
That strengthlesse downe he fell.

Then did he kill and chase away
His lewd and cruell traine,
Till hearing of no further foe,
He commeth backe againe,

And taketh vp the wretched king,
That cryeth out for ayde:
And on the altar, where himselfe
Had strangers often layde,

Himselfe was made a sacrifice:
And as his blood did staine
The altar, euen at that same time
There fell a ioyfull raine.

With ended drought, and tyrant's death,
A common ioy befell,
And all in Memphis entertaine
The vnknowen champion well:
From thence returning back to Thæbes,
He there awhile did dwell.

KING Creon's daughter Megara,
At Thæbes he did espouse:
To countenance their wedding feast
Did want nor knights, nor prowse.

Which triumphs ended, when the knights
Should thence depart away,
Pirithous to his wedding bids
Them all, and names the day

Wherein to meete at Thessalie:
To which did all consent,
And at the time concluded of
At Thessalie conuent.

Amidst their cheere, the solemne feast
The Centaures did disqueat:
Whom by no meanes the nobles there
To patience might intreat.

For they, an hundred giants strong,
With drinking whitled well,
Amongst their cups, from words to blowes,
And worser dealings, fell:

And (too outragious at the last,
Fierce Eurytis their guide)
Vnreuerently they rauish thence
Hippodame the bride.

But Hercules not breoking it,
To arme himselfe begunne,
And all alone in rescue of
The rapted bride did runne.

By this time did Ixeon's seede
Stand still in battell ray,
When he, but one against them all,
Began a bloodie fray.

Ech arrow that with ayming hand
From sturdy bow he sent,
Did answere by the death of one
The sender his intent.

Whilest Hercules with deadly bow
Had store of Centaures slaine,
And, wanting arrowes, with their blood
His valiant club did staine,

The bridegroome and the other knights
Came to the ceasing fight,
When all were foyl'd, excepting twelue,
That sau'd their liues by flight.

Alonely Lycus yelded him
A prisoner, and liues,
And liuing vnto Hercules
Much after-sorrow giues:
But Nessus, that escaped then,
In time him worser grieues.

CHAP. VI.

The glory of this high attempt,
And sauing of the bride,
They all ascribe to Hercules:
And whilst they heere abide

To exercise his piracies,
As Pluto, king of Hell,
(Such was the lewdnes of his life,
And place where he did dwell,

That hee and it were titled so)
Lay houering neere the shore,
And saw the folke of Cicilie
Their gods with rights adore,

This rouing king, with armed guardes
Of his disordered crew,
Did come a land to make their pray:
But for, to outward view,
They faine deuotion, none suspect
The ill that did ensue.

Anon, a wreathing garlands sweet
Hard at her mother's side,
King Pluto sawe Proserpine,
And liking whom he spide,

Concluding with his companie
How to conuay her thence,
Betwixt his boistrous armes he tooke
The faire and fearefull wench,

And doo what the Cicilians might,
He setteth her aboord;
And to his giltie sailes the aire
Did gentle gales afoord.

A number eyes in Cicilie
For her did weepe, in vaine:
For her her mother Ceres and
Her loues-mate did complaine.

Her selfe (sweet lady) of her moane
Did finde no meane, God wot,
Though Dis, to please, did say and giue
What might be said or got.

Imbarked then, with him his harpe
Did wofull Orpheus take,
And to Molossa, Pluto's realme,
With speedie sailes did make:

Where he, vnknowne, at gate of Hell
Did harpe such musick sweete,
As lumpish Cerberus could not
But shake his monstrous feete.

His foule and warpt ill-fauoured face,
Ore-hung with cole-black haires,
His horslike teeth, his lolling lips,
His doglike hanging eares,

His booked nose, his skowling eyes,
His filthie knotted beard,
And what not in his vgly shape!
But presently appear'd
More milder than his common moode,
And lesser to be fear'd.

This hellish porter, deeming that
Such musick would delight
His weeping mistris, did conuay
The harper to her sight:

Where Pluto swore by dreadfull Stix,
If Orpheus did by play
But make her laugh, what so he askt
He should receiue for pay.

Anon such heauenly harmonie
On skilfull harpe he plaid,
That she her husband's musick knew,
And ioyfull was she made.

Now Orpheus did a watch-word giue,
And she to laugh began:
And for reward to haue from thence
His wife he asked than.

Although it gawled Pluto's soule
His sweet-heart to forgo,
Yeat for to quit him of his oath,
He yeelds it shall be so,

With this condition, that before
They fully passed Hell,
He should not backwards look on her,
What chance so ere befell.

Now as they passe through blinde by-waies,
He fearing least perchance
She erre or lag, returnes a looke:
And who should marke that glance

But Cerberus, that purposely
For such aduantage waites:
Who still detaining her, did shut
Her husband out the gates.

When Ceres heard of this mischance,
She Cicill leaues anon,
And knowing all the knights of Greece
To Thessalie were gone,

She thether goes in hope of helpe:
Where presently she meetes
With Theseus and Pirithous, whose
Salutings she regreetes.

They, wondring what the noble queene
Of Cicill there should make,
Become inquisitiue thereof:
To whom sad Ceres spake

First of Proserpine her greefe
And then of Pluto's guile:
For her she weepes, on him she railes,
And mooueth them meane while.

The mother of false Dis his repe
Had more behinde vnsaid,
When Ægeus and Ixion's sonnes
Did iointly offer aide.

About the desert parts of Greece
There is a valley lowe,
To which the roaring waters fall
That from the mountaines flowe:

So rockes doe ouershadow it,
That scarce a man may vewe
The open ayre; no Sun shines there:
Amidst this darksome mewe

Doth stand a citie, to the same
Belongs one onely gate,
But one at once may come thereto,
The entrance is so straite,

Cut out the rough maine stonie rocke:
This citie did belong
To Pluto, and because that he
Was euer doing wrong,

And kept a theeuish rable, that
In mischiefes did excell,
His citizens were diuels said,
And citie named Hell.

When to this citie's ruthlesse gate
Were come the friendly knights,
Fierce Cerberus did rouse himselfe,
And, scarcely barking, bites.

He thought the world had lackt the same
That thether durst repaire;
And troth to say, not one till then
To doo the like did dare.

Now fiery sparks from thundering strokes
In dark did giue them light,
And Ceres' champions valiantly
Maintaine their ventrous fight,

When stout Pirithous, too too bold,
A deadly wound he catcht,
And Theseus, though combatan-like
He long the helhound matcht,

Yeat with his fellowe had he falne,
And flying feares to cope,
Expecting nothing lesse than life,
But hap exceeded hope:

For Hercules at Thessalie
Did feare so hard enent;
Whence lanching out, he made in showes
As if to Thebes he went,

But with Philoctes all his traine,
And Lycus, home he sent:

And he himselfe to aide his friends
Did to Molossa goe,
Wheare, like as did his minde presage,
He found it very so.

For euen as currish Cerberus
With gorie blowes did chace
The wounded and the wearie knight,
Came Hercules in place.

And vnexpected happie sight
To Theseus at that tide;
Whom Cerberus forsaking, then
At Hercules he flide,

Vpbraiding him with threatning words,
And like himselfe did rane,
And reacht him many a crabbed rap
With his presumptious glaue.

The danter then of trespassers
Perceauing Theseus drie
His grieuous wounds, and at his feete
Pirithous dead to lie.

Desirous to reuenge them both,
Laies lustie lode about,
And with his still victorious club
Did Cerberus so cloute,

That, quite dismaid at such a match,
He reeling to the ground,
Did send from out his doggish throat
A loud and diuelish sound.
But when the victor sure enough
The vanquished had bound,

He, leauing Theseus weake without,
Into the citie went:
Whereas he found the wicked king
And citizens, that spent

Their frutelesse time in vices foule,
And dealings most vniust,
As that those in their porter's strength
Reposed all their trust.

With these did Hercules play rex,
And leauing Dis for dead,
Not one escapes his deadly hand,
That dares to shewe his head.

Whole thousands then did breath their last,
And who had seene the sight,
Might well haue said it Hell indeede:
For euerie thing out-right,

Besides that sullen mewe it selfe,
Did giue a figure plaine
Of selfe same Hell, where damned souls
Abide in endlesse paine.

Saue howlings out and shuddering feare
Came nought to eare or sight,
With grieuous groupes of dying ghosts,
And so much more their spight,
By how much more he found them then
In pleasures and delight,

This horrour hanging, Hercules,
In bustling vp and downe
In Pluto's pallace, to her ioy,
Proserpine he found,

And tolde her of enlargement thence:
And then in harrowed Hell
(Pyrithous buried) he, nor she,
Nor Theseus, longer dwell:

But, waying anker, with the queene
Of Cicil's daughter went
To Thessalie; where present greefes
Pretended ioyes preuent,
For, hearing of Pyrithous' death,
Not one but did lament.

Hippodame (a widowe nowe)
Especially bewailes
Her ouer-hardie husband's death:
But weeping lease preuailes

Thea did reuenge; for Hercules
Vnto her doome commits
Her greefe's-contriver, Cerberus,
Almost besides his wits

For feare of death, his due desert:
Whome causing to be bound
Both hands and feet, and to be dragd
Along the ragged ground,

A knauish skull of boyes and girles
Did pelt at him with stones,
And laying on with staues and whippes
Did breake both fleshe and bones.

WHEN Hercules should passe to Hell,
As hath before been said,
And that Philoctes of his men
He had lieutenant made,

And as Philoctes with his charge
On seas to Thæbes did passe,
He met Androdamus, the king
Of Calcedon he was.

Androdamus, not knowing yet
His cosen there inthralde,
(For Lycus was his cosen) to
The Thæbane pilots calde

To ken of whence and where they would.
But ere the Thæbans might
Giue answer, Lycus, clogd with chaines,
On hatches stoode vpright

And cride, "Androdamus, beholde
And succour me, thy friend,
That shamefully, vnles thou helpe,
Am like my life to end.

I captiue am to Hercules,
And thus to Thæbes must goe:
Giue aide therefore." Androdamus
Deferres not dooing so,

But setteth on Philoctes, that
Himselfe and shippe defends,
And part of Calcedons he slewe,
And part to sea he sends:
But where the number tripled there
For them the battell ends.

When Lycus was discharg'd of bands,
And stout Philoctes bound,
He tolde what skath the Centaures late
In Thessalie had found.

Amongst the slaine he named some
Allied to the king:
For which the sauage tyrant swore
Reuenge on Thæbes to bring.

And, sayling thence, preuailed theare
By comming vnawares;
And putteth all to sacke and sword,
Nor olde nor young he spares.

He slaieth Creon, and in holde
Faire Megara was cast:
And leauing Lycus king in Thæbes,
From Thæbes the tyrant past.

Whilest Lycus thus did lord it theare,
The errour of his eye
Did vexe his heart; but Megara
His lust did chastly flye.

And Hercules by now had newes
How things at Thæbes fell out,
And how that Lycus theare was lord,
And none for him durst route.

Disguised then he thither comes,
And to the pallace went;
Whom, when the porters would haue staide,

His ragges he of did rent,
And showes himselfe like to himselfe,
No bloe in vaine he spent,
That sets not breath or bloud abroch.
This vprore Lycus heard,
And thinking that some priuat fray
Had falne amongst his garde,
Presuming that his presence would
Appease the growing heat,
Did cast his haughtie armes abroad,
As who would say, "Be queat,
Or here am I that can aswell
Command it as intreat:"
Which Hercules so suddainelie
Chopt off that (yet vnwist)
He thinking to haue vsed armes,
Was armeles ere he wist.
"Then Hercules, our Hercules
Is come," all Thæbes it cride,
"Now shake we off our seruile yoke
And follow him our guide:"
And so they did, till none were left
To holde on Lycus side.
The medly ended, Hercules
Did bring the Centaure bound
To prison; whereas Megara
In miserie he found:
(For Lycus, speedeles in his lust,
Against her so had frownde)
Yea (more reuengefull!) seeing her
Imbraced by his foe,
And hoping nothing lesse then life,
To vexe them ere he goe
He said: "Thou dotest ouermuch
To entertaine that whore,
The falsest ladie vnder Heauen,
For let me liue no more,
"If Megara (I speake by proofe)
Imbraced so of thee,
Hath not offended diuers waies,
And common been to me."
Then Hercules supposing that
His speeches had been true,
Sweept off the lying Centaure's head,
And in that choller slewe
(Too credulent) his guiltlesse wife:
But dead, her death did rue.

FOR losse of her, and slaughtered friends,
He, vexed at the heart,
Did then from Thæbes (an heauie man)
To forraine lands depart.
Distressed in the Troyan rhode
He, succour sought for pay:
To which (his people's triple plague)
Laomedon said nay:
And to prouide their second scourge
Sail'd Hercules away;
For, coming back with Iason's prize
From Colchos, he complaines
Of churlish king Laomedon,
And so an armie gaines.
At Troy the Greekish peeres and he
Did land their armed men:
Whome to resist Laomedon
Did range his battailes then.
The Troyans they bestird them well,
The Grecians stood not still;
Laomedon fights valiantlie,
And many a Greeke did kill:
Till Hercules (disgesting ill
To see his foe pursue
Such good successe) encounters him,
Whom easilie he slue.
And hauing slaine the vitterous king
He ceaseth not to die
His Thæbian club in Phrygian bloud,
Till all began to flie.
But with the Troyans, Telamon,
And Hercules both twaine,
And by their valour all the Greekes
The gates and citie gaine,
And kill who so of Troy they caught,
And rased to the ground
The citie, whilest that house by house
Or stone on stone they found.
When ventrous Telamon, for that
He ent'red first the gate,
For prize had faire Hesione,
Of Troy the latest fate:
For Priamus to quit her rape,
Long after sent his sonne
To rauish Hellen from the Greekes:
So thirdly warre begonne:
Hesione the cause to Troy,
And Hellen to the Greekes,
And all did worke that Troyan Brute
The Albian climate seekes.

THE

SECOND BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. VII.

THE twise-sackt towne the Grecians then
Did merrilie forsake,
And Hercules for new affaires,
Did land in Ægypt take.
There in a porte hee did espie
A fleete of shippes from farre,
Well fraught with men, munition, and
What else pertaines to warre.
When Affer (he chiefe captaine was
Of that same fleete) did spie
The ensignes of the famous Greeke,
He knew them by and by;
And entertaining on his knees
The owner of the same,
Reioyced to behold the man
So honoured by fame.
With Affer sailed Hercules to
Lybia, to put downe
The gyant king Antæus, that
Had aided to the crowne
Of Ægypt, against th' Ægyptians' willes,
Busiris lately slaine
By Hercules, in whose conduct
They doubt not to obtaine.

They taking land in Lybia not,
And hauing in their sight
The threatned cities of the foe,
His tents did Affer pight,
And girts it with a sodaine siege.
The giant then did shake
His hideous head, and vow'd reuenge,
Yea sharpe reuenge to take.
But issuing out his citie gates,
He found the foe so hot,
That, notwithstanding such his bragges,
The worst Antæus got:
For Hercules did cannuase so
His carkes, that at length
He did retire himselfe and men,
As trustlesse of his strength.
His Libians slaine, and he not sound,
Antæus truce did craue:
For graunt whereof vnto his foes
Meane time he victuals gaue:
And whilest the month of truce did last,
The giant, brused sore,
Did heale his wounds, and to his part
Sollicits aiders more.
Meane while the Greeke to Mauritain
Did passe vnknowne of all,
And theare in king Antæus' aide
He found supplies not small:
And for he looked souldier-like,
They brought him to the king,
Who offered pay: "Not so," (quoth he)
"I meane an other thing;
"Discharge these bands, or else will I
Discharge thee of thy breath,
That all alone to thee and thine
Oppose me to the death."
When Atlas knew him Hercules,
That conquered of late
The iland which his daughters held,
And brought to latest fate
His giant that defended them,
And captiuated than
His friend Philoctes: he twixt feare
And fiercenesse waxed wan.
And looke how fast the ratling haile
Vpon an house dooth fall,
So fast they lay on Hercules,
That holdeth wage gainst all.
For as the smith with hammour beats
His forged mettall, so
He dubs his club about their pates
And sleas them on a row.
And whilest (not daring to looke downe)
By heaps on him they flie,
Some stumbling on the bodies dead
Are smoldred so and die:
Some sliding in their slippery bloud,
Wherewith the place did swimme,
Were strangled so: some others whilest
Disorderly at him
They freat and foyne, are crowded on
By those that hindmost be,
And with their weapons spoyle themselues,
And fellowes two or three:
Some others with the wounding points
Of broken weapons die:
And others, daring with their foe
Their bootles foree to trie,
Were in a moment slaine by him:
And thus in little space,
Without resistance, Hercules
Had lordship of the place:
And, maugre swords or studied starres,
Brought Atlas to the seas,
Whereas Philoctes did in time
His pensiuenes appease,
And to his friend commende the foe
For bountie (which at last
Himselfe did finde) and when as time
His griefe had ouerpast,
The same that for astrologie
The skies supporte was said,
In such his science Hercules
A perfect artist made.
The month of truce by this had end,
And Hercules returnes
To Affer, that incamped at
The Lybian walles soiourned.
A second battell then begoone:
Antæus like a baer
Bistires himselfe amongst his foes,
Whilest Hercules did faer
As roughly with contrarie blowes,
Till none to fight did daer:
But humblie all submitting them
Subdued by his thight,
He gaue them grace, and staied theare
To doe them law and right.
Meane time Antæus, lately fled,
Returnes from Mauritain,
And with a mightie troupe of Moores
Renewed fight againe:
And all the fields with carcases
Of mangled men were filde,
And numbers failed to the Moores
That Hercules had kild.
But when Antæus saw his men
To lessen more and more,
Resoluing or to win the spurres
Or loose himselfe therefore,
He makes a bloudie glade vntil
The Thæbane he espide,
And finding him: "Bestowe on me
Thy blowes," the giant cride,
"That am both able to endure
And to repay the same,
A flie is not an eagle's praie,
Nor mouse a lyon's game:
"My death might countenance thy deeds
(If that it so would be)
But make account that I aliue
Will triumph ouer thee."
In saying which he smites his foe,
Perfourming wondrous might:
And bodie vnto bodie they
With equall dammage fight.
But Hercules disdaining that
So long Antæus standes
With him in combat, griping him
Betwixt his angrie handes,
Did crush his carkasse in the aire
That life did leaue him so:

And thus did reape a monarchie,
And rid a mightie foe.

Then Hercules (Antæus dead)
With ease he ouercame
All Lybia with prouinces
And kingdomes of the same,
And maketh Affer king of all
That beares the douces name.

IN expedition of which warre
When Hercules would dwell
No longer time, but purposed
To bid his friends farewell,
A warlike wench, an Amazon,
Salutes him by his name,
And said: "Know, Hercules (if it
Thou knowest not by fame)
"How that the Scythian ladies, late
Expeld their natiue land
By king of Ægypt, haue contriu'd
Amongst themselues a bande,
"And with the same haue conquered all
Asia, Egypt, and
All Cappadocia: now for that
We, victors, vnderstand
"The Africanes are our allies,
We minding to proceed
In further conquests, tendring them,
Haue therefore thus decreed:
"That you two champions shall elect,
And we will also send
Two ladies, that for victorie
Shall with your knights contend:
"And if your champions vanquis houre,
Then we will tribute pay,
But if that ours doe vanquish yours,
Then you shall vs obay.
"But hope not so, more profite giues
Our bountie then our bloes,
And vninforced tribute may
Procure your friendly foes."
Then Hercules, admiring much
The chalengers, did yeeld
Two aduerse knights the morrow next
Should meet them in the field,
And mounted well on corsers twaine
Next light by dawne of day
Into the listes came Hercules
And Theseus: mid the way
Vpon a brace of milke white steedes
The two viragoes meete
The knights, and each the other did
With ciuill congies greete.
Then either parte retiring backe
Began to make their race,
And couching well their valiant speares
Did run a wondrous pace.
With Menalippe Hercules
The fight did undertake,
And Theseus with Hippolite
Did his encounter make.
They meeting, either part both horse
And load to ground were cast,
Whereat the Africanes did muse,
And Scythians were agast.
Vnhorsed thus, disdainefully
Each knight defendant tooke it;
And either ladie so disgrac'd
As scornefully did brooke it.
Then settle they to handy armes,
The which was long and fierce,
And with their cutting weapons did
Both helms and harnesse pierce.
But Hercules, though neuer matcht
So hardie in his life,
Disarmes at length his Scythian taske,
And ended was their strife.
But Theseus with his combattesse
In doubtfull battell fights,
Till, blushing at the maiden's blowes,
He checks his mending sprights:
And laid so hardlie to her charge,
Not able to sustaine
His fresh-got force, that he also
The second prize did gaine.
Antiope, a third vnto
Those warlike sisters twaine,
Beholding how sinisterly
The double fight had past,
Makes sorrow, whilst the Africanes
Reioice for it as fast.
The Scythians to the Africanes
Did homage then, and pray
Their ladies might be raunsomed.
That sute did Theseus stay,
For he through launce, his foe through lone
Went victoresse away.
And therefore when th' Athenian knight,
And Amazon were matcht
In marriage, Menalippe then
From durance was dispatcht.
And Hercules (than which to him
No greater prize could be)
Had queene Antiope her bealt
And armour for his fee,
And sets the dames of Thermodon
From other raunsome free.
And Theseus with Hippolite
At Athens landing takes,
And Hercules to Calidon
A dismall viage makes.

THEARE did king Oeneus bounteously
Receaue so great a guest:
Where scarcely had he any time
From passed toiles to rest,
But that proud Achelous sent
Ambassadors to knowe
If that king Oeneus on him
His daughter would bestowe,
If not, to threaten wreakfull warres:
Which much abasht the king,
Till Hercules who then was come
About the selfe same thing,
(For loue to Deianira both
Competitors did bring)
Expelled feare by offering aide
To backe him from the foe,
By meanes whereof vneatisfide
Awaye the legats goe.

The tyrant Achelous then,
With all Epirus' force
Inuades the bounds of Calidon,
And spoyls without remorse.

But Hercules he leading forth
His armie got the day,
And well was he amongst his foes
That fastest ran away.

They and their king, with hard escape,
Inmure themselues at length
Within a castle neere the sea,
An hold of wonderous strength.

The Thebane then, as resolute
To spoyle both foe and fort,
Did burne his foes forsaken shippes,
Left riding in the port,

And with a fewe beacts the hold.
When Achelous he
So slender watch about the walles
Of enemies did see,

He scorned that so weake a siege
Should pen him vp so straight,
Who hauing ten for one of them,
Did issue out the gate
Against the Greekes, that willingly
His coming did awaite,

Espying Hercules, he cride,
" Lo yond same diuell is he
That droue vs out of Calidon,
Who so of mine he be
That slaieth him, shall be inricht
With great rewards by me."

But he that made such offers large,
Did offer them in vaine:
For when his men saw Hercules
Approaching them amaine

With fierie eyes, and angrie lookes,
And dreadfull club in fist,
They thought it needles to assaile,
And booteles to resiste,

And euerie man retired backe
Into the holde againe,
Wheare many dayes, attempting flight,
They cowardly remaine.

From warre at length they fell to wieles.
There lay vpon the shore
A broken hoy, that had not brookt
The seas of long before,

The mast they boring full of holes,
In euerie hole did sticke
A burning torch, and lancht it out
In night when clouds were thick.

No sooner was the fierie keele
A floate vpon the waues,
And that the Greekes espyed it,
But ech man rashly craues

The viewing of so strange a sight.
But Hercules did smell
The presupposed stratagem,
And raung'd his armie well,

And marching neere the guilefull light,
Did finde ambushment theare
That playing on aduantage thus
(Preuented though) appeare.

Occasion happning, Hercules
Would not omit the same,
But tooke them as he found them now,
And fights it out by aime.

When Achelous he beheld
His guile by guile to thile,
Wel might he chafe, but harder chaunce
His courage might not quaile:

For looke how fierce and boisterous lie
A chafed bull doth fight,
So Achelous lustilie
On either side did smite:

And by his only prowesse then
A many knights were slaine,
Whilest Hercules with like successe
His opposits did paine.

And now, by chance, amidst the brunt
The valiant woers twaine

Doe single, and togethers tug,
And as two lions strong
Each one desiring other's blood
Did hold a combate long.

King Achelous minding her
For whom began that broyle,
To conquer where he did contend,
Annexed hope to toyle:

Alcmena's sonne remembring too
Whose cause he did defend,
Euen hers on whom his being and
His very soule depend,

So charged his contrarie with knocks,
And vs'd his club so well,
That vanquished (though valerous)
King Achelous fell.

Th' Epirotes when they saw their king
A captiue led away,
Their hearts were doone: and Hercules
Subdued them ere day:

And Achelous in exile
Did end his latter dayes:
And all Ætolia was fild
With Hercules his praise,

To whom the king did giue to wife
Faire Deianira, shee
The pleasing prise of that his prowse,
And dearelie earned fee,

Who after, of her owne decaye,
And his, the meane should bee.

The Centaure Nessus was the man
That made her erre so much:
Of which her error, but his sinne,
The circumstance is such.

CHAP. VIII.

When ouer deepe Euenus' foord
The passage did not fit,
This giant, of a stature tall,
Did offer helpe to it:

And Hercules, forgetting him
(For at the Centaures' fray
The same vnshine, but not vnskard,
Escaped then away)

Did pray him to the farther shoare
With Deianire to waide,
And so he did, whilst Hercules
This side the riuer staid.

When Iuno's steed of farther bankes
His passenger had set,
Then lust and long conceated grudge
To foule reuenge did whet:

Not Deianira could auoid
A rape, or little lesse:
Or Hercules, disioyned by foord,
Giue aide to her distresse.

One while, contrarie to himselfe,
Full humbly he intreates,
Anon, like Hercules indeede,
He did commaund with threates.

But first nor latter might preuaile,
For Nessus halde her thence.
"I may not follow, nor in flight
Is (Centaure) thy defence,"

Said Hercules. His deeds approue
His latter saying true,
For letting flie a fatall shaft
The rauisher he slue.

And though the arrow galled him
Euen at the very heart,
Yeat for a while he did indure
The not indured smart.

And hauing brought his trembling rape
Into a vallie, said:
"See, Deianira, how thy loue
An end of me hath made:

"Yeat is my death lesse griefe to me,
Than that thou shouldst bestow
Thy selfe on such a changing churle
As Hercules: I know

"(Sweete wench, I know) he dooth preferre
Contrarie loues to thee,
Wherefore my graue (the lesse my griefe)
In this thy good shall be.

Take this" (he gaue a folded cloth,
And to the baene therein
He mixed somewhat of his bloud)
"This same," quoth he, "shall win

"To thee againe thy husband's loue,
When he shall it estrange;
For out of doubt, I know it I,
He takes delight in change.

"When thou suspectest such a wrong,
Doe boyle a shirt with this;
No sooner shall he weare the same
(Herein such vertue is)

"But that his nouell loue will change
And fall whence it did flie:
Meane while doe not the vnction touch,
Least so the vertue die."

In all this time betwixt the armes
He did the ladie claspe,
And hild her so, as hawke a pray,
Vntill his latest gaspe.

Then leauing him a liueless course,
Mistrusting nought his drift,
She, meaning simply, tooke with her
The traitour's poysned gift.

And Hercules by this had past
The riuer deepe and wide:
Who (Deianira first imbrust)
Drew from the Centaure's side

The fatall shaft that should the death
Of braue Achilles proue,
In Phœbus' church, by Paris' hand,
For Polixena's loue.

THE Centaure left vntoombed there,
Hee, shee, and all their traine
Are come to Lerna, whom the king
Did noblie entertaine.

Theare had he from their common teares
The cruell hauock made
By Lernan Hydra, whom in fenne
Not armies durst inuade.

His vpper parts had humane forme,
His nether serpentine,
The whole was monstrous, yeat his wit
More monstrous, but most fine,
(For wit is monstrous, when the same
From vertue doth decline.)

Such were his subtill arguments,
And still supplies therein,
That he by often losse of heads
Was fained heads to winne:

And wittie thus to others' wrong,
Confounded all hee found,
Propounding questions, and a word
Vnanswered was a wound.

The scourge of tyrants hearing this,
Did promise death or ayde,
Whilst fearefull Deianira did
The contrarie perswade.

But woman's speech from weapons' vse
Might not withdraw him then,
Til entring Palus, he had rous'd
The monster from his denne.

Disdainfully did Hydra take
The presence of his foe,
And after subtill arguments
To sturdie fight they goe.

Two blowes at once with glaue and taile
Made Hercules to reele:
Who since he first had vsed armes
The like did neuer feele.

Not long he borrowed had the loan,
But Hydra had the like:
So either twaine repaye their debt,
And neither faintly strike.

But who might stand with Hercules?
By him the monster fell:
Who, burning vp his vgly shape,
Did passe his soule to Hell:
Which happie fate of Hydra's fall
Left Lerna glad and well.

From whence to Athens, and from thence
To Lycia did he saile,
Then to Hesperia Gerion's realme
His outrages to quaile.

HE by his triple tyrannie
(For Gerion he was said
Three headed, in respect that him
Three other giants aid)

So spoil'd and plag'd the neighbour realmes
With daily wrongs and war,
That all the force of Africa
His furie could not barre,

In Gadira when Hercules
His pillers reared had,
The which (our westerne world not knowne)
Men farther land forbad,

Then with victorious ships he sets
On Gerion's chased fleet;
And secondly at Megida
Did either armie meete.

Theare Gerion with his brothers twaine
The citie did beset,
And scornefullie aduance themselues
As men not to be met.

Prouiding therefore murall workes,
They threaten hot assault;
Whilest Hercùles contrarie warres
Vnto his soukliers taught.

The gates wide op'ned, out he comes
Vnto the giants three,
" Your men," he said, " are well at worke,
Well met are also wee."

" This lesse then monster, more than man,
A fiend in humane shape,"
The Spanyard said, " is he from whom
I made so hard escape."

" Yet hardlier shalt thou now escape,"
Said Hercules, and than
Betweene them foure, three to one,
A cruell fight began.

And euery of the giants thought
Himselfe an ouer-match
To Hercules, who almost gaue
To one a quick dispatch,

The second he dispatcht in deed,
Who fell his latest fall.
Then thousands came to rescue them
Yeat, one, he fights gainst all:

Till Theseus with the other knights
Did march their armie out,
And ioyne to him, their foes with them,
And all make battaile stout.

Then Gerion's brother fights againe,
And both did bathe in bloud,
It was no fighting where they fought,
Or standing where they stood.

King Meleus, Theseus, Hispan, and
Philoctes did no lesse:
But soueraignlie the sonne of Ioue
Bestird him in the presse.

The giant, Gerion's brother, then
By him did breath his last,
And Gerion did retire his men
Into their gallies fast,
But where they land, theare Hercules
Wonne landing, though he past

The pikes withstanding thousand swords,
And warding thousand slings
Himselfe alone, ere that his men
To fight on shore he brings.

Then Gerion, cursing Heauen and Earth,
" Bestirre ye, friends," he cride,
" Now is the time to liue or die,
Let good or bad betide,

" Doe liue as men, or die as men,
See, tenne we are for one,
What lets vs then from victorie,
That victors haue beene knowne?
Reuenge your selues, reuenge your friends,
Reuenge our common mone."

Nor did he shrinke from what he said,
Or said not as he wrought:
His onely deeds were manie's death;
Till Hercules he sought,

Whome singling, after combat long,
Of him his end he cought:
So to subjection Hespera
By Hercules was brought.

NO better Spanish Cacus sped,
For all his wondrous strength,
Whom Hercules from out his realme
Debelled at the length.

A richer king or tyrant worse
Liu'd not in any land,
Nor any one gainst Hercules
An hardier fight did stand.

Yeat chased by his conqueror,
He was inforc'd to die
Vp to a mountain in those parts;
Whereas, at poynt to die

Through famine, by his magicke arte
He made the mountaine flame,
And by that shift escapt his foe,
Long wondring at the same.

Then fled the giant night and day
(For feare did lend him wings)
And as about from place to place
The wandring tyrant flings,

He on a mount in Italie
Cal'd Auentine did light,
Where laboured Cacus did repose
His wearied limmes all night.

In this same hill he found a caue,
Which fitting place espide,
He did resolue in secrecie
Thenceforth himselfe to hide

In that same mount from sight of men:
And being theare alone,
That words at least might vent his woes
He maketh thus his mone.

" Ah wretch," quoth he, " no longer king,
That title now must change,
Thou late were fearfull vnto all,
Now fearing all must range.

" This ragged caue must now suffice
In stead of royall seat,
And though (alas) the place should please,
Yet want I what to eat.

" Where be my solemne banquets now?
Where is my stately traine?
My tributes, nay thy proper goods?
Or doe my friends remaine?

" Not one I feare; proud wealth was such,
That now in time of need
I knowe not whither to seeke a friend
In any hope to speede.

" And yeat despaire not, Pious lines,
Indebted much to me
For great good turnes: to him I will
Ere here I setled be."

Thus droue he foorth the dismall night,
And vp by peepe of day

He sped him vnto Calabrie,
For there king Picus lay.

His daughters three of long before,
And still did loue him well:
And, whether with the king's consent,
Or not, it so befell
He took them all to Auentin,
And there with him they dwell.

About his boisterous neck full oft
Their daintie armes they cast,
Still plying him with kisses sweet,
No sport was ouer-past
That Cacus would, and they might worke:
And more, their custome was
By pleasant tales in order told
The wearie times to passe.

And once especially it was
Concluded on a row
That each of them should tell her tale,
The first beginning so.

CHAP. IX.

King Aganippus ere his death
Had with his lords decreed,
His only daughter Daphles should
In empire him succeed.

A fairer ladie liu'd not then,
And now her like doth lack,
And nature, thinke I, neuer will
A second she compact.

The king intombed, Daphles of
His scepter was possest:
And one there was, a noble man,
That could it not disgest.

Who (for he was of fame and force)
Did bid her battaile, and
In doubtfull end of victorie
Their ciuill quarrels stand.

At length the Argiue maiden queene
She Doracles subdued:
But (Cacus) of this stratagem
A tragedie ensued.

Now loues, not launces came in vre,
The man that lost the day,
And lies in chains, left her in cares:
Her conquest was his pray.

Full often did she blame herselfe
For louing him her foe,
But ofter thought she it more blame
Not to haue erred so.

Thus whom in campe she loathed late,
In chaines she loued now,
And thought him sure, because so sure.
"To princes prisoners bow,"
Thinks she: and watching fitting time,
Vnto the prison went,
Where at the door of such his lodge
A many teares she spent.

But entring, when her eyes beheld
The image of her hart,
To her still peerelesse, though his bands
Had altred him in part,
She casting downe her bashful eyes
Stood sencelesse then a space,
Yeat what her tongueless loue adiored
Was extant in her face:
And now the goaler left to her
The prisoner and the place.

Then, cheering carefull Doracles,
"Let it suffice" (quoth shee)
"That I repent me of thy bands,
And frankly set thee free.

"And let that grace grace-out the rest,
For more remaines behind
Than, being said, may decent seeme
To such as faults will find.

"My selfe, my land, my loue, my life,
And all what so is mine
Possesse: yet loue, and saue my life,
That now haue saued thine."

Then sownes she at his sullen feete,
That yet abode in thrall:
Which to auoid, he faintly rubs
His lider on his gall:

And with his hand, not with his heart
Did reare her sinking downe,
And faining to approue her choice,
Had promise of the crowne.

But neither crowne, nor countrie's care,
Nor she (worth all the rest)
Nor grace, nor dutie, reconcile
Whom enuie had possest.

No sooner was he got at large,
And wealth suppli'd his lack,
But he to seeke her ouerthrow
To forren aids did pack.

Demaund not how the wronged queene
Disgested such her wrong,
But aske if she, the tidings tolde,
To heare them liu'd so long.

She liu'd in deede, yet sowned oft,
And sowning ouerpast,
From her mistempered head she teares
Her louely tresses fast.

And beateth on her inorie breats,
And casts her on the ground,
And wrings her hands, and scricheth out,
And flingeth vp and downe.

Her ladies pittying her distresse
Had got their queene to rest:
From whenceforth outward signes and sighs
Her inward griefe expresst,

Her sparing diet, seldome sleepe,
Her silence, and what not?
Had framd her now right louer-like
When thus to him she wrot.

"WHAT fault of mine hath caused thy flight
Doth rest in clouds to me,
But faultles haue I heard of none,
And faultie may I be.

"Yet not my scepter, but my selfe,
Haue kingly suters sought:
Did all amisse, saue thou alone,
That settest both at nought?
At nought, said I? Yea well I said,
Because so easly cought.

"One crime but cite, and I for it
Will shead a million teares:

And to be penitent of faults
With it a pardon beares.

" Ah, Doracles, if our extreames,
Thy malice and my loue,
The former's euer ill shall not
The latter's good remoue.

" I heare thou doest frequent the warres,
And war thou wilt with mee,
Forgetfull that my Argiue men
Impatient warriours bee:
Sweet, hassard not the same to sword
That loue doth warrant thee.

" Ech speare that shall but crosse thy helme
Hath force to craese my hart:
But if thou bleede, of that thy blood
My fainting soule hath part.

" With thee I liue, with thee I dye,
With thee I loose or gaine,
Liue safe therefore, for in thy life
Consists the liues of twaine.

" Most wisely valiant are those men
That backe their armed steeds
In beaten paths, ore boorded tylthes
To break their staffe-like reeds:

" Wheare not the dint of wounding launce,
But some deuise of loue,
Sans danger, hath sufficient wait
Their manhoods to approue.

" Wheare braue aspects of louely dames
Tantara to the fight,
Whose forms perhaps are weg'd in harts,
When fauours wag in sight.

" Whearas the victors prize is praise,
And trumpets sound ech blow,
Wheare all is well, that seems but well,
In courage or in show.

" Wheare ladies doffe their champions' helmes,
And kisse their beauers hid,
And parlie vnder canapies
How well or ill they did.

" Retire therefore, sweet heart retire:
Or, if thou wilt be arm'd,
Then fight as these where all things make
That all escape vnharm'd.

" Such manhood is a merriment:
Things present are regarded:
Not thousand drammes of bloud in warre,
One drop is here rewarded.

" In few, the warres are full of woes,
But here euen words of warre
Haue brauer grace than works themselues,
For courts from campes be far.

" Than are the valiant, who more vaine?
Than cowards, who more wise?
Not men that trauell Pegasus,
But Fortune's fooles doe rise.

" Me thinks I see how churlish lookes
Estrange thy cheerefull face,
Me thinks thy gestures, talke, & gate,
Haue changd their wonted grace:

" Me thinks thy sometimes nimble limbs
With armour now are lame:
Me thinks I see how scarrs deforme
Where swords before did maime:

" I see thee faint with summer's heat,
And droup with winter's cold:
I see thee not the same thou art,
For young thou seemest old:
I see not, but my soule doth feare,
In fight thou art too bold:

" I sorrow, lastly, to haue seene
Whom now I wish to see,
Because I see loue's oratresse
Pleads tediously to thee.

" If words, nor weepings, loue, nor lines,
If ease, nor toyle in fight,
May waine thee from a pleasing ill,
Yet come thou to my sight:
Perchance my presence may diswade,
Or partnership delight.

" But wo am I, dead paper pleads,
A senceles thing of woe:
It cannot weepe, nor wring the heads,
But say that she did so:

" And saieth so vncredited,
Or if, then thought of corse:
Thus thus, because not passionate,
To paper failes remorse.

" O that my griefes, my sighes, and teares,
Might muster to thy viewe,
Then woes, not words, then paine, not pen,
Should vouch my writing true.

" Yeat fare thou well, whose fare-well brings
Such fare-ill unto me:
Thy fare-well lacks a welcome home,
And welcome shalt thou be."

These lines, subscribed with her name,
When Doracles did viewe,
He was so far from liking them,
That loathing did ensue,

And, least that hope should ease her heart,
Or he not seeme vnkinde,
In written tables he to her
Returned thus his minde.

" The bees of Hybla beare, besides
Sweet hony, smarting stings,
And beautie doth not want a baite
That to repentance brings.

" Content thee Daphles, mooles take mads,
But men know mooles to catch,
And euer wakes the Dawlian bird
To ward the sloe-wormes watch.

" I haue perus'd, I wot not what,
A scrole, forsooth, of loue,
As if to Dirus in his tent
Should Cupid cast his gloue.

" A challenge proper to such sottes
As you would make of me,
But I disdaine to talke of loue,
Much more in loue to be.

" Nor thinke a queene, in case of loue,
Shall tie me to consent,
But holde the contrarie more true,
And it no consequent.

" For persons must in passions iumpe,
Els loue it proueth lame:
Nor thinke I of a woman's graunt,
But as a woer's game.

" Your sex withstands not place and speache,
For be she beene or hie,

A woman's eye doth guide her wit,
And not her wit her eye.

" Then senceless is he, hauing speach,
That bids not for the best:
Euen carters malkings will disdaine
When gentrie will disgest.

" The better match the brauer mart,
And willinger is sought:
And willing suite hath best euent:
So Vulcan Venus cought.

" I argue not of her estate,
But set my rest on this.
That opportunitie can win
The coyest she that is.

" Then he that rubs her gamesome vaine,
And tempers toyes with arte,
Brings loue that swimmeth at her eyes,
To diue into her hart.

" But since the best, at best, is bad,
A shrow or els a sheepe,
Iust none at all are best of all,
And I from all will keepe.

" Admit I come, and come I then
Because I come to thee?
No, when I come, my comming is
Contrarie sights to see.

" My leasure serues me not to loue
Till fish as haggards flie,
Till sea shall flame, till sunne shall freese,
Tyll mortal men not die,
And rivers, climing vp their bankes,
Shall leaue their channels dry.

" When these shall be, and I not by,
Then may I chance to loue,
And then the strangest change will be
That I a louer proue.

" Let beuers hide, not basses hurt,
My lips, for lips vnfit:
Let skarred limbes, not carefull loues,
To honor, honor get.

" I skorne a face effeminate,
But hate his bastarde minde
That borne a man, prepostrously
By arte doth alter kinde:

" With fingers, ladie-like, with lockes,
With lookes, and gauds in print,
With fashions bashing formeles beards,
And robes that brooke no tint,

" With speare in wrest, like painted Mars,
From thought of battaile free,
With gate, and grace, and euery gaude,
So womanly to see,
As not in nature, but in name,
Their manhood seemes to bee.

" Yea sooner than that maiden hearse
Bud on his boyish chinne
The furie of the fierie god
Doth in the foole beginne.

" And yeat so, wiues, whom would be wonne,
These woo with lesser speed,
Than might be won a towne of warre,
The croppe not worth the seede.

But let them trauile till they tire,
And then be ridde for jaides,
If gamesters faire, if souldiers milde,
Or louers true of maides:

" Who loue in sporte, or leane in spight,
Or if they stoupe to luer,
Their kindness must haue kindely vse:
Faultes onely make them suer.

" Did fancie? no, did furie? yea,
Hang vp the Thracian maide.
The wonders seuen should then be eyght,
Could loue thee so perswade.

" But loue or hate, fare ill or well:
I force not of thy fare:
My welcome, which thou doest pretend,
Shall proue a thankelesse care."

When Daphles heard him so vnkind,
She held her selfe accurst:
And little lacked of so well
But that her heart did burst.

And wheare she read the churlish scrole,
She fell into a sowne,
But, brought againe, vpon a bed
Herself she casteth downe,

Not rising more: and so her loue
And life together end:
Or (if I so may gesse) in death
Her saule did liue his friend.

The queene enterr'd, and obit kept
(As she in charge did giue)
A knight was shipt to Calidon,
Wheare Doracles did liue,

To offer him, as her bequest,
The Argiue throne and crowne.
" Not that we force, or feare" (quoth he)
" Thy fauour or thy frowne

" We moue this peace, or make thee prince,
But Daphles swore vs so,
Who louing more then thou couldst hate,
Nor liu'd nor died thy foe."

" And is she dead" (quoth Doracles)
" That liued to my wrong?
I gladly doe accept these newes,
Expected-for of long."

The lord and legate were imbarkt,
And ship ran vnder saile,
Vntill into the Argiue strond
The mariners did haile.

To Daphles, by adoption, theare
Inthronized a king,
He diuers yeares good fortune had
Successiue in each thing,

All friends, no foes, all wealth, no want,
Still peace, and neuer strife,
And what might seeme an earthly Heauen
To Doracles was rife.

A subject, but a noble man,
Did ritchly feast the king:
And after meat presented him
With many a sight and thing.

Theare was a chamber in the which,
Portraied to the quick,
The picture of queen Daphles was:
And deepely did it prick

The king his conscience, and he thought
Her like did not remaine:
So, whome her person could not pearce,
Her picture now did paine.

A kissing Cupid, breathing loue
Into her breast, did hide
Her wand'ring eies, whilst to her heart
His hand a death did guide:
Non mœrens morior, for the mott,
Inchased was beside.

Her curtesie and his contempt
He calleth them to minde,
And of her beautie in himselfe
He did a chaos finde.

Recalling eke his late degree,
And reck'ning his desart,
He could not think (or faintly thought)
His loue to sterne her heart:
And to the maker of the feast
Did such his thoughtes impart.

"And doubtes your grace," the feaster said,
"If Daphles lou'd or no?
I wish (I hope I wish no harme)
She had not loued so,

"Or you not loathed as you did:
Then she had lined yet:
To what her latest speech did tend
I neuer shall forget.

"My selfe, with diuers noble men
Whose teares bewraid our care
Was present, when her dying tongue
Of you did thus declare.

"'My hap' (quoth she) 'is simpley bad
That cannot haue, nor hope:
Was euer wretch (I wretch except)
Held to so scant a scope.

"'I see him roue at other markes,
And I vnmarkt to be:
I finde my fault but followe it,
Whilest death doth followe me.

"'Ah death (my lords) dispaire is death,
And death must ransome blisse,
Such ransome pleaseth Doracles
And Daphles pliant is.

"'Not bootlesse then (since breathles strait)
Sweet loue doth flames conttiue,
The which shall burne me vp at once
That now doe burne aliue.

"'Alas,' (then did she pause in teares)
'That Doracles were by,
To take it from his eyes, not eares,
That I for him doe die:
At least, perhaps, he would confesse
My loue to be no lie.

"'But (want-wit I) offensiue sights
To Doracles I craue:
Long liue, dear hart, not minding me,
When I am laid in graue.

"'And you (my lords) by those same goddes
Whose sight I hope anon,
I coniure, that ye him inuest
Your king when I am gon.

"'Alonely thy I liu'd and died
To him a louer true.
And that my parting ghost did sound,
Sweet Doracles adue.'

"A sigh concluding thus her words,
She closed vp her eye:
Not one of vs, beholding it,
That seemed not to die.

"Thus to your grace I leaue to gesse
How tragick Daphles died:
In loue, my lord, yea louing you,
That her of loue denied."

The picture, and this same discourse
Afford sufficient woe
To him, that maimed in his minde
Did to his pallace goe.

Theare Doracles did set abroch
A world of things forgot:
"What meanest thou man? ah frantick man,
How art thou ouershot"

(He said) "to hate the substance then,
And loue the shadow now,
Her painted board, whose amorous hart
Did break whilst I not bow?

"And couldst thou, churlish wretch, contemne
The loue of such a queene?
O gods, I grant for such contempt
I iustly bide your teene.

"Her onely beautie (worthy loue,
That now on me hath power)
Was worthie of farre worthier loue,
Without a further dower.

"But gaze thou on her senceless signe,
Whose selfe thou madest thy pray,
And gazing perish: for thy life
Is debt to her decay."

Time going on, greefe it grewe on,
Of dolour sprung dispaire,
When Doracles to Daphles tombe
Did secretly repaire:

Theare (teares a preface to the rest)
These onely words he spake:
"Thy loue was losse, for losse my life
In recompence doe take,
Deare Daphles." So a dagger's stab
A tragedie did make.

Well did this tragicke matter sort
To Cacus tragicke vaine:
But merrier matter did behoue
Such humour to restraine.

That knew the second sister well,
Who, smiling ere she spake,
Began her turne, and of her tale
The next report I make.

CHAP. X.

A proper lad made loue (quoth she)
Vnto a pretie lasse:
In self-same house, for-worne with age
This maiden's grandame was.

Her eyes were sunck into her head,
Her cheekes were leane and lank,
Out stood her chin into her mouth
Her bloodlesse lips they sanke,

Her toothlesse chappes disgracst her tongue
In telling of a tale,
And sucke she might a teat for teeth,
And spoonage too did faile,

Her haire since sixtie yeares not black,
Was now or white or none,
The substance of her wrinkled face
Was only skin and bone,

Dimme were her eyes, deafe were her eares,
Ranke smelt it she could sent,
A palsie made her feeling cease,
Downe tastlesse food it went.

Sight, hearing, sent, touch, tast, and all,
Thus failing with her strength,
She to her chamber, bed, and chaire,
Betooke her at the length.

But gold is lou'd till graue hath lodg'd,
Her bags and she were one:
And she must giue the maiden's dowre,
Or els her dowre is none.

The young man, though he lou'd the maid,
On whom no loue was lost,
Yeat did he loue to liue, and knew
That marriage asketh cost.

The old wiue's bags did let the banes:
With whom he smoothed so,
That flattered, she fantised,
Her moldie braines did cro.

What diuel I wote not made her dote,
She doted on the man:
Her rotten trunke and rustie face
She finified than:

And seeth what she could not see,
Her senselesse senses worke,
And vnderneath a wrinckled hide
A wanton heart did lurke.

Vnkindly too she kisses gaue
Which he did kindly take,
Supposing that her kindnes was
But for the maiden's sake.

Her crooked ioints, which long ere then
Supported, scarcely stood,
She brought vnto a wallowing pace
Disiellowing so her bloud:
And all for loue (surreuerence Loue)
Did make her chew the cudde.

Young Battus from his Omphida
(For they were named so)
Dislodged by the grandame long,
To workie did roundly goe:

Desiring both the maiden, and
To marrie her a dower.
The old-wife, netled at his words,
For all her loue did lower,

And drying vp what drained out
In belching, thus did say:
"The thing (friend Battus) you demand
I gladly not denay,

"But well you wot that I am old,
And yeat not all so old,
But that the remnant of my life
May spend the wealth I holde.

"As all are neerest to themselues;
So to my selfe am I:
And all shall lacke ere I will lacke:
Store is no sore we trie.

"If you do like of Omphida,
I also like the match:
Loue hath no lacke, ye both are young;
Wealth comes to such as watch.

"You louing her, she to her selfe
A dowrie is, if not,
My money shall not sell the maid,
A sinful sale God wot:

"For money shall not sell my selfe,
And yeate I cannot see,
But that a comfort to mine age
An honest match would be.

"My goods besides doe want a guide,
And often did I know
Your youngers vpon elder wiues
Than I themselues bestow,

"And liued well, and loued well
But as I doe not care
For mariage, so an honest match
I neuer will forsweare.

"Well, Battus, take you Omphida:
But if you money craue,
My bagges must onely vent to him
Whome I my selfe shall haue.

"Yeat thinke not I mislike of you
In that you haue not sped,
But thinke I wish no better match,
If I my selfe should wedde."

Thus cunningly she closde with him,
And he conceaues her thought:
Vnequall was the combat then
That loue and lucar wrought.

The one was in her flow'ring age,
The other to too old:
The first with beautie did allure,
The latter with her gold.

"But stormes" (thought Battus) "haue their stay,
Not long the croen can liue,
Or if my kindenes length her life,
My kindenes God forgiue."

Resoluing therefore on such hope,
With easie sute he got
Assurance to be wedded to
The old deformed trot.

Medea charmed Æson yong,
Battus, Medea-like,
Did worke no lesse a cuer vpon
This vaine vnweldie tyke.

Now on the bridle played she:
Yeat as she laughes she lookes
With ielious eyes, if Omphida
Be blotted out his bookes.

Yea she that could not moue before,
Now crauleth euery wheare,
To prye if Battus play not false,
And cause there was to feare.

But all this while no marriage was,
Nor witnes of their match:
And well he knowe that widdowes shrinke,
If men forslowe dispatch.

So hasting what she hindred not,
Come was the wedding day:
The morning thawde the enuening frost,
And slipprie was the way:

Yeat hobling on her rustie joynts,
To churchward goes the bride:
Whose feete (her hart's vnequall gides)
Could nothing els but slide.

Then Battus kindly leadeth her,
And euer as she trips,
"God blesse thee mome," the bridegroome said,
And smakt her on the lips.

The oftner stumbled then his beast,
The oftner to be kist:

And thinketh in her gentle choyse
Her selfe not meanly blist.

But when the priest had done his part,
And that they homeward come,
The bride, for Battus, might salute
The pauement with her bomme.

She reeled oft, and looked backe:
He sawe, but would not see:
At length she stumbled headlong downe,
"Hoyst vp againe," quoth hee:

The second tyme she did the like,
"Hoyst brock," her good-man saide:
And thirdly falling, kindly bad
Her breake her necke, olde iade.

The old-wife took it to the hart,
And home she went and dyde:
But Battus, ere his first was sicke,
Had owed his second hryde.

THIS iest from Cacus straynde a smyle,
But quickly was it donne:
When, turning to her sisters twaine,
The youngest thus begonne.

Ye, sisters, seuerally haue tolde
How foes in loue did fall,
And age with youth: but I doe say
That loue can all with all,

Examples we, whom loue hath brought
From court to liue in cave,
And were there neede of further proofe,
A thousand proofes I haue.

Could Latmus speake, it might accuse
Euen Phœbe of a kis:
And of a votarie of hers
To speake my purpose is.

But first she cheared thus her friend
(For Cacus sadly sits)
"Be merrie man, thy pensiuenesse
Our pastimes badly fits:

"Be as thou art, not as thou wouldst,
It will be as it is:
Learne then to lacke, and learne to liue,
For crosses neuer mis.

"Thinke Fortune newly hatche is fiidge,
And waggeth wing to flye:
All suffreth change: ourselues, new borne,
Euen then begin to dye.

"Be resolute, not desperate:
The gods that made thee poore,
Can, if they will (doe waite their will)
Thy former state restoore.

"At least let patience profit thee,
For patience is a thing
Whereby a begger gayneth of
A discontented king.

"Know destinie is destinie.
This epitaph I reede,
Though common-booked poetrie,
Yeat not vnworthie heede:

"Vnborne to knowe what I should be
To gods my mother prayde:
'A male,' quoth Phœbus, 'female,' Mars,
And Iuno neither sayde:

"An hermaphrodite was I borne.
My death then askt shee after:
"By sword," quoth Iuno, "tree," quoth Mars,
And Phœbus saide, "by water."

"A riuer-shadowing tree I climb'd:
Out slipt my sword: I slidd:
By feete I hung, stab'd with my sword,
My head in water hidd.
Male, female, neither, hanging, sword,
And drowning I abidd.

"Thus, Cacus, howsoeuer things
From likelihoods discent,
In birth, life, death, the gods are first,
The middell, and euent.

"And not what they can doe they will,
But what they will they can:
And that they doe, or doe it not,
Behooues not vs to skan,"
And saying so, and kissing too,
Her tale she thus began.

CHAP. XI.

I SPEAKE not of the Argiue nimph
That had the ielious syer,
To whome, shut vp in brasen tower,
Ioue passage had for hyer.

Not of Europa, Semele
Or Maia, will I dwell:
Not of your foe his bastardie,
Or Ledas rape I tell:

Not of king Ceus' daughter's fault,
Or other freak of Ioue,
Speake I: saue of th' Arcadian nunne
With whom he thus did rõue.

Calisto was as faire a mayde,
As faire as one might bee,
Her father king Lycaon fled,
Ioue chaunced her to see:

And seeing liked, liking lou'd,
And louing made it knowne
To her (sweet lasse) for father's losse
That maketh then her mone,

"Take patience, wench," sayd Iupiter,
With thee shall al be wel,
Thy father's deeds haue their deserts,
But thou in peace shalt dwell,

"I am his victor, but thy selfe
Art victoresse of me:
Do graunt me loue, my zeale is more
Than fatherlie to thee.

"The restlesse cloudes that mantling ride
Vpon the racking skie,
The scouring windes that sightlesse in
The sounding aire doo flie,

"The thriftie earth that bringeth out
And broodeth vp her breed,
The shifting seas whose swelling waues
On shrinking shores do feede,

"Shall fall, and faile, ere I be false
(Lycaon's impe) to thee:
Of hartie loue this kisse (he kist)
An happie hansell bee."

"But hapleese termes are these," quoth she,
"Vnfitting to a thrall:

Yeat, in respect of that I feele,
I hear them not at all.

" A friend (ah friendless name I friend?)
It being as it is,
A friend I say, much more a foe,
And more, and worse than this,
The sonne of Saturne should, and shall,
That speed and hearing misse.

" Doe rid, ah rid mine eyes of teares,
And set my heart at rest,
By taking life, not making loue:
The former likes me best.

" Or, if that poore Calisto's life
Shall lengthen to her wo,
Graunt that among Diana's nunnes
A votarie I go:
For neither fits it pow to loue,
Or euer shall it so."

What viewed Iupiter this while,
Not pleasing to his sight?
Or what vnuiewed did he guesse,
Not adding to delight?

Not excellent, but exquisite,
Was all to minde and eye:
Saue she, the hansel of his loue,
Did him of loue denie.

It greeues that Nature's paragon
In cloister, not in court,
Should loose the beautie of her youth,
And he thereby his sport.

But constant in her chast pretence,
He grants that would gain-say,
And seated in religion now,
With Phœbe did she stay.

Blame Iupiter of other loues,
Of this doe set him cleere:
It was his first, and first is firme,
And toucheth verie neere.

He might forgoe, but not forget
Calisto in her cell,
When setting higher thoughts apart,
The frithes did please him well:

He takes his quiver and his bow,
And wheare she hunts, hunts hee:
And sacrificed to his eyes
That daye he did her see.

About the chase, toyles, dogs, and bowes,
The stand, quarrie and all
He vseth double diligence:
So often did befall,

Not onely sight of her his saint
He got, but also talke,
Whilst thus for his Calisto's love,
He haunted Phœbe's walke.

But sight and talke accrew to loue,
The substance must be had:
And for to bring his drift about,
He virgin-like is clad.

His nonage kept his beard from bloome,
No wench more faire then he
Whome at her nunnerie a nun
Diana takes to be,
And with his sisters brotherly
Doo geese him to agree.

Thus faines Lycaon's conquerer
A maid, to winne a maid:
His hands to woll, and arras' worke,
And woman's chares hee laid,
That not so much as by the tongue
The boy wench was bewraid.

Yeat thought is free, he sees, and smiles,
And longs perhaps for more:
No maruell, for that sister-hood
Had goodlie ladies store.

Scarce one for birth and beautie too
Was theare vnworthie him,
Yet chieflie to Calisto's vaine
He formed life and limme:

And sister-like they single oft,
And chat of manye things,
But that Calisto mindeth loue
No likelihood he wrings.

So loue not once durst mention loue,
And force was sinne and shame:
But loue is hardie. Thus it hap:
By long pursute of game,

She wearie resteth in the thicks,
Wheare sitting all alone,
He seeing her, is resolute
Or now to end his moene,
Or for so sweet a bodie's vse
To leaue his soule in toene.

He nymph-like sits him by the nymph,
That tooke him for no man,
And after smiles, with neerer signes
Of loue's assault began.

He feeleth oft her iuorie breast,
Nor maketh coy to kisse:
Yeat all was wel, a maiden to
A maiden might doe this.

Than ticks he vp her tucked frocke,
Nor did Calisto blush,
Or thinke abuse: he tickles too,
No blab she thinks the bush.

Thus whilst she thinkes her sister nunne
To be a merrie lasse,
The wanton did disclose himselfe,
And told her who he was.

Away the virgin would haue fled,
Whom he withhild by force:
" Thy loue (sweet nymph) hath vrg'd this shift
Wel worthy thy remorse,"

He said: " nor scorne with me a king
To ioyne thy selfe a queene:
Or doe but loue and I will liue
In Phœbe's celles vnseene:

" And theare in beds, in bushes heere
(My fainings fit so well)
We may enioy what loue enioynes,
And none our scapes shall tell."

She would not loue, he could not leaue:
She wrangleth, and he wooeth,
She did resist, he did persist,
And sport denied dooeth.

That done, which could not be vndone,
What booteth discontent?
As good bee pleas'd as not be eas'd:
Away Calisto went
To cloyster, Iupiter to court:
Nor much she did repent,

Vntill her growing wombe disclosed
An ante-cedent fault,
Then in the chapter house she told
Of Iupiter's assault.

Diana, and her virgins all,
Admyring that escape,
Did gird at her, maligning Ioue
For such his subtill rape.

And who more ready to controule,
Than Athalanta was?
Whome shortly Meleager brought
Vnto the selfe same pas.

The lady abbesse did discharge
Calisto from her cell:
And silly nymph, she great with child
Some other wheare must dwell.

Pelasgis it was Iupiter's,
And he her cause of blame,
The king her father in exile,
Her selfe in this defame,
What then remain'd? euen secrecie,
To hyde her selfe from shame.

"Keepe close" (quoth she) "from world, ye woods,
Mine error, Ioue his crime;"
And setling theare in simple caue,
Did waite her childing tyme.

At length was hairy Arcas borne;
No sooner could he go,
But that his wildnes eiked to
His wretched mother's wo.

No beast so strong that he would shunne,
And man he neuer sawe,
Nor yeat his vexed mother could
From fearcenes him withdrawe.

Long time (the daughter of a king)
She liued thus in caue,
Not wanting griefe, but wanting all
That poorest wretches haue.

And (worst of all) her sauage sonne
(Whose manners did agree
Vnto his birth-place) howerly threats
His mother's death to bee;

And angrie once, pursued her
So long from place to place,
That euen into the citie gates
He followed her in chase.

The people when they did behold
So fayre a nimph in flight,
A beare-like Arcas in pursute,
(For being naked quite,
His skinne was swart and hairie) they
Did wonder at the sight.

And some that would his passage stop,
He rudely casteth downe,
And spares no spoyle vntill the sight
Was noysed through the towne.

Then out came Iupiter in armes,
Whom when Calisto knewe,
"Helpe Ioue" (she cryde) "for loe thy sonne
His mother doth pursue."

He knewe his leiman at the first,
And ioyed of her sight:
Then kisse they, when the sauage boy
By force did leaue to fight.

Calisto liued ladie like,
Yea Iuno's riuall now:
And Arcas, nobly mannaged,
Such vertues him indow,
That (Ioue consenting) him for king
Pelasgis did allow.

A sonne well worthy such a syer:
And for his prowes and fame,
Pelasgis then, of Arcas, tooke
Arcadia to name.

BVT neither might these ladies faire
By any pleasant tale,
Or dazeling toye of masking loue,
(Sweet consorts to preuaile)

Diswade outragious Cacus from
Vnpatientnes of mind;
Who in his greatest tyrannies
Did chiefest pleasures finde.

He sleas the harmles passengers,
From eldest soule to childe,
He burnes and spoyles the neighbour parts,
And women he defild:

And to his caue (Troponius' caue)
Did bring the spoiles he gaines,
In which (except to doe more harme)
He secretly remaynes.

Whilst none did passe, that did repasse
Vnspoyled or vnkild
(None knowing how) all Italie
With feare thereof was fild.

But, lo an helpe, when Hercules
Had slaughtered out-right
Tenne giants, of Cremona kings,
And put the eleauenth to flight,

From thence the worthie did ariue
With his victorious band
At king Euander's cittie, that
By Auentine did stand.

Amongst a many richer spoyles,
Though none to him so rare,
He brought a sort of Spanish kine.
Euander taking care,

(Because the like misfortunes oft
Had hapned theare before,)
Least Hercules should loose his kine,
Of which he made such store,

Gaue counsell that within the walles
They might be kept all night.
And, better to approue his words,
With teares he did recite

The murthers, thefts, and cruelties,
Without compassion made
Vpon his subjects, and their goods,
By whom could not be said,
But that the gods (for so they gesse)
For sinne them so inuade.

"I am resolu'd," quoth Hercules,
"Wheare gods do vengeance craue,
It is not strong or fensiue walles
That any thing can saue:

"My kyne shall therefore grase abroad;
If mortall man it be,
Then know a tyrant is my taske,
His blood the taskers fee."

The cattell grasing then abroad
(As was his vse alwaies)
The gyant left his cruell denne,
To seeke his cursed praies.

The Moone not wanting of her light,
The kine he did espye;
And knowing them, he also knewe
His feared foe was nye.

And far much better feare had bin
Than malice at that tyde;
But hardly shunneth policie,
What destinies prouide.

He might haue lurkte a while in denne,
But of a peeuish spight,
Eight of the kine with fastned cords,
By pollicie and might,

He dragged backward by their tailes
Into his diuelish nest:
Then stopping vp the subtill hole,
Did laye him downe to rest.

Now Hercules (the rather prickt
By king Euander's talke)
Into the fieldes to see his kine
By prime of day did walke.

Where missing eight, he could not gease
Which waie they shuld be gonne;
A many therefore had in charge,
To search them out anon.

The searchers, following euery signe,
Great store of footings found
Descending from mount Auentine
Into the lower ground:

But for the footings did descend,
And not ascend, they thought
Of no such cunning as in deed
In Auentine was wrought.

Alcæus grand-sonne searching long
The thefts he could not finde,
Was much disquieted in himselfe,
And angrie in his minde;

And chafing, when he should depart,
He twise or thrise did shake
A tree that grew on Auentine:
Which rooted vp did make

So large a vent that one might view
The hollow caue belowe,
And Cacus with his leash of wiues
They were disclosed so.

Whome, when the Greeke espied theare,
"O graceless king," he said,
"Whose tyrannies haue made the realmes
Of Hespera afraid,

"Whose cruelties haue been the cause
Of al the losse thou hast,
What moueth thee in Italie
To prosecute such waste?

"Thinkste thou, whom neither mightie realmes,
Nor royal gards of men
Could late defend, now to escape
Inclosed thus in den,

"The iust reuengment of the godds?
No, no, the Heauens we see,
Haue brought to light a wretch so lewd,
Euen by a senceles tree:

"And since that neither wealth nor wank
To goodnes may thee win,
A greeuous death, condignly, shall
Cut off thy grounded sinne."

To it did Cacus answere thus;
"Doest thou pursue me stil?
Who onely art the chiefest cause
Of these my doings ill:

"Not suffering me to liue the rest
Of mine vnhappie daies
Among the fruitlesse rocks, a wretch
In miserie alwaies."

"Cease further prate;" said Hercules,
In troth it greeueth much,
To see a king in this distresse,
But since thy life is such

"As neither in aduersitie,
Nor prosperous estate
Thou canst afford one iot of good,
I purpose to rebate

"Thy wicked dayes by worthy death,
Prepare therefore to dye."
When Cacus sawe he must perforce
So harde a combate trye,
He by inchanted flames againe
Endeuored to flye.

But Hercules deluded once
By that deuise before,
Had learned now for being so
Deceiued any more:

And, casting feare aside, did leape
Into the flaming caue,
And theare by arte did conquer arte.
The gyant then to saue

Himselfe did take his axe in hand,
Wheare Hercules and he
Couragiously bestirre themselues,
Vntill they did agree,

To trye it out in open ayre.
So doubtfull was their fight,
That lookers on could not discerne
To whether best should light.

The frighted ladies did their best
To helpe their fighting friend;
But Hercules had victorie,
And Cacus had his end.

CHAP. XII.

For gyants of Crespons slayne,
And Cacus ridded so,
The Latine princes prayse on him
And presents did bestoe.

Wheare Rome is now, Pallantia then,
Euander hee did frame
A temple, and to Hercules
Did dedicate the same;

And he (intreated thereunto)
In Italie did stay:
To honor whome did princes come
From farre and eüerie waye.

King Faunus had affaires abroad,
When from Laurentum came

His wife Marica, Pacus some
This louely queene doe name.
From liking did shee fall in loue
With Hercules, and he
More readie to haue made demaunde,
Than like to disagree,
Concesuing her by circumstance,
So coupled by contract,
That, had king Faunus neuer liu'd,
Latinus had not lackt:
Yeat home came Faunus, fathering
His late corriual's act.
But whether gotten lawfully,
Or thus in loue forbod,
Latinus, Brute his gran-dames syer,
Was sonne vnto a god.
WHILST that in loue of this same queene,
And lande of all besides,
The vanquisher of Vulcan's sonne
In Italie abides,
Of Calabries a mightie host
King Picus he prouides.
And in reueng of Cacus, swore
His slayer should be slaine;
But he, ere long, that so did sweare,
Vnsweared it againe:
When, chased home into his holdes,
Theare sparred vp in gates,
The valiant Thebane, all in vaine,
A following fight awaites.
Who, for dispatch, did fayne himselfe
A legate to the king,
And him the porters, as the same,
Before their tyrant bring.
Then shaking off his ciuil robes,
His shining armes appeare;
And renting downe an iron sparre,
Both prince and people feare.
Some ran to armor, other some
Did fight with him their last:
Both court and cittie in the end
Did lay vpon him fast.
Theare Picus, worthely, did winne
Of valiantnesse a name;
Yeat Hercules more valiantly
By death did Picus tame.
And to attend their king his ghoste
He sendeth flocke by flocke;
His furie was as fier to ferne,
His foes as waues to rocke:
Nor did his lyon's spoyle giue place
To darting or to knocke.
Meane tyme his men assault without,
Whil'st he assayles within,
Wheare fighting to beate downe the gates
He so the goale did win.
Within the king his ransackt court
He Iole espyes,
Whose teares, then mounting from her heart,
Dismount them from her eyes.
King Picus (now a lifeless corse)
Was father of this mayde:
In vaine therefore did Hercules
Her penshuenesse diswayde:
Nor could he but lament her fate,
And loue so sweete a face,
Whose person also did containe
The type of female grace.
At first she was so farre from loue
She rather seem'd to hate,
Yeat could she not so giue the checke,
But that she tooke the mate.
Then either's loue, was either's life;
Poore Deianira she
Was out of commoys, yea of thought,
An other had her fee.
WITH this, so faire and portly wench,
He sayled into Thrace;
And heares how Diomedes did
Tyrannize in that place.
No straunger scapes vnraunsomed;
But raunsome wanting, then
He casteth them as prouender
To horses eating men.
A garde of tyrants, like himselfe,
Attending on him still,
Who richly did maintaine themselues,
By such their doings ill.
The scourge of such was moued, not
To be remoued now
By Iole, whose louing teares
Such labours disalow.
With Diomedes and his garde
In forrest did he meete,
Who with their common stratagem
The stranger thinke to greete.
" Hands of," commaunded Hercules,
" For horse I am no hay,
All straungers' maunsom, once for all,
My comming is to pay:"
Which say'd, himselfe against them all
Began a noble fray.
The sturdie Thracians, mightie men,
Did hardly loose their ground:
But, than the king, a mightier man
Not any wheare was found.
These all at once assayle, and strike,
And thunder on his sheeld;
But number fitted to his force,
Vnwonted so to yeeld.
For with his club he skuffles them
Amongst their curets so,
That speedie death was sweeter dole
Then to suruiue his blo.
Well mounted comes the king himselfe,
Whom he dismounts anon,
But, rescued to his horse againe,
Away he would be gon.
" Lesse haste," he sayd, " I harts out-runne,
Nor shalt thou me out-ride:"
Out-stripping so the man-feade horse,
He topled ore his side
The monstrous king, that resculesse
To flying people cride.
Who, lying all to frushed thus,
The sonne of Ioue did bring
His cruell iades, that soone deuoure
Their more than cruell king.
The Thracians all submit themselues,
And ioye their tyrant's death,
And thinke some god had left the Heauens
To succour men on Earth,

From such as what they would they will,
And what they will they can,
And what they can they dare and doe,
And doing none withstan.

Nor thought they better of the man
Than did his deedes approue,
That neuer was a conqueror
Vnto his owne behoue,
But to establish vertuous men,
And tyrants to remoue.

This common soldiour of the world
With Iole did land
In Lycia: and, the earth in peace,
Discharged theare his band.

Sweete busses, not sharpe battels, then
Did alter man and minde:
Till he, as others, sorrowe in
Securitie did finde.

From Assur went the empire then
When Tonos he had time
To court his trulles, Arbaces so
Espying place to clyme.

Secure in Tomyris her flight,
Was valiant Cyrus slaine.
From Capua, not from Cannas, grewe
Braue Hanibal his baine,

The same to whose victorious sword
A second world was sought,
That Macedon in court, not campe,
To traytrous end was brought.

A louer, not a soldiour, weat
Achilles to his graue.
And Cæsar not in steele, but silke,
To Rome his farewel gaue.

Euen so, this second vnto none,
Superior vnto all,
To whome did sooner causes cease
Then conquests not befall,

This monster-master Hercules,
This tyrant-tamer, hee
Whose high exployctes did leaue the earth
From spoyl and spoylers free,

In pleasures did he perish now,
That did in perils thriue:
A greeuous taske I vndertake
His dying to reuiue.

CHAP. XIII.

When Deianira vnderstood
Her husband's back returne,
She thought it strange, that he from her
So strangely did sojorne,

Explorers sent to search the cause;
Returne was made that he
Did loyter in a stranger's loue;
And Iole was she

That euer hanged at his lips,
And hugged was of him,
And that, his armor layd a-part,
In silke he courts it trim.

The daughter of th' Ætolian king
Did little lesse then raue;
" And can the churle" (quoth she) " preferre
In loue a captiue slaue

" Before his wife, whome late he fayned
Inferiour vnto none?
Ah Hercules thou art a man,
Thy manhood thus is knowne.

" Fye, may a forren strumpet's armes
So fasten on his necke,
As he (the rector of the earth)
Must bowe if she doth becke?

" Oh how vnlike to Hercules,
Is Hercules in this?
But, leauing men to nature's fault,
In her the lewdnes is,
No man so chaste, but such as she
May worke to doe amis."

Thus whilst her overplus of loue
To ielousie did growe,
She simply minds the spightfull gift
That Nessus did bestowe.

And, for he dying spake the words,
She held it as her creede
That it could winne him to her selfe:
Of which (now hauing needе)

She vseth part, and sent a shirt
So boyled as she had
To Hercules: and Hercules
Was of the present glad:

Confessing her his onely wife:
And whilst he did repent
His breach of love, on Oeta mount
To sacrifice he went.

Philoctes, Pæan's valiant sonne,
And Lychas, he that brought
The poysned shirt, were present theare,
But of no treason thought:

Nor Deianira's selfe (good spule)
Till tryall made it playne,
When as his body and the fire
Gaue moysture to the bayne.

His stoutnes hid such torments long,
As els could none abyde,
Yea till the baine his bowels and
His very marrow fryde.

But when his torments had no meane,
The altar downe he throes,
And from his martred body rents
The gory smoking cloathes:

And striuing to strip off the shirt
He teareth flesh from bone,
And left his breaking synoees bare,
His intrailes euery one

Did boyle, and burst, and shew themselues
Wheare lumps of flesh did lack,
And still the murdrous shirt did cleue
Vnto his mangled backe.

Espying Deianira's squire
That quaking stoode, he sayde,
" And art thou wretch the instrument
Of my destruction mayde?"

Whom swinging then about his head,
He slinged downe the hill:
And so did silly Lychas dye,
That purposed no il.

Then running downe from hill to playne,
From playne to hill againe,
He rents vp rockes and mightie hils
In error of his paine;

Till, sadly leaning on his club,
He sighing, vowes that none
Should be the death of Hercules
But Hercules alone.

And to his friend Philoctes tooke
His arrowes and his bow,
And gladly to the hallowed fyer,
As to his bed did go.

Wheare lying downe, and taking leue
With reared hands to skye,
The earths protector so, in peace,
Amidst the flames did dye.

Philoctes, neere o'rgone with greefe,
His ashes did conuaye
To Italy, inshrined in
His temple there to stay;
And woefull Deianira heares
Of Hercules' decay.

His ghoste she voucheth and the gods
To witnes, that her minde
Was giltles of a traitrous thought:
" Nor thinke me so vnkinde

" (Sweet husband) as to haue the will
To ouerliue thee heer,
But that my ghoste before thy ghoste
It selfe of guile shall cleer:

" And now I come, ah now I come,
Forgiue ye gods the deed,"
She sayde: and pearsing so her breast,
A breathless corse did bleed.

As Greekes lament their champion's losse,
So did the Phrygians ioy:
And Priamus did fortifie
His stately cittie Troy.

Twise Hercules had rased it
And thirdly was it reard
By Pryam, strong in wealth and walles,
Through Asia lou'd and feard.

He cald to mynde Laomedon
Whome Hercules had slayne,
His sister too Hesione,
That captiue did remayne

In Salamis with Telamon;
And well he was apayde,
In that the doer of the same
Liu'd not the Greekes to ayde.

His sister therefore not restorde,
His legates asking it,
By stealing of the Spartane queene
Did Paris crye them quit.

Twelue hundred fiftie fiue war-shippes,
With men and armor frought,
By seauentie kings and kingly peeres,
From Greece to Troy were brought,

To winne her thence. King Priamus
(Besides his empire greate)
Had ayders princes thirtie three:
Lesse lords I not repeate,
Nor Sagitar, that in this warre
Did many a valiant feate.

Tenne yeres, tenne mouthes, and twise sixe daies,
The siege they did abide;
Eight hundred sixtie thousand Greekes,
By Troian weapons dyde:

Sixe hundred fiftie sixe thousands
Of Troians fighting men,
Besides the slaughtred at the sacke,
By Grecians perisht then:

And (if that Hector, Troilus,
And Paris, so we name)
Fell fortie kings: omitting more,
Of little lesser fame.

Mislike, and ciuill quarrels, when
The Grecians homewards drewe,
Did well neere waste the remnant kings
That Phrigia did subdewe.

Thus secure Troy was ouer-set,
When Troy was ouer stoute,
And ouer rich, was ouer-runne,
And tardie lookt about.

The Greekish ships, with Phrigian spoyles,
Through Xant and Simoes roe,
For now Antenor had betrayde
Palladium to the foe,

And with Palladium Priamus,
Æneas sought to hide
From Pyrrhus Polyxena (she
For whom Achilles dyde,

Wherefore vpon Achilles tombe
Her selfe was after slayne,
What tyme old Hecuba discryde
Yong Polydor his bayne:)

For which, Æneas banished
Did hoyst his sayles to winde,
And, after many perils, rule
In Italie did finde.

ÆNEAS dead, Ascanius raign'd:
Ascanius dead, his brother
Posthumus Syluius did succeede.
Lauinia was his mother,

Her syer Latinus, Faunus his,
And Picus him begot,
And Saturne him. From mother thus
Posthumus lacked not

The noblest bloud. On father's side
His petigree was thus:
Ioue had Dardanus: and the same
Begot Erictheus:

He Troys: Troys, Assaracus;
He Capys; and the same
Anchises; he Æneas had:
Of him Posthumus came:

And he was father vnto Brute:
And thus the Brutons bring
Their petigree from Iupiter,
Of pagane gods the king:
And adde they may, that Brute his syer
Of Venus sonne did spring.

Thrise fiue degrees from Noe was Brute,
And fower times sixe was he
From Adam: and from Iaphet's house
Doth fetch his petigree,

Posthumus Syluius perishing
In chase amongst the brakes,
Mistooke for game by Brute his sonne,
Brute Italie forsakes:
And to associate his exile,
A many Troyans mo
At all aduentures put to seas,
Vncertein where to go;
To whom did fortune, fortune-like,
Become a friend and foe:

Till Brute, with no lesse payne and praise
Than had his gransier late
Achiued Latium, landing here,
Suppressed so the state

Of all the fiend-breed Albinests,
Huge gyants fearce and strong,
Or race of Albion Neptun's sonne
(Els some deriue them wrong)
That of this ile (vn-Scotted yet)
The empire had ere long.

THE

THIRD BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. XIV.

Now, of the conquerour, this isle
Had Brutaine vnto name,
And with his Troians Brute began
Manurage of the same.

For rased Troy to reare a Troy
Fit place hee searched then,
And viewes the mounting northerne partes:
"These fit" (quoth he) "for men

"That trust asmuch to flight as fight;
Our bulwarks are our brests,
The next arriuals heere, perchaunce,
Will gladlier build their nests:

"A Troian's courage is to him
A fortres of defence:"
And leauing so wheare Scottes be now
He south-ward maketh thence;

Whereas the earth more plentie gaue,
And ayre more temprature,
And nothing wanted that by wealth
Or pleasure might allure;

And more, the lady flood of floods,
The ryuer Thamis, it
Did seem to brute against the foe,
And with himselfe to fit.

Vpon whose fruitful bancks therefore,
Whose bounds are chiefly said,
The want-les counties Essex, Kent,
Surrie, and wealthie glayde
Of Hartfordshire, for cities store
Participating ayde,

Did Brute build vp his Troy-nouant,
Inclosing it with wall;
Which Lud did after beautifie,
And Luds-towne it did call

That now is London: euermore
To rightfull princes trewe,
Yea prince and people still to it
As to their storehouse drewe,
For plentie and for populous
The like we no wheare vewe.

Howbeit many neighbour townes
As much ere now could say,
But place for people, people, place,
And all for sinne decay.
When Brute should dye thus to his sonnes
Hee did the isle conuay:

To Camber wales, to Albanact
He Albanie did leaue,
To Locrine Brutaine: whom his queene
Of life did thus bereaue.

THE furious Hun, that drowning theare
To Humber left his name,
The king did vanquish, and for spoyle
Vnto his nauie came:

Where Humbar's daughter, parragon
For beautie, such a dame
As Loue himselfe could not but loue,
Did Locrine so inflame,

That Guendoleyne, the Cornish duke
His daughter, Locrin's queene,
Grewe in contempt: and, Coryn dead,
His change of choyse was seene.

To Cornwall goes the wrothfull queene
To seaze her father's land,
From whence she brought, to worke reuenge,
Of warriours stout a band,

And bids her husband battell, and
In battell is he slaine:
And for their sonne in nonage was,
She to his vse did rayne.

The lady Estrild Locrin's loue,
And Sabrin, wondrous faire,
Her husband's and his leiman's impe,
She meaning not to spare,
Did bring vnto the water that
The wenche's name doth beare:

There binding both, and bobbing them,
Then trembling at her yre,
She say'd: "If Scythia could haue hild
The wandring king thy syre,

"Then Brittish waters had not been
To him deserued bayne:
But Estrild, snout-fayre Estrild, she
Was sparde, forsooth, to traine
With whorish tricks a vicious king:
But neither of you twaine,

"Thou stately drab, nor this thy brat,
A bastard as thy selfe,
Shall liue in triumph of my wrong:
First mother and her elfe

"Shall fish in flood for Humbar's soule,
And bring him news to Hell,
That Locrin's wife on Locrin's whore
Reuenged her so well."

They lifting vp their lillie hands,
From out their louely eyes
Powre teares like pearles, and wash those cheekes
Where naught saue beautie lyes:

And seeking to excuse themselues,
And mercie to obtaine,
With speeches good, and praiers faire,
They speake and pray in vaine.

Queene Guendoleyne so bids, and they
Into the flood are cast,
Whereas amongst the drenching waues
The ladies breath their last.

As this his grandame, such appear'd
Mempricius, Madan's sonne,
Whose brother Manlius traytrously
By him to death was donne.

And since of noble Brute his line
Prodigious things I tell,

I skipping to the tenth from him
Will shewe whatethen befell.

ABOUT a thirtie yeares and fiue
Did Leir rule this land,
When, doting on his daughters three,
With them he fell in hand

To tell how much they loued him.
The eldest did esteeme
Her life inferior to her loue,
So did the second deeme:

The yongest sayd her loue was such
As did a childe behoue,
And that how much himselfe was worth,
So much she him did loue.

The formost two did please him well,
The yongest did not so:
Vpon the prince of Albanie
The first he did bestoe;

The middle on the Cornish prince;
Their dowrie was his throne,
At his decease: Cordella's part
Was very small or none.

Yeat, for her forme, and vertuous life,
A noble Gallian king
Did her vn-dowed, for his queene
Into his countrie bring.

Her sisters sicke of father's health,
Their husbands by consent
Did ioyne in armes: from Leir so
By force the scepter went:
Yeat, for they promise pentions large,
He rather was content.

In Albanie the quondam king
At eldest daughter's court
Was setled scarce, when she repines,
And lessens still his port.

His second daughter then, he thought
Would showe herselfe more kind:
To whom, he going, for a while
Did franke allowance finde.

Ere long abridging almost all,
She keepeth him so loe,
That of two bads, for better's choyse
He backe againe did goe.

But Gonorill, at his returne,
Not onely did attempt
Her father's death, but openly
Did hold him in contempt.

His aged eyes powre out their teares,
When, holding vp his hands,
He say'd: "O God, who so thou art,
That my good hap withstands,

"Prolong not life, deferre not death,
Myselfe I ouer-liue,
When those that owe to me their liues,
To me my death would giue.

"Thou towne, whose walles rose of my wealth,
Stand euermore to tell
Thy founders fall, and warne that none
Do fall as Leir fell.

"Bid none affie in friends, for say,
His children wrought his wracke:
Yea those, that were to him most deare,
Did lothe and let him lacke.

"Cordella, well Cordella sayd,
She loued as a child:
But sweeter words we seeke than sooth,
And so are men beguil'd.

"She onely rests vntryed yet;
But what may I expect
From her? to whom I nothing gaue,
When these doe me reiect.

"Then dye, nay trye, the rule maye fayle,
And Nature may ascend:
Nor are they euer surest friends,
On whom we most doe spend."

He ships himselfe to Gallia then,
But maketh knowne before
Vnto Cordella his estate,
Who rueth him so poore,

And kept his theare ariuall close
Till she prouided had
To furnish him in euery want.
Of him her king was glad,

And nobly entertayned him:
The queene with teares among,
(Her duetie done) conferreth with
Her father of his wrong.

Such duetie, bountie, kindnes, and
Increasing loue, he found
In that his daughter and her lord,
That sorrowes more abound

For his vnkindly vsing her,
Than for the others' crime:
And king-like thus in Agamp's court
Did Leir dwell, till time

The noble king his sonne-in-lawe
Transports an armie greate
Of forcie Gawles, possessing him
Of dispossessed seate:
To whom Cordella did succeede,
Not raigning long in queate.

Not how her nephewes warre on her,
And one of them slew th' other
Shall followe; but I will disclose
A most tyrannous mother.

CHAP. XV.

Gorlopvos double issue now,
When eighteene kings were past,
Hild ioyntly empyre in this land;
Till Porrex at the last,

Not tyed so by brotherhood,
But that he did disdaine
A fellowe king, (for neuer can
One kingdome brooke of twaine)

Did leuie secrete bands: for dread
Whereof did Ferrex flye,
And out of Gallia bringeth warre,
In which himselfe did dye.

Then Porrex only raigned heere,
And ruled all in peace;
Till Iden, mother queene to both,
Her furie did increase

So fearcely, as she seekes reuenge
Euen in the highest degree.

" Why liueth this," quoth she, " a king?
In graue why lyeth he?

" Dye Iden, dye; nay dye thou wretch,
That me a wretch hast made:
His ghost, whose life stood in thy light,
Commaundeth me of ayde.

" Nor want I (Ferrex) will to ayde;
For why the gods I see
Deferre reuenge, nor with a deuill
The deuils disagree.

" The Heauens, methinks, with thunderbolts
Should presse his soule to Hell,
Or Earth giue passage, that at least
With men he might not dwell.

" But I myselfe, euen I myselfe,
Their slacknesse will supplye,
And mother's name and nature both
To such a sonne denye."

Dead night was come, when Iden found
The king her sonne asleepe,
And all was still: not then as now
Did guards their princes keepe.

Admit they had, who would haue feards
Such mischiefe in a mother?
She whispring softly, " Sleepe thy last,
Yea sleep as doth thy brother,"

Did gash his throte; who starting vp,
When strength and speech were gone,
Lifts vp his faynting hands, and knewe
The tyrannesse anone:

And maketh signes, as who would say,
" Ah mother thou hast done
A deede, as neuer mother earst
Did practise on her sonne."

But name of son, nor signes did serue,
Him still with wounds she playes
Nor (more than monster) did it please
That simplie so he dyes,
But that his bodie, peecemeale tore,
About the lodging flyes.

And thus from noble Brute his line
The scepter then did passe;
When of his bloud for to succeede
No heir suruiuing was.

FOWER dukes at once, in ciuill broyles,
Seiunctly after raine.
Neere when, the Scottes (whom some accuse
By ante-dates to gaine)

Did settle in the northerne isles.
These people bring their line
From Cecrops, and that Pharo he
That euer did decline

From Moses, seeking Heberes house
From Ægypt to conuay.
His daughter Scota Gathelus
Their duke brought thence away,
When Pharo's sinne to Iacob's seede,
Did neere that land decay.

And Cecrops' son brought them from thence
(As Scottes inforce the same)
The stone that Iacob slept vpon,
When angels went and came.

Of it was made their fatall chaire:
Of which they beare in hand,
That wheresoere the same is found,
The Scottes shall brooke the land:
At Westminster that monument
Doth now, decaying, stand.

In Lusitania Gathelus
Did first his kingdome found:
And of his race (of Scota, Scottes)
When Spanish Scottes abound,
Ariue in Ireland, and in it
A second empire ground.

And thirdly, when their broodie race,
That isle did ouer-store,
Amongst the islands Hebredes
They seek out dwellings more.

These Irish, sometime Spanish Scots,
Of whence our now-Scots be,
Within the isles of Albion thus,
Whilst Brutaines disagree,

Did seat themselues, and nestle too
Amongst the mountaine groundes:
What time a Scythian people, Pichtes,
Did seaze the middle bounds
Twixt them and vs: and these did proone
To Brutaine double wounds.

The Penthland people and the Scots,
Alying, friendlie liue,
Vntil the Pichts, by Brittish wyles,
Contrarie cause did giue.

Then from their captains fell the Scots,
And chose to them a king:
And Fergus out of Ireland did
The chaire of marble bring:

In which instald the first Scotch king
In Albion, so he wrought
That Pichts and Scots, then vp in armes,
Were to attonement brought.

Three valiant people thus at once
In Albion empire hold,
Brutes, Scots and Pichts: the latter twaine
Lesse ciuil, but as bold.

The Pichts were fierce and Scythian like:
Much like the Irish now
The Scots were then: couragious both:
Nor them I disallowe

That write they fed on humane flesh,
For so it may be well,
Like of these men their bloudie mindes
Their natiue stories tell:
But to our Brittish busines now,
To shew what theare befell.

Not how the tri-partited rule
Vnto his quartarne rayne
Dunwallo, after fortie yeres,
Did monarchise againe:

Not what precedent kings in France,
And Denmarke did obtaine
Speake I. From Porrex fortie kings
In silence shall remaine:

Alonelie valiant Brennus, and
His brother Beline, thay
Vnpraised for their warres and works
Shall not escape away.

CHAP. XVI.

THESE brothers, thirsting amplier raignes,
Did martiallie contend,

Till Brenn his force was not of force
His brothers to defend.

To Norway sayles hee, wheare he got
An armie and a prize,
The prince of Norway's daughter, whom
Hee winneth in this wise.

The king of Denmarke stoode with him,
Vntil the states decreede
That both should plead before their prince,
And better pleader speede.

And when the Norgane prince and peeres,
Were seated for their strife,
The king of Danes beginning first,
Thus pleaded for a wife.

" Not yet a king, king Philip's son
With none but kings would cope,
His reason was, inferiour strife
Of glorie giues no hope:

" I am a king, and graunt the prize
In question worthie mee,
But grudge that my competitor
A banisht man should bee.

" Doe grant him what he hath for-gon,
And neuer more shall git,
Yeat were he but a demi-king,
To challenge me vnfit:

" Dunwallos yonger sonne, that hath
His brother to his foe,
And worthelie his trecheries
Have well deserued soe,

" And yet (audacious that he is)
He blusheth not to heare
The troth of his vntroth, nor yeat
An heere-repulse doth feare.

" Would she for whom I must contend
Were not to me the same
She is, or he that stands with me
A man of better fame.

" But since in this vnequall plea
I must my selfe imbace,
Knowe, Norwaies, that my pleaded cause
Concerns your publique cace.

" It is the king of Denmarke doth
Your prince his daughter craue,
And note, it is no little thing
With vs allie to haue.

" By league, or leigure, Danske can fence,
Or fronte you, friend, or foe,
Our neighborhood doth fit to both,
Your wel-fare or your woe.

" Combine therefore in needfull league
Our neere conioyned states:
I may your good, nought lesse can he
That thus with me debates.

" He is a Bruton (if exile
Allow wee call him so)
And farre from aiding you, that knowes
Himselfe not to bestoe.

" Admit he were receiued home,
What empire doth he sway?
A sorrie iland's moyetie,
And farre from hence away.

" Her dowrie is your diademe:
What ioynter can he make?
Not anie: giue not then to him
From whom you cannot take.

" And ladie" (she for whom they stroue
Was present) " well I wot,
My loue doth claime a greater debt
Than so to be forgot.

" I wish (mine opposite his want)
That armes might giue the right,
It is not dread, but doom'd (sweet wench)
That thus with tongue I fight.

" Proude Bruton (frowning so on Brenn)
Disclaime in her my dewe,
Els thou repining shalt repent:
Doe make thy choyce a newe.

" At least amend thine error, and
Mine enuie shall haue end:
I neede not force so weake a foe,
Seeke thou so strong a friend.

" Norwaies consent, and, ladie, be
No counter-maid to this:
Discent not Brenn: conclude her mine:
Els my conclusion is,

" If not for worth, by force perforce
To winne her from you all,
Yea though our banisht copes-mate could
His Brittish succours call."

The king of Danes concluded thus:
And after silence short,
The Brutaine hero's vailed, and
Did answere in this sort.

" Most gracious Norgane peeres, you heare
The ouer-tearming taunts
Of this appelant, that himselfe
And sceptel ouer-vaunts.

" It lesser greeueth he should grudge
That I with him co-riue,
Than his so peremptorie speach
In your despight to wiue.

" It greeues, in troth: not for my selfe,
But for he beardeth you,
And seemes disdaineful of your aide,
That doth so proudly wowe.

" How captiously he derogates
From me, and mine estate?
And arrogates vnto himselfe,
To bring me so in hate.

" How daintely his eyes endure
So base an object's view?
How desperately doth he conclude,
And threateneth me and you?

" Well, barke he, byte he, bragges nor blowes
Shall dare me to defend
A challenge, wheare so braue a prize
Stands for the wager's end.

" Nor thinke (vaine glorious that thou art)
Me lesser than a king,
Or greater than by sute, or sword,
To prize so rare a thing.

" Vpbrayd me not with banishment,
Nor Belyn's quarell touch,
Nor yeat my petite signorie:
Nor more than troth by much.

" These present nobles knowe the cause
For which I hether come:
Not as an exile, but for ayde,
And they assure me some.

" Then knowe, the cause is honest when
Their honors giue supplies:
As capable are they of troth,
As thou art apt for lies.

" My brother's kingdome seemes, forsooth,
An ouer-match to mine,
My kingdome, Cutlake, therefore is
An vnder-match to thine?

" Nay, giue (and so I hope ye will)
The prize to me, and than
Let Cutlake with his crowne of Danske
Vn-crowne me if he can.

" Then he, disabling me to make
A ioynter happelie,
With Denmarke such a ioynter's want
(If wanting) should supplie.

" But neither have I such a lacke,
Nor bolde I such a loue,
As that her dowrie (not in quest)
Before her selfe doth moue.

" He harpeth as himself would haue,
That maketh loue his staile:
Els would he sue in milder sort,
And suing, feare to faile.

" For, ladie, see your louer's plea:
' Your loue,' saith he, ' is debt:
And if not words, nor worthines,
Then armour shal you get.'

" Braue words and fit to feare, not feede,
A courted ladie's vaine.
But say he cannot wowe in print,
But souldior-like and plaine:
Nor I, in sooth, more loues my heart
Than can my tongue explaine.

" Conclude we therefore souldior-like,
And let a combate yeeld
Vnto the hardier of vs twaine
The honour of the field,

" If not: then, if my lords so please:
Or she thereto agree,
Although thou should'st by force of armes,
Subdue her hence to thee,
Yeat from thy strongest holde in Danske
I would thy conquest free.

" Loe, heere my gage" (he terr'd his gloue)
" Thou know'st the victor's meed,"
(So did he pause, his pledge vntouchit,
And then did thus proceede)

" Then fret thy fill, and worke thy worst:
Deliuer, lords, your willes:
Ye haue experience how this same
With brags, not battell, killes.

" He threatneth onely, I intreate,
He claimeth her of dew,
I wish, and hope for to deserue."
The counsel then withdrewe
Themselues apart: and soone for Brenn
A verdict did ensewe.

The Dane inraged sayled thence,
And rigged out a fleete,
And did with Brenn, resayling home,
At great aduantage meete.

Their shippes did grapple, and their swords
Did sunder life from lim:
So fought they, as their shippes did seeme
In seas of bloud to swim.

But multitude oppressed Brenn,
He hardlye did escape,
His ladie will he, nill he, left
The king of Denmarke's rape.

Not meanely insolent the Danes
Hoyst vp their home-meant sayles:
But after manye crabbed flawes,
And long contrarie gayles,

The king's and Norgane ladie's shippe
Was tossed to the coste
Of Brutaine: wheare, imprisoned,
King Belyn was their hoste:

Vntill, sufficient pledges had
That Denmarke it should pay
Continuall tribute to the Brutes,
He them dismist away.

Meane while king Brenn (receiued now
Amongst the Gawles did threate
For England's crowne-halfe him with-held
His brother's selfe and seate:

(For time, alaying loue, did adde
Vnto domesticke hate)
And with the Cenouesean Gawles,
Whose prince his heire of late

He had espoused, did inuade
The empire of his brother:
And almost did their battels ioyne,
When thus intreats their mother.

" I dare to name ye sonnes, because
I am your mother, yet
I doubt to tearme you brothers, that
Doe brotherhood forget.

" These prodigies, their wrothfull shields;
Forbodden foe to foe,
Doe ill beseeme allyed hands,
Euen yours allyed soe.

" O, how seeme Oedipus his sonnes
In you againe to striue?
How seeme these words in me (aye me)
Iocasta to reuiue?

" I would Dunwallo liued, or
Ere death had lost againe
His monarchie, sufficing fower,
But now too small for twaine.

" Then either would you, as did he,
Imploy your wounds elswheare:
Or for the smalnes of your power
Agree, at least for feare.

" But pride of ritch and rome-some thrones,
That wingeth now your darts,
It will (I would not as I feare)
Worke sorrow to your harts.

" My sonnes, sweet sonnes, attend my words,
Your mother's wordes attend,
And for I am your mother doe
Conclude I am your friend:

" I cannot counsell, but intreate,
Nor yeat I can intreate
But as a woman, and the same
Whose blood was once your meate.

" Hence had ye milke" (she beard her peppes)
" These armes did hug ye oft:
These fyled hands did wipe, did wrap,
Did rocke, and lay ye soft:

" These lips did kisse, or eyes did weep,
If that ye were vnqueat,
Then ply I did, with song, or sighes,
With dance, with tung, or teate.

" For these kind causes, deere my sonnes,
Disarme your selues: if not,
Then for these bitter teares that now
Your mother's cheekes do spot:
Oft vrge I sonne's and mother's names,
Names not to be forgot.

" Send hence these souldiers: ye, my sonnes,
And none but ye would fight:
When none should rather be at one,
If nature had her right.

" What comfort, Beline, shall I speede?
Sweete Brenn, shall I preuaile?
Say yea (sweete youthes) ah yea, say yea:
Or if I needes must faile,
Say noe; and then will I begin
Your battell with my baile.

" Then then some stranger, not my sonnes,
Shall close me in the earth,
When we by armor ouer-soone
Shall meet, I feare, in death."

This sayd, with gushing teares eftsoones
She plyes the one and other,
Till both did shew themselues at length
Sonnes worthy such a mother:

And with those hands, those altred hands,
That lately threatned bloes,
They did imbrace: becomming thus
Continuall frends of foes.

Glad was the queene: and Beline hild
Sole empire: more, he had
From Denmarke tribute: and to this
A greater honor add,

His daughter Cimbra, wedded to
The Almayne prince, gaue name
Vnto the Cimbrians, holding Rome
So long and warlike game.
Some (if no error) giue to him
For forraine conquests fame.

His valour, warre, and peace ore-past:
Now speake we of the knight,
That this side and beyond the Alpes
Subdewed all by fight.

The stateliest townes in Italie
Had Brenn their builder; and
Euen Rome, the terror of the world,
Did at his mercie stand.

The senate, giuing to the earth
Ere-while both warre and peace,
Could not themselves, their citie, scarce
Their cappitoll release.

THEIR gander feast, what Manlius and
Camillus did therein,
How this the cappitol, and that
From Brenn his spoyles did win,

I pretermit. The three-topt mount
Parnassus had beloe
Apollo's temple, whither men
For oracles did goe.

This, with the god and goods the Gawles
Did put to sacke and speyle:
And whil'st, incamped here, they kept
Such sacreligious coyle,

The god, or rather diuell, whom
Th' Almightie did permit,
His deitie prophaned, to
Deceiue the world in it,
With tempests, earth-quakes, stench, and sights,
So cryde the spoylers quit,

That most did periah, fewe disperse,
And all were out of harte,
Yea Brenn himselfe, discouraged,
Did change in euery parte.

He, looking after and vpon
The scattered and the slayne,
Did seem a second Cadmus, saue
Lesse patient of his payne:

And, shaming to be seene to weepe,
Deuoured sightles teares:
And, in these words, his heartie greefes
Did number to their eares.

" Sweet soldiours, leaue me to my selfe,
It likes me that ye leaue me,
More takes your tarriance from my health
Than can these plagues bereaue me:

" Each of these masse of corpses dead
Hath bin a death to me;
Deliuer then mine eyes of you
Too many deathes I see.

" Suruiue, and tell the westerne world
What we exployted haue:
How that to Rome, amidst her roofe,
The mayden sacke we gaue.

" Tell of our battels, booties, and
Our buildings: lastly tell
(An honor to our ouerthrowe)
That we at Delphos fell

" By wounds deuine, no humane armes.
But god, who so thou be,
Lesse is thy courage than commaund,
Els would'st thou cope with me,

" As Pluto with Alcides did,
And Mars sometimes with men:
Do me like honor, and these graues
Shall lightly greeue me then.

" But thou full little darest so.
Nay, I doe dare too much,
That with my so vnhallowed tongue
Thy deitie dare touch.

" Ah, see these slaughters, and reserue
Aliue this small remayne,
Let lastly me, and only me,
Eike number to the slayne.

" But bootlesse on a ruthles god
I see my prayers spent,
As haughtely doest thou reuenge
As humbly I repent.

" Well (god of Delphos) since our teares,
This incense, nor these graues
Appease thine yre, persist to plague
This flesh, that henceforth craues

" No pitie: to the Hebrewe god,
Of power exceeding thyne,
(Men say) appeale I, and bequeath
The soules of me and myne:
Accept my simple legacie,
O godhood most deuyne,"

Sayd Brenn. And with a selfe-wrought wound
Did perish: and his men
Departing, wonne, and left the name
To Gallo-Grecia then.

The righteous Gorboman might add
Fresh subject to our Muse,
But skipping to his father's sonnes,
Of them it thus ensewes.

FIVE yeeres had Archigallo raigu'd,
When hated doing wrong,
He was depriued of his realme,
And liued vagrant long,
And fearing all that frended none,
Kept close the woods among.

Theare Elidurds hunting found
His wretched brother, and
They gasing each in others face,
With sighes and weepings stand.

"A king, as Elidurus is,
Once was I," thinkes his brother,
"A wretch, as Archigallo is,
I may be," thinkes the other.

The lowlie king alights anon,
And when they had imbrac'd,
Then Archigallo secretly
In Ebranks towne was plac'd:

In which, the king commaunding so,
The nobles did conuent,
To whom did Elidurus thus
Informe of his intent.

"If fortune had bin crosse (my lords)
To me, or any feare
Of armor were approaching vs,
I should perchaunce appeare

"Faint and false-hearted in my charge,
But euer lackt the one,
Nor hath the other likelihood,
For quietler ruleth none.

"Yeat kings may thinke their heads tod weake
Their dyademes to sustaine,
For endles cares concurre with crownes,
A bitter sweete is raine:

"Howbeit, subiects falsely iudge
Their princes blessed are,
When both of peace and perils they
Containe the common care,
And yeat for this they grudgingly
From pounds a penny spare.

"Not these, my lords, make me disclaime
In it which all pursue,
But iustice bidds my brother's right
I should commend to you.

"This one request includes, I knowe,
Exceeding dangers twaine,
To me, if for a priuate life
I change a publique rayne,
To you, if whom ye haue depriu'd
Ye shall restore againe.

"But for I haue done right, no wrong,
Though iustice wants not foes,
And though vnto a magistrate
Disgrading bringeth woes,
Yeat 'gainst the bad a conscience good
May safe it selfe oppose.

"Nor be ye fearefull of reuenge,
That did no more than right:
Euen Archigallo will confesse
His sinne, and cleare your spight:
Whose restitution (were he wrongd)
At least shall you acquite.

"You hassard lesse, re-kinging him,
Then I vn-king'd to bee,
And danger outer-dares, if it
From iustice disagree.

"Then, good my lords, doe right his wrong,
At least-wise doe him right,
Whose smarte, no doubt, hath wrought in him
A reconciled spright.

"Iust Gorboman his brotherhood
Succeeding in their line,
Then Archigallo should be king,
To him let me resine."

So much the king did vrge this text,
That Archigallo rayn'd,
And Elidurus willingly
In priuate life remaynde:

The one restored, for his late
Depriuing nothing mou'd,
The other (wonders tell I now)
Dis-crowned yeat belou'd.

Tenne yeares did Archigallo raigne,
Beloued well, and dyed:
And Elidurus once againe
The kingly throne supplyed,

Vntil his brothers secondly
Depose him of his raine,
But they deceasing, thirdly he
Was crowned king againe,
And so, vntil his dying day,
With honor did remaine.

A many kings whose good or bad
No wrighter hath displaide
Did follow. Lud, and Helly, for
Their stately buildings made

Rest chiefly famous. Nor forget
King Bledgrabed I shall,
Whom Brutons did their glee-god for
His skill in musicke call.

The next whose dayes gaue famous deedes
Cassiuelan is sayde,
Whom Caius Iulius Cæsar did
With armour thus inuade.

CHAP. XVII.

THIS conquerour of Gallia found
His victorie prolong'd
By Brittish succours, and for it,
Pretending to bee wrong'd,

Did send for tribute; threatning els
To bring the Brutons warre.
The latter going forward first,
The Albinests to barre

A common foe, concurre as friends;
And now was come the spring,
When Cæsar out of war-wonne France
Victorious trowpes did bring.

But easlier wonne the Grecians' land
At Pargama by much,

Than got the Latines footing heere,
Their contraries were such.

Yee might haue seene of Hector's race,
Ten thousand Hectors heere,
With pollicie on either part,
The Romanes buying deere

The bloodie shore: the water yeat
Lesse deerer than the land
To them, whom valiantlie to proofe
The ilanders withstand.

Ofte battell they, the Brutons still
Victorious, and in vaine
Their foes were valiant: onelie heere
Was Cæsar's force in waine.

And as our men vnto his men
Were as tempesteous thunder,
So did his ankred shippes on seas
By tempest dash in sunder.

"But twice," quoth Cæsar, "Fortune, thou
Wert opposite to mine,
But thirdlie heere to Cæsar's selfe
Thou (wontles) dost decline."

Conuaying then his wearie men
Into his wasted shippes,
To Gallia, there to winter them,
He miscontented slippes.

Of this same victorie did spring
Securitie and strife,
The Scottes and Pichtes did sunder hence,
The Brutons, ouer-rife

In largesse, making frollike cheere,
A quarrell then aroes
Betwixt the king and Lud's false seane,
And they dis-ioyne as foes:
That Cæsar slippes aduantage such
Were errour to suppose.

Euen of the Brutons some there were
Recalling backe the foe,
And winter past, with doubled power
He backe againe did rue.

The Romaines more, the Brutons tiley
Farre fewer than before,
Offend, defend, fight for, fence from,
To winne, and warde the shore.

But Cæsar landed, and anew'd
Continuall cruell fight:
Thrice put the fierce Cantuciaines
The Cæsarines to flight,

And still the king [illegible]
In euerie wing appeares,
So giuing needlesse spurres to fight,
His souldiours brooke not feares,
Nor little did the Cornish belles
Offend the Romaine eares.

When Cæsar's oft successes fight
Had tyred him and his,
Inringed with his mayhmed campe,
The Romane speaketh this:

"Are these same bands, those selfe-same bands,
That neuer fought in vaine?
And ye the men, that following still,
My standard still did gaine?

"Euen these, and ye, are verie these:
Nor can I discommend
Your manhoodes, that with lesser work
Brought greater wars to end.

"But not, as was my wont to wright,
The senate now shall reede,
I came: I sawe: I ouer-came:
Such foes forbid such speede.

"Nor let the senate muse, for Troy
With Troy doth here contend:
This warlike people (fame is so)
From whence sprong we discend.

"Yea, if Æneas had not left
The Phrygian gods to vs,
And Greekes Palladium shipt to Greece,
This fortune foyling thus,

"I would have thought those very gods
Had followed our anoy:
But them haue we, these onely haue
Vndanted harts from Troy.

"But what! shall Cæsar doubt to fight
Against so braue a foe?
No, Cæsar's tryumphes, with their spoyles,
Shall giue the brauer shoe.

"Ye gods, that guide our capitoll,
Mount Palatin, thou throne
Of stately Rome, ye followers too
Of her affayres each one,

"Delay not, but depriue me quite
My triumphes now in hand,
Nor let me liue, if so I leaue
Vnconquered this land:

"This land, the last of western isles,
An isle vnknowen ere this,
Which famous now through Cæsar's fight
And our misfortune is.

"Enough, my fellow friends in armes,
Enough we Romaines haue
To seeke reuenge: your conquest loe
A countrie rich and braue:

"And (which perswadeth victorie)
In Troynouant there bee,
That hold that citie to our vse:
The Brutons disagree,
No Scot or Pichte assisting them
In these our warres, I see.

"Their ciuill strife will proue their scourge,
How stout soere they seeme,
And perpetuitie doth faile
In euery thing extreeme.

"Not Fortune still is good or bad,
And now let be our day:
Too long we liue, if that so long
We shall on trifles stay,"

Said Cæsar. And with such his words
Did so inflame his men,
That with lesse patience did they liue,
Than linger battell then.

The Romaines bid the bace, and then
Did cruell warre begin:
And little wanted that the Brutes
The better did not win.

But Cæsar so foresaws supplies,
And succors here and theare,
Perswading this, disswading that,
Controuling flight and feare,

That, after many Romaines slaine,
The Brutons tooke their flight
To southerne shores: whereas to proofe
Cassiuelan did fight
With oft eruptions out of woods,
Vntill the traiterous knight,

The earle of London, yeelds his charge
And citie to the foe,
Through which disloyall president
Did other cities so:
And then with hard-won tribute hence
The conquerour did goe.

BVT he, that wonne in euery warre,
At Rome in ciuill robe
Was stab'd to death: no certaintie
Is vnderneath the globe.

The good are enuied of the bad,
And glorie fooles disdaine,
And people are in constancie
As April is in-raine:
Whereof, amidst our serious penne,
This fable intertaine.

An asse, an old man, and a boye,
Did through a citie passe,
And whil'st the wanton boye did ride
The old man led the asse:
"See yonder doting foole," said folke,
"That crauleth scarce for age,
Doth set the boye vpon his asse,
And makes himselfe his page."

Anon the blamed boy alightes,
And lets the old man ride,
And, as the old man did before,
The boye the asse did gide:
But, passing so, the people then
Did much the old man blame,
And told him, "Churle, thy limbes be tough,
The boye should ride, for shame!"

The fault thus found, both man and boye
Did backe the asse and ride,
Then that the asse was ouer-charg'd,
Each man that met them cride.

Now both a-light, and goe on foote,
And leade the emptie beast,
But then the people laugh, and say,
That one might ride at least.

With it they both did vndershore
The asse on either side,
But then the wondring people did
That witles pranke deride.

The old man seeing by no waies
He could the people please,
Not blameles then, did driue the asse
And drowne him in the seas.

Thus whil'st we be, it will not be
That any pleaseth all:
Els had bin wanting, worthely,
The noble Cæsar's fall.

CHAP. XVIII.

AUGUSTUS, quayling Anthonie,
Was emperour alone:
In whose vn-fond monarchie
Our common health was knowne.

The Brooser of the serpent's head,
The woman's promised Seede,
The Second in the Trinitie,
The Foode our soules to feede,

The Vine, the Light, the Doore, the Way,
The Shepheard of vs all:
Whose manhood, ioynd to Deitie,
Did raunsome vs from thrall,

That was, and is, and euermore
Will be the same to his,
That sleepes to none that wake to him,
That turns our curse to blisse,

Whom, yet vnseene, the patriarkes saw,
The prophets haue foretold,
Th' apostles preacht, the saints adore,
And martyres doe behold,

The same (Augustus emperour)
In Palestine was borne,
Amongst his owne, and yeat his owne
Did crosse their blisse in scorne:

Bi-formed Ianus then in mowe:
So would this prince of peace,
That Cæsar's edict euerie wheare
Should Mars his enemie cease.

THEN raigned here king Cymbelyn,
King Theomantius' sonne:
Next him Guiderus, that with-held
The tribute Cæsar wonne.

The Romaines that, in our respect,
Neglected Misia, Spaine,
Armenia, France, and Siria, then
Recusants of their raine,

Not by their captaines, but himselfe,
The emperour of Rome,
Into relapsed Brutaine with
Imperiall ensignes come.

Then hotter then the Punike warres
To Romaines did begin:
And Claudius looseth valiantlie
All that the Brutons win,

But Romish Hiems, from whose death
Southampton had that name,
In Brittish armes salutes the king,
And slewe by guile the same.

Duke Aruiragus, wing then
The armor of the king,
Maintained fight, and wonne the field,
Ere Brutons knewe the thing.

This hardie knight, his brother slaine,
Was crowned in his place:
And with his winnings, also wonne
The emperour to grace:

Who sending for his daughter, faire
Genissa, so did ende
The warres in wedding: and away
Did Claudius Cæsar wende.

But Aruiragus after this
Reuolted, and to stay
The hauocke made of Romaines here,
Came succors euery day.

His queene Genissa childing died,
When his reuolt she knew:
And Vonda, dowagad late,
Became his queene of new.

Then he that sit Ierusalem
The fatall siege begonne,
Was sent from Rome, and warring here,
The wonted tribute wonne:

And through his gentle victorie,
Bound Aruiragus still
A friend to Cæsar, whome the king
Adopted heire by will.

I here omit the dismall warre
In isle of Mona made
Against the Romaines, whome the priests,
The Druides, inuade

With banning words, and women, with
Their hair vntressed, stand
With brands of fire in furious wise
About their desperate band.

The king deceased, Voada,
And her two daughters, they
Abused by the Romaine lords,
Doe hotter warres assay.

THE noble Scot king Corbred, he
Confederates with the king
Of Pichts: and they and Brittish peeres
To field their armies bring

To aide the queene of Brutes, that like
The Amazonian dame,
That, beating downe the bloody Greekes,
In Priam's succour came,

Had pight her iauelin at her feete,
When entred in amongst
The fearce confederates, thus she spake
Amidst the silent throng:

"My state and sex, not hand or heart,
Most valiant friends, with-hild
Me, wretched cause of your repaire,
By wicked Romans ild,

"From that reuenge which I do wish,
And ye haue cause to worke:
In which suppose not Voada
In female feares to lurke.

"For loe my selfe, vnlike my selfe,
And these same ladies faire
In armor, not to shrinke an inch
Where hottest doings are.

"Euen we do dare to bid the base,
And you your selues shall see
Your selues to come behind in armes:
The Romaines too, that bee

"Such conquerors, and valiantly
Can womankind oppresse,
Shall know that Brittish women can
The Romish wrongs redresse.

"Then arm ye with like courages,
As ladies shall present,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praise
Of onset shall preuent.

"Nor enuie that our martiall rage
Exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure,
So much more we desire

"Reuenge on those, in whose default
We are vnhallowed thus,
Whilst they forget themselues for men,
Or to be borne of vs.

"Ye yeeld them tribute, and from vs
Their legions haue their pay:
Thus were too much, but more than thus
The haughtie tyrants sway.

"That I am queene from being wrong'd
Doth nothing me protect:
Their rapes against my daughters both
I also might obiect:

"They maydes deflower, they wiues enforce,
And vse their wils in all,
And yeat wee liue deferring fight,
Inferring so our fall.

"But, valiant Brutons, ventrous Scots,
And warlike Pichts, I erre,
Exhorting, whom I should debort
Your fearcenes to deferre.

"Lesse courage more considerate
Would shake your foes to quake,
My heart hath ioy'd to see your hands
The Romaine standards take:

"But when, as force and fortune faild,
That you with teeth should fight,
And in the faces of their foes
Your women, in despight,

"Should fling their sucking babes, I hild
Such valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced fight is no disgrace,
Such flyers fight againe.

"Here are ye, Scots, that with the king
My valiant brother dead,
The Latines, wondring at your prowes,
Through Rome in triumph lead.

"Ye Mars-stard Pichtes, of Scythian breed
Are here colleagues: and more,
Ye Dardane Brutes, last named, but
In valour meant before:

"In your conduct, most knightly friends,
I superseade the rest:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight
To hope and helpe our best."

Scarce did this braue Bellona end,
When as the battailes ioyne,
And life and death was bought and sould
With courage, not with coine.

Aboue the rest the queen of Brutes
Through blood did cut her way,
Sixe thousand ladies, lions-like,
Exployting like affray:
Till Cattus, wish his Romaine armes,
Subdewed, fled away.

Of Romains seuentie thousand died,
Of Brutons then were slaine
Twise fifteene thousand, and the rest
Their deased freedome gaine.

When valiant Plancius, president
In Gallia, heard such newes,
He waffes an armie out of Fraunce,
And Voada pursues.

The Albinests, to aid the queene,
Assemble at her call,
And then began a second warre,
Nor was the slaughter small.

The Brutons, barring fight, had cleu'd
Themselues with waines about,
In which the awles women stood
Suruaying who was stout,

Controuling cowards, and among
Did fill the aire with dinne:
But, valiant though the Brutones were,
The day the Romaines winne.

In vaine the furious women then
On soones and husbands call,
Themselues with soones and husbands did
By aduerse weapons fall.

Queene Vsada, past helpe and hope,
Betooke her selfe to flight:
Till looking backe, vnfollowed them,
And hauing in her sight

The senseles trunkes of slaughtered friends,
Shee, leaning on her lance,
Did power forth teares, and grew at length
Impacient of the chance,

And said: "My selfe, my trustie friends,
Wil with my dearest blood
Keepe obite to your happie ghostes,
That for your countrie's good

"Be as you be, and I will be:
No Romaine sword shall boast
Of my dispatch." So on her lance
She yeelded vp the ghoste.

Her daughter then, for to reuenge
Her friends vpon her foes,
Assisted by the vanquished,
Against the victors roes,
And slaughtring through the Romaine tentes
The braue virago goes,

Till Plancius, euer prouident
Of perils, brought supplies,
What time Vodicia, vrging wounds,
With constant courage dies.

SVCH busines hanging, Lucius, here
The first baptised king,
Died issuelesse: and for the crowne
Did long contention spring.

At length Constantius Cæsar (for
The Brutons yeelded so)
Did Helin, Colis' daughter, wed
Of her doe praises go

For finding of the holie crosse:
And for deuotion rare.
From these proceeded Constantine,
The most vndoubted heire

Both to the Romaine monarchie,
And this his parents' reame.
He turn'd the empire's ebbing pompe
Into her flowing streame,

And was a prince religious: yeat
(With reuerence be it said)
If lesse religious, then not he
The empire had diuided,

By largesse to a pompeous priest,
Apostolique ere then,
But now intruding euen on God,
Insulting ouer men.

Nor sparest thou his natiue realme
That seazed thee of Rome.
Admit his frankenesse were a fault,
(As is their common doome,

That say he made a Paule a Saule,
That made a priest a prince,
And in that grace the empire's grace
Disgraced euer since)

Find thou no fault with such a fault
Wherby he fitted thee:
But, if thou wilt vngrateful proous,
Vngracious cease to be,
A traytor's tutor is a K. nor
Force we such a T.

Let such a prelate blesse or banne,
With candle, booke, and bell,
He cannot raise himselfe to Heauen,
Nor rid a knaue from Hell.

Vaine are his bulles, engendring calves,
Sent hither from his stalls,
To feede (mad sots!) the fowls that by
His name the soudor coals.

Nor thinke he dreamed this in vaine,
That dreamed thus of late:
One seemed to haue passed Styx,
And entring Pluto's gate,

Saw Hecat new canonized
The sourantisse of Hell,
And Pluto bad it holliday
For all which theare did dwell.

Sterne Minos and grimme Radimant
Descend their duskie roomes:
The docke was also cleare of ghostes,
Adiorn'd to after-doomes:

The Furies and the deadly Sinnes,
With their inuective scroles,
Depart the barre: the Feends rake vp
Their euer-burning coles:

The Elues, and Fairies, taking fists,
Did hop a merrie round:
And Cerberus had lap enough:
And Charon leasure found:

The airy sprights, the walking flames,
And goblins, great and small,
Had theare good cheare, and companey,
And sport, the Diuell and all:

To Tantalus the shrinking flood,
Nor starting fruit were such:
Nor Titius his bowels did
The hungrie vultur touch:

Vpon his stone sat Cisyphus:
Ixeon on his wheele:
The Belides vpon their tubs:
No wonted toile they feele.

Till, in this antiche festiuall,
These last recited fine
Of dignities for duelties theare
They earnestly did striue:

And then the quarrell grew so hot,
That Hell was Hell againe,
And flocking ghosts did eurnestly
Their fauctor's part maintaine.

With Cisyphus tooke part the ghostes
Of minds that did aspire,
And by ambitious climing fell,
Desarts vnlike desire.

With Tantalus hild stanned ghostes,
Whose pleasure was their paine,
Whose euer hands had neuer vse,
And gettings had no gaine.

To Belides assisted soules
Of vnthrifts, whose supplies

Did passe from them as see through cleues,
Whose wastes no wealthes suffise,
Vnto Ixeon stood their sprights,
That had their lusts for law,
Rebellants to a common good,
And sinning without awe.

To Titius lastly ioyned ghosts,
Whose hearts did emptie hate
As todes their poyson, growing when
It seemeth to abate.

About fiue apples, stones, and tube,
The wheele was tumbled downe,
The vultur girds, no ghoste but had
At least a broken crowne.

This skuffling and confederacie
In Hell made such a reare,
That (wonties of such bruales and blowes)
Proserpine did feare.

But Pluto, laughing, told his bride
To ela it was fa,
To morrowes dinne should proue that same
To be a ciuill day:

"In peace these weep their practises
On Earth, and here in Hell
(Saue that their soules haue neuer peace)
We finde them as they fell.

"They worke to me, each of these fiue,
Though dailie count I take,
Doe newlie number millian soules,
Whose torments is their take."

The queene of such, not free of feare,
Replied thus againe,
"And yeat, me thinks, that Pluto should
Haue pittie on their paine."

He lowers, and feast with fray had end,
And drinke did euery soule
Of Lethe: who, their ioyes forgot,
Euen yet in torments houle:

Nay Pluto must be Pluto still,
"And so I will," (quoth he,)
"For this same onely day the ghosts
Indebted are to thee:

"For as the like shall neuer come,
So neuer like befell,
But henceforth all, yea prince, and pope,
Shall euer find it Hell."
So dreamed one: but ouer-long
On fantasies I dwell.

CHAP. XIX.

The cosen of great Constantine,
In Rome and here succeeds:
Betwixt the Brutes, the Scots, and Pictes
Continual trouble breeds:

And long the reg'ment of this land
The Romanes did inioy,
Transmitting captaines euermore
As foes did here annoy.

But Rome itself declined now,
And Brutaine was oppreat,
No longer were the Scottish spoyles
By Romaine swords redreat.

Then ends the tribute, then began
New troubles, worse farre
Than tribute: for the Scots and Pictes
Inferre consuming warre,

The Brutons, vnder Rome secure,
As men that did relie
On others, were disabled now
By martiall meanes to trie

The fame of fight; but captainelesse,
Confusedly they deale,
And giue a wretched instant of
An headles common-weale.

And whom so many Romaine peers,
Grand-captaines of such might,
Of whome nine emperours themselues
In persons here did fight,

Could hardly foyle, were frouted now
Euen of a barbarous foe:
And at the point (a wondrous change)
Their country to forgoe.

Such fruit hath ease, such pollicie
Did serue the Romaines' turne,
Who, waining martiall minds, themselues
The quietlier here soiorn.

The Brutons thus dispoyl'd of armes,
And courage in effect,
Of prince, of captaines, and aduise,
Their buiihes to direct:

Dispatch their legate to the land
Diminutiue in name
To Brutaine: whose the legate thus
His ambassie did frame:

"The back-slide of our helplesse friends,
The down-fall of our state,
Our lacke of prince, of people, and
Our wealth, not now as late,

"The sauage dealing of our foes,
Consuming ours and vs,
Is cause (right mightie king) that we
Approch thy presence thus.

"Not for we are in blood allied,
Or that whil'st fortune smil'd,
Your ancestors had rule from vs,
Not for the debues defil'd

"At Cullin, who withstanding lust
For it did loose their liues,
That els to Conon and his knights
Had liued noble wiues,

"We are emboldned in our suit;
Though all of these might mooue:
But for our former wants, O king,
And for thine owne behooue,

"Great Brutaine doth submit it selfe
Thy subiect, (if thou please,)
Or els dispose it at thy will,
Prouided we haue ease

"Against such foes, as would not saue
Our liues to haue our land:
Whom to conclude (except thou helpe)
We neuer may withstand."

The king Aldroen pittying much
The cause of his allies,
Arm'd thence his brother Constantine,
A captaine stout and wise.

He chasing hence the Scottes and Pichtes,
With glory wore the crowne,
And through his vertue stayed vp
A kingdome sinking downe.

WITHIN a while did Vortiger
The duke of Cornewaile raigne,
When Constans sonne of Constantine
He traitrously had slaine.

The Scotts did ruffle then anew,
Nor did the king affye
In Brutones, for they hated him,
And reason had they why:

And Saxon fleetes from Germanie
In armor here arriue,
Through whose support the king in vaine
Against the Scots did thriue.

The foe by Heagest foyled thus,
He and his brother git
The chiefest credit with the king,
But few gaine-saying it,
Necessitie of couldiers best
So well for them did sit.

And Hengest's daughter intertain'd
King Vortiger so well
That to misliking of his wife
And liking her he fell:

And sotted thus in forren loue,
Did wed the Saxon wench:
Which wrought vnto the Saxons weale,
But to the Brutes offence:

For whatsoere the queene did aske,
The king would not deny,
Vntill his subiects ran to armes,
And made the Saxons flie.

They putting downe the father, then
Did set vp Vortimer,
He poisoned by his stepdame, they
Restored Vortiger,

With this condition, that he should
No Saxons intertaine.
But Hengest (hearing from the queene
That Vortimer was slaine,

And Vortiger his sonne-in-lawe
Re-kinged) did assaile
With Saxon forces: though with fraud
Not force he did preuaile.

For thus by policy he did
The Brutons circumuent:
He craued parlie, as a man
That were to quietnes bent,

The place appoynted, parlantes him
In simple meaning meet
Farre from their armie all vnarm'd,
Whom Saxon traitors greet

With deadly wounds by hidden knines,
And held the king with them,
Confounding so the Brittish oste.
Nor cease they to contemne

Both christian rights, and ciuill rule
Subuerting either twaine:
And what they would of Vortiger
Through fearefull threats they gaine.

And plant themselues in Southfolke, Kent,
And elsewhere at their will:
And raffling runne throughout the land
Oppressing Brutons still.

The king and Brutons fled to Wales:
And feend-got Merlin theare
Bewraied more then I beleeue,
Or credit seemes to beare:

As shewing how the castell worke,
Rear'd daily, fell by night
By shaking of two dragons great
That vnderneath it fight,
With other wonders, tedious if
Not trothlesse to resight.

Aurelius Ambrose, brother to
King Constans murdred late,
From either Bruton hauing aid,
Wonne so the kingly state:

And, ere that Hengest or his sonne
Stout Octa he subdew'd,
First to reuenge his brother's death
He Vortiger pursew'd,

In vaine the Welsh wild mountaines fence
The flier from his foe,
Or Gerneth castell, when as flames
Throughout the buildings goe:
In midst whereof the wretched king
Did end his dayes in woe.

THE Brutons thus had peace a while,
Till Vortigerus sonne,
And Guillamour the Irish king,
In new conflicts begonne:

Whom, whil'st that Vter valiantly
In Wales to wracke did bring,
His brother Ambrose did decease,
And Vter then was king.

What Vter did by Merlin's art,
In compassing his will
Vpon the wife of Garolus,
Transfigured by skill

Into the likenesse of her lord,
On whom he got a sonne,
Renowned Arthur: or to name
The acts by Vter donne,

Were much and needlesse: onely note
He was a valiant prince,
But such as was his noble sonne,
Was not before or since.

Yeat blazing Arthur, as haue some,
I might be ouer-scene:
He was victorious, making one
Amongst the worthies neene:

But (with his pardon) if I vouch
His world of kingdomes wonne,
I am no poet, and for lacke
Of pardon were vndonne.

His Scottish, Irish, Almaine, French,
And Saxone battelles got,
Yeeld fame sufficient: these seeme true,
The rest I credite not.

But Bruton is my taske, and to
My taske I will retire:
Twelue times the Saxon princes here
Against him did conspire,

And Arthur in twelue battels great
Went vanquishor away:
Howbeit Saxon forces still
Amongst the Brutons stay.

This king to entertaine discourse,
And so to vnderstand
What accidents in after-times

Should happen in this land,
He with the Brutish prophet then
Of sequelles fell in hand.

Of sixe long after-kings the man,
Not borne of humane seede,
Did prophesie, and many things
That came to passe in deede.

Now Arthur, chiefe of chiualrie,
Had set his crowne at stay,
And to his nephew Mordred did
Commit thereof the sway,

When with his knights, the wonders of
The world for martiall deeds,
Beyond the seas in forren fights
He luckely proceedes:

Till faithlesse Mordred cal'd him backe,
That forward went with fame,
For at his vncle's diadem
He traiterously did aime.

Twise Arthur wonne of him the field,
And thirdly slewe his foe,
When, deadly wounded, he himselfe,
Victorious, died so.

INTERRED then with publique plaints,
And issules, euermore
A drouping of the British state
The Saxon still subdewes.

Howbeit worthy kings succeed:
But destiny withstood
The auncient scepter to inioye
In Brute's succeeding blood.

Vnlou'd Careticus was he
That lost the goale at length:
Whenceforth, in vaine, to win their losse
The Brutons vse their strength.

Yea God, that as it pleaseth him,
Doth place or dispossesse,
When foes, nor foiles, nor any force,
Their courage might suppresse,

Seem'd partiall in the Saxon cause,
And with a plague did crosse
The Brutons, that had els at least
Rebated from their losse:

For Cadwane, and Cadwallyn, and
Cadwallader, the last,
But not the least for valorous
Of Brittish princes past,

Brought out of Wales such knightly wars
As made their foes agast.

The plague (worse spoyler than the wars)
Left Cambre almost waste,
Which to auoid, the remnant Brutes
Into their ships did haste.

Cadwallader, in leauing thus
His natiue shore, he fixt
His eyes from whence his bodie should,
And with his sighes he mixt
His royall teares, which giuing place,
He speaketh thus betwixt.

"Sweet Brutaine (for I yet must vse
That sweet, and ceasing name)
Adew, thy king bids thee adew,
Whose flight no weapons frame:

"But God commaunds, his wrath commaundes,
Al counter-maund is vaine,
Els, for thy loue, to die in thee
Were life to thy remaine.

"Thus tymes haue turnes, thus fortune still
Is flying to and fro:
What was not, is: what is, shall cease:
Some come, and others goe:

"So, Brutaine, thou of nation and
Of name endurest change,
Now balking vs whome thou hast bread,
And brooking people strange.

"Yeat (if I shoot not past mine aime)
A world of time from me,
Part of our blood, in highest pompe,
Shall England's glorie be:
And chiefly, when vnto a first
Succeeds a second she.

"But, leauing speeches ominous,
Cadwallader is woe,
That seeing death determines griefe,
He dies not on his foe.

"Ah, fortune fayleth mightie ones,
And meaner doth aduance:
The mightiest empier Rome hath change,
Then, Brutaine, brooke thy chance:

"Let it suffice thou wert before
And after Rome in fame:
And to indure what god intends
Were sinne to count a shame.

"Nor vaunt, ye Saxons, of our flight:
But if ye needs will vaunt,
Then vaunt of this, that God displac'd
Whom you could neuer daunt.

This said, the teares controul'd his tong,
And sailes wrought land from sight,
When (saue a remnant small) the isle
Was rid of Brutons quight.

THE

FOVRTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. XX.

The Brutons thus departed hence,
Seauen kingdomes here begonne:
Where diuerslie in diuers broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright
In Diria iointly raigne:
In loyall concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leaue his life,
To Edel thus he sayes:
"By those same bloodes of happie loue,
That held vs friends alwaies,

"By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine,
By God, to whome my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine,

"I pray thee, may I conjure thee,
To nourish as thine owne
Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,
Till she to age be growne,
And then, as thou receiuest it,
Resigne to her my throne."

A promise had for this bequest,
The testator he dies:
But all that Edel vndertooke,
He afterward denies.

Yeat well he fosters for a tiipe
The damsell, that was growne
The fairest lady vnder Heauen;
Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her loue,
But none might her obtaine:
For grippell Edel to himselfe
Her kingdome sought to gaine,
And for that cause from sight of such
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne vnto
A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in loue
As much as one might bee.

Vnhappie youth, what should he doe?
His saint was kept in mewe,
Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her viewe.

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himself away,
Anon he thought by force of armes
To win her, if he may,
And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly inuay.
At length the high controller loue,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines,
Vnto a kitchin drudge;
That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see, and speake,
He did his loue bewray,
And tells his hearth: her answer was
She husbandless would stay.

Meane while the king did beat his braines
His booty to atchieue,
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thriue:
At last his resolution was
Some peasant should her haue.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with ioye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toy,

The king, perceiuing such his vaine,
Promotes his vassall still,
Least that the baseness of the man
Should let, perhaps, his will:

Assured therefore of his loue,
But not suspecting who
The louer was, the king himselfe
In his behalfe did woe.

The lady, resolute from loue,
Vnkindly takes that he
Should barge the noble, and vnto
So base a match agree:

And therefore shifting out of doores,
Departed thence by stealth,
Preferring powertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,
The anguish in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
From court he did depart:

Forgetfull of himselfe, his hearth,
His country, friends, and all,
And onely minding (whom he mist)
The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
Or court or stately townes,
But solitarily to liue
Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he liued thus,
Well pleased so to line,
And shepheard-like to feede a flocke
Himselfe did wholly giue.

So wasting loue, by worke, and want,
Growe almost to the waene:
But then began a speciall loue,
The worser of the twaene.

A country wench, a neatheard's maid,
Where Curan kept his sheep,
Did feed her droue: and now on her
Was all the shepheard's keepe.

He borrowed on the working daies
His holie rusticke cote:
And of the bacon's fat, to make
His startops blacke and soft:

And least his tarbox should offend
He left it at the folde:
Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had
As much as it might hold:

A sheeue of bread as browne as nut,
And cheese as white as snowe,
And wildings, or the sweetest fruite,
He did in scrip bestowe:

And whil'st his py-bald curre did sleepe,
And sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten strawe
He piped melody:

But when he spied her his saint,
He wipte his greasie shooes,
And clear'd the driuell from his beard
And thus the shepheard woes,

"I haue sweet wench a peece of cheese,
As good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and wildings roling-well"
(And therewithall did drawe
His lardrie) and, in satten, "See
You crumpled ewe," quoth he.
"Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou
If I might tup with thee.

"Thou art too elnish, faith thou art
Too eluish, and too coy:
Am I (I pray thee) beggerly,
That such a flocke enioy?

"I wis I am not: yeat that thou
Doest holde me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad, and made a scythe
To all that keepe this plaine.

"There be as quaint (at least that think
Themselues as quaint) that craue
The match, that thou (I wot not why)
Maist, but mislik'st to haue.

"How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot
Thou art a female) I,

I know not her that willingly
With maiden-head would die.

" The plowman's labour hath no end,
And he a churle will prooue;
The craftsman hath more worke in hand
Than fitteth vnto loue:

" The marchant traffiquing abroad,
Suspects his wife at home:
A youth will play the wanton, and
An old-man prooue a mome.

" Then chuse a shepheard. With the Sun
He doth his flocke vnfold,
And all the day on hill or plaine
He merrie chat can hold:

" And with the Sun doth folde againe;
Then logging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme:

" Nor lackes he gleefull tales to tell,
Whil'st round the bole doth trot;
And sitteth singing care away,
Till he to bed hath got.

" Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow cares,
Nor feares he blasting of his corne
Nor vttering of his wares,

" Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
Or cracke of credite lost,
Not spending franklier than his flocke
Shall still defray the cost.

" Wel wot I, sooth they say that say:
More quiet nightes and daies
The shepheard sleepes and wakes than he
Whose cattel he doth graize.

" Beleeue me lasse, a king is but
A man, and so am I;
Content is worth a monarchie,
And mischiefes hit the hie:

" As late it did a king and his,
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a daughter, (saue thy selfe:)
For faire a matchlesse wench:"
(Here did he pause, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence.)

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was.
" She bore," quoth he, " the bell

" For beautie: though I clownish am,
I know what beautie is,
Or did I not, yeat seeing thee,
I senceless were to mis.

" Suppose her beautie Hellen's-like,
Or Hellen's somewhat lasse,
And euery-starre consorting to
A puer complexion gesse.

" Her stature comely tall, her gate
Well graced, and her wit
To maruell at, not meddle with,
As matchless I omit.

" A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
A forehead smooth and hie,
An euen nose, on either side
Did shine a graish eie:

" Two rosie cheekes, round ruddy lips,
White iust-set teeth within;
A mouth in meane, and vnderneath
A round and dimpled chin:

" Her snowish pecke with blewish vaines
Stood bolt vpright vpon
Her portly shoulders: beating balles,
Her vained breasts, anon

" Adde more to beautie: wand-like was
Her middle, falling still,
And rising where as women rise:
But ouer-skippe I will,
What males in females ouer-skippe;
Imagine nothing ill.

" And more, her long and limber armes
Had white and azure wrists;
And slender fingers aunswere to
Her smooth and lillie fists:

" A legge in print, a pretie foot;
Coniecture of the rest,
For amorous eies, obseruing forme,
Thinke parts obscured best.

" With these (O thing deuine) with these
Her tong of speech was speer:
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake
The balle from Ide to heer.

" With Phœbe, Iuno, and with both
Her selfe contends in face:
Wheare equall mixture did not want
Of milde and stately grace.

" Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
Were chearefull vnto all:
And such as neither wanton seeme,
Nor waiward, mell, nor gall.

" A quiet mind, a patient mood,
And not disdaining any:
Not gybing, gadding, gawdie, and
Her faculties were many.

" A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
Might praise, might wish, might see
For life, for loue, for forme, more good,
More worth, more frize, than shee:

" Yea such an one, as such was none,
Sane onely she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most,
Were to be silent much."

" I knewe the ladie very well,
But worthless of such praise,"
The neatresse sayd: " and more I do,
A shepheard thus should blase
The coote of beautie. Credit me,
Thy latter speech bewraies

" Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
But wherefore doest thou weepe?"
(The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
And both doth silence keepe.)

" In troth," quoth hee, " I am not such
As seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee,
I from my selfe digresse.

" Her loued I, (wretch that I am
A recreant to be)
I loued her, that hated loue,
But now I die for thee.

" At Kirkland is my father's court,
And Curan is my name,

In Edel's court sometimes in pompe,
Till loue contrould the same:

"But now. What now? deare heart how now?
What ailest thou to weep?"
(The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.)

"I graunt," quoth she, "it was too much,
That you did loue so much:
But whom your former could not moue,
Your second loue doth touch.

"Thy twise beloued Argentile
Submitteth her to thee:
And for thy double loue presents
Herselfe a single fee:
In passion, not in person chaung'd,
And I, my lord, am she:"

They swetly surfeiting in ioy,
And silent for a space,
When as the extasie had end
Did tenderly imbrace,
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengest then
Was named so this land)
Than Curan had an hardier knight,
His force could none withstand:
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand,

First, making knowne his lawfull claime
In Argentile her right,
He war'd in Diria, and he wonne
Bremitia too in fight:

And so from treacherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne,
And of Northumberland was king,
Long ragning in renowne.

CHAP. XXI.

The Saxons that, in these discents,
Deriue from gods and men,
Ioue, Minos Geta, Flokwald, Flya,
Fredwolfe, Frealoffe, VVoden,

Each as here placed other's son,
Not onely conquer here,
But with their wandring armies spoyle
The world through-out weinere.

The English Saxon kings oppresse
The mightier ones the weake:
Each trifling cause sufficing here
Their loue and leagues to breake.

One seaseth of his neighbours realme,
And is disseas'd ere-long:
For empire some, for enuie some,
And some to right their wrong

Contend vnto their common losse,
And some like monsters ruine:
As Sigbert, who for tyrannie
Did banishment sustaine.

He wandred vnbewailed long,
A man whom men exempt
From house and helpe, pursuing him
With capitall contempt.

Forlorne therefore, with drouping limbs,
And dropping eies, in vaine,
He frendles walks the fruitles woods,
And foodles did complaine.

A swineheard meeting him by chance,
And pitying his estate,
Imploy'd the westerne king, vnknowne,
On his affaires to wait.

Nor did the needie king disdaine
Such roome, for such relicfe:
An vnder-swineheardship did serue,
He sought not to be chiefe.

But when by speech and circumstance,
His maister vnderstood,
His seruant was the sometimes king:
"Blood cries," quoth he, "for blood:

"My giltles master in thy pompe,
Thou, tyrant, diddest slay,
Nor vnreuenged of his death
Thou shalt escape away."

With that he tooke a libbat vp,
And beateth out his braines:
And dead (so odious tyrants be)
Not one for him complaine.

NOT all so ill, yeat cause of worse
Vnto the English state
Was Osbert of Northumberland:
His loue did winne him hate.

Enamored on lord Buern's wife,
As tired in the chase,
He left the hounds, and with a fewe
Dismounts at Buern's place.

Her husband absent, heartely
His lady entertaines
The king, and feasts him royally,
Not sparing cost or paines.

But he that fed on fansie's food,
And hungred whil'st he eates,
Thought Venus sparer in her loues
Than Ceres in her meates.

The trayne and table voyded, then
He taking her apart,
Directs her by his tongue and teares
Vnto his louing heart.

"Delay," he sayeth, "breedeth doubts,
But sharpe deniall death,
Or do not long surcharge my blisse,
Or soone discharge my breath:

"For if my praiers adde no edge
Vnto thy begged doome,
The vintage of my thriftlesse loue
Is blasted in the bloome.

"Be fauorable to my fire:
For thy sweete sake, be bolde,
I durst attempt euen Hell (if Hell
So sweete a thing might holde.)"

Doe thinke her coie, or thinke her chaste,
My censure I suspend:
Some women yeeld not at the first,
Yeat yeeld they in the ende.

She gaue repulses to his lust,
And he replies of loue:
Not all the writs Diana had
Might Cupid's plaint remoue.

She countermaunding his demaund,
He ceased courting now,

And did with her by violence
What vertues disalow:

And then departed, leauing her
In self-conceit disgraste:
More trespassed then some would thinke,
Yeat and perhaps as chaste.

Home came her lord, whose browes had buds,
And found his wife in teare,
And (foolish thing) she told a troth,
For which reuenge he sweare.

But so the man did prone a beast;
He better might haue hid it,
Some such are mistically domme,
Yeat domly doe forbid it.

His wife's escapes done secretly,
If by the man detected,
Shewes hilled bumps (supposed bumps)
Meere hornes, not hornes suspected.

At Denmarke in his cosin's court,
He telleth of his wrong;
And gaines against his spueraigne lord
Of Danes an armie strong:

Hungar and Hubba, and himselfe,
Conductors of this hoast,
Did with their forren forces land,
And spoyle the northerne coaste,

The vicious valiant Osbret, that
Had vanquished ere then
The king and kingdome of the Scots,
Though wanting armes and men,

Thought skorne his foes should beard him so
And bar him vp in walles,
And therefore, issuing out of Yorke,
Vpon the Danes he falles.

A bloodie bargaine then begonne,
No fight might fearcer be,
And of the Danish part were slaine
For euery English three.

But manhood lost, and number wonne,
The Danes they got the fielde:
And Osbret dyed valiantly,
That not to liue would yeeld.

MEANE while the Danes with fresh supplies
Ariue at euerie shore,
And warre almost in euery shire
Infesting England sore:

With whome courageous Rtheldred
Contended long in vaine,
By them was he, king Ella, and
The holy Edmund slaine.

Nothing was done, but all vndone,
Till king Alured hee
In daunger of his royall selfe
Did set his subiects free.

For euery day, in euery place,
The Danes did so increase,
That he nor any English king
Enioy one day of peace.

Nor mightier men at armes than they,
Might any wheare be found,
Who in their diuers wars els-where
Did diuers realmes confound:

For as the Gothes, the Vandales, Hunnes,
And Saxons earst did range,

So now the Danes did plague the world,
As sent by intercharge.

This westerne and victorious king,
And greatest monarke heere,
Perceiuing of this spoyled isle
A toward ruine neere,

Disguised like a minstrill poore,
Did haunt the Danish tents,
And with his feats and melodie
The enemie presents:

And of their sloth, their gluttonie,
And counsels priuie so,
He tooke aduantage, giuing them
A sodaine ouerthrow:

And slayeth Hubba, Hungar, and
The cause of their repayre,
And putteth all to sword and seas
That vnbaptized wair.

Yeat to Northumberland return'd
Fearce Gurmond with the Danes,
Meane time did king Alured die,
The hatchet of their traines.

But Adelstane (one king betwhat)
Not onely clear'd the land
Of Danes, but of all England had
Sole empire in his hand.

Thus of this long dismembred realme
Was he the onely king:
In which, till Egelred, his raine
Did prosper eneie thing.

He raigning, much of England then
The lordly Danes did hold,
Exacting tributes euery yeare,
And selling peace for gold.

And (which no doubt did hatch those plagues)
The king a wicked one,
Did enter by his brother's blood,
Extorting thus his throne:

KING Edgar that subdu'd the Scots,
And slaughtered the Danes,
And of the VVelch had tribute wolfs,
Of whom it more remaines

That, as it were in triumph-wise,
Eight vnder kings did roe
Him, sterus-man, on the riuer Dee,
With diuers honors moe,

This Edgar by a former wife
Had Edward, by an other
This Egelred, a sonne vnto
A kind and cruell mother:

For as she labors to preferre
Her owne by well and ill,
So to destroy her son-in-law
She wanted meanes, not wil.

And meanes did hit. King Edward hunts,
And hunting lost his traine,
Whom, man-les, at her castle Corfe
The queene did entertaine.

He hauing seene to whom he came
In curtesie to see,
Made haste away, in quest of them
That still a hunting be:

And when he, mounted, should depart,
To him his stepdame drinkes,

Whom, pledging, him as hierling stab'd,
And life-les downe he sinkes.

Thus Egelred obtain'd the crowne,
But for his crowing so
His subiects grudge, and he became
A preface to their woe.

For when this proud and vitious king,
Was neither lou'd of his,
Nor liued safely for the Danes,
His secret edict is,

That sodainely, in one selfe hower,
Throughout the land should passe
A common massaker of Danes,
Which so performed was:

Hartfordian VVelwyn (VVealth-wyn then)
For promptneste in that charge
Beginning, other townes as it
Themselues from Danes inlarge.

CHAP. XXII.

THIS common murther of the Danes
Was common griefe to all
The English, whom they did oppresse
With slauerie not vnstill,

Compelling men by grieuous drought
As beasts to plough their land,
Of whom the English as of gods,
Or feends, in terror stand.

The husband durst not vse his wife
If liked of a Dane,
Nor house nor goods, nor ought he had,
For who resists was slaine:

That frankes and feedeth daintily,
This pines and fareth ill,
And of his sweat that hath the sweate,
And is imperious still.

Each house maintained such a Dane,
That so they might prouent
Conspiracies, if any were,
And grope how mindes were bent:

Lord Dane the same was called then,
To them a pleasing name,
Now odiously Lur-dane say we,
When idle mates we blame.

When Swaine the Dacian king did hear
His Danes were murthered so,
With bitter vowes he shipt his men
For England's ouerthroe:

And landing, spar'd no shrine, nor saint,
Nor sex, nor any state,
Not wanting aiders English-men,
That held their king in hate.

Especially false Edricus
The admirall deceiues
His king and countrey oftentimes,
And brides of Swaine receiues:

And Egelred his cowardise
Incouraged the foe,
Till Swaine at length, for masses great,
Was bribed hence to goe.

But making short returne, the peeres
Of England that disdaine
Th' indignities of such a king,
That did so feebly raine,

Submit them subiects vnto Swaine:
And Egelred did flie
Vnto the father of his queene,
The duke of Normandie:

And Swaine, possessed of the land,
Did shortly after die.

His sonne Canutus, present here,
Had seazon of the crowne,
Till Egelred, returning backe
By armor puts him downe:

Who scarcely giueth breathing time,
But that he back repaires
From Denmarke, and by force, by friends,
And fortune here preuailes:

For in this warre king Egelred
Did sicken and deceass:
And then the heires (Canutus king)
Did for a time decrease,

Till Edmund, sonne of Egelred,
Did interrupt that peace.

CONFERRING armes, to Edmond's age
When Egelred did lie
On death bed, to his sonne he said:
"Not quite forlorne am I,
Whose life hath had so much of griefe,
Thus gratiously to dye.

"Ad more, thy vertues glad my death,
Yeat two things greeue among,
To leaue my kingdom so in warres,
And thee for warres too young.

"So many these troubles weare to some
As thou doest waxe I pray,
And so possesse thy father's seate
That all approoue thy sway.

"Not to be made a king (my sonne)
Is so to make thee proude,
For mildeneis fitteth maiestie,
High mindes are disaloude.

"See me, thy father, now a king,
And by and by but earth,
Nor thinke that euerie king hath hap
To die a happie death.

"Let Natures for perfection mouldes
A paragon each way,
Yeat Death at last on finest lumps
Of liuing flesh will pray:
For Nature neuer framed it,
That neuer shall decay.

"The brauest are as blossomes, and
The longest liuer dies,
And dead, the loueliest creature as
The lothsom'st carrion lies.

"Then thinke not but that kings are men,
And as the rest miscarrie,
Same that their fame or infamie
Continually doth tarry.

"Deeme past examples sentences,
And (which did fayle in me)
Make vse of those not new in vse,
For now will cease to be.

"Attempt not things beyond thy reach,
Ioyne fortune to thy will:
Least Phœbus' chaire doe else surcharge
Rash Phaeton his skill:

" If Fortune helpe whom thou would'st hurt,
Fret not at it the more:
When Aiax stormed, then from him
The prize Ulysses bore.

" Try friends by touch, a feeble friend
May proove thy strongest foe:
Great Pompeis' hand to Cæsar's hand
It was betrayed so.

" Admit thou hadst Pactolian waues,
To land thee golde at will,
Know Crœsus did to Cyrus kneele,
And thou maist speed as ill.

" Abandon lust, if not for sinne,
Yeat to auoyd the shame:
So bogges of Ithacus his men
The Latian witch did frame.

" Be not too moody in thy wrath,
But pause, though fist be bent:
Oft Philip's sonne did rashly strike,
And leisurely repent.

" Content thee with vnthreatned meanes,
And play not Æsop's dogge:
The golde that gentle Bacchus gaue
Did greedy Mydas clogge.

" Be valiant, not too venterous,
But fight to fight againe:
Euen Hercules did hold it ods
For one to stripe with twaine.

" Be not ambitiously a king,
Nor grudgingly decline:
One God did root out Cis his stock,
And rayse vp Iesse's line.

" Iest not with edge tooles, suffer saints,
Let mightie fooles be mad:
Note, Seneca by Nero's doome
For precepts pennance had.

" Haue care to whom, of whom, and what
To speak, though speech be trew,
That misse made Rhesus contrary
His rauens swan-like hew.

" He frameth torments to himselfe
That feeds a tyrant's vaine:
Perillus was by Phalaris
Adiudg'd to selfe-taught paine.

" Prayse not the beautie of thy wife,
Though she of forme be sped:
For Gyges, moued so, did graft
On Candaules his head.

" Shunne ielousie that heart-breake loue,
If cat will goe to kind,
Be sure that Io hath a meanes
That Argus shall be blind.

" Commit not treasure with thy child
To greedy minded men:
Thou leauest Polidor a spoyle
To Polymnestor then.

" Occurrants giue occasions still
Of like, in which be sure
To serue thy God, to saue thy selfe,
And well to all procure.

" Be vertuous, and assure thy selfe,
Thou canst not then but thriue:
In onely vertue it is sayd,
That men themselues suruiue.

" As for the vicious, such they are,
As is the headlesse fyre,
That killes it selfe, and hurts his sight
That hath her in his eye.

" Farewell, my sonne, England, farewell,
Thy neuer happy prince
Doth take his leaue, an happy leaue,
If taken so long since.

" And, Edmond, (burying not with me
Thy vertues, not my speech)
I blesse thee in his blessed name
Whome I of blesse beseech."

Said Egelred: and shortly gaue
A quiet gaspe or twaine,
And being dead, his noble sonne
Succeeded him in raigne.

THIS like himselfe, euen knight-like and
An English-man indeede,
Did quicken England's quailing powres,
And Mars-like did proceed.

A brauer captaine Dian was he
Not any band might haue:
And yeat a Mars did match this Mars,
Canutus was as braue.

These wonders of that age for armes,
And Dirii of those dayes,
Did often battell, equally
To either's losse and praise;

Now after many bloody fieldes,
When none might estimate
The better or the worser part,
A knight that saw the state

Then present, and by likelyhoods
Presaged what might fall,
Said, (hearing it the differing kings
And souldiers almost all:)

" We euer warre, and neuer winne,
Edmund hath fortitude,
Canutus fortune, neither thus
Of other is subdude.

" Death feases not vs, nor for their liues
Our contraries doe care:
It followes then, that all must die
Whoare all so despret are.

" If all be slayne, then who shall serue
Our princes that suruiue?
Or fence out foreine? Better one,
Than none of both, should thriue.

" To thriue, therefore, were not a-misse,
That seeing one of twaine
Will owner all, that onely they
The quarrell doe maintaine.

" Or if combattensie not please,
The land is rich and large,
And they copernicens may liue,
And vs of death discharge.

" If combat nor partition be,
Then will his warre reuiue,
Till one, suruiuing all of vs,
Wants one with whome to striue."

This sayd, the kings did [illegible]
A profit of the same;
And did conclude by combate
To winne or loose the [illegible]
Within a little island where
(Round which the [illegible]

The kingly champions trie their force,
By fighting hand to hand.
They spur their horses, breake their speares,
And beat at barriars long,
And then, dismounting, did renew
A battell braue and strong.
Whil'st eyther king thus martially
Defends, and did offend,
They breathing, king Canutus said:
"We both I see shall end,
"Ere empire shall begin to one:
Then be it at thy choyce
To fight, or part." With it their knights
Crie out, with common voyce,
"Deuide, most valiant kings, deuide,
Enough ye haue of fight:"
And so the champions did embrace,
Forgetting malice quite.
Partition equally was made
Betwixt these princes twaine,
And brother-like they liue and loue:
Till by a deu'lish traine,
Earle Edricus, a traytor to
The father and the sonne,
Did murther Edmund: and his head
(Supposing to haue wonne
The fauour of Canutus so)
Presenting, sayd, "O king!
For loue of thee I thus haue done."
Amazed at the thing,
Canutus sayd, "And for that thou
Hast headed him for me,
Thy head aboue all English heads
Exalted it shall be:"
The earle was headed, and his head
Poold vp for all to see.
Of England, Danske, and Norway, then
Canut was perfect lord,
And in this triple regiment all
With vertue did accord.
Harold, and Hardi-knought his sonnes,
Each the other did succeede:
Of either which small certaine fame
Of well or ill we reede,
Saue by their raigns to English-men
Did grieuous thraldom breede.
But after Hardi-knought his death
The Danes were chased hence,
Not intermedling with the state
Of England euer since.

CHAP. XXII. [Continued.]

Of foresaid Egelred his sonnes,
Alured, and his brother,
Was Edward king: (for Goodwin's guile
Had made away that other.)
Religious, chaste, wise, fortunate,
Stout, franche, and milde, was hee:
And from his thane, wrongs, and foes,
Did set his kingdome free.
By ouer-ruling of his wife,
Intreating long the same,
Least, dying issueless, he leaue
Succession cause of frame,
He tooke to queene a damsell faire:
Howbeit, by consent,
In vowes of secret chastitie
Their louing lines they spent.
The father of this maiden-wife,
He sitting by the king,
And seeing one that stumbled, but
Not falling, vp to spring,
Did laughing say, "The brother theare
The brother well hath eas'd,"
(His meaning was the stumbler's feete)
"And haddest thou so pleas'd,
"So had my brother," quoth the king,
"Bin easing vnto me."
The traitrous earle tooke bread, and sayd,
"So this digested be,
"As I am guiltlesse of his death:"
These words he scarcely spoke,
But that, in presence of the king,
The bread did Goodwyn choke.
His sonne Harold, by Hardy-knoght's
Late daughter, him surviues,
He, crossed by contrary winds,
In Normandie ariues,
Where Goodwin's sonne did take an oth,
Duke William vrging so,
To keepe vnto the duke his vse,
When Edward hence should go,
The crowne of England (claimed by
Adoption, and by blood).
But Harold, after Edward's death,
Not to his promise stood.
And for he was in wealth, in friends,
In blood, and armor strong,
And title had his mother's right,
He forced not the wrong:
But arming him against the duke,
So vrged vnto wroth,
Did seaze the crowne vnto himselfe,
Contrary to his oth.
Whil'st William therfore works for war,
King Harold had not rest,
For Harold Hare-foote, king of Danes
And Norwaies, much oppresst
The English with his puissant bands.
But Harold him assailes,
And after fearce and doubtfull fight
Most valiantly preuailes:
And with the Norgaine prince he slew
His people almost all:
When, for deuision of the spoyle,
Did much contention fall
Betwixt the king and English-men:
And many a noble knight
Not onely murmur and maligne,
But did forsake him quight.
Such malice growing, William with
His Normanes taking land,
Found hot-spur Harold prest in armes,
His puissance to withstand:
And either battell marshalled,
As either captaine wild,
The king of England eagerly
The Normane oste behild,
And with his cheereful speeches thus
His men with courage fild.

" See, valiant (war-friends) yonder be
The first, the last, and all
The agentes of our enemies:
They henceforth cannot call

" Supplies: for weedes at Normandie
By this in porches growe:
Then conquer these would conquer you,
And dread no further foe.

" They are no stouter than the Brutes,
Whom we did hence exile:
Nor stronger than the sturdy Danes,
Or victory er while:

" Not Saxonie could once containe,
Or scarce the world beside
Our fathers, who did sway by sword,
Where listed them to bide.

" Then doe not ye degenerate,
Take courage by discent,
And by their burialles, not abode,
Their force and flight preuent.

" Ye haue in hand your countrie's cause,
A conquest they pretend,
Which (were ye not the same ye be)
Euen cowards would defend.

" I graunt that part of vs are fled,
And linked to the foe,
And glad I am our armie is
Of traytours cleered so:

" Yea pardon hath he to depart
That stayeth mal-content:
I prize the minde aboue the man,
Like zeale hath like euent.

" Yeat troth it is, no well or ill
This iland euer had,
But through the well or ill support
Of subiects good or bad.

" Not Cæsar, Hengest, Swayn, or now
(Which therefore shall fayle)
The Normane bastard (Albion true)
Did, could, or can preuaile.

" But to be selfe-false in this isle
A selfe-foe euer is,
Yeat wot I, neuer traytour did
His treason's stipend mis.

" Shrinke who will shrinke, let armors' wayte
Presse downe the burdned earth,
My foes, with wondring eyes, shall see
I ouer-prize my death.

" But since ye all (for all, I hope,
A-like affected bee,
Your wiues, your children, liues, and land,
From seruitude to free)

" Are armed both in shew and zeale,
Then gloriously contend,
To winne and weare the home-brought spoyles,
Of victorie the end.

" Let not the skinner's daughter's sonne
Possesse what he pretends,
Ne liue to die a noble death
That life for freedome spendes."

As Harold hartned thus his men,
So did the Normane hise
And looking wishly on the earth,
Duke William speaketh this:

" To liue vpon, or lie within,
This is my ground or graue,
(My louing souldiers) one of twaine
Your duke resolues to haue.

" Nor be ye, Normanes, now to seeke
In what you should be stout,
Ye come amidst the English pikes
To hewe your honors out,

" Ye come to winne the same by launce,
That is your owne by law,
Ye come, I say, in righteous warre
Reuenging swords to draw.

" Howbeit of moss hardie foes
No passed fight hath spead ye,
Since Rollo to your now-abode
With bands victorious lead ye,
Or Turchus, sonne of Troylus,
In Scythian Fazo bread ye.

" Then worthy your progenitors,
Ye seede of Pryam's sonne,
Exployt this businesse: Rollons, do
That which ye wish be done.

" Three people haue as many times
Got and forgone this shore,
It resteth now ye conquer it,
Not to be conqured more:

" For Normane and the Saxon blood
Conioyning, as it may,
From that consorted seede the crowne
Shall neuer passe away.

" Before vs are our armed foes,
Behind vs are the seas,
On either side the foe hath holdes
Of succour, and for ease.

" But that aduantage shall returne
Their disaduantage thus,
If ye obserue no shore is left
The which may shelter vs,

" And so hold out amidst the rough,
Whil'st they hale in for lee,
Whereas, whil'st men securely sayle,
Not seldome shipwracks bee.

" What should I cite your passed acts,
Or tediously incerce
To present armes? Your faces shewe
Your hearts conceiue offence:

" Yea euen your courages deuine
A conquest not to faile:
Hope then your duke doth prophecie,
And in that hope preuaile.

" A people braue, a terren Heauen,
Both obiects wroth your warres,
Shall be the prizes of your prow's,
And mount your fame to starres.

" Let not a traytor's periur'd sonne
Extrude vs from our right:
He dyes to liue a famous life,
That doth for conquest fight."

By this the furious battels ioyne,
A bloody day to eyther,
And long they fight, the victory
Inclining vnto neyther:

At length the English had the odds,
Who keeping close aray,
Vnto the duchie forces gaue
No entraunce any way:

Who fayning feare, and martially
Retyring as opprest,
The English so became secure,
And follow on disperst.

To which aduantage furiously
The Normanes did returne,
And got a bloody victorie.
In vayne the English spurne

Amidst the pikes against the pricke:
King Harold then was slayne:
From whom began the Normanes sole,
But soone conioyned rayne:
For second Henry, Mawd her sonne,
Freed England's blood againe.

Since when (and euer may they so)
That of-spring ruled vs:
Of whose coniunction in the crowne,
The genalogue is thus:

King Edmund Iru-side issue had
Edward the out-law: he
Had Margaret: Mawd by Malcome (then
The King of Scots) had she:

Mawd to the conqueror his sonne
First Henry, Mawd did beire:
This second Mawd, the Angeo's wife,
Had second Henry heire.

EDWARD, king Harold's preregnant,
Of the same change foretold,
Who present and succeeding times
Thus, dying, did vnfold:

"It is a world, to note" (quoth he)
"The wayes that men adore,
And how hypocrisie hath bred
Of godlike deuils store,

"That speake to seeme, that seeme to shift,
That shift to spoyle by guile,
That smooth, and sooth, and yeat deceiue
With scriptum est meane while.

"But let them heaue their hands to Heauen,
They haue their hier in Hell,
That seeme deuout to cloake deceit,
And say, but doe not well.

"The rich are retchles in their willes,
Their liking is for law:
The poore repine, and goods, not theirs,
By idle shiftings claw.

"The lords and landed ouer-rent,
And cunningly the same
The parasite doth ouer-reach,
And beares away the game.

"One riseth by another's fall,
And some doe clime so fast,
That in the clowdes they doe forget
What climates they haue past.

"But eagle-winged mindes, that fly
To nestle in the Sunne,
Their lofty heads haue leaden heeles,
And end where they begun.

"It is a common point on which
The aged grossely renne,
Once to have dared, sayd, and seene,
More then was euer done.

"The youth are foolish-hardie, or
Lesse hardie than they ought,
Effeminate, phantasticall,
In few, not few are nought.

"At Cyprus not the wanton saint,
Nor yeat her wylie sonne,
Did want her orgies: nor at Rome
Did Vesta lacke her nonne:

"The Lampsacens gaue Pryapus
His filthie rites, and Create
To Ioue his bulles: and Sicilie
To Ceres tithed wheat:

"The Thracians with their Bacchanales
Did Lyber's temple fill:
And Italie did blood of babes
On Saturn's altars spill:

"And fatall wreathes of myrtill boughes
Were sacred vnto Dys:
In fewe, there was no pagane god
His sacrifice did mis.

"But English-men, nay, Christian men,
Not onely seeme prophane,
But man to man, as beast to beast,
Holds ciuill dueties vayne.

"Yea pulpits some, like pedlers' packs,
Yeeld forth as men affect,
And what a synode shall conclude,
A sowter will correct.

"The rude thus boasting Fitrature,
One schisme begets another,
And grossely though a schisme, yeat hath
Each schismatike his soother.

"Meane while the learned want their meed,
And none with peent heares
The tedious doult, whose artles tongue
Doth preach to weary eares.

"Here could I enter in a field
Of matter more than much:
But guesse that all is out of frame,
And long time hath bin such:
And what shall be let time disclose.
This onely will I touch:

"A greene tree cut from withered stock,
Deuided furlongs three
From proper root, it shall reioyne,
And after fruitfull bee:"
Thus sayd the king. And thus doe some
Expound that prophesee:

The tree this land, the stock and roote
The thralled English line:
King Harold, and the Williams twaine,
The furlongs some define:

Henry the Normane, that begot
On Mawde, his English queene,
Mawde, second Henrie's mother, was
The tree's returne to greene.

King Stephen first, though not so firme,
Did in this turne proceede:
But second Henrie perfectly
Restalled Woden's seede.

THE

FIFTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIII.

Assisted by the former boone
Persist, my Muse, and tell

How by the Normane conquest here
An other world befell.

New lawes (not labyrinths as now
Through wrested quirkes) came in:
New lords also, at whom, for most,
Our auncient crests begin.

The English sinke, the Normanes swimme;
All topsie turuie was,
Vntill the conquerour had brought
His whole command to pas.

Then was one Edgar, sonne vnto
The out-law Edward, he
To holy Edward had been heire,
Had not King Harold be:

And William pleading too by sword
Admits no milder law:
So Edgar in his soonest flight
His safest issue saw:

Who, with his mother (daughter to
The king of Hungarie)
And sisters, did attempt into
His grandsier's realme to flie.

Thus England's hope with England's heir
In one same barke did sayle:
When desprate from their villenage
Was English blood of baile.

But God, that to the hopeles is
Not helples, if he please,
Did driue the storm-beate English ship
Into the Scottish seas:

Wheare, cast a shore, king Malcome scene
Had notice of the wracke,
And did become a gracious lord
Vnto their present lacke.

And (Agatha a votarisse)
Tooke Margaret to queene:
Protects her brother, euen by armes,
Against king William's teene:

Vntill by warre and wise conuay
He so to passe did bring,
That Edgar reconciled was
Vnto the English king:

In credit, though withheld his crowne,
And thus at least did good:
His flight Scotch-queen'd his sister, she
Regraded England's blood.

For let we Edgar 'gainst the haer
Preserued, as exprest,
And either William, luckie knight
At armes, interred rest,

And set first William's youngest sonne,
First Henry, on the throne,
Through him the royall English and
The Normane bloods grew one.

On Mawd, Scotch Malcome's daughter by
The foresaid Margaret, he
Had Mawd, that solie did suruiue
Her drowned brothers three:

Her, empresse to the emperour
Then newly being ded,
Did Geffrey Plantaganet,
The earle of Anioy, wed,

And she vnto Plantaganet
Did second Henry beire,
Of England, Angeo, Gascoyne, and
Of Normandie, the heire.

Yeat Stephen, first William's daughter's son,
Whom th' earle of Bloys did marrie,
Did with the empresse and her son
Now king, now captiue, varrie:

But lastly, tyred, and inter'd,
All England by his death
Was quietly second Henrie's, who
Was lawfulst heire by birth.

With Hengest's blood our droupen Muse
It also now reuiues:
For harshly sounds our poesme, saue
In matter where it thriues.

Let be your bitten vine, we here
A blisfull vintage gayne,
That did, and doth, and euermore
Vnblasted may remaine:
For this eorinal seede begot
England English againe.

From whence we note what sceptors, what
Discents, and turnes, befel:
Lesse pleasing vnto some, perhaps,
Than toyes which many tell,

That but of phansies, women, loues,
And wantonnes, can sing:
From which their tunes but pip their toungs,
And then they hang the wing.

THIS second Henry, mightie both
In empire and in armes,
Was onely by his clergie crost
With vnbeseeming harmes.

Perplexed, therefore, at th' apeales
That waiward Becket made,
To some, demaunding his disease
At Normandie, he layd:

"Our popes, that seeme (they do but seeme)
S. Peter to succeede,
Who did denie, although deserue,
High styles to him decree'd,

"Are quite vnlike to Peter, and
Popes thirty three fore-past,
Who liu'd in miserie, and died
By martyrdom at last.

"Now neede not tyrants: popes to popes
Be tyrants: and they all
Doe wrest euen principalities
Submissiue to their pall.

"Peter did sinne, and, sinning, to
Repentant teares did flye:
Popes sinne not, but to others' sinnes
Giue pardon (els they lye.)

"Christ washed feete, kings kisse their feet,
Christ gaue to Cæsar his,
They take, and shy that either sword
In their subiection is.

"The pope did so our mother's pheare
The emperour, intreate,
As that his proud attempts I shame
And sorrow to repeate.

"What cite I forraine matters, when
Our natiue stories yeeld
Of myters medling with our sword
An ouerplenteous feeld?

"We offer tapers, pay our tythes
And vowes, we pilgrimes goe

To euery saint, at euery shrine
We offerings doe bestow,
" We kisse the pix, we creepe the crosse,
Our beades we ouer-runne,
The couent hath a legacie,
Who so is left vndone.
" We fast the eaue, we feast the day
Of euery saint they make,
Their houslings, shrifts, and sacraments,
Most reuerently we take.
" By tale we say orysons, and
To words vnknowne Amen:
The quier doth chaunt, we knock our brests,
We bow, and crosse vs then.
" Their skaer-spright water, boxed boans,
Their hoasts, and what not brings
The priest, the frier, or pardoner,
We count not holy things.
" We seat them in our fattest soyles
For pasture, wood, and spring,
We lodge them safe in stately walles,
We sorrowing when they sing.
" Their belles call them from easie beds
To sing in gownes as warme,
But larums vs from restles campes,
By wounds to heale their harme.
" And meete is so: but meete also
That they, protected thus,
Be not vnquiet, but for their quiet
Pray for and further vs.
" When our great grandsier thought this isle
By conquest cleerly wonne,
And entred Kent, what earst he did,
Did seeme in Kent vndone.
" A mooding wood stole marching on,
And hem'd his armie round,
When, al at once, their boughes cast downe,
Was heard a warlike sound,
" That to the Normanes did disclose
An armie ordered well,
Resolu'd to die, rather than leaue
The lawes where they did dwell:
(For so, in way of parlie, did
Their mytred Stygand tell.)
" Their bishop, their contriuer, and
Their chiefe conduct was he,
By whose deuise the conqueror,
Intrapped, did agree
To ratifie the lawes of Kent,
Such as they were, and be.
" But bearing in a common good
With crosiers crossing crownes,
Proud Anselme in our vncle's raigne
Did farre exceede the bownes
" Of prelacie or pietie
(For church-men should be meeke:
Yeat some in practise leaue what they
Of vs in preaching seeke:
" For they that bid me doe, and doe
Themselues the good they bid,
Doe leade me to the substantiue,
And leaue me not in *quid*)
" Yea, either of our vncles thriu'd
In forraine conquests more,
Than 'gainst their church-men, setting al
Their kingdoms in vprore.
" One prelate wrought the pope to curse
And crosse his prince with foes:
Twixt others long ambition's pleas
For primacie aroes;
And now, through Becket, to our selfs
No lesser damage groes.
" I haue had hardy knights for warres,
And helpfull friends in peace,
Yeat helples friends, and hartles knights,
This cleargie-pride to cease."
These words heard diuers present knights,
Who, vexed at the wrong,
Did, cleane vnwitting to the king,
Ariue in Kent ere long,
And at S. Bennit's altar, in
The minster of his see,
At sacring for a sacrifice,
The sawcie clerke did slea.
Which heard, the pope canonized
The stir-strif-priest a saint,
Insencing kings against our king,
Till warres made Henry faynt.
Then humbled vnto haughty priest,
As legats sent from Rome,
He basely bowes: and they to him
For begged pennance dome,
Purse-payne, and heathen battels, and
(Which worser was decreed)
Barefoote he went, whom monkes did whip
Till feete and bodie bleede.
Barefoote to Iurie fare the knights,
So dying for their deede:
Nor might they mend it, for as bad
Euen emperors did speede.

CHAP. XXIV.

The king's fayre leiman Rosamund,
And how his sonnes rebell,
I ouer-passe. To Richard next
The dyadem befel.
He did in Cypris, Sycil, and
In Syria, warre and winne:
Whose glory his confederate peeres
To enuy did beginne:
And, warring with the soukdan, left
The English king behinde:
Who left not fighting till he forst
Conditions to his minde,
And of Ierusalem was king.
But as he did returne,
The Austrich duke (whose reared flagge
Our wronged king did spurne
From Acon walles, his victorie)
Did Richard intercept,
And him in easelesse prison for
Reuenge and ransome kept.
The duke his daughter, as the king
Did theare a captiue lie,
Did labour strongly in the loue
She would but could not flie:
And sighing wept, and weeping spake,
And speaking thus shee sayd:
" Richard through hate, through loue am I,
In diffring bands betrayd.

" My harueſt hangeth in the graſſe,
And ere the proofe may blaſt:
Or clew-led Theſeus, from the denne
Of Minotaurus paſt,

" To farre more harder ſtarres than was
Poore Ariadne left,
Leaue me he may, of all, yea, more
Than all, of him bereft.

" Sweet Loue, ſaint Loue, or rather I
Thy ſaint, and thou my god,
In ſuch deſarts let ſuch deceite
Be, as ſhould he, forbod."

The gailor, bribed, with his keyes
To ſtay or free him ſent her.
" Loue (louely Richard) makes," quoth ſhe,
" That I this hell-houſe enter:
Hence make eſcape, remembring me,
That thus for thee doe venter."

Attentiue to her ſpeech, but more
Retentiue of her ſhape,
The king, awaking to her forme,
Did ſleepe his owne eſcape:

And giuing her a meeting kiſſe,
Quoth he, " So God me keepe,
As true deſire to quite this good
In mee ſhall neuer ſleepe.

" Yeat ranſomeleſſe I will not hence!
But fetching backe the loue,
When as thy father ſhall repay
To England tenne for one,

" I vow thy loue a recompence,
Till when I liue to thee."
Thus ſeuer they: and raunſome him
Ere many weekes did free.

Soone after on the Belgicke towers
He Engliſh flags did reare:
Auſtric and all the empire of
His prowesse ſtoode in feare:

Vntill a deſperate ſtragler with
An arrow pierst his head,
And ſent the wofull Engliſh home,
Their worthie leader dead:
Thus Lyon's-hart (his courage got
That ſurname) laſtly ſped.

To whom king Iohn, in courage not
Inferior to the other,
Succeeded, but in life and death
More tragicke than his brother.

IN Scotland, France, Ireland, and Wales,
He warred, wearied leſſe,
Than by the pope and Engliſh prieſts
Wronged without redreſſe.

Nor was, ſaue from their ſouereigne's death,
Their malice out of date:
Yeat Iohn, faine they, but they, felt Iohn,
Did trouble church and ſtate.

When (for as gaylers with conuicts,
So popes deale with a faulter:
Their ſin-ſalue like the ſetting looſe
From ſhackles to the haulter)

When maſſe and all the ſacraments
Were ſtrangers many a day,
And that, ſo farreforth as it in
The triple myter lay,

Euen God himſelfe was barred hence,
And that, proſtrate before
His vaſſall biſhop Langton's feete,
The king did grace implore,

When Peter pence were graunted, and
The Engliſh crowne to hold
By rent and homage of the pope,
And that for ſums of gold

The French king's ſon was curſed hence,
Who els had wore the crowne,
And that the reconciled king
Did ſeeme on ſureſt ground,

Then he, whil'ſt he in progreſſe did
At Swinshed Abbey lye,
Was poyſned by a monke, that taend
Himſelfe that Iohn might dye.

The monke, more ſolemnely inter'd
And ſong for than the king,
Was cauſe that diuers diuerſly
Did conſture of the thing.

Some charg'd the popes of auarice,
For that when kings offend,
They ſell them peace: of pride, for that
To them euen monarks bend:

Of meere incharitie, for that
To wreake their priuate ſpight
'Gainſt kingdomes kingdomes they incenſe,
And, worſer, do acquite
Euen ſubiects to allegiance ſworne
Againſt their lords to fight:

Of treaſon, for that to intrap
Such as from them diſcent
With othes and al things they diſpence:
Some bid vs thus preuent

Their ſinnes and ſleights, doe not as they,
Nor deale with them, for why?
Who doth muſt liue their vaſſal, or
Their victorie muſt die.

A merrie mate amongſt the reſt,
Of cloyſterers thus told:

" THIS cloyſtring and fat feeding of
Religious is not old,"
(Quoth he.) " Not long ſince was a man
That did his deuoire giue
To kill the paſſions of his fleſh,
And did in penance liue:

" And, though beloued of the king,
He liued by his ſweat:
Affirming men that would not worke
Vnworthy for to eate.

" He told the erring their amiſſe,
And taught them to amend.
He counſelled the comfortleſſe,
And all his daies did ſpend

" In prayer and in pouertie.
Amongſt his doings well,
High waies he mended: doing which
This accident befell.

" A dozen theeues to haue beene hang'd
Were lead this hermite by,
To whom he went, exhorting them
As Chriſtian-men to dye.

" So penitent they were, and he
So pitifull (good man)

As to the king for pardon of
The prisoners he ran:
" Which got, he gaue it them. But this
Prouiso did he add,
That they should euer worke as he.
They graunt, poore soules, and glad.
" He got them gownes of countrey gray,
And hoods for raine and cold,
And hempen girdles, which (besides
Themselues) might burthens hold,
" Pick-axe and spade: and hard to worke
The conent fell together,
With roabes, and ropes, and eu'rie toole
For eu'rie worke and weather.
" So did they toyle as thereabout
No caubie was vnwrought:
Wherefore new labours for his men
The holie hermite sought:
" But at departure prayed them
To fast, to watch, and pray,
And liue remote from worldly men,
And goeth so his way.
" The holy theeues (for now in them
Had custome wrought content)
Could much of scripture, and, indeede,
Did hartely repent.
" But when the countrey folke did heare
Of these same men denout,
Religiously they haunt their celles,
And lastly brought about,
" That from the woods to buildings braue
They wound the hermit's crew,
Who was from found-out worke returnde,
And their aposta knew.
" He going to their stately place,
Did finde in euery dish
Fat beefe and brewis, and great store
Of daintie fowle and fish.
" Who seeing their saturitie,
And practising to winne
His pupils thence, ' Excesse,' he sayd,
' Doth worke accesse to sinne.
" ' Who fareth finest doth but feed,
And ouer-feedeth oft:
Who sleepeth softest doth but sleepe,
And sometimes ouer-soft:
" ' Who clads him trimmest is but clad:
The fairest is but faire:
And all but liue: yea, if so long,
Yeat not with lesser care
Than formes, backs, boanes, and bellies, that
More homely cherisht are.
" ' Learne freedome and felicitie,
Hawkes, flying where they list,
Be kindlier and more sound than hawkes
Best tended on the fist.'
" Thus preacht he promist abstinence,
And bids them come away.
No hast but good: well weare they, and
So well, as they would stay.
" The godly hermit, when all meanes
In vaine he did perceiue,
Departing sayd: ' I found you knaues,
And knaues I doe you leaue.'
" Hence," sayd this merrie fellowe, (if
The merriment be trew)
" That cloystring, friers' cloathing, and
A conent's number grew."
This heard a simple Northerne-man,
No friend to monke, or frier,
Or preaching lymmer: for his speech
Disclosed thus his yre.
" A FOWLE ill on their weasens, for
The carles garre syke a dinne,
That more we member of their iapes
Than mend vs of our sinne.
" At ewle we wonten gambole, daunce,
To carrole, and to sing,
To haue gud spiced sewe, and roste,
And plum-pies for a king:
" At fasts-eue pan-puffes: gang tide gaits
Did alie masses bring:
At paske begun our morrise: and
Ere penticost our May:
" Tho Roben hood, liell Iohn, frier Tucke,
And Marian, deftly play,
And lard and ladie gang till kirke
With lads and lasses gay:
" Fra masse and eensong sa gud cheere
And glee on ery-greene,
As, saue our wakes twixt eames and nibes,
Like gam was neuer seene:
" At baptis-day with ale and cakes
Bout bon-fires neighbors stood:
At Martelmasse wa turnd a crabbe,
Thilke told of Roben hood,
" Till after long time myrke, when blest
Were windowes, dares, and lights,
And pails were fild, and hathes were swept,
'Gainst fairie-elues and sprits:
Rock, and plow mondaies gams sal gang,
With saint-feasts and kirk sights.
" Iis tell yee, clearkes earst recked not
Of purpoe ne of pall:
Ylke yeoman fed moe poore tame wambes
Than gentiles now in hall.
" Yea, ledge they nere sa hally writ,
Thilke tide was greater wrang
Than heretoforne: tho words hath sooth,
Na writing now so strang:
I is na wizard, yet I drad
It will be warse ere lang.
" Belyue doone lyther kirk-men reaue
The crop, and we the tythe,
And mykell bukish ben they gif
They tache our lakines blithe.
" Some egge vs sla the prince and sheve
A bullocke fra the pape,
Whilke, gif it guds the sawle, I is sure
The cragge gangs till the rape:
Syke votion gyles the people, sa
But sylde gud princes scape:
" Sa teend our king his life, and song
Is requiem for the monke:
Gud king God rest thy sawle, but feends
Reaue him bath sawle and trunke."
Such talke was long on foote, and still
Was quittance tale for tale.

" Dunstone," quod one, " made Edgar, earst
An English monarke, quale
For matter of lesse moment, euen
For wedding of a nunne,
Whom in her cell the king espi'de,
Lou'de, wooed, and thus wonne."

" THE same," quod he, " that rules this land
The same intreateth thee:
Thou maist, sweet wench, vnto thyself
Deriue a queene from me.
" What lets, since none may loue thee more,
Vnles perhaps this cell,
Too strict a place wherein thy selfe,
Euen beautie's selfe, shouldst dwell.
" Let Nature hide her barren formes
And imperfections thus,
And in such puritanes as thou
Commend her skill to vs.
" Thou wrongest Nature, molding thee
To molde by thee as faer:
Thou wrongest men, that would beget
The fruit which thou sholdst baer:
" Thou wrong'st thy countrie of increase:
Thou wrong'st me in like sort:
Thou wrong'st thy kin of kindred: and
Thou wrong'st thy selfe of sport.
" Shouldst thou but dreame, what marriage were,
Thou would'st not liue a maid:
One heart of two, two soules to one
By wedlock is conuaid.
" An husbands open kissings, and
His secret coyings, nay,
The very soule of loue, more sweet
Then thou or I can say,
" The ioy of babes which thou should'st beare,
The seruice at thy becke,
The sweet consorted common weale
Of houshold at thy checke,
" Would make thee seeme a goddesse; who,
Because thou art not such,
Offendest God in hiding of
Thy tallent. Too too much
" Thou dotest on virginitie,
Permitted, not impos'd
On any, saue on such as for
No such thy selfe thou knoest,
" Els what should meane this penning vp,
Such vowing, and these vailes,
Since vessels onely are of worth
That beare in stormes their sailes.
" The seedsters of thine essence had
They been as thou would'st be,
Thou hadst not been: then gratifie
The sane, thy selfe, and me,
" And leaue these superstitious walles:
Thou profitst not hereby,
Nor are we male and female borne
That fruitlesse we should dye:
Then loue me, for, beleeue me, so
Will proue a iubilie."
Her red disperst in shadowed white,
Did adde to either more,
To her of beautie, and to him
Loue greater than before.
She claimes the place's priuiledge,
And faintly cites a tex:
She pleades her birth too base, and playes
The No-I of her sex,
And fighteth as she would be foyl'd.
But, prized, Dunstone makes
It sacrilege: and for to wife
The recluse Edgar takes,
In twelue yeeres would he not annoynt
Or crowne him king and more,
Enioynes him seuen yeeres pennance, and
To edifie and store
Great monasteries fortie ere
Indulgence could be got:
Thus Edgar for his cloyster cheere
Did pay this costly shot.

CHAP. XXV.

Iohn's murther bred such murmure. But
Third Henry, Iohn his sonne,
Assisted chiefly by the pope,
His father's scepter wonne:
Who interdited Lewis, till
Hee curst him into France,
And left to Henry prosperous raigne,
Till hapned this mischance.
A parliament at Oxenford
Did derogate so much
From his prerogatiue, as that
The quarrell grew to-such,
That ciuill warres betwixt the king,
And barronage began:
Not ending, but with tragicke ends
Of many a worthy man,
Brother to brother, sire to sonne,
And friend to friend was foe:
Al labouring (which they should vphold)
Their countries ouerthrow.
Now was the king a captiue, and
The barrons by and by
His conquest, and the ciuill strife
Too fast begot supply.
My heart vnapts mine hand to write
The troth of it too trew:
Euen warres Idea, more than tongue
Or eye can say or view.
But to conclude (which still concludes)
The king he did subdue:
And shewes himselfe a gentle foe
Thus hauing wonne his peace:
And after liu'd in honour, and
Did happily decease.
Whose death (then warring with renowme
In Syria) being knowne
To Edward, he resailed and
Possest his father's throne.

THE hansell of his scepter was,
The Welchmen did rebell:
Of whom to Edward, though with losse,
The victorie befell.
Then on the French he warred, and
A winner did resayle:
And for that Balioll, whom he made
The king of Scots, did faile

His homage, thence from Albanacke
To England due and done,
Against the Scots he grieuous, but
A glorious warre begun.

Not Barwicke, though for number bold
Vntill it flowed blood,
Nor any Scottish armes or hold,
Though infinite and good,

Might stay his awing prowesse, till
He had their king his thrall,
And in that land, by conquest, made
Himselfe the lord of all.

Then taking Scottish othes, which they
Did breake, and he reuenge,
With those exploits he French attempts
As gloriously did menge.

Yea Paganes, French, Cambries, and Scots,
Remembring but his name,
Cannot forget their skarres he made,
Though ennious of his fame,
Matchles for cheualrie: and yeat
His iustice matcht the same,

Not partiall for the prince his sonne,
A rash vnbridled youth,
Whom he imprison'd, hearing of
His outrages the truth,
And vnto whom he dying spake
Words worth report and ruth.

"My life," quoth he, "a warfare right
In body and in soule,
Resignes my robed carkasse to
Be rotted in the moule.

"If well I did, well shall I doe,
If ill, as ill and worse:
And therefore (Ned) worke as I will
Vpon my blesse or curse.

"When thou becom'st an earthly god
Mens liues to ouersee,
Forget not that eternall God
That ouerlooketh thee.

"The least part of a king is his,
All owing him, and none
Lesse priuate than a prince, the weale
Or woe of euery one.

"He and his people make but one,
A bodie weake or strong,
As doth the head the lims, or lims
The head assist or wrong.

"Deriue thy lawes from wisest heads,
To be vpholden still,
Not adding or abstracting as
Conceited tier-braines will.

"Be cheerefull, and in worke nor word
Be neither proud nor hot,
No sincere loue, but seruile feare,
Or neither, so is got.

"Encourage good men by thy loue:
Reforme the bad by lawe:
Reserue an eare for either plea:
And borrow least of awe.

"Oppresse not rich men, seeking so
To please the podre: for neither
Is to be doomed, but as right
Or wrong is found in either.

"To loyter well deserued gifts
Is not to giue but sell,
When to requite ingratitude
Were to doe euill well.

"And (which saue for the ill-mist ill
Might els haue bene forgot)
Be choyce, but chuse: for wiuelesse hane
Each stranger, place, and shot,
Their heire, their home, and cost: which, saue
The last, indeed are not.

"Reforme thee euen to day: vnapt
To day, lesse apt to morrow:
Youth aptly offers vertues such
As yeares vnaptly borrowe.

"For he that plies the lappes and lippes
Of ladies all his prime,
And falles to armes when age failes armes,
Then also looseth time,
As if a beare in moone-shine should
Attempt the Moone to clime.

"Well haue I driuen out my date,
And well thy dayes shall runne,
If thou proue not my glorie's graue,
Nor I plange in my sonne.

"The ouer-weening of thy wits
Doth make thy foes to smile,
Thy friends to weepe, and clawbacks thee
With soothings to beguile.

"Yea, those thy purse's parasites,
Vnworthie thine estate,
Doe loue thee for themselues, nor will
They leaue thee but too late.

"I blesse thee, if thou banish them;
And curse thee, if they bide:
My blisse and curse be at thy choyce."
And so he shortly dide.

FORTHWITH a second Edward, sonne
To Edward, wore the crowne,
He to promote his flatterers
Did put his nobles downe.

So Robert Bruze, then king of Scots,
Found ingresse for his armes:
Recouering Scottish forces, and
Did spoyle our men by swarmes.

Barwicke in fine, and all erst wonne,
And more than all was lost:
Yeat of more multeous armies we
Than Scotland were at cost.

No land deuided in it selfe
Can stand, was found too true:
To worser than the wars abroad
The home-bred quarrels grewe.

Grange-gotten Pierce of Gauelstone,
And Spensers two like sort,
Meane gentlemen, created earles,
Of chiefe accoumpt and port,

Enuying all equalitie,
Contriue of many a peere
The wrested death: those fewe that liue
Liu'd mal-contented heere.

Good Thomas earle of Lancaster,
On whom the rest relye,
The chiefe and grauest of the peeres,
Did, ouer-warred, flye

Into the woods: whereas himselfe
And state he did bewray

Vnto an hermite: vnto whom
He, sighing, thus did say.

" Happie are you sequestred thus
From (so I may deuine)
Our common wracke of common weale:
For how it doth decline

" Through wilde and wanton guydes in part
I feele, in part I aime,
By presidents too like and fire
Too likely heere to flame;
Heare (if you haue not heard) what fire,
Our leisure fits the same.

CHAP. XXV.

" The Spartanes war for rapted queene,
To Ilion's ouerthrowe,
The monarke of Assyria chang'd,
And Latine kings also
For Tarquin's lust, yea how with vs
A double chaunge did groe,

" When Brittish Vortiger did doat
Vpon the Saxon's daughter,
And Buerne for his forced wife from
Denmarke brought vs slaughter,

" I ouerpasse. Who knoweth not
Ireland, our neighbour ile?
Where Noe his neece, ere Noe his flood,
Inhabited a while:

" The first manured westerne ile,
By Cham and Iaphet's race:
Who, ioyntly entring, sundry times
Each other did displace:

" Till Greece-bred Gathelus his brood
From Biscay did ariue,
Attempting Ireland's conquest, and
A conquest did atchiue.

" Fiue kings at once did rule that ile,
In ciuill strife that droopes,
When fierce Turgesius landed with
His misbeleeuing troopes.

" This proud Norwegan rouer so
By aides and armes did thriue,
As he became sole monarke of
The Irish kingdomes fiue:

" Erecting paganisme, and did
Eiect the christian lawe:
And thirtie yeeres, tyrannizing,
Did keepe that ile in awe:
Nor any hope of after helpe
The hartlesse Irish sawe.

" Alone the wylie king of Meth,
A Prothew plying fauor,
Stood in the tyrant's grace, that much
Affected his behauor.

" For what he sayd that other soothde,
So ecco'ing his vayne,
As not an Irish els but he
A pettie king did raigne.

" Turgesius friends that vice-roy for
His daughter's loue the rather,
And therefore for his leiman askt
The damsell of her father.

" ' Ill wot I what they knowe that loue,
Well wot I that I know
That that browne girle of mine lackes worth
To be beloued so:

" ' I haue a many neeces farre
More fairer than is she,
Yeat thinke I fairest of those faires
Vnworthie you,' quoth he,
' But she and they are yours, my lord,
Such beauties as they be.'

" This preface likte the tyrant well,
That longed for the play:
Not well contented that so long
The actors were away:
Oft iterating his demaund,
Impatient of delay.

" ' Now haue I,' quoth the king of Meth,
' Conuented to your bed
My neeces, and my daughter, loath
To loose her maidenhead.

" ' But doubt not, sir; coy wenches close
Their longings in their palmes,
And all their painted stormes at length
Conuert to perfect calmes.

" ' Alonely if their beauties like
(As likelier haue we none)
You may conclude them women, and
The goale therefore your owne.

" ' To morrow, seuered from your traine,
Vnlesse some speciall few,
Expect them in your chamber where
I leaue the game to you:

" ' Yeat when your eye hath serude your heart
Of her that likes you best,
Remember they are mine alies,
Vntoucht dismisse the rest.'

" Sweete also was this scene: and now
Vnto an act we groe.
The Irish princesse, and with her
A fifteene others moe,
With hanging glybbes that hid their necks
As tynsel shadowing snoe,

" Whose faces very Stoickes would,
Narcissus-like, admire,
Such Semeles as might consume
Ioue's selfe with glorious fire,

" And from the smith of Heauen's wife
Allure the amorous haunt,
And reintise the club-god Dys
And all his diuelles to daunt,

" And make the Sunne-god swifter than
Himself, such Daphnes chaced,
And Loue to fall in loue with them,
His Psichis quite disgraced,

" These rarer then the onely fowle
Of spice burnt-ashes bread,
And sweeter than the flower that
With Phœbus turneth head,

" Resembling her from gaze of whome
Transformde Acteon fled,
From Meth came to Tergesius' court,
As presents for his bed.

" In secret was their comming, and
Their chambering the same:
And now the lustfull chuffe was came
To single out his game:

" His pages onely, and a youth
Or twaine attending him,
Wheare banquet, bed, perfumes, and all
Were delicately trim.

" He giues them curteous welcome, and
Did finde them merry talke:
Meane while (the harbengers of lust)
His amorous eyes did walke

" More clogd with change of beauties than
King Midas once with gold:
Now this, now that, and one by one
He did them all behold.

" This seemed faire, and that as faire:
And, letting either passe,
A third he thought a proper girle,
A fourth a pleasant lasse,

" Louely the fift, liuely the sixt,
The seuenth a goodly wench,
The eight of sweete complection, to
The ninth he altreth thence,

" That mildly seem'd maiesticall,
Teuth modest looke and tongue,
Th' eleuenth could sweetly intertain,
The twelfe was fresh and younge,
The next a gay brownetta, next
And next admirde among:

" And eury feature so intycte
His intricate affection,
As liking all alike he lou'd
Confounded in election.

" 'Sweete harts,' quoth he, 'or Iupiter
Fetcht hence full many a thefte,
Or hether brought he thefts that here
Their leiman children lefte.

" 'Heere wandring Cadmus should haue sought
His missed sister, wheare
Faire Leda hatcht her cignets, whilst
Nor cocke nor henne did feare.

" 'How many view I fairer than
Europa or the rest,
And girle-boyes, fauouring Ganimede
Heere with his lord a guest.'

" 'And Ganimedes we are,' quoth one,
'And thou a prophet trew,'
And hidden skeines from vnderneath
Their forged garments drew,
Wherewith the tyrant and his bawds,
With safe escape, they slewe:

" Of which yong Irish gentlemen
And Methean ladies' act
The isle was filled in a trice,
Nor any Irish slackt

" To prosecute their freedome and
Th' amased Norgaines' fall,
Which was performed, and the king
Of Meth extolld of all.

" Those rouers (whose originals,
And others not a fewe,
As Switzers, Normaines, Lumbardes, Danes,
From Scandinauia grew,

" A mightie isle, an other world,
In Scythian Pontus clyme)
Thus wrackt, left Ireland free vnto
Our second Henrie's time:

" When, farre vnlike the Methes that earst
Their countrie did restore,
An amorous queene thereof did cause
New conquests and vprore:

" Dermot the king of Leynister,
Whom all besides did spight,
Did loue, belou'd, the queene of Meth
To whom he thus did wright.

" 'THY king, sweete queene, the hindrance of
Our harts-ease is away,
And I, in heart at home with thee,
At hand in person stay.

" 'Now is the time (time is a god)
To worke our loue good lucke,
Long since I cheapned it, nor is
My coming now to hucke:

" 'But, since our fire is equall, let
Vs equally assist
To finish what we fancy, say
Maligners what they list.

" 'No like immortall she-egge chucke
Of Tyndarus his wife,
(The wracke of Dardane walles) shall mooue
To vs like costly strife,

" 'Thy husband no Astrides is;
Or were it he were such,
The Idane ball iudge did not more,
But I would doo as much.

" 'For why? thyself, a richer cause
Of warre, art worthy so:
Whome to continue euer friend,
I carelesse am of foe.

" 'My kingdome shall containe thee that
Containest me and it:
Yea, though we be condemned, loue
Or armour shall vs quit.

" 'Loue's lawe at least adiudgeth barres,
Cleere bookes, to plead in breefe
Prescription to objections how
His passions bee our cheefe:
For none doth liue not passionate
Of loue, ire, mirth, or greefe.

" 'I waite thee in the neerest woods,
And thether, watching watch,
Doe waite escape: of all things els
Myselfe doe care dispatch:

" 'Let onely loue (sweete loue) perswade,
If more remaine to wowe,
I hope I wish not more be done
Than what you meane to doo.'

" This read, and red her cheekes, and to
His reede alreadie bent,
Not casting further doubts vnto
Her paramour she went,

" Conueyed into Leynister.
Not many weekes ensewe,
When Morise king of Meth returnes,
And what had hapned knew.

" 'A whirle-winde in a whirle poole roost
That paire of doues,' quoth he,
'The single state is double sweet,
At price too deere I see.

" 'How wowe we woe? and won, how loth
We fowle and doubt we faire?

And onely then lacke women faults
When men their faultes forbeare.
" 'The diuell goe with her, so that I
With credite might forgoe her,
But such doth sinne with fauour, he
Is flouted that doth owe her.
" 'I may not put it vp, vnlesse
I put vp many a mocke:
Fowle fall that Harrolde causing that
My geitrone is the smocke.'
" He worth, and wronged, and his wrong
A common quarrell made
Assisted by the Irish kings,
Did Leynister inuade.
" King Dermote, whom his subiects then
And long ere then did hate,
Was left defencelesse, desprate of
His lif, depriu'd his state,
And fled to England; wheare the pope
Imbulled had of late
" England for Ireland's conquest: so
The exile welcome was,
As aptest instrument to bring
That stratageme to passe.
" For but to be reseated was
The fugitiue's request,
And then to tribute part and leaue
To Englishmen the rest.
" King Henry, yeat in warre else-where,
Did freely license any
To make aduenture for themselues:
So Dermot sped of many.
" Earle Strangbowe, and the Geraldines,
Fitz Stephans, Reymonde, and
Moe worthy knights, of Wales for most,
Did take the taske in hand,
And to the crowne of England's vse
Made conquest of that land.
" But should you aske how Dermot sped
(Father he sped too wall:)
And nothing else the Irish bookes
Doo of his leiman tell.
Alone obserue what changes heere
Through onely lust befell:
" And note our England surfetteth
In greater sinnes than it,
The onely cause that I am earle
An exile heere doo sit."
The county thus concluded, and
The hermite answered this:

CHAP. XXVII.

" To lose an earldome, and to liue
An exile, what it is.
I cannot tell, but not to haue
What may bee lost were bliss.
" I will not speake of coiture,
Nor of conception, naither
It fits I should, for neuer made
I grandsier of my father;
" But mine experience at our birth
Begins it birth, I speake
How than doe we no creature worlds
Lesse helpefull or more weake.
" From birth our infancy throughout
We liue as not aliue:
To others diuersly a care,
We sencelesse how we thriue.
" No sooner we vncradell, be
We females, be we boyes,
But we affect so many, and
(God wot) such foolish toyes,
" And are so apt for daungers, and
Vnapt to shift the same,
As aptly vanities by terme
Of childishnes we blame.
" Thence growe we to more strength and sence,
Still senceles howbeit
Of vice or vertue bettring by
Correction, not by wit:
Gamesome, not caring who takes care,
Nor can we saue or git.
" Next but demies, nor boyes, nor men,
Our daungerous times succeede:
For vanities erst aymed at
We shortly act in deede:
" Wilde roysting, wanton loue, or else
Vnthriftie shots and game
Doe cuppell, ere we finde our fault,
Distresse vnto defame.
" Perhaps experience beating vs
Doth bid vs lay to thriue:
The first degree to which (say some)
Is warely to wiue.
" But, wiue, if our sainct become
(As not vnlike) a shroe,
Then is that first degree to thrift
The third degree in woe.
" Or be it she be constant, wie,
Well intertayning, faire,
Doe graunt her silence, patience, and
What vertues else be rare,
" Yeat by how much more shee deserues
So much more we desire
To please and profite such an one,
For whom on hers we tire
" Our selues and sences, yea perchance,
Labour the most we may,
Much labour is too little that
Should houshould charge defray.
" We aged carke to liue and leaue
An ouerplus in store:
Perhaps for spendals: so amidst
Abundance liue we poore:
" Our heires waxe sickishe of our health,
Too long oure here abod,
Meane while the neerer to our graues
The further wee from God:
" Grippell in workes, testy in words,
Lothsome for most at length,
And such at fourescore as at foure
For manners, witte, and strength.
" Thus infancie is feeble: and
Our lustie youth vnstayde:
Our manhood carking: and our age
More lothed than obayde:
" And thus from first to last our lines
Be fruiteles and vnqueate.
But you, perhaps, expect I should
Of nouelties intreate.

" I haue no tales of Robin Hood,
Though mal content was he
In better daies, first Richard's daies,
And liu'd in woodes, as wee,

" A Tymon of the world; but not
Deuoutly was he soe,
And therefore praise I not the man.
But for from him did groe
Words worth the note, a word or twaine
Of him ere hence we go.

" Those daies begot some mal-contents,
The principall of whome
A county was, that with a troope
Of yomandry did rome,

" Braue archers and deliuer men,
Since nor before so good,
Those took from rich to giue the poore,
And manned Robin Hood.

" He fed them well, and lodg'd them safe
In pleasant caues and bowers,
Oft saying to his merry men,
'What iuster life than ours?

" 'Here vse we tallents that abroad
The churles abuse or hide,
Their coffers excrements, and yeat
For common wants deuide.

" 'We might haue sterued for their store,
And they haue dyest our bones,
Whose tongues, driftes, hearts, intice, meane, melt,
As Syrens, foxes, stones,
Yea euen the best that bettred then
Heard but aloofe our mones.

" 'And readily the churles could prip
And prate of our amis,
Forgetfull of their owne, when their
Reproofes had proofe as this:

" 'It was at midnight when a nonne,
In trauell of a childe,
Was checked of her fellow nonnes
For being so defilde:

" 'The lady prioresse heard a stirre,
And starting out of bed,
Did taunt the nouasse bitterly,
Who, lifting vp her hed,

" 'Say'd, 'madame, mend your hood,' (for why,
So hastely she rose,
That on her head, mistooke for hood,
She donde a channon's hose.)

" 'I did amis, not thissing friends
That wisht mee to amend;
I did amend, but missed friends
When mine amis had end:
My friends thowlee shall finde me true,
But I wil trust no friend.

" 'Not one I knowe that wisht me ill,
Nor any workt me well,
To lose, lacke, liue, time, friends, in yncke,
An Hell, an Hell, an Hell:

" 'Then happie we,' quoth Robin Hood,
In merry Sherwood that dwell.'
Thus say'd the out lawe; but no more
Of him I list to tell.

" Gramarian-like, in order wordes
Significant to speake,
Logitian-like, to reason pro
And contra am I weake:

" Rhetoricall I am not with
A fluant tongue to ster:
Arithmaticke in numb'ring hath
Substracted me from her:

" Geometrie her plattes, bownes, and
Proportions passe my strayne:
Not Musick with her concords or
Her discords breakes my braine:

" Nor yeat Astronomie, whose globes
Doth Heauen and Earth containe:
Let faire Mnemosine her broode
Their thrise three selues explaine.

" Expect not here anotamies
Of landes, seas, Hell, and skyes,
Such length, bredth, depth, and height I bils:
Nor would I be so wise,
Least, knowing all things els, I should
Not knowe my selfe precise.

" The skyes containe the fierie lights:
Clowdes moysture: and the ayre
Windes, birds, and vapors: men and beasts
The vpper earth doth beare:
Her bowelles worms and mettalls: seas
To fishes proper are.

" Whom this astrologie, and this
Cosmographie mislike,
Beneath the Earth, beyond the Moone,
Further then fayre must seeke.

" Signes workings, planets iunctures, and
The elemated poule,
With thousand toyes and tearmes wherein
Our curious artists roule,

" Be strangers to my cell: yeat loe
As sound a minde and heart
As theirs that calculate their times,
Fate, sleepe, and wake by arte.

" What was the world before the world,
Or God ere he was God,
Why this he did, or doth not that,
His bidden, or forbod,

" I dare not thinke, or arrogate
Such misteries deuine,
Faith with her fruites significant
Suffice these wittes of mine,
To loue God, and our neighbour as
Our selfe is all in fine.

" One law and gospell was and is,
And either's drift is thus,
To shewe vs how the law doth kill,
And gospell quicken vs;

" Which corasiue and lenatiue
Of simples made compound
Doe rather cure, he kindly heales
That also feeles his wound.

" This is my rest: if more I knewe
I should but know too much,
Or build in my conceited brayne
Too high aboue my touch,
Or else against the hare in all
Proue toyous: euen such

" As be too many blockish clerkes
And bookish clownes, extreeme
In all things, saue in honesty,
That haue no zeale but seeme.

" As for the court it is, you knowe,
Become a skittish coult,
Of wise men hardlier mannaged
Than of the glorious doult,
Vice rides on horse backe, Vertue doth
From out the saddell boult.

" Theare all deformities in forme
In some one man wee see:
More garded than regarded, franke
Not to continue free,
When as the marchants booke the map
Of all his wealth shall be.

" The muses bacely begge, or bibbe,
Or both, and must, for why?
They finde as bad bestoe as is
Their portage beggerly.

" Yea now by melancholie walkes
And thred-bare coates we gesse
At clyents and at poetes: none
Worke more and profite lesse:

" None make, too, more, vnmade of more,
The good of other men,
For those inrich our gownests, these
Eternize with their pen.

" Yeat, soothly, nodds to poets now
Weare largisse, and but lost,
Since for the nodant they obserue
No pen-note worth the cost:
For pallace, hermites liue secure
Obscure in roufes imbost.

" Some fewe there be much honored
(Well worthy of so much,)
Once wanting, wealthie, than and now
In either fortune such:

" But many a baee stoute blood theare is,
More lordly than be lords,
Who wheare himselfe once conght and bowde
Nor cap or beck affords:

" But should we sinne (God sheild wee should
In smallest sinnes offend)
What smaller sinne than skoffe such fooles
So skornefull to no end?

" The souldiers haue nor pay nor pray,
But (if I may be bolde)
Themselues be prayed vpon by some
That doe it vncontrouide:

" And whilst the same on shore or seas
Be ouer set or pine,
Or cuppes on cushions full secure
We victorie define:

" We cast what may bee done, but keep
The helps meane time awaye,
And diet thriftly our friends
To giue our foes a pray.

" The citizens, like ponned pikes,
The lessers feede the greate:
The rich for meate seeke stomackes, and
The poore for stomackes meate:

" And euery wheare no gospell is
More gospelled than this,
' To him that hath is giuen, from him
That hath not taken is.'

" Court, citie, countrie, campe, and I,
At ods thus euen bee,
I intermeddle not with them,
They intercept not mee,
For still I tether thence mine eyes,
So heere my heart is free.

" Beleeue mee, sir, such is this world,
This crosse-blisse world of ours,
That Vertue hardly hides her selfe
In poore and desart bowres:

" And such be best that seeme not best:
Content exceeds a crowne:
They may be richer, but more sweete
My pennie than their powne.

" For wrest they, cark they, build they, sport
They, get they worlds together,
At first or last they die from all,
And passe they wot not whether!
Then comes their pelfe in plea, themselues
Not praysed at a feather.

" And then (for so the princes of
Great Alexander did)
Greedie of his, they striue and let
The dead-man stinke vnhid.

" Or he that had a countrie hath,
Perhaps, a coffen now:
Perhaps, lesse cost, a sheete and corse:
Perhaps, his heires allow

" The toombe himselfe aliue had build,
Els toombles might he lye,
As, saue for fashion, tearelesse. And
It matters not: for why?

" Testators and executors
So giue and so receaue,
As doubtfull whethers ioy or griefe
Is more to take or leaue:

" For, as do bogges their troughes to hounds,
So these giue and get place:
Death, not the dier, giues bequestes,
And therefore but graue-grace.

" Nor all die testate: if they doe,
Yet wieles may wills preuent:
Or what by rigor was misgot,
In royat is mispent.

" Then churles, why are they churles vnto
Themselues and others too:
The good that commeth of their goods
Is good themselues shall doo.

" But men doe walke in shadoes, and
Disquiet themselues in vaine
To gather riches, ignorant
To whom they shall remaine.

" The world thus brooding vanities,
And I obseruing it,
Here in the world, not of the world,
Such as you see me sit."

The earle did well allow his words,
And would haue liu'd his life,
Durst he haue stay'd, for whom pursute
In euerie place was rife.

He reconuenting armes therefore,
And taken prisner so,
Died to his countrie's friends a friend,
And to her foes a foe.

NOR might the queene and king's owne sea
Escape the Spencers' pride
But, fearing, fled to France, and there

As banished abide:
Til thence supplanted, safetie
At Henaude they prouide.

Iohn, brother to the earle, a knight
Of chiualrie the chiefe,
With little, but a luckie band,
Was shipte for their reliefe.

No sooner had the Zealand ships
Conuaide their men ashoare,
But English succors daylie did
Increase their standerds more.

Yeat first the queene, prince Edward, and
The nobles humbly craue
Theirs and their countrie's enemies,
But no redresse might haue:
And then sir Iohn of Hanaude shewde
Himselfe a warrior braue,

The king, his wicked councellors,
His big vpstarts, and all
Were ouercome: so Spencers both
From Heauen to Hell did fal,

Put to a fowle and shamefull death:
With others that misled
The king in out-rages more great
Than earst in England bred.

Prolers, bloodthirstie, parasites,
Make-shifts, and bawdes, did thriue,
Nor was an ancient English peere
Vnbanisht or aliue:

For forraine and domesticke swords,
Plague, famine, and exile,
Did more than tythe, yea tythe the tythe
Of men within this ile.

Of baldricks, hoodes, tabrides, and furres,
From knights disgraded tore
Attaintures of nobilitie,
And armes reuersed store,

So many spurres hewen off the heeles,
And swords broke ouer head,
Were through a king so light and lewd
A counsell neuer read.

The king in prison and despos'd,
Tyrannised, he dide
By trecheries of Mortimer
That ruled the roste that tide,
Whilst Edward, in minoritie,
His father's throne supplide.

CHAP. XXVIII.

This third of that same name, as yet
In nonage for a time,
Although a king, was vnder-kept
By some that ouer-clime:

Queene mother and proude Mortimer,
Familiar more than should,
Did and vndid more than they might,
Not lesse than as they would:

Till Edward, better counselled,
Hong Mortimer, the death
Of many a peere, who earle of March,
And haughtie for his birth,

Was lord of nine skore dubbed knights,
His other traynes except,
For greater pompe than did his prince
This lord of Wigmore kept.

But more he had bene happie though
Lesse hautie in his halls,
More honour in humilitie
Than safetie in walls:

Proud climers proue not monuments,
Saue onely in their falls.

The senselesse pride of fooles, therefore,
Whome reuerently we ride,
Should lessen, at the least because
That earth their earth shall hide.

The countrie purg'd of fleecers, and
Of flatterers the court,
The king became a Mars for armes,
A Iupiter for port:

Th' Olympids, the Pythea, and
The prowesse of the earth,
Did seeme euen now, and not but now,
To haue in him their birth:

East, south, and north, gane ayme farre off,
Admiring so the west,
As if that Mars discarding them
Had set our realme his rest.

Philip Valois, and Dauid Bruz,
Of power and corage more
Than any French or Scottish kings
Since or of long before,

Confedrate with three other kings
And princes farre and neere,
Warre all at once on Edward, but
Did buy their warring deere.

Dauid debelled, left his land,
But lastly did returne,
And, whilst our king did war in France,
Much did he spoyle and burne,

And proud of mightie troopes of men,
Of vnresisted prayes,
And Edward's absence, prosperously
He on aduantage playes,

Vntill, not sending hence for helpe,
The queene did muster knights,
And with the foe, though tripled-wise,
Victoriously she fights:

The Scots for most did perish, and
Their king was prisner taine,
And Scotland wholly for a pray
To England did remaine:

Meane while was Paris scarcely left,
To rescue Philip's goale,
Whom Edward ferrits so from hold
To hold as fox from hoale,

That melancholie he deceast,
And valiant Iohn, his sonne,
Was crowned king of France: and then
The wars afresh begonne.

But after many fieldes, vnto
The foes continuall wracke,
The French king captiuated to
The English monarke, backe
His victor sayles, the prince of Wales,
Edward surnamed blacke:

The flower of chiualrie, the feare
Of France, and scourge of Spaine,
Wheare Peter, dispossest of crowne,
Was crownde by him againe.

Fower yeeres the French, eleuen yeeres was
The Scotch king prisoner heere,
Whose, and the Dolphine's ransomes were
As great as good their cheere.

PRINCE Edward, Iohn of Gaunt, and all
Their father's sonnes, might boaste
Of famous sier, and he of sonnes
Matchlesse in any coaste:

Howbeit, king and prince at last,
Misled by counsell ill,
Through taxes lost a many hearts
That bore them earst good will:

Thence finding Fortune contrary
To that she was before,
Yeat either dying seaz'd of French
And Scottish conquests store:

Yea Callice late, and Barwick yet
Of their exployts is left,
Though sonne before the sier and both
Of liues long since bereft.

When Barwick was besieged, and
Stood brauely at defence,
Sir Alexander Seiton, theare
Chiefe captaine, had pretence
To linger forth the siege till Scots
Should draw the English thence

In rescue of Northumberland,
And therefore sent his sonne
A pledge of treated truce: and when
The guile-got truce was done,

And Barwick not releeued nor
Resigned, as it ought,
Two sonnes of Seiton were before
The walls besiged brought,
They ready for the iybbet and
Their father for his graue,
For eyther he must yeeld the towne
Or them he might not saue.

In griefe he then his countrie's cause
And children's case reuolues:
But partiall vnto neither, he
On neither choyce resolues:

To be a loyall subiect and
A louing father too
Behooued him: but both to bee
Was not in him to doo.

Nature and honour wrought at once,
But nature ouer-wrought,
And, but his ladie it preuents,
To yeeld the towne he thought.

" O what pretend you," sir, quoth she,
" Is Barwick woorth no more
Than error of such loue? I ioy
That I such children bore

" Whom cruell Edward honoureth
With such a cause of death,
For that especiall cause for which
We all receaue our breath,

" Euen for their countrie's cause they dye,
Whose liues for it be dewe.
Why see their faces, (constantly
She did their faces viewe)

" The same, my Seiton, seeme so farre
From dreading any woe,
As if they skornde that Barwicke should
Redeeme them from the foe.

" Full deere they were to me vnborne,
At birth, and borne, and now,
And mother-like I moane their death
And yet their death allow.

" Moe sonnes and such you may beget,
Your honour if you staine,
Defected honour neuermore
Is to be got againe.

" Preuent not then your selfe, your sonnes,
And me so great a bliss!
Adiew, and dye (sweet sonnes) your soules
In Heauen shall liue for this."

With such perswasions did she win
Her husband from the walls:
And Edward executes their sonnes,
And to assault he falls
So long, that Barwicke yeelds at length,
And still vs master calls.

THESE were the dayes when English armes
Had eu'rie where request,
And Edward's knights throughout the world
Had prick and prais for best.

Not knights alone, but prelates too,
And queenes, whereof were twain,
The quondam & in esse queenes,
By armour honour gain:

By warre the queene that was did cease
Her husband's tragicke rayn,
And by the queene then being was
The Scotch king prisner tayne.

It followes then, that as the pawace
Doth circle with the sonne,
So to the vice or vertue of
The prince are people wonne.
O that our Muse might euermore
On such a subiect ronne:

But Vulcan forgeth other tooles,
And sharpneth deadlier swords,
For little els then ciuill warres
Our following penne affords.

French expeditions badly thriue,
Whereof we cease to speake:
Not forraine, but domestick warres,
Grew strong to make vs weake.

Melpomen here might racke her wits,
Sylla and Marius hate,
Pharsalian fields were gentle frayes,
Regarding this debate.

The second Richard, sonne vnto
The blacke prince (Edward dead)
Was crownde an infant, and from him
The stratagem was bread.

The base attempts of Ball, of Straw,
Of Lyster, tag, and rag,
Of villains, of-skorns, clownes, and knaues
That checkmate durst to brag
With Richard's self, and to their deathe
His chiefest princes drag.

Till Walworth's girdle-armor made
The armes of London more,
Because his courage chiefly gaue
An end to that vprore,

And what-so-els occurrants much
May interrupt our vayne,
Digesting Yorke and Lancaster,
Acquiring either's rayne,
Our penne shall not endenizen:
Now drops it sacred blood
Of men-gods, English potentates
That in this faction stood.
Richard begun that ciuill warre,
That till the seauenth from him
Did last: though often fields with blood
Of citizens did swim.
Against the nobles he vphild
Innoble, and his peeres
And commons went alike to wracke,
Nor God nor man he feares.
In fewe, ambition, auarice,
And counsell lewd had wrought
In him a nature worser than
Into the world he brought:
Whereby, and thus, himselfe and house
At length a down fal cought.
Twixt Mowbray duke of Norffolke, and
The duke of Hertford, sonne
To Iohn of Gaunt, close conference
Of better dayes begun.
"The king," sayd Henry Hertford, "more
Remisse than doth beseeme,
Leaues France to French, Scotland to Scots,
And vs to woes extreeme:
"His flatterers doe fleece the crowne
And commons, not a state
Doth or dares counsell, ancient coats
That on the crowne should wate
"Giue aime to bastard armorie:
What resteth then but this?
Plucke downe those grating harpies that
Seduce our king amis,
If worthles still, set vp a king
Worthier than he that is."
The other, saying little then,
Immediately reueales
The secrete, and before the king
His foe-made friend appeales:
Whose gauntlet raysed by the duke
Defendant, at the last
It grew to single combate, when
The king his warder cast,
And to the duke of Norffolke iudg'd
For euermore exile,
And selfe same law duke Henry had,
Saue for a lesser while.
Thus that did this, but this and that
Their iudge did thus begile:
And to his coffers did escheate
A world of wealth, a pray
Vnto his parasites, which thriu'd
By other men's decay.
Meane while (whose actions life had lawd)
Did Iohn of Gaunt decease:
So to the banisht duke his sonne
Fiue crosets did increase.
But with his kindly aire the king
Withheld him all the same:
Till entring, ayded by his friends,
He wonne beyond his clame:
For Richard was imprison'd, and
By parlament put downe,
And Henry duke of Lancaster
Elected to the crowne,
The lyne Lancastrian frollicke, but
The house of Yorke did frowne.
For to those hydra-kinded warres
That after did ensue
Those families gaue name: though first
The diadem was due
Vnto the house of Clarence, till
To Yorke that interest grewe
By marriage, here omitted: for
We onely giue a viewe
How Yorke mis-raigning, Lancaster
Did enter, then how this
Was dispossest, that repossest,
And how their vnion is.

THE

SIXT BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXIX.

Henry (the fourth so named) hild
The king deposed strate
In Pomfret castell, howbeit
In honourable state:
And got an act, that who so wrought
The prisner to restore,
That Richard's selfe to voyd their hopes,
Should dye the first therefore:
Whose birth brought nature, gentle lord
Returning whence it straid,
Now altred him, erst altring it:
And Richard mildly said,
"I must not say I am, and would
I might not say I was,
Of great the greatest: lesse they grieue
From whom doth little passe:
"Nor more it grieues to contrarie
The same I haue been, then
To haue deserued not to be
Vnmaliced of men."
Thus humbled and full penitent
Liues he, lesse mal content
Than was the duke of Exeter
His brother, whose intent
Was at a iusts to haue destroyed
King Henrie, but descryed,
Himselfe, fower such, and many knights
The death of traytors dyed:
And by these primer Yorkests thus
King Richard's date grew out:
But whether brayned, famisht, or
Exiled rests a doubt:
For often vprores did ensue
For him, as vndeceast,
Howbeit solemnly inter'd,
Himselfe, or signe at least.
Twise by confederate chiualrie
The Piercies and their friends

Did fight and fall, for either warre
To Henry's honor ends.

He neuer had but warre, and was
Victorious euermore,
Aswell at home, as also of
His foes on forraine shore:

Till lastly armor ouercame
All enuie, and he lines
Of all beloued, and his death
A common sorrow giues.

HOT-spur his sonne, Henry the fifth,
Hung at his father's eyes,
To watch his ghoste, and catch his crowne,
And that or ere he dyes.

And where the father doubted if
He got it well or noe,
The sonne did sweare, how so it came,
He would it not forgoe.

His bad did blisse the bad, the good
Dispaire all good: but neither
Did aime aright, for sodainly
His chaunge deceiued either;

Of good becomming best, that was
Of ill the baddest, and
The true perfection of a king
Was not but in this land.

He lead good fortune in a line,
And did but warre and winne:
Fraunce was his conquest: Scots but brag
And he did beate them in:
A friend vnto weldoings, and
An enemie to sinne.

Yeat of the Yorkests neuer lackt
He princes that rebell;
Nor other than confusion to
Their still conioring fell.

In fewe, if any Homer should
Of this Achilles sing,
As of that Greeke and Myrmidon
The Macedonian king

Once noted, would I note both prince
And poet, happiest men,
That for deseruing prayse, and this
For well imployed pen:
For well this subiect might increase
The worthies vnto ten.

He, aged thirtie sixe, deceast
And left his infant sonne,
His kingdome, conquests, and his queene,
Whose father's realme he wonne,

To graue protection, regents, and
So royall for the port,
As that his orphant's cradle seem'd
An Alexander's court.

Queene Katherin, daughter of the French
King Henry's wife of late,
The fayrest layde in the west,
Hild with her sonne estate.

She oft behild, and hild her peace,
A braue esquier of Wailes,
That tyde her fancie to his forme,
Till fancied forme preuailes.

All liking was reuersed loue,
Saue Owen Tuder, all
Saue him (that durst not dreame such good)
To her was lesse than small.

She formally, by quaint degrees,
Attracting him to fauor,
Did nourish burnings in her selfe,
By noting his behauor.

She pitched tewe, he mashed: she
Vncompaned, to flie
He bids her solitary moodes:
She askes the remedie:

"Disclosed pangues sometimes," quoth he,
"In phisicke phisicke is:"
"Which sometimes to obserue," quoth she,
"Doth patients patience mis:

"Cureles to Æsculapius and
Apollo's selfe am I:
The latter felt my languor, and,
Immortall, wisht to die:

"And yeat, saue one, no one disease
Lay hidden to his art:
For you were bootlesse then to gesse
How to vngreeue my smart."

"Had Daphne to Apollo beene
Apollo," Tuder said,
"His might haue beene, and so may be
Your grace's humor staid.

"He, other gods and goddesses,
Found more contended loue
Beloe, in diffring bosomes, than
In equall beddes aboue."

"I aime at loue (for thereto your
Ænigma doth incline)
And aime to him a deity
For whome I so deuine.

"But gladly doubt I of the man,
For if I doubted not,
I should but massacer my lacke
In enuy of his lot:
Yeat are vnworthie of the Moone
Endymion's lippes, I wot."

"But (for I will disperse the mistes
Of further mysteries,
And toogh the pinnesse of my thoughts
To kenning of your eyes)

"If gentry, madame, might conuay
So great a good to me,
From auncient king Cadwallader
I haue my pettigree.

"If wealth be sayd my want, I say
Your grace doth want no wealth,
And my suppliment shall be loue,
Imployed to your health.

"It hath beene when as heartie loue
Did treate and tie the knot,
Though now, if gold but lacke in graines,
The wedding fadgeth not."

The goodly queene in bashfull signes
Blusht out a dumbe replie:
Which he did constur as she meant,
And kist her reuerently.

"Tuder," quoth she, "I greater am
Than would I were for thee,
But can as little maister loue
As leggers in degree.

" My father was a king, a king
My husband was, my brother
He is a king, a king my sonne,
And I thy soueraigne's mother:

" Yeat fathers, husbands, brothers, sonnes
And all their stiles together,
Are lesser valewed than to liue
Beliued of my Tuder:

" Should England, France, and thou thy selfe
Gaine say thy selfe for mine,
Thy selfe, France, England, nor what els?
Should barre me to be thine.

" Yea, let them take me willfull, or
Mistake me wanton, so
My selfe in loue do please my selfe
Let all the world say no:

" Let peasants marte their marriages,
And thriue at peraduentare:
I loue for loue: no gentle heart
Should fancy by indenture.

" But tell me, Owen, am I not
More forward then behooues?
I am, sweet-heart, but blame me not,
The same that speaketh loues."

" And long may liue," quoth he, " to loue,
Nor longer liue may I,
Than while I loue your grace, and when
I leaue disgraced die.

" But ladie, if I doe deserue,
I then desire dispatch:
For manie are the iealous eies
That on your beautie watch.

" Good hap is like to hit me well,
To hit so well is rare,
And rarenesse doth commence my sute,
Let sute conclude my care.

" Should Cæsar kisse" (he kissed her)
" It were but such a kisse:
And he, and I, here, or elsewhere,
In other sport or this,
Doe act alike: no bettring but
As your belouing is.

" You may experience, when you please,
What difference, in the men:
And if king Henry pleased more,
Blame Owen Tuder then.

" But am I not (yet, sweete, I am)
More sawsie than behooues?
Yeat for my heart forgiue my tongue,
This speaketh, and that loues."

How he imprison'd did escape,
And else what else-wheare reede:
The queene and this braue gentleman
Did marry, and their seede
Began that royall race that did,
Doth, and may still succeede,
In happie empire of our throne,
A famous line in deede.

Once, when this match was at a point,
They, merrily disposed,
Did descant what from vulgar tongues
Thereof would be supposed.

" They will beleeue me amorous,
Or thee so wiued as
Vulcan the smith of Lemnos that
To Venus married was,"

The queene did say. And Tuder said:
" I hope of hansell better,
In Venus' and in Vulcan's names
More lieth than the letter:

" For he was as I would not be,
She as you should be neuer,
Either so apt to giue and take
As pittie them to seuer."

" I pray thee, Owen," quoth the queene,
" How met they, canst thou tell?"
" I can," he said, " and more than so,
Then marke the processe well.

" When Vulcan was a batcheler,
And Venus was vnwed,
Thus wowde he her, thus wonne he her,
Thus wowde and won he sped.

CHAP. XXXI.

" Venus the fairest goddesse, and
As amorous as faire,
Belou'd of Mars, and louing Mars,
Made oftentimes repaire

" To Vulcan's forge, as to see wrought
For Iupiter his fire
And thunders, Mars his armors, and
The Sun-waines curious tire,
When they, indeede, of merriments
In loue did theare conspire:

" And lastly did conclude the smith
A stale vnto their sport,
Wherein did Venus play her part,
Pretayling in this sort.

" ' Vulcan' (quoth she) ' no god theare is,
I thinke, but needeth thee:
For thunders Ioue, Ceres for sieths,
For armors Mars I see,
Bacchus for prewning knives, and Pan
For sheep-hookes, Phœbus hee

" ' For cart-tiers, Dis for shakling chaines,
Neptune for ankers, and
No god but lackes thee, sauing I
That aske not at thy hand.

" ' My swains do draw in silken geeres,
My wheeles be shod with downe,
No hardines is in beautie's coach:
But thou, by birth no clowne,

" ' But Ioue his son, a god as wee,
Art made a drudge too much,
When, if that Venus might be heard,
Thou shouldest not be such.

" ' How apt are all in those same toyles
That tende to their behoofe
To let thee beare till backe doth breake?
But common is the proofe,
That cunning is not cunning if
It standeth not aloofe.'

" By this had Vulcan hammered
His heate, and had to stay
The bellowes, and he lymping from
The anfeeld thus did say.

" ' My busines, Venus, is ydoe,
Now may I tend to play:
What woudst thou? for I member scarce
Thy arging, by me fay.

" 'Wodst that I leaue the forge, and that
I god it with the gods?
If so thou meanst, thy meaning and
My meaning be at ods.

" 'Sweeter my bellowes blowing and
My hammers beating is
To me, then trimmest fidling on
The trickest kit ywis:
Aske whatso-else I haue to giue,
Thous maunde it for a kis.'

" 'As if,' quoth she, 'my kisses, were
So currant vnto all?
No, not at all to Vulcan, if
His kindnesse be so small.

" 'I aske thy proper ease, then earne
Thy proper ease, and aske
More than a kisse: at least wise doe
Thy selfe from Mars vntaske.

" 'He is my foe, friend thou not him,
Nor forge him armes, but let
Him luske at home vnhonored,
No good by him we get.

" 'What lets but that we may become
Superlatiues? Of vs
All stand in neede, we neede not them.'
Then gaue shee him a bus,

" 'And saist me so,' quoth Vulcan, and
Vnto the trough he hies,
And skowres his coly fists and face,
And with his apron dries

" Them, badly mended, and vnto
The queene of dalliance sayes
That Mars should lusk at home for him.
Then guilefull Venus playes
Her part so well, that on her lappe
His head the dotard layes.

" And whilst vpon her pressed thies
(No hauen for such hulke)
He lolls, and loades her with the weight
Of his vnwealdy bulke,

" And whilst she coyes his sooty cheekes,
Or curles his sweaty top,
The groshead now and then, as hapt,
A thred-bare terme lets drop.

" Then laughes he like a horse, as who
Would say, trow said I well:
But soone his wits were nonplus, for
His wooing could but spell.

" This fitted her: for so before
Twixt Mars and her was ment,
Though not that she so cunningly
Should Mars of armes preuent.
But him to stawle in store, not els
Employde, was her intent.

" Her lubber now was snorting ripe,
And she meane while was glad,
That for to serue her turne else-whearre
So good a staile she had.

" 'What passe I,' thinketh 'Venus, on
His forme or fashions rude?
For, letting forme and fashion passe,
One fashion is pursude

" 'In getting children: at the least,
Who so the child shall git,
It shall suffice that Vulcan is
The same shall father it.

" 'Now Mars in Heauen, Anchises and
Adonis on the Earth
May earne for babes, for Vulcan shal
Be parent at their birth.

" 'Nay, be it that he should espy
False carding, what of it?
It shal be thought but ielousie
In him, or want of wit.

" 'Him frownes shall threat, or smiles intreat,
And few wil iudge, I winne,
If it shall come in question, that
To cockhole him were sinne.'

" Whilst thus she thinketh in her selfe
The Cyclops did awake:
And, to be short, mors doings passe
And they a marriage make.

" But wonder did the deities,
When bruted was the match,
That he so foule a thick-skinne should
So faire a ladie catch,

" They flout him to his face, and helde
It almes to arme his head.
Wel, Venus shortly bagged, and
Ere long was Cupid bread:

" And Vulcan (in like heresie
Of fathering as moe)
Did rack his art to arme that lad
With wings, with shafts, with bowe,
Most forceable to loue or hate,
As lists him shootes bestow.

" When Vulcan's Venus had obtaind
Her Cupide armed thus,
Then (for we wish that all besides
Be suitable to vs)

" She, of the gods and goddesses
Before the wanton noted,
Was of the gods and goddesses
For wantonnesse out-coted,
Not one but wexed amorous,
Yea euen Diana doted.

" Loue's mother had direction of
His arrowes, and she wilde
Him hit the Sun-god: for because
He, blabbing had behild

" Her daliance with Adonis: so
That vexed Phœbus loues
Faire Daphne, whome nor vowes, nor vowes,
Nor giftes, nor greatnesse moues.

" Successes therefore, and inrag'd,
He bastarde Cupid and
(For stoutly on their honesties
Doe wylie harlots stand)
Venus did chaife, and of the gods
Their strife came to be skand.

" Dispercing then her goodly haires,
She bar'd so sweet a face,
As from the sternest godhood might
Extort suborned grace.

" Fast at her side clung naked Loue,
A louely boy in deede,
And Vulcan, benched with the gods,
His wife did thus proceede:
(When Phœbus had already tould
His tale with sence and heede.)

" 'He sayes,' quoth she, 'for chastitie
My hauiour was amis:
Which proued or disproued then
In you to sentence is.

" 'Ah, listen whence it is, ye gods,
That Venus is abused,
Because that Phœbus making loue
To Daphne was refused.
If that were wrong, the wrong must then
By Phœbe be excused:

" 'Who, rescuing her votarisse,
Did so preuent her brother.
But be it that this boy of mine,
Not seeing one from other,
Did hit him, for the sonnes offence
Should he maligne the mother?

" 'And shall I tell the childe's offence?
Why thus forsooth it was:
He fitted him to such a loue
As did for beautie pas.

" 'But if he say it needeles was
Because it booted not,
I say, that beautie beggeth if
By posting it be got.

" 'He wooing like himselfe in post
Did kisse the post, and shee,
Too good to be his forced trull,
Is now become his tree:

" 'His speeches too, though spoke by one;
Concernes in credit three,
Mine husband, and my selfe, and sonne,
Gods, and as good as he.

" 'Now woe am I, we seuerally
Are, as it were, arayned
Of cuckolrie, of spous-breach, and
Of bastardy, though fayned,

" 'Yeat too too forcible I feare
To be forgot of some,
For slaunder set on foote, though false,
Is talkatiuely dome.

" 'Malicious (for thy malice is
Thy matter all in all)
Is it to harlotize, thinkest thou,
A goddesse wrong too small,

" 'But thou must forge it from the earth,
Euen from the sheep-cote? Nay,
That colour lacketh colour thou
Thy selfe I troe wilt say.

" 'Ambitious, fayre, and amorous
Thou termest me: if so,
Vnlikely to disparge my selfe
Or basely stoope so loe,

" 'But being such, and knowing thee
In very deede the same,
Might, leauing petite loues, haue found
Thy selfe my readiest game:
For Phœbus is a leacher, els
Are many tongues to blame.

" 'Better no bad of mine (nor needs
I feare that fault in thee)
Thy bad doth passe by probate, but
A quere is for mee.

" 'Perhaps (such as it is) my forme
May forge to his pretence:
Since beautie is a common marke,
Apt therefore to offence.

" 'Well, be it beautie doth attract,
Atracting is belou'd,
Beloued courted, courted wonne,
And wonne to action mou'd,
Yeat from such causes such effects
What consequence hath prou'd?

" 'For Daphne was, I wot, full faire,
And well can Phœbus court,
Yeat Daphne chastly did withstand,
And Phœbus mist his sport.

" 'My husband, though by trade a smith,
For birth out-brau'd of none,
And louely vnto Venus though
Mislikt of many one,

" 'May for his plainnes also fit
My foes inuectiue drifts:
As who would say, I wedded him
To salue vp other shifts.

" 'By Styx I vowe, although I should
Exceede my selfe for fare,
Yet Venus would be Vulcan's, and
He knowes I truely sware.

" 'He is indeede no gallant, yeat
A god, and meerly free
From imperfections, such at least
As pay not marriage fee.

" 'And for his plainnes, to be plaine,
The rather choose I him:
For such as he liue best, loue best,
And keepe their wiues most trim.

" 'When roysters either roue at chaunge,
Be peeuish or precise:
Faire women therefore matching thus
Be not, say I, vnwise:
Iudge not by such presumptions them,
They add but to his lies.

" 'Thus haue you now a medley of
His malice and my mone,
His vice, my vowe: and lastly rests
Your sentence to be knowne.

" 'If Mercurie should plead my cause,
He could but set me cleare:
Good causes neede not curious termes,
And equall iudges heare

" 'The equity, not eloquence,
And so I hope will yee:
And so shall gratefull Venus sayle
Vnder your gracious lee.'

" So putting finger in the eye,
The deities discent:
Some hild with Phœbus, some with her:
Which strife did Vulcan stent.

" 'My wife,' quoth he, 'more honest than
Her cuser is, I troe,
Shall not ywis be bused by
The squandring Pollo so:

" 'She loues me, I durst sweare, and haue
My selfe she loues no moe:
And why should you or I beleeue
His yea before her noe?"

" 'Troth,' sayd the gods, 'since Vulcan is
Contented we are pleas'd:"
And so the variance was by him
Thus wittely appeas'd.

" Phœbus his plainte did quash: but so
He afer-times did watch,
As that sir Hornsbie had by proofe
He was a louing patch,
When Mars and Venus playing false
His wiery net did catch.

" Now riddle, madame, if those tongues
That make supronamies
Of them and vs proue oracles,
What should thereof arise?"
" That more," quoth she, " which you haue sayd
Than in the letter lies.

" But names infect not, nor receiue
Your riddle prophesie:
If ought fore sayd be ominous
Should any feare tis I.

When so the queene had sayd, then to
This more proceeded he:
" Vulcan, Venus, Cupid, Sol,
And Daphne turned to tree
Were tennis balles to euery tongue
Of euery deitee.'

" 'Tush tush,' quoth Pan, 'gay Venus and
The gentle youth her sonne
Are blameles blamed. What think you,
Would Phœbus then haue don
Had he in loue bin crost as I?'
And then he thus begun.

CHAP. XXXI.

" 'The gotelierds of Hyrcania hild
Their orgies vnto me,
And theare was I, vnseene of them,
The festifall to see.

" 'Now had they censed, and with glee
Eate were the hallowed kids,
When as they fell to rowndelaies,
And I the rownd amids.

" 'Not Satires, or the Naiades,
Were half so nimble as
This countrey consort (for each lad
Was sorted with a lasse).

" 'There was a tricksie girle, I wot,
Albeit clad in gray,
As peart as bird, as straite as boult,
As fresh as flower in May,

" 'As faire as Cupid's mother, or
Through him it is I erre,
If so I erre (for why his shaft
Had fixed me to her)

" 'She daunsing dyed her lilly cheeks,
Whil'st I for loue did die:
And as vnuisible I stoode
(What bootes it me to lye)
And drew with breath her sweet stole breath,
So acting spritually,

" 'The feast was done and all vndone
That I did wish to doe:
My deity adiornde therefore,
In humaine forme I wowe.

" 'And first (because that first they should
Approach vs gods) I faine
My selfe a priest (for well I wot
They sildome wooe in vain).

" 'I made me smug, and with a tex
Did intermix a toye,
And tould how fine and faire a life
Our clergie-femes inioy,

" 'And how our leisure fitted loue,
'And let it fit' (quoth she)
'To such as lust for loue: sir clarke,
You clergefie not me.'

" 'Then came I curious in my silkes
(But who would thinke that Pan
Could play the courtier?) and did faine
My selfe a iolly man.

" 'I talkt of castles, mannors, parkes,
And all things more than mine.
'Too course' (quoth she) 'am I for you,
And you for me too fine.'

" 'Then souldier-like I sued, and
Did boast of battels many,
And standing on thy manhood would
Not be coriu'd of any:

" 'And sometimes proffered kindnesse, such
As came not to the push,
But, checked for my boystrousnes,
Was balked with a blush.

" 'Then play I maister merchant, and
Did plye her by the booke:
I spake of great accompts, receites,
Nor little care I tooke

" 'For rigging and returne of ships,
(Her lippes meane while my pex)
'Ply sir' (quoth she) 'your busie trade,
You are besides the tex.'

" 'I seeme a countrie yeoman: then
A craftsman: both in vayne:
The former was too lumpish, and
The latter worse of twayne:
Doe what I could, I could not doe
Whereby her loue to gayne.

" 'Then thought I, out of doubt as I
A god fayne manhood, so
This is transform'd Diana for
Some practise meant beloe.

" 'A yeare was past, and I past hope
Through coyish chast denyall,
And yeat I could not but persist
In quest of further tryall.

" 'I met god Pryapus (for he,
Not Venus' sonne it is
Abuseth vs, this darteth loue,
That driues to lust amis)

" 'Seest yonder clowne?' quoth Priapus
(Not far-off was a loute
With neare a handsome rag, himselfe
Lesse handsome soole to snout,

" 'Lesse wel-form'd, or more il-fat'st, and
Like clenchpoope looke and lim,
Lesse mannerd, and worse gated than
This Saturne-eeue-made slim,
God neuer made since God made man,
If euer God made him.)

" 'That lob,' quoth he, 'and yonder lasse
That this way driues her gotes,
Do marke them Pan, you may obserue
From them vnthought-of notes.'

" 'I knew her for my minion wench
Of whom I earst did tell.
First blend they heards, and forthwith lips,
And after billing fell
To other sport, such sport ywis
As would haue likt me well.

" 'Must I, thought I, giue ayme to such
A skrub and such a saint,
That skowndrell, and this counterfeit:
Confounded so I faint.

" 'How cheere you Pan,' quoth Priapus,
The shameles god of lust,
'Thus can I fit such friends as you,
With such a trull of trust:'

" '(We were indeede ere then at odds.)
So Priapus he left me,
When he had brought me to this sight
That neere of sense bereft me.

" 'But thus I loathed where I lou'd,
And learned not too late
That coyest are not chastest, that
The gayest females mate
With loutes as soone as lords, that loue
Is luck, not shiftles fate.

" 'That cowled, celled, he, or she,
Whoso, or wheresoeuer,
Or votarie, or secular,
Scarce one pryaped neuer.'

" To Pan's report did Mercurie
Replie and thus recite,
'Of Cupide and of Priapus
Doth Pan distinguish right:
But let be lust, a word or two
Of loue and of his might.

" 'I ENTRING guest-wise on a time
The frolicke Thæbane court,
Mine eye presented to mine heart
A nymph of louely port:

" 'Her knew I not, nor knew she me,
Vnknowne therefore unkist
I loyter on the Earth, meane while
In Heauen not vnmist.

" 'My senses held a synode, and
Vnacted acts dispute,
And nothing els I did affect
But to effect my sute.

" 'For whencesoeuer loue proceedes,
Or whatsoere it be,
Or whosoeuer loueth, loue
Tormenteth in degree.

" 'Mine eye conuaid it to mine heart,
Mine heart controwld mine eye:
Yeat loue retriu'd it selfe, I lou'd
Not knowing whome or why.

" 'Then did I seeke, and find (who am
No milksop as ye wot)
Acquaintance in the court, the which
The nicest balked not.

" 'Nor smally did my shape, my tongue,
And tunes (no common geere)
Preferre their master to a place
About their mistresse neere.

" 'When she did sigh then I did sob,
I laught if she did smile,
And by officious forgeries
Pretended to begile.

" 'But her, not coy, I found so chast,
As saue a kisse or twaine,
I nothing got, although in all
I vained to her vaine.

" 'From ill therefore I grew to worse,
From worse to worse, for why?
Through ouer-louing at the length
I loued ielously.

" 'My stomacke left me, euery sense
Had imperfection then,
My colour ceast and, sicke, I forge,
Contrary cause to men.

" 'So many quames came ore my heart
As newes to eare or ele
Of others commoning in sport,
Or courting seriouslie.

" 'No corsiue to coriuals, and
No death vnto despaire:
I did not hope, yeat held I on
With cost to nourish care.

" 'Sometime, attyred by the booke,
I faind a merrie cheese:
Sometime I droaped, and did weare
Disorderly my geere.

" 'But how-soere I came to her,
I found her still the same,
Gamesome enough to intertaine,
And yet for me no game.

" 'And though enuiously I aym'd
At others' better speede,
Yeat too precisely did I sift
Such doubts were more than neede.

" 'Then rowsing vp my selfe, I with
My selfe did reason thus:
No folly were in loue, if so
No folly were in vs:

" 'Wheare Mercurie is lay'd asleepe,
May others lay a straw:
The louer and beloued are
Not tyed to one law:

" 'Because I am the same I am
Should she not therefore bee
The same she is: mine is to loue,
But hers to disagree.

" 'Then Mercurie be to thy selfe
Thy selfe, these thoughts begile
With meeter thoughts, thou lingerest
In loose too long a while.

" 'Thinke not thy greatnesse, or thy gifts,
Or gracious eyes may get her:
A foole more foule may seem more faire,
Loue may think bad the better.

" 'If she determine chastitie,
Then falls thy suite to ground:
Or if some other be prefer'd,
Then better lost than found:
Likte, or misliked, to thy loue
Should reason be thre bound.

" 'Or women loue to be belou'd
Of chaunge of clyents, or
Vncertaine wheare to find theirs, with
The eagle or the dorr.

" 'Albeit beautie moodes to loue,
And loue doth make thee sue,
Better at first be non-suite, than
At length not to subdue.

" ' Such reasons seeming plausible,
I fleeting whence I loued,
By absence and new exercise
Old passions were remoued.

" ' So did I loue, and so I left,
So many a skorne, and skoffe,
Care, cost, disgrace, and losse of time
Were and may be cut off:

" ' And women so lesse stand aloofe,
When men can so be wise:
So lesser sute hath lucklier speede,
Than to be too precise.

" ' Not women, but our wilfulnesse,
Doth worke our owne vnrest:
Though beautie, loue, and they lacke fault,
We may abuse the best.'

" ' SO help me, Iupiter' (quoth Mars)
' In loue so may I speede,
As Mercurie and Pan do erre
In points of loue in deede:

" ' Precisians and plaine plodders (such
Is this, and so is that)
In loue do swallow cammels, whilest
They nicely straine a gnat.

" ' Why what be women? Women, geld
The latter sillabell,
Then are they nothing more then woe,
Their names remaine doth tell.

" ' Their yea, or no, euen when they sweare
They loue or loue vs not,
Beleeue who list: soone be they gone,
As sodainly are got.

" ' What neede we creepe the crosse to give
Vnto a begging saint?
Tush, tush, a fiye for booke-loue, none
Be fortunate that faint.

" ' Not paper, pursse, or kerchiefe plea
Lets fancie sooner lodge
Than at the shrine to watch the saint,
She is not coy, but cloase:
Pollitians know to cheapen, what
To offer, when to skoase.

" ' The clowne, no doubt, that potted Pan,
Lackt art to glose and flatter,
And yeat nor Pan nor Mercurie
Went roundlier to the matter:

" ' He found right methode (for there is
A methode, time, and place,
Which fooles obseruing do commence
Ere wisemen haue their grace).

" ' Though dastard hawkes doe sore aloft
And dare not seaze vpon,
Or bussards-lik doe sit aloofe
Vntill the game be gon,
Kinde killing hawkes but wag the wing,
And worke to sowse anon.

" ' Once loue, surreuerence, made my selfe
Vale bonnet, so submis
My ceremoniall wooing was,
As common wooing is:

" ' With rufull lookes, sighes, sweete pigs-nye,
And fooleries more than few
I courted her, so much more stout
By how much more I sew:

" ' Till aptly singled, as it hapt,
I say not what did hap,
But loue that late did load my head,
Did load her willing lap.

" ' Nor this lad Loue of that same loue
Is guiltie any whit,
For why? nine moons did wexe and waine
Betweene his birth & it.

" ' Alas, poore boye, before he was,
Love was a common game,
The first-made man, the rib-reft man
In Eden shew'd the same:

" ' For when his sudden eyes admir'd
The boan-flesht faire conuart
Derived from his side, his tongue,
Directed by his hart,

" ' Forthwith pronounced woman, but
A moment earst vnknoen,
So deare as flesh of his owne flesh,
And bone of his owne boen:

" ' Quit then, ye gods, this lad and let
Your search of loue alone:
Who will in power be felt of all,
In person found of none.

" ' Or rather is not reall, but
Some fansie: if not, then
Fantasticall in women, but
Essentially in men.

" ' If love be such in women (But
Mistake me not, for whie?
I note them but fantasticall,
In fault of destinie)

" ' Deferre were then to erre: when all
Is done that doe we may,
Labor we sorrowing all the night,
And sewing all the day.

" ' The female faultie custome yeelds
Lesse merit greatest pay,
And ventrous more than vertuous meanes
Doth beare the bell away.

" ' Now touching Venus (worthie such
A pheere, not such a foe)
Vulcan, me thinkes, obserueth well
Slight proofe in yea and noe,
The court therefore is well aduis'd
To sentence not to groe.'

" ' The gods, that did ere while but aime
At Vulcan's wiue's sonne's father,
Saw Venus blush, and held that aime
Autentical the rather.

" ' End gods and goddesses,' quoth Iove,
' To argue to and fro:
Like good and bad is either sex.
Nay more, behold, than so,
I view'd erewhile the destenies,
And thence I thus did know.

" ' Zimois, when Troy must perish, shall
Send downe her floods a fleete,
And world it where our father rul'd
When Create thought him vnmeet:

" ' But long time hence, and farre starres thence,
That world shall world an isle
Enuyron'd with the Ocean waues,
Then famous in short while

" 'Through often triumphes ouer foes
And traffike euery wheare,
Howbeit thrice orerunne, and once
A conquest shall be theare.
" 'Those changes notwithstanding they
A people shall remaine
Vnchased thence, and of that streene
Shall fiue at length re-raigne.
" 'Dread, terrene gods, the fift of those,
A terrene goddesse, she
Euen at the firie trigon shall
Your chiefe ascendant be:
" 'Right Phœbe-like (Phœbe may like
A compere like to her)
Retriue her named name, to time
The tryall we refer.'
" This say'd, he bids adiorne the court,
And willed Mercurie
Thenceforth not to conuent the gods
For such a foolerie,
As loue, the idle bodie's worke,
And surfet of the eie."

And thus the queene and Tuder chat:
But thought of nothing lesse
Than that from them Ioue's noted fiue
Fated to such successe
Should spring, as sprong, and part springs yet,
But cease we to digresse
And shew we how her sonne did long
And luckless raigne possesse.

CHAP. XXXII.

It rests, fifth Henrie's sonne, that made
The Henries more by one,
Did in his infancie possesse
His conquering father's throne,
And happely was rulde a child,
And rulde an happie man,
Till with his parrasites his peeres
And hee with them began
A bloodie quarrell: offering so
Vnto the Yorkists spright
For to reclaime, in bold attempts,
Their discontinued right.
Richard Plantagenet the duke
Of Yorke, by Warwick's ayde,
Did get the gaole, not long enioy'd,
For he in armes decayde,
Subduced by king Henrie's queene,
Whence by friends and force
He had in parlament obtaynde
In cuery clause his corse:
For, mounted thear the kingly throne,
That Yorkish heros sayd,
" Here should I speake, and shal, I hope:"
And so his claime conuay'd
From Clarence, his progenitor,
With reasons such among,
As, he protector of the realme,
King Henrie's heires were wrung
From all reuersion: hearts and eares
Did so applaud his tung.
Edward his sonne, then earle of March,
(The duke his father slaine)
Wonne, by the earle of Warwick's ayde,
In double battell raigne.
King Henry fled to Scotland, and
The queene and prince their sonne,
From France sollicet succors, which
Vnto their losse they wonne.
Henry was taken, they and their
Confedrates were subdu'd:
Yeat still the queene escaped, and
She armour still pursu'd.
But, Warwicke pleased, all attempts
Did faile to Edward's foes:
Displeased, Edward fayled, and
Declined Henry rose:
He crowned either, and the same
Discrowned them againe,
Admyrd of all, belou'd of all:
Howbeit lastly slaine
By Edward, whilst he did vphold
Vnchancie Henrie's raigne.
So Warwicke perisht, Henry so
Refalne from king's estate
Was reimprison'd, and his queene
Did land her aydes too late:
But landing, when of Barnet field
She heard the luckles fate,
(Albeit knights, Lancastrian's store,
Did flocke in her defence)
She stoode a second Niobe,
Bereft of speech and sence:
And whilst the duke of Somerset,
An ouer-hardie knight,
Did brauely marshall out her force
To ouer-matched fight,
Hers and king Henrie's sonne, the prince
Of Wales, a proper lad,
In comforting his mother did
Continue her more sad.
" Ah, sonne!" quoth she, " through oft mishaps
Mishaps I can digest:
I feare for thee, for thee, the hope
That to our house doth rest.
" Now all are tryed we can trust,
If now we faile, we fall:
Thy death is in the same request
As is thy father's thrall:
" And (which I would it were the worst)
The foe doth thirst my life,
To end his triumph in the deaths
Of husband, sonne, and wife.
" Though thy great-grandsier, grandsier, and
Thy father, wonne and more
The king-ring, which thy father hild
Yeares thirtie eight and more,
" Though by the cappitall remote
Of Lancaster withstood,
Yeat fayle prescription and discents,
Now lacke they but our blood:
" Then learne against thou proue a man,
(Ah, hardly hope I so!)
The line Lancastrian naturally
Doth labour of that foe."
The queene, concluding thus in teares,
Did then to armor goe.
Fierce was the field, and either part
Did valiantly offend:

at, Edward ouercomming, when
The battell was at end,

he queene was carried captiue thence,
And Edward's men did bring
er sonne, the prince, (sole sonne and heire
Vnto the captiue king)

efore the victor, whose demaunds
Receiuing answers stout,
e thrusts the manly boy from him,
Whom Glocester about

he king (churle that he was) did stab.
(So tragicke was the spight
etwixt those linages, that oft
Each others so requite.)

is death was more than death vnto
His parents: but not long
is father moned vndispatcht
Alike for death and wrong
y foresaid duke of Glocester,
Of whom succeedes our song.

THUS won the Yorkestes ancient raigne:
Sixe bloodie fields did seate
Edward the Fourth in England's throne,
Possest a while in queate.

He wonne his subiects' loue, and loue
Was debt to his desarts,
But, as must ours, so lastly his
Vn-bodied soule departs.

He left his kingdome to his sonne,
His sonne to be protected
By Richard, duke of Glocester,
Who, pietie reiected,

Grew treble-wise tyrannicall,
Malicious to the blood
Of his deceased brother's queene,
And what so Yorkest stood

Betwixt the scepter and himselfe,
Aliue, he pricked dead,
A foe to all Lancastrians, as
The same by nature bread.

This common death's-man of those kinnes,
And euery noble's fall,
Whom he but gest coriuall, or
Might crosse him near so small,
This stoope-frog Æsop's storke, alike
Tyrannous vnto all,

To giltie, giltlesse, friend, or foe,
Was not secure one day,
But either dyes as either's death
Might fit him any way.

Yea, euen whilst his brother rulde,
When all Lancastrians, and
His brothers twaine, his nephewes twaine,
And neeces three, did stand

Betwixt himselfe and home, euen then
By blood he hunted raine:
For when his owne and ruthles hands
King Henrie's heire had slayne,

Then Henrie's selfe, Henrie the Sixt,
A giltles king in bands,
He stab'd: his brother Clarence dide
Through him, by other hands.

But, now protector, as doe wolues
The lambes protected he,
And fared as if fearing that
One wickedder might be.

Queene mother and her kindred hild
The orphant king a while,
Her kinne hee murdred, and from her
He got the king by gile,

Whom (though vncrowned, tituled
Fift Edward) reft his mother,
He made be murdred, with the duke
Of Yorke, the younger brother.

When neither Yorkest, his allies,
And of Lancastrians none,
Were left to let it, who should let
But he might leape the throne?

He wore in deede the wrested palme:
But yeat, to better bad,
By murder of his wife he sought
New marriage to be had

With that Elizabeth that was
The eldest daughter to
Edward the Fourth: but all in vaine
The king his neece did wowe,
For Henrie earle of Richmond's friends
Such doings did vndoe.

Which Henry and Elizabeth
By secrete agents were
Contracted, he of Lancaster,
And she of Yorke the heire:

Of which letigious famelies
Heer mapped be the lines,
Euen till the heire of these two heires
Both stockes in one combines.

CHAP. XXXIII.

HENRIE (as if by myracle
Preseru'd by forraines long
From hence-ment treasons) did arriue
To right his natiues' wrong:

And chiefly to lord Stanlie, and
Some other succors, as
Did wish and worke for better dayes,
The riuall welcome was.

Now Richard heard that Richmond was
Assisted and a shore,
And, like vnkenneld Cerberus,
The crooked tyrant swore,

And all complexions act at once
Confusedly in him:
He studieth, striketh, threates, intreates,
And looketh mildly grim,

Mistrustfully he trusteth, and
He dreadingly did dare,
And fortie passions in a trice
In him consort and square.

But when, by his conuented force,
His foes increased more,
He hastned battell, finding his
Coriuall apt therefore.

When Richmond orderly in all
Had battelled his ayde,
Inringed by his complices,
Their chearefull leader sayde:

" Now is the time and place, (sweete frends)
And we the persons be
That must giue England breath, or els
Vnbreath for her must we.

" No tyrannie is fabled, and
No tyrant was in deede
Worse than our foe, whose workes wil act
My words, if wel he speede:

" For ill to ills superlatiue
Are easely intist,
But intertaine amendment as
The Gergesites did Christ.

" Be valiant then, he biddeth so
That would not be out-bid
For courage, yeat shall honor him,
Though base, that better did.

" I am right heire Lancastrian, he
In Yorke's destroyed right
Vsurpeth: but, through either ours,
For neither claime I fight,

" But for our countrie's long-lackt weale,
For England's peace I warre:
Wherein he speed vs vnto whom
I all euents refarre."

Meane while had furious Richard set
His armies in array,
And then, with lookes euen like himselfe,
This or the like did say:

" Why, lads, shall yonder Welshman with
His straglers ouer-match?
Disdaine ye not such riualles, and
Deferre yee their dispatch?
Shall Tuder from Plantagenet
The crowne by craking snatch?

" Know Richard's very thoughts" (he toucht
The diademe he wore)
" Be mettall of this mettall: then
Beleeue I loue it more

" Than that for other law than life
To supersead my clame,
And lesser must not be his plea
That counter-pleads the same."

The weapons ouer-tooke his words,
And blowes they brauely change,
When, like a lion thirsting bloud,
Did moody Richard range,

And made large slaughters where he went,
Till Richmond he espied,
Whom singling, after doubtfull swords,
The valerous tyrant died.

THUS ended England's warre and woe,
Vsurping Richard dead,
When Henry and Elizabeth,
Vniting titles, wed:

Of which two heires th' vndoubted heire
Of either line did cum,
The epilogue vnto these wounds,
Digested in this sum.

Fourth Henry, first Lancastrian king,
Put second Richard downe:
Fourth Edward, of the house of Yorke,
Re-seazd sixt Henrie's crowne:

Lad-princes twaine were stabd in field,
Of either linage one:
Foure kings did perish: sundry times
Now kings anon were none:
Sixe, three of either faction, helde
Successiuely the throne:

But from the second Richard to
Seuenth Henry we pretend
Eight kings this faction to begin,
Continue, and to end.

The princes, earles, barons, and knights,
This quarrell did deuour,
Exceede the tale of gentry best
And bacest at this houre:
So plagueth ciuill warre, and so
From robe to ragge dooth scoure.

Then luckiest of the planets weare
Predominants, say we,
When by this bedmatch either heire
That blood-mart did agree:

When seuenth begot the eight, and eight
The first and last for like
Our now Pandora: nor till her
Our humbled sailes we strike.

For should we at her grandsier reare
Our colome, yet too poore,
We could not write (as Hercules
On his) " Beyond no more:"

For he lackt search, our Muse hath kend
An ocean is in store,
Euen matter that importeth worth
Coparing all before.

THE

SEVENTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Now let vs poste-alone to Mars
And Mercury repaer,
At least so far forth as wee maye
Without controwlment daer.

Richard the Third, Henry the Seauenth,
(Last subiects of our pen)
Was slaine, was crownde, with hate, with loue,
As worste, as best of men:

So not with Yorke and Lancaster
Doth wonted enuie raigne,
Nor can Æneas' off-springs now
Of orphansie complaine.

But that Cadwallader's fore-doomes
In Tuder's should effect
Was vnexpected, saue that God
Doth destinies direct,

Els Owen Tuder had not wiu'd
Fift Henrie's noble queene:
Nor had they of their bodies earles,
Pembroke and Richmond seene:

Nor Margret, Somerset's sole heire,
To Richmond had beene weade:
Nor they the heire of Lancaster,
Henry the Seventh, had bread;

Nor he of York's inheritrix,
Elizabeth, had sped:
Nor they vnited either house
All other titles dead.

ıt, eare this vnion, either so
ıriued to their right,
Psiches on an errant sent
'o Hell by Venus' spight.

ırse ferrymen than Charon, floods
Contagious more than Styx,
ırse porters than fowle Cerberus
Were pleas'd, past, stood betwix,

w therefore either dangerously
Their labyrinth did passe
ıll not be ouerpassed: thus
Their seuerall fortune was.

ıries the Fourth, the Fifte, and Sixt,
Successiuely did raigne,
till fourth Edward's sword to him
Did lawfull empier gaine:

ıcastrians droupe, the Yorkests had
Their long expected day:
t Henry, and the prince his sonne,
By stabbes were made away:

s foresaid Margaret, sole heire
Of Somerset, earst wife
Tuder, earle of Richmond, had
By him a sonne in life,

whom, from her, the crowne-right of
Lancastrians did accrewe:
from his English foes himselfe
By secrete stealth withdrewe
little Brutaine, wheare he found
The duke a frendfull trewe.

s Henry earle of Richmond, now
Poore Lancaster's remaine,
ıs by fourth Edward practis'd home
By many a subtell traine:

ıome once the gentle duke (beguilde
With promises vnment)
liuered to the English-men,
With whome he homewards went.

saken ladd, (for yet he was
ı ladd) what did remaine
t certain death, so to assure
His foe's vncertaine raine?
ıich to establish many a prince
Of his allies weare slaine.

t him eare brought a-boorde, the duke
Aduised better) stayd,
l him (as if by chaunce escapte)
To sanctuarie conuaid.

ı lambe so rescued from the wolfe,
That priuiledged place
ured him till Edward's death,
Ind then he hoped grace.

t he that was protector of
His murthered nephewes than
ırged England, and became
ı monsture, not a man:

hard the Third (omitting all
His tyrannies beside)
be possessed of the earle
By many a message tride.

eat wealth was sent, greater assumde,
But nothing might preuaile:
ı gracious duke abhorde to set
His guiltles frend to sayle:

t furnished with money, men, and
Armor, shipt him thence
To winne his right: yeat churlish seas
Did lett such kind pretence.

Full hardly Richmond's threatned ship
Escapt our armed shoore,
For Richard of the riuall got
Intelligence before.

Return'de, the duke did sicken, and
Landoise did beare the sway:
And he for masses great was brib'de
Earle Henry to betray,
Yeat through wise bishop Murton's meanes
By stealth he scap'te away.

In trauell then from Brutaine to
His grome himselfe was grome,
By interchaunged rayment, till
To Angers they weare come.

The French king, pittying his distresse,
Pretended asked aide:
And secrete platformes for his weale
His English friends had laide.

Henry in France, at home his friends
Bester them, and the foe
Meane time with hope, with fraud, with feare,
Imployed his witts also.

Now of the earle's conspiracy
The totall drift was this:
Elizabeth, the daughter of
Fourth Edward, vow'd he his,
And she was vow'd to him, if God
With victory him blisse:

Our wounded England's healing balme,
For thus thereof ensew'de:
The factious families vnite,
The tyrant was subdew'de,
And thence the surname Tuder doth
Plantagenet include.

AS hardly as her husband did
Elizabeth escape:
For why? like stratageme for both
Did bloody Richard shape.

Whilste that her father liued, now
A king, and now exilde,
Her crosses then did happen from
Such victors as weare milde.

But now the same that murthered
Her brothers to be king,
That did with fraud begin, and then
With bloud conclude ech thing,

That flattred friends to serue his turne,
And then destroyde the same,
That was her vncle, yeat did hate
Her mother's very name,

That thought he liued not because
His neeçes weare vndead,
Theis now (and blame her not) in her
A world of terror bread.

But of vnpriuiledged bloud
Yet had he store to spill,
Yet sanctuaries weare not forc'te,
Yet but expecting ill.

Theare oft the queene her mother, shee,
And sisters, would reporte
Their happie and vnhappie daies,
The fewer of first sorte.

"Happy was I" (the olde queene said)
"When as a maide vnweade,
Nor husband's weale nor children's woe
Mistempered my head.

"Yeat I, beloued, loued, and
So left that free estate,
And thought me happyer than before,
For louely was my mate,

"Iohn Gray (a sweet esquier, for
His prowysse dubbed knight)
Was, as beloued, all my ioy:
Who, slaine in factious fight,

"Your father, daughters, late my lord
And husband, now in earth,
From me had many a secrete curse,
As motyue of his death:

"Lancastrian was my husband, and
That factiqn had the wourste,
So, to releeue my widdowhood,
I kneel'd to whom I curste.

"Edward (for Henry was depoes'de,
And Edward seaz'd the crowne)
(I wot not for what forme of mine)
Did raise me kneeled downe,

"And gaue me chearefull wordes, and tooke
Me curteously aside,
And played the ciuell wanton, and
Me amorously he eide:

"His plea was loue, my sute was land:
I plie him, he plies me:
Too baece to be his queene, too good
His concubine to be
I did conclude: and on that point
A while we disagree.

"But when I was his queene (sweet king)
Not for I was his queene,
But for himselfe, and for the loue
That passed vs betweene,

"I held me happiest vnder Heaven:
Yea, when his aduerse line
Discrowned him, I had inough
That I was his, he mine.

"Then, after fortunes often change,
He died, and I suruiue
A life exceeding death for griefe
And greefe's superlatiue.

"My heart, ah sonnes! my heart (deare hearts)
Was dead eare yee did die:
Too yong weare yee to censure of
Your vncle's tyranny."

Then wept shee, and her daughters wept:
Their onely talke alwaies
Was passed ioyes, or present woes:
Nor hope they better daies,
But in earle Richmond's good successe,
That now a power did raise.

Too soone had Richard notice that
Earle Henry would ariue,
By precontract his eldest neece
Elizabeth to wiue:

And well he knew in York's descent
She was immediate heire,
And Henry like in Lancaster:
A match for him to feare.

Which to preuent he flattered
His neeces from their mother:
Who, fearefull ladies, did expect
Like deaths as had their brother,

And as they feare did he affect,
Which for the troubles then
Was vneffected: now behou'd
To winne him loue of men.

Yeat casts he how he might conuay
To him his neece's right,
Soone compassing his wife's dispatch,
Whose life stood in his light.

Then plyes he his amazed neece
To his incestious bead,
Of her abhor'd, shee in conceite
By faith fore-plighted spead.

This marrage motion gawles her more
Than any former griefe:
Her selfe, friends, realme, conspiracie,
And all it toucht in breefe,
And therefore death, late feared, now
She fantaseth in cheefe.

Meane while did Henry land, incampe,
Fight, and subdewe his foe,
And, marrying her, long ciuill warres
In England ended so.

CHAP. XXXV.

Seaventh Henrie's forraine busenes had
Succesfull honor: heere
Three schol'd Dædalien Icarists
(Whose mounting cost them deere)

Did interrupt the peace. The first
A priest's bace puple: he
By his complottors was pretenst'e
Duke Clarence sonne to bee.

A many of our natiue peeres,
Some forraine princes too,
Submissiuely behight him aide
In all that they might doo.

The lad was lofty, for himselfe
He harrollized well,
At full he could his lessons, and
A formale lie would tell.

For him was fought a bloody field,
The victory the kinge's.
Lambert, the forged Yorkest, and
The priest (that fram'd his winges)

Weare taken: for minority
The Icarus was quit:
The Dedalus for cleargie rites
Was but intowr'd for it.

Thus scapte the priest, The mother queene
To her that now was queene
Found harder sentence for a crime
More venale, as I weene.

Shee that did forward Henry with
Her friends, her purse, her wit,
That had conspir'd, conceil'd, concur'd,
For him the crowne to git,

And had him now her sonne in law,
Vnchauncy queene, fore-went
Her whole reuenewes, and her age
As if in durance spent:

ause against her heart, good soule,
For bootles to withstand)
yeelded all her daughters to
he late vsurper's hand,

ereby the vnion might haue quaild,
nd for it might she must
ure such law, strict law to her
f mallice not vniust.

AN good old queene Elizabeth
)ur next young Phaeton
i gentlier iudgement: he till then
'rom realm to realm had gone,

i now in Ireland, (hoping no
uch honor) was at Corke
uted by some rebels theare
'or Richard duke of Yorke,

irth Edward's second son. Those stiles
'o him were strange, but thay
l feofe them on the bace-borne Muffe,
\nd him as king obay.

i Yorkesh faction (though they knew
The error) let not slip
casion, that they now might haue
Lancastrians on the hip:
irgaret fourth Edward's sister's heart
For ioy hereof did skip.

ee had him soone to Burgone, and
Informes him euery thing
at might concerne York's pettegree,
Or apted for a king:

liciously repining still
At Lancaster's successe,
id often would thus, or thus-like,
Her heart with tongue expresse:

God hath forgot our house of Yorke;
Nay, Yorke it selfe forgot:
my late brother Richard's soule
Cleaue euermore this blot:

He made away our friends, to make
A way vnto our foe,
Lancaster, proud Lancaster:
I, thence these teares doe floe.

Had he stock't vp that hated stocke,
Had he rac'st out that race,
thon had ceast, and he had bene
Apollo in that oace.

That Henry was Lancastrian, and
That Henry was aliue,
id where he liu'd, and that he should
Not liue if we would thriue,
i knew ywis: yeat knew he not
His death how to contriue.

The duke of Brutaine is no god,
Then how the diuell y'ste
at both my brothers, laboring him,
For whome they labord myste:

Their Sinons weare too simple, and
Their bribes but petite geere:
hen had they bought him with their souls,
They had not bought him deere.

The heire of Lancaster (fie! how
It loathes to sound that name!)
iioyes the crowne: nay worse, enioyes
To wife a Yorkesh dame:

" Worser, the name Plantagenet
Is buryed in the same:
And, worst of all, their title such
As law bids vs desclame.

" Who would have lookt such change to chaunce?
Oh! howe I feed like will
As Æta's daughter Æson's house
With tragedies to fill!

" Who can endure to see their friends
Decline, their foes ascend?
I see it, and for seeing so
Doe wish my life had end."

When that her darling had his looer,
She left him to his wings:
Who flead not to worse company,
Or at lesse game, than kings.

He lighteth in the French king's court,
Wheare (honord as the same
From whom he falsely would contriue
A crowne by forged name)

He had supplies, and English ayds,
And Irish troupes also,
With which he lands in England: where
King Henry met the foe.

On either part the battell was
Right bloodie, but at length
The king subdues, and Perkin flead
The land, dispoyld of strength.

Then, as the French, the Scotch king did
Repute of him: whereby
He wyu'd a lady passing fayre,
And of the king's allie,

The earle of Huntlie's daughter, of
The Scotch-blood-royall bread:
Shee both before and after that
Her low-pris'd mate was dead,

When well she knew his parentage,
And felt his ebbed state,
In onely sorrow did abound,
In loue no whit abate:
Howbeit, the English court
Prefer'd to high estate.

Theare (for she was of comely parts
And vncompeered face)
Shee, often brauely courted, yeelds
No courtier labor'd grace.

To one among'st the rest that most
Admiered her aunswers chaste
She sayd: " Besides the sinne, and that
I so might liue disgrac'ste,

" A presedent of wrong and woe
Did make me long since vow
Chastly to liue the loue of him
Whom Fates should me allow.

" I knew" (quoth she) " a knight, (a knight
He was in each respecte)
I knew a ladie (fayre she was,
But fouly to be chect)

" They loued long (if that to loue
And leaue may loue be sayd)
Till lastly she conceyued loue
Wheare loue should be denayd.

" Then he, whose soule's soule goddis'd her,
Perceiuing her vntruth,
Became vnlike himselfe, and mou'd,
Sauc her, each one to ruth.

" At last he runs distraught about,
And what his moods conceited
He did: confusedly he wept,
Askt, answered, and intreated:

" Ah, many a time (for though his words
Lackt methode, yeat they moued)
He had these speeches, arguments
How earnestly he loued.

CHAP. XXXVI.

" ' My mistresse is a paragon,
The fayrest fayre aliue:
Atrides and Æacides
For faire lesse faire did striue.

" ' Her colour fresh as damaské rose,
Her breath as violet,
Her bodie white as iuorie,
As smooth as polisht iet,

" ' As soft as downe, and were she down
Ioue might come down and kisse
A loue, so fresh, so sweet, so white,
So smooth, so soft as this.

" ' The Cleonæan lion's spoyles
For her I would redresse.
I would the Lernan hydra's heads
With sword and fire suppresse.

" ' My force the Erymantheon bore
Should brauely ouermatch.
The swift-foote golden horned stag
I, running, would orecatch.

" ' My bow the birds of Stymphalus
From wastfull prayes should chace.
Of her proud baldricke would I spoyle
The Amazon at Thrace.

" ' Augeas' washed stables should
My seauenth labour end.
I with the bull of Calidon,
Victorious, would contend.

" ' On horse-deuoured Diomede
Like honour should be wonne.
The Spanish robber Geron should
By me to death be done.

" ' In spight of spight, in Hespera
I golden fruit would pull.
Three-headed Cerberus in chaynes
Should make the iury full.

" ' Beast, snake, bore, stag, birds, bealt, planks,
Theefe, frute, dog, Diomead, [bull,
Chokt, sear'd, pauncht, cought, pearst, priz'd,
washt, throwne,
Slaine, puld, chaned, horse-fead,
Were labours lesse than I would aot,
Might I of her be spead.

" ' Dull mal-contented Saturne rulde
The hour when I was borne:
Had Iupiter then starr'd, I had
Not liued now forlorne:

" ' Or Mars had steel'd my milkie heart
With manlier moods than thea:
Or Mercury had apted me
To plead for louer's fees:

" ' Or Sol infused sense to search
What better me behou'd:
Or Venus made me louely, so
For loue to be belou'd:

" ' Or Luna (contrary to loue)
Had bettered the best:
Ah! could seauen planets and twelue signes
Constell one such vnrest?

" ' Then lou'd that sier of gods when he
Had vow'd his childrens' death:
That sonne of his made wanton scapes
With lasses on the Earth.

" ' Dirus, aske Vulcan and his arte
If thou didst loue or noe:
And Hermes, that he Herse lou'd,
Will not disclaime I troe.

" ' Nor weart thou, Phœbus, chaste, although
Thou wor'st a willow withe.
Thou, Citherea, hadst a leash
Of loues besides the smith.

" ' Endimion 'gainst Diana could
Vouch farther than the eye.
Thus lou'd ye all, ye churlish starres,
Yeat let ye louers dye.'

" This said he, and for this he said,
I for the truth of this
Did vow, that whoso once were mine,
I would be onely his."

" Why! these his words did sauor wit,
Not one distraught," (quoth he.)
" Nay, heare the rest of his vnrest,
It followeth thus," (quoth she.)

" Oft would he kisse a senceles tree,
And say, ' Sweet mistresse mine,
I was, I am, and will be still
The same and euer thine.

" ' Beleeue me, or if so you douht,
Anatomize my braine,
And ore my senses see your selfe
The sourentesse to raigne.

" ' Beleeue me, or if so you doubt,
Rip out my heart, and see
Your selfe in it, in it you are
And euermore will be.

" ' Beleeue me, or if so you doubt,
Commaund I forthwith dye,
And see your selfe the onely Heauen
Whereto my soule doth flye.

" ' If such I seeme, and be not such,
Let nought betide me well.
If such I seeme, and be not such,
I wish no Heauen but Hell.

" ' If such I seeme, and be not such,
Your fauours let me mis.'
With that he blest himselfe, and sayd,
' Ah, what a wish was this?'

" Then steps he to some other tree,
And, as vnto a frend,
Bewayles himselfe, with long discourse
Of loue, to little end.

" And (as it were a mysterie)
Thus many a time would tell
Of one Erickmon, as might seeme,
With him acquainted well.

" ' Who would' (quoth he) ' haue thought
That he had doted on a lasse?

ho rather would have thought the girle
So gileful as she was?

Once brau'd he it, and often found
With silken wenches grace:
at (and I wonder) faults he not,
Though hauing time and place.

' He neuer hild but gracious thoughts'
Of women, yeat I winne
e fayrest she he euer saw
Might quit his thoughts of sinne.

' When of the court and citie both
He could sufficient say,
om either's busie vanities
He getteth him away:

' Amongst the woods his happiest dayes
By-come or to be past,
e found, had not Gynetta's face
Intrapped him at last.

' Nor court nor citie had she seene,
Yeat either's prayse she had:
much more worth by howe much lesse
She was vnnicely clad.

' At sixteene yeares such was she as
At twentie, and at boeth
ell worth the louing, for her loore,
Her face, and comely groeth.

' Thence, waxing amorous, he checkt
His eyes that checkt him so,
hich checks as oft were countercheckt
By loue, his mightier foe.

' He loath'd to liue, that liu'd to loue,
And lou'd to losse, for why?
e scorn'd that wontlesse passion, or
An amorous foole to dye?

' Full often therefore would he balke
Her sight that pleas'd him most,
nd, if perceiu'd to be in loue,
False freedom would he boast.

' But all for nought, not absence or
Sweete exercise of wit,
r ought besides, might put aside
Loue's ouer-mastring fit.

' Thus pyned ere he pleadeth loue,
Yeat pleasing her so well,
s none had fitter time and place
His heart's vnrest to tell,

' At length he flatly sayes he loues,
When (words too sweet for trew)
ler answere was, she liked him,
And so attonement grew.

' Then vncontrouled kisses and
Imbracings (often mixt
With lesse than loue too grosse, though more
Than should be such betwixt)

' Were currant: and if euer man
Did fish before the net,
f euer man might credit her
Did by her credit set,

' If euer man for heartie loue
Deserued honest meede,
Erickmon might beleeue himselfe
To be belou'd indeede:

' More arguments of earnest loue
Gaue neuer mayde than she,
Lesse cause to falsifie that loue
Gave neuer man than he.

" ' Howbeit, on aduantage play'd
Gynetta all this while,
And by externall smoothnes did
Obscure internall guile.

" ' There was a swayne, a wylie wagge,
That with his apish toyes,
His pedlarie, and pipe-notes, such
As pleaseth girles and boyes,

" ' So chang'd (I would haue sayd bewitcht,
But that she often chang'd)
Gynetta, that her former loue
Was sodaynly estrang'd.

" ' Erickmon hardly brok't such bace
Coryuing of the swayne,
And of her loue and wits did wish
Reducement all in vayne.

" ' Was neuer girle so ouergone
That had so good a wit,
So well reported of ere then,
And well deseruing it,

" ' Than was Gynetta: giltie then
Both of her owne reproofe
And of her louer's griefe, that sate'
And sighte thereat aloofe.

" ' And, were it not that she was young,
And that Erickmon knew
She rather seem'd than sin'd in deede,
He might haue err'd in view.

" ' With weeping heart he her remaunds
To be with him at-one:
And many restlesse dales and nights
Consumeth he in mone,
To thinke vpon her madnes, which
Her selfe beleeued none.

" ' Her too much wronged relict might
(As well he might) be greeu'd,
Perhaps offended, but, God knowes,
No whit the more releeu'd.

" ' So wilfull she, so wylie and
Officious was her squier,
That, craft intrapping craft, they both
Did enter bootles fier:

" ' She bore a mind more haughtie than
To humble her so much,
And he a bacer minde than that
He hop't his fortune such:

" ' Yeat either lik't at random, not
Resoluing any end,
Vnlesse, perhaps, she dalli'd him
As erst her former frend.

" ' Meane while (for apes be euer apes)
Somwhat did he not well
That mou'd a discord, and through it
Their loue's denorse befell.

" ' Erickmon languisht all this while
Not re-beloued long,
For shee that fayl'd to doe him right,
Did feofe on him the wrong,

" ' Who, giltles, pleadeth giltie (for
What was it he would not
To reconcile her fauour, lost
Might seeme ere it was got?)
So loue, againe a foote, gaue both
Re-intertainement hot.

" ' Not any, lou'd they here so much,
Seem'd more to loue than they,

Nor any, lou'd she any whit,
In loue made shorter stay

" 'Than shee: for he, doe what he could,
Did often times offend:
For why? euen impudently she
Grew toyous in the end,

" 'That was so modest comly erst
As none might her amend,
A supersedeas for her loue
Was euery new-come frend:

" 'And being now in much request,
And waxing proud of fauour,
By artificiall pryde she chang'd
Her naturall behauour:

" 'Her face was maskt, her locks were curl'd,
Her bodie pent with buske,
And (which was needles, she more sweet)
Her rayment sented muske:

" 'By all she did might seeme to be
Vnlike her selfe she ment:
Yeat (worst of all) to sanctum-sinne
Too aptly is she bent:

" 'Erickmon when that followed her
Vnpitied, not vnpearst,
Reform'd his wits, his suite, and hope
Of her, not now as earst,

" 'And scornd her mind, that scorned his loue
To her so firmly geason,
For why? shee offred double wrong
To wrong and scorne a reason.

" 'Thus whilst he hopt he hild her least:
So altereth the cace
With such as she: Ah, such it is
To build on such a face.'

" This sayd he, and for this he sayd,
I for the ruth of this
Did vowe, that who so once were mine,
I would be onely his."

" Why? this concern'd not him, nor shewd
A man distraught," quoth he,
" Nay, heare the rest of his vnrest,
It followeth thus," (quoth shee.)

" Then (sheading teares) he to the tree
So spoken would say,
' Was not Gynetta false, that did
Erickmon so betray?

" ' But hath my mistresse cause to change?
What cause, thinke you, should moue?
I fram'd me bers, she fayn'd her mine,
My loue is euer loue.

" ' May the faire face proue one foule blotch,
Those shining eies proue bleard,
That sweete breath stench, like proofe to all
That faire or sweete appear'd

" ' In her that wrongs her true-loue: let
Her loathed euer lust,
Begge may she, and vnpittied pine,
Rot, perish on the dust,

" ' And, dead, be damned, that vnto
Her true-loue is vniust.
Yee men say all Amen, or if
Amend your selues ye must,

" ' Curse not' (this mad-man sayd) ' but sweare
That wothen be vntrew.
Their loue is but a mummerie,
Or as an April's dew,

" ' Got with a toy, gon with a toy:
Gifts, flattrie, gawdes, or wine,
Will make her checke and flie to game
Lesse faire, perhaps, than thine,
More amorous than men, and men
Conuay their loue lesse fine.

" ' If such they are (as such they are)
And will be whilst they be,
Why am I then so true of loue?
Because not borne a she.

" ' Wit lackst thou then (fond foole?) I sigh
To say true ayme you giue.
Wheare grew that lacke (fond foole?) I sigh
To say wheare now I liue.

" ' Whence grew that lacke (fond foole?) I sigh
To say from loyes remou'd.
When grew that lacke (fond foole?) I sigh
To say when first I lou'd,

" ' And doest thou loue? ah, too too well
I wot I loue indeede:
Why doest thou loue? with lacke too ill
I loue for louer's meede.

" ' Whome dost thou loue? ah, too too well
I wot a louely she.
What time in loue? with lacke too fill,
In loue too long for me.

" ' Wit lackst thou then, that wilfully
Doest erre and nourish it?
Wit doe I lacke, not wilfully,
Then blame not will but wit.

" ' How shall I doe? my heart is lost,
And I am left in woe:
Met any man a poore tame heart?
The heart, good folke, I owe:
Strucken, maimed, all of gore, and
Drouping doth it goe.

" ' A lasse once fauour'd, or at least
Did seeme to fauour it,
And fosterd vp my frollicke heart
With many a pleasing bit:

" ' She lodg'd him neere her bower, whence
He loued not to gad,
But waxed cranke, for why? no heart
A sweeter layer had.

" ' But whether that some other deere
Estranged her or not,
Or that of course her gaitie is change,
My heart lackt brouse I wot:

" ' Despysd, displeasde, and quite disgrac'st,
My heart euen to this day
Dislodged, wandring, woe begon,
I wot not wheare doth stray.

" ' But see, ah see, I see how Loue
Casts off Desire his hound,
A fell fleet dogge that hunts my heart
By parsee each-wheare found.

" ' Sweet Cynthea, rate the eger curre,
And so thy foe prouent:
For loe a farre my chased heart
Imboste and almost spent.

" ' Thankes, gentle goddesse: how the lad
Pursues a bootless chase:
My heart recouers couert wheare
The hound cannot hold pace.

" ' Now tappas closely, silly heart,
Vnrowse not and so liue:

huntsman's self is blinde, the hound
t losse doth ouer-giue.

But list, alas! Loue's beagles be
ncoupeld, Beautie praites
l driues my heart from out the thicks,
nd at receit awaites

Vaine-hope, and either now falls in,
nd now my heart must dye,
r haue they him at bay, and now
n vayne he fights to flye.

Auaunt, Desire! ha, curre; auaunt!
he bore so rase thy hyde.
o the fall of my poore heart
ee, see how Loue doth ryde.

Hearke, how he blowes his death: ah see,
le now the say doth take
ny poore heart, that neuer more
or Loue shall pastime make.'

hus-liu'd he till he left his life,
nd for the ruth of this
w'd, that who sa once were mine
would be only his."

'eat," (sayd her sutor) "he, not she,
Vas punisht, as may seeme."
'es yes," quoth she, "a conscience prickt
s deeply plagu'd I deeme.

hen Scotland warr'd on England, and
n that same warre did end
knight that had coryued: so
he ladie lost each frend.

)ft saw I her in teares, and oft
heard her to complayne
faith erst lost; for losse now found,
)euiding sighs in twayne.

here be that say (if truely sayd)
'nbodied soules haue walkt,
l of the ghosts of these two knights
he like abroad was talkt:

ler eares had this and shee the heart
hat dared not her eyes,
thether whence the brute did grow
he (feareless faultie) hies:

ler followers stood aloofe when she,
lone approching, sayd,
eloued both, what means this fight?
They seem'd as if they frayd)

Ah, pardon me, sweet first-belou'd,
ly guile I graunt was great,
is my griefe: my latter loue
tefraine, let me intreate.'

But whilst she spoke of deadly wounds
They both did seeme to fall,
l after vanisht, leauing her
'erplext in feare not small:

Who thenceforth fared as the knight
hat did for her distraught,
haunted of the ghosts, and haunts
The place where they had faught:
till of her despayring life
ler selfe the period wraught.

Thus liu'd she till she left her life,
nd for the ruth of this
w'd, that who so once were mine
would be onely his."

"Tush, this was but a phantasie,"
Quoth he, "of subtill feends,
Deluding her simplicitie
In figure of her frends:

"I heare not that they said or did
Aught taching her vntruth,
But foolish was her feare, the like
I censure of your ruth."

"And shall I tell what they did tell,
And say what they did doe?
I will, for so, perhaps, you will
Surcease," (quoth she) "to wowe.

"The ghost resembling him to whom
She had disloyall bin
Sayd: 'I, and this, and thou, be thus
And shalbe doom'd for sin:

"'For dotage in my loue, for his
Deceitfull lust, we twaine
Of freesh-sore wounds do hourely faint,
Hurt, heale, heale, hurt againe:

"'Nor can I vtter halfe we see,
And feare, and suffer still
Of endles torments: onely thou
Art auctresse of such ill.

"'Who loue belou'd beleeue no life
But wheare their loue doth liue,
To fault is then their murdrous fact
That first defect doth giue.

"'He had not faulted or I faine
Hadst thou hild faith to mee:
Ah, little feele we in regard
Of plagues prepar'd for thee.'

"Thus sayd he, and for thus he sayd
I for the ruth of this
Did vow, that who so once were mine
I would be onely his."

"Well, madame," quoth the gentleman,
"Be this so, or a shift,
I see to frustrate my demaund
Is honestly your drift:

"Then so, or not so, or what so
You shall inferre of this
It matters not, Perkin is yours
And be you onely his.

"For, sooth to say, weare all saide false,
It were indeed a Hell
To haue a loues-coryuall, and
As none could brooke it well,

"So none should aske, and none should yeeld
To alter loue begun,
Therefore, sweet ladie, I conclude
Such il is well vndun:

"Mine amorous suite hath here an end:
And would you might preuaile
With Perkin too, that proudly striues
To beare too high a sayle:
So may you, if perhaps you haue
For him so apt a tayle

"As this you told to me for mee,
Although more hardly trew
As this which I shall tell, that doth
Include a morall view

"Of matter worth the note for him,
The rather told by you:
Then hear it: for our leisure and
The order of my Q.

CHAP. XXXVII.

" Suppose (for so must be suppos'd)
That birdes and beasts did speake:
The Cuckooe sometimes lou'd the Owle,
And so with her did breake.

" Then flew the Owle by day, so did
The Cuckooe all the yeare,
So did the Swallow and the Batte:
But howe it hapned heare.

" The Cuckooe by the Swallow (then
The Swallow was his page)
Did send the Owle a sucking Mouse,
A tydie for the age:

" The Bat (the Bat then seru'd the Owle)
Preferd the bringer and
The present to her mistress' sight,
That in her tod did stand.

" 'My maister to your owleship,' quoth
The Swallow, 'sends by me
This modicum, desiring you
To take the same in gree.'

" The Owle, that neuer till that day
Had tasted flesh of Mouse,
Had quickly lopte a limbe or two,
And feasteth in her house.

" The Swallow with a cursed of
Her then disgorged wheat:
When, talking of the daintie flesh
And elsewhat, as they eate,

" The Bat (then waiting at the boorde)
Fetcht sighes a two or three:
The Owle did aske the cause. 'And doe
You aske the cause?' quoth she,
'Why thus I sigh when thus in sight
My kindred murthred be?

" 'My selfe was sometimes such, and such
Am still, saue now I fly:'
With that she freshly wept: and thus
Proceeded by and by.

" 'A fresh,' quoth she, 'now comes to minde
Mine auncestors' ill hap,
Whom pride made praies to kestrels, kites,
Cats, weasels, baen, and trap:

" 'My grandsier (for wheare nature failes
In strength she adds in wit)
Was full of science: but, insooth,
He misapplied it.

" 'The Weasell, prince of vermen (though
Besides a vertuous beast)
By shrewdnes of my grandsier's wit
His holes with hoords increaste,

" 'And seem'd to conn him thankes, whom none
Besides had cause to thank:
For princes' fauors often make
The fauored to cranke.

" 'Not only mice, but lobsters, cats,
And noble vermen paide
In commun Coram Nobis for
Some crime against them laide.

" 'But, God, it is a world to see,
When purposes be sped,
How princes, hauing fatted such,
Are with their fatnes fed:

" 'The Weasel seru'd my grandsier so,
And every vermen laught
To see himselfe in snare that had
In snares so many caught.

" 'Now also liue some wylie beasts,
And fatly do they feede
Mongst beasts of chace and birds of game,
With lease than needfull heed.

" 'My graundsier dead, my father was
In fauour nerthelesse:
Nor did his father more than he
For high promotion presse.

" 'And (though I say it) long time he
Deserued favors well,
For quayling foe men, and at home
Such vermen as rebell:

" 'And for the same the Weasell did
Him mightily preferre:
But honors made him haughtie, and
His haughtines to erre.

" 'I will be plaine, he waxt too prowd,
And plotted higher drifts
Than fitted him or fadged welf,
For who haue thriu'd by shifts?

" 'Nor will I say (because his sonne)
He wrong'd the Weasell, but
The Weasell died, and that that did
Succeede to shifts he put:

" 'For which his father's fortune did
Oretake him at the last:
Such fickelnesse in earthly pompe,
Which, flowing ebs as fast.

" 'This double warning might haue sent
Vnto my wit, but I
Did follow kinde: nay, more, I did
Importune Dis to fly,

" 'And he did giue me these blacke wings,
Resembling him that gaue them
A proper gift, and hardly got,
To shame me now I haue them.

" 'But know yee Dis? some Pluto him
Or Limbo's god doe call:
Or, aptlier said, in Hell of dinels
The chiefe and principall:
And somewhat now of him and how
I changed say I shall.

" 'I happened on a cranny, whilst
My mouse-daies lasted, which
I entring, wandred crooked nookes
And pathes as darke as pitch.

" 'Theare, haning lost my selfe, I sought
The open aire in vaine,
Both wanting foode, and light, and life
Well neare, through trauel's paine.

" 'The Moole by chaunce did crosse my way,
And (as ye know) her smell
Supplies her want of sight, and serues
Her purpose full as well:

" 'I heard a tracting sownd, and, shar'd,
My haire did stand vpright,
Nor could I see, or fly, but feare
And blesse me from a spright:

" 'She had me, hild me, questions of
My being theare the cause,
And in meane while peruseth me
With fauorable clawes.

I was about to pleade for life,
When she preuents me thus:
t, cosen mouse, what fortune giues
his meeting heere to vs?

Feare not my sonne, (I call thee sonne,
because I loue thee much)
i hold thy selfe as merry heere
s in a pantler's hutch:

What know'st not me? or see'st thou not?'
Vith that she leadeth me
o an higher roome, wheare her
'o be mine eame I see.

I did my dutie, and my heart
Vas lightned when mine eie
countered a friend, whereat
made account to die.

Before me sets shee viands, and
ly stomacke, seru'd me well:
l, hauing fed, my grandsier's and
ly father's ends I tell,
r she enquires for them, ere I
cquaint her what befell.)

The reuerent Moole, then sighing, said:
Ah, let no vermine thinke
t fortune euer fauors, or
hat friends will neuer shrinke:

I did fore-smell their loftie flight
Would cost them once a fall,
l therefore, cosen, see thou be
'orewarned therewithall.

Heere seest thou me, (I tell thee, though
prise not gentry now,
ne eame and of the elder house)
hat long agoe did vow

My selfe a recluse from the world,
ind, celled vnder ground,
st that the gould, the precious stones,
ind pleasures, here be found,

light happen to corrupt my minde,
'or blindnes did I pray,
l so contemplatiuely heere
with contentment stay.

Admitte the Wesell graceth thee,
he more he doth, the more
other vermen will maligne
ind enuy thee therefore:

Himselfe, perhaps, will listen to
hy ruine for thy store:
thou thy selfe, to mount thy selfe,
dalest runne thy selfe a shore.

That vermen that hath reason, and
lis owne defects espies,
h seeme to haue a soule, at least
'oth thriue by such surmies,

For what is it but reason that
lumaine from brutish tries?
man, or beast, neither hath troth
hat this for true denies,

He hath enough that hath wherewith
'ure nature to suffies:
'uerplus in ouercharge
'or soule and body lies,

For souldiors, lawyers, carriers, theeues,
)r casualties, a prize,
comfort-minde that liues with it,
ind leaues it when he dies,

" 'From whome to catch it staireth his heire
Staies closing of his eyes:
O wretched wealth, which whoso wants
No fortune him enuies.

" 'Here maiest thou feast thee with a thrift
And here no pickethanke pries
Into thy life, nor words well spoke
To ill vnmeant applies:

" 'No flatterer to vndermind:
No tongue, no eare, for lies:
No gleaning from the orphant: no
Oppressed widowe's cries:

" 'No bribes to giue, no hands to take:
No quarrelling for flies:
No wronges to right: no lawes to breake,
Because no law that ties,

" 'But what wee lust we doe, nor doe
Nor lust badd enterprize:
And finde lesse want in nature, than
Wits-want in arts disguize.

" 'Nor any heere in force, in friendi,
Fraud, wealth, or wit affies:
O doe thou not so rich, so safe,
And iust a life despies:

" 'Theare lacketh not of noble birthe
To star the courtly skies:
Theare be enowe politians, thou
Maiest for thy soule be wise:

" 'Then leaue thou matters of estath
To states, I thee aduise:
And rather sit thou safely still,
Than for a fall to rise.'

" 'Not for shee was my elder, or
Mine eame, but for the place,
I hild my peace, that would haue sayd
Her moolship's minde was base.

" 'But she perceiues me to dissent,
And saieth, 'Cosen Mouse,
Doe as you like, you shall not finde
A prison of my house:

" 'Stay while you will, goe when you will,
Come and returne at pleasure,
And euer welcome: virtue is
An vncompelled treasure.'

" 'This past, and hence passe we through deepe
Darke waies, saue here and theare
The vaines of gould and precious stones
Made light in darke appeare:

" 'Vaste vaults as large as iles we passe,
Great riuers theare did flow,
Huge wormes and monsters there I saw,
Which none on Earth do know.

" 'On goe we, till I saw a glimpe
And she heard noise of flame,
Then said shee praiers, bidding me
To blesse me from the same.

" 'I, musing, fraith'd her meaning: she
Her meaning thus did tell.
'That flaming region, euer such,'
(Quoth she) 'is Pluto's Hell:

" 'All gould, all mettals, wealth, and pompe,
That nourish mortals' pride,
Are hence and his, and hether they
Doe theare mis-guiders gide:

" 'He them inchaunteth, and the same
Inchaunt the folke on Earth,

Vntill their dying dotage theare
Finds heere a liuing death.'

" ' Still nerthelesse I wisht to see
The hellish monarch Dis,
When he (more ready to be found
Then for our profite is)

" ' Ore-heard vs, and vnhid himselfe,
And shinde in rich array,
And seem'd a glorious angell, and
Full gently thus did say:

" ' That slandrous, blind, base-minded Moole,
Friend Mouse, deceiues thee much,
And prates of me, of Hell, and Earth,
More than is so or such:

" ' Beleeue him not, but rather do
Beleeue thine eyes, and see
If any earthly pleasure is
Vntripl'd heere with mee.'

" ' Then shewde he sights (which since I found
Illusions to betray)
Of greater worth than Earth affords,
Or I haue art to say:

" ' Nay, more, he bids me aske what so
I would, and I should haue it:
Then did I pause, bethinking what
Was rarest I might craue it.

" ' My holes were stor'd with corne and croomes,
On Earth I walkt at will,
And in her bowels now had seeme
Indifferently my fill,

" ' Vpon it, nor within it, not
Sufficing to my pride;
I asked winges, scarce asked, when
They grew on either side.

" ' Short leaue I tooke, and mounting left
The Hell-god and the Moole,
And soared to the open aire,
Through many a sory hoole.

" ' It was at twilight, and the birds
Were gone to roust, but I
(Inchaunted with the noueltie
Of flight) vnweared flyte,

" ' And had the Sunne been vp, I weene
(Such pride bewitcht my wit
To eagle-fie my selfe) I had
Assayd to soare to it:

" ' Not seeing that my limber wings
Were leather-like vnplum'de,
But at the dawning also I
Of wing-worke still presum'de.

" ' The swallow (and I weene it was
This swallow's father) he
Was earliest vp, with him I met,
And he admired me.

" ' I hild him wing, and whistly he
Suruaied me round about,
And lastly, knowing who I was,
Did giue me many a flout,

" ' And fled to tell the other birds,
What vncouth fowle was bred,
Who flockt to see me, till with gibes
And girds I wisht mee ded.

" ' Then, shifting out of sight, I hung
Till twilight in a hoole,
Transformde, deridad, hunger-spent,
And (minding still the Moole)

" ' In vaine I wisht reducement of
My shape, and (which was worste)
My hap was harder than to owne
In that distresse a crust.

" ' Then fled I to my wonted holes
Of hoorded food to get,
Too narrow by mine added wings
That did mine entry let.

" ' Now Mise fled me, not to the Moole
I would returne for shame,
To Dis I durst not, mongst the birds
I was a laughing game.

" ' Then curst I mine aspiring minde,
Then knew I Dis a diuell,
The diuell the prince of pride, and pride
The roote of euery euill.

" ' Hell, Earth, aire, Heauen, and what not? the
Conspiring mine rarest,
What might remaine but death for me
That liued so vnblest?

" ' But as I, fainting, flew that night
Your ladiship, dame Owle,
Did call me to your todd, and glad
To see a new night fowle,

" ' Did take me to your seruice, thence
Your chamberlaine to be:
Ha, Iupiter reward it you,
That so releeued mee.

" ' It is a sweete continuall feast
To liue content I see:
No daunger but in high estate,
None enuy meane degree.'

" ' Then all this processe' (quoth the Owle)
' Doth tend, belike, to this,
That I should eate no mouse-flesh: nay,
Sir Bat, so sweete it is,

" ' That thou, so neere of kinne to them,
Shalt also serue my lust:'
And therewithall in ruthles clawes
The haplesse Bat she trust."

HEERE meant the courtior to haue left,
Whom Perkin's lady prayes
To tell what end such wowing had:
And thus hereof he sayes.

" The Swallow saw that cruell pranke
And flies aloofe and sayde,
' Vngratefull glutton, what offence
Hath that thy seruant made?

" ' Choke mayst thou with the murther.' So
He left her, and vnto
The Cuckooe telleth what the Owle
Vnto the Bat did doe.

" ' Varlet,' (he waxed cholericke)
' And what of that,' quoth he?
' Was not the Bat her bond-slaue, such
As thou art now to me?

" ' What tel'st me then of other newes
Than what her answere is
Vnto mine amorous message, sayes
My lady nay or yis?'

" The Swallow told him that through such
Occurrant of the Bat

, interrupted, came away
Vnaunswered in that.

A mischiefe,' quoth he, 'both on that
And thee, ill fauored elfe:'
d in a stammering chafe he fled
To wowe the Owle himselfe.

The Swallow mans him thether, whom
The deu'lish Owle did hate,
d all because he had reprou'd
Her tyrannie of late.

The Cuckooe, offering to haue bilde,
She coyely turnde her face,
s more,' quoth she, 'than needeth that
We kisse, as stands the cace:

Rid hence yonn same your knauish page,
You sent him with a mouse
spie my secretes, or belike
To braue me in my house.

Gods pretious, would you knew I beare
A mind lesse base then that
an disgest your drudge with me
So saucely should chat:
ke napes, forsooth, did chafe because
eate my slaue the Bat. –

O what a world is this that we
Can nothing priuate haue
censur'd of our seruants, though
The simplest gill or knaue?

Well, rid him of your seruice: nay,
't skils not if of life,
least if so you meane that we
Shall loue as man and wife,
such colecarriers in an house
Are euer hatching strife.'

The Cuckooe, hearing this complaint,
Flew on his trusty page,
I vndiscreatly gaue him strokes
That kild him in that rage.

Yeat, eare he left his life, he thus
Vnto his maister sayd:
hus many honest seruants in
Their maister's hastie brayd

Are dog-like handled, either yeat
Like deare in loue's lust eyes:
harlots and of hastines
Beware,' sayd he, and dyes.

When now her gluttony and spight
Had thus dispatched twaine,
e Cuckooe, plying amorously
Her fauour to obtaine,

Euen then, and looking very bigge,
n came the Buzzard, who
I sweare that he would kill and slay,
mary would he doe,
ny swad besides himselfe
Faire madam Owle did wowe.

The Cuckooe, seeing him so bog,
Vaxt also wondrous wroth:
: thus the Owle did stint the strife.
hee cals them husbands both:

Now lie' (quoth she) 'if so you could
Betwixt your selues agree,
s both should haue your bellies full;
And it no hurt to me.'

The Buzzard faintly did consent,
The Cuckooe sayd 'Amen:'
And so was hen inough for cocke,
Not cocke inough for hen,

"For she deceyues them both, and had
Besides them other game:
The gentle Buzzard dying soone
For sorrow of the same.

"The Cuckooe wisely saw it and
Did say but little to it,
As nooting she was set on it,
And knowing she would doe it.

"But what the Swallow warned him
Of harlots proued trew,
For, as was gessed, also him
By trecherie she slew.

"The goddesse Pallas, to giue end
Vnto these tragicke deedes,
Descended, and (the dead reuiu'd)
To sentence thus proceedes.

"The Bat, because begild of Dis,
See pittieth partly and
Permits him twy-light flight: to giue
Thereby to vnderstand
That to aspire is lawfull, if
Betwixt a meane it stand.

"The Swallow, for that he was trew
And slaine for saying well,
She doomb'd a ioyfull sommer's bird,
In winter time to dwell
Euen with Minerua's secrete store,
As learned clarkes doe tell.

"The buzzard, for he doted more
And dared lesse than reason,
Through blind base loue induring wrong
Reuengeable in season,
She eie-blur'd, and adiudged praies
The dastard'st and least geason.

"Vnto the Cuckooe, ouerkinde
To broke coriuals, she
Adiudg'd a spring-times changeles note,
And whilst his yong ones be
By others batcht, to name and shame
Himselfe in euery tree.

"'But liue,' quoth she, vnto the Owle,
'Ashamed of the light,
Be wondered at of birds by day,
Fly, filch, and howle all night.

"'Haue lazie wings, be euer leane,
In sullen corners rucke,
When thou art seene be thought a signe
To folke of euill lucke:

"'Nor shall thine odious forme, vile witch,
Be longer on my shield:'
Whence racing forth her figure, so
The goddesse left the field."

"JVST guerdons for ambition, for
Poore soules opprest for well,
For dastard dotards, wittolrie,
And harlots nice you tell,"
Said Perken's wife. But thus now of
Her husband's pride befell.

At last when sundry armes had end,
Henry victorious still,
And Perkin's passage was fore-stald,
He yeelds of his owne will

Himselfe from church's priuiledge
To Henry's mercy, who
Did onely limitte his abode.
And lesse he could not doe:

But when he sought escapes he then
Had petite punishment,
And after, for some new attempts,
To Tower was he sent:
Whence practising escape, t'was say'd,
He won to his intent

Young Edward earle of Warwicke, that
Indeed was Clarence's son,
And euer had been pris'ner theare
Eare Henry's raigne begon,
And now by law, too stricht meseemes,
For this to death was don.

Perken was hang'd, and hang may such:
But that the earle should die
Some thought hard law, saue that it stood
With present pollicie.

Sir William Stanley dide for this
(Oft king-law is doe thus)
Deseruing better of the king:
But what is that to vs?

The last of our three Phaetons
Was tuter'd of a fryer:
Who, being fitted now by art
And nature to aspier,

(The foresaid name of Warwicke fain'd)
Seduced folke thereby:
As I myselfe in Essex heard
And saw a traitor dye
That fain'd himselfe sint Edward, and
To grace out such his lye,

Lookes, bodie, words, and gesture seem'd
Heroycall, to view
He had like age, like markes, and all
That might enforce it trew:
Whereby to him assisting minds
Of simple folk he drew.

Our cowle-mans foresay'd actor so
Preuailed that the fryer
In pulpets durst affirme him king,
And aids for him requier:

But lastly both were taken: both
Did fault in one same ill,
Yeat rope-law had the youth, the frier
Liu'd clergie-knaued still.'

WHEN armour ended, auarice
Began (for then begins
The slye Mercurilest, and more
By wyles than valour wins.)

Beneuolences, taxes and
Sore fines for penall lawes,
To Henry hoords from Henry hearts
Of many a subject drawes.

Empson and Dudly (fur'd esquires
More harmefull, being gown'd,
To England's friends than England's foes,
Through auarice profound)

In such exacting chiefly act,
Applaused of the king,
To whom their ciuill thefts, not thrifts
Exceeding wealth did bring.

Yeat when the gracious king found out
Their racking rich and poore,
He then did pardon much, and much
Did purpose to restore:
But, dying, those two harpies lost
Their hated heads therefore.

So hardly fauoured of kings
Themselues in bownes containe,
That they, securely stout, at length
Doe perish through disdaine.

So hardly too some princes are
From priuate lucar wonne,
As, though their bags ore-flow, they think
No harme abroad vndone.

Henry (acquite his latter dayes
Of auarice fore named)
Deceast for prowesse, policie,
And iustice highly famed.

THE

EIGHTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

EIGHT Henry (heire indubitate
Of Yorke and Lancaster)
Succeeded, and with kingly rites
His father did interr.

His mind, his words, his lookes, his gaet,
His lynaments, and stature,
Weare such for maiestie as shew'd
A king compos'd by nature.

All subiects now of ciuill strife,
All counter-minds for raigne,
All enuious of his empire now
Weare rid, weare pleas'd, or slaine.

Rich weare his sundrie triumphs: but
His cost had foyzen than
When Terwin and strong Turnay in
Resisting France he wan:

When Maximilian emperour
Did vnder Henry fight:
When English ships did often put
The French sea-powre to flight:

And that the French king was infore'st
To craue and buy his peace,
Who wiuing louely Mary, so
The warres for then did cease.

This sister to our king, and then
The French king's goodly queene,
Was welcommed with tryumphs such
As erst in France vnseene.

Iustes, barriers, tylts, and turneyes were
Proclaym'd each wheare for all:
Wherefore to Paris at the time
Flockt caueliers ful tall,

With princes braue, and ladies faire
Of euery realm about,
And hence, with moe, Charles Brandon, in
Fine chiualrie most stout,

Whose bodie fitted to his mind,
Whose mind was puesant, and
Whose puesance yeelded not to Mars,

This Mars in France did land:
th whom incountred valiant knights,
But none might him withstand.

a English-French queene standing theare,
Admir'd for beautie rare
hild the tryumphs, in the which
High feates performed ware.

t Brandon (yet no duke) he was
The knight abone the rest
at in her eye (nor did she erre)
Acquited him the best.

whether that he trots, or turnes,
Or bounds, his barded steede,
runne at tylt, at randon, or
Did cast a speare with heede,
fight at barriers, he in all
Did most her fancie feede.

ake on a couch her king lay theare,
Whom though she loued well,
at likte she Brandon, and the same
Loued her ere this befell:

chastly had they fancied long
Before she came to Fraunce,
that from meane estate to duke
Henry did him aduance.

dayes of triumph weare expir'd,
And English peeres with praise
ne home, and Lewes king of France
Deceas't within few daies.

uries Brandon, duke of Suffolke then,
With honour furnisht hence,
s sent to France for to returne
The widow queene from thence,

o had been wed scarce thrice three weekes
Vnto a sickly king,
her, a fayre young queene, therefore
imal time might solace bring.

: lesse did time than braue duke Charles
Aswage fair Marie's griefe:
chats, she cheers, he courts, she coyes,
le wowes, she yeelds in briefe.

Vo windes" (thought she) "assist those seyles
That seeke no certain shore,
find they constant liues that but
They liue respect no more.

et each ones life ayme some one end:
Is, if it be to marrie,
n see, heare, loue, and soone conclude,
t betters not to tarrie.

To cast too many doubts" (thought she)
"Weare oft to erre no lesse
n to be rash:" And thus, no doubt,
The gentle queene did gesse,

t seeing this or that at first
Or last had likelyhood,
nan so much a manly man
Weare dastardly withstood:
n kisses reuel'd on their lips
To either's equall good,

l, least king Henry should dissent,
They secretly did wead,
l then sollicet his good will,
nd of their wishes speed.

periur'd valiant Scotch-king Iames,
layn at braue Flodon's slaughter,
Had also left in widowhood
England's fayre elder daughter.

She also weds a Scottish earle
Vnlicenc'st of her brother:
And was to her son's daughter's sonne,
Now sixt Iames, great-grandmother.

A SCRUPLE, after twentie yeares,
Did enter Henrie's mind,
For wedding of queen Katherin,
A ladie fayre and kind,

Spayne's daughter, then the emperour's aunt,
And for her vertuous life
Well worthie Henry: but for she
Had been his brother's wife,

And also of their coitare
Surmise directed lawes,
He seem'd in conscience toucht, and sought
To rid him of the cause.

Then was the matter of deuorse
Through Christendome disputed,
The match of all adiudged voyd,
And so the queen non-suted.

She, after teares to him from whom
She was to be deuorste,
Did humbly say: "And am I not,
My lord, to be remorste?

"That twentie yeeres haue bene your wife,
And borne your children, and
Haue lou'd and liu'd obediently,
And vnsuspected stand.

"I am (ah too, too sweetly err'd)
I was, poore soule, the same
Whom once you did preferre, nor now
Of me you neede to shame.

"The blossoms of my beautie was
Your bootie, nor my fauour
Now alters so to alter so
From me your late behauour.

"But conscience is the colour of
This quarrell: well I wot
I also haue a conscience that
In this accuseth not:

"But as the same, perhaps, might say
That me succeeds say I,
That for the pleasure of a prince
Goe many things awry."

Which her fore-doomes seem'd to effect
In her that her succeeded,
In queene Anne Bullyn: who, for she
In Lutherisme proceeded,

Was hated of the Papists, and
Enui'd because preferr'd,
And through the king's too light beleefe
(For kings haue sometimes err'd)

She lost her head, and might have sayd
(Some thought) ere she did dye,
That for the pleasure of the prince
Goe many things awry.

So dyde the gracious mother of
Our now most glorious queene,
Whose zeale in reuerent Fox his works
'Authenticall is seene.

The king's foure other queenes (for why?
He dide a Sexamus)
Shall passe, though Iane did beare a sonne

To him, a king to vs,
Edward the Sixt: and of the same
We shall deliuer thus.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Such as was Loue in figure of
Ascanius, when the same
In kisses slie did sheade himselfe
Into the Tyrian dame,

Or such as was sweet Hyacint,
Apollo's louely boy,
Or Iupiter's Ganymædes,
Rapt vp to Heauen from Troy,

Or rather like young Salomon,
In sentencing betwixt
Two mothers claiming one same child,
Was young Edward the Sixt.

Now Rome fell sicke in England, but
How long she lay in traunce
We list not write, alonly death
To her did neuer chaunce:

For old Rome neuer lackt that durst
Their liues for her bestoe,
Nor new Rome that to Hell for her
Dare soules and bodies goe.

Then true religion might be sayd
With vs in primatiue,
The preachers and the people both
Then practiuely did thriue:

Our decent church-rites, still in print,
Not practise (worthie those
Whose reuerent heads collected them
From whence true wisedom groes.

Not mangled then of nouesses,
And curious doubts, which now
Would haue they know not what, and would
Reform they know not how,
Omitting or admitting as
Their owne conceits allow)

Did then put forth her braunches, and
Weare fruitfull in the bood:
And, weare our church-lords now for zeale
As church-lawes now for good,
Soone might like vnion be, now by
Indifferencie withstood:

For giue to vulgar heads the head
And look for all confused,
At once they publish and repeale,
Al els, saue order, vsed:

And as Kytt's campe ill-form'd good forme
At their reforming tree,
Sonnes oft by aime consorting voice
Their fathers hang'd should be,

So wheare the multitude preuale
They censure ere they see.
But (might I be so bould to speake
To them should speake to mee)

A good example would doe good
In church-men, seeing thay
In saying troth are lesse beleeu'd,
Not doing as the say.

I know our churchmen know that faith
Is dead where lack good works,
Yeat know I not what policie
In almes vnpreached lurks.

Some teach (and wel) that these contune,
But few doe vrge the theame
Of charitie: affeard, perhaps,
Our mote should vrge their beame.

But feare not, fathers, preach at full
Loue, good workes, and remorse,
More wil your bad examples let
Than shall youy words inforce.

To preache by halfes is to be worse
Than those tongue-holly iauells,
That cite good words, but shift off works,
And discipline by cauells.

Oft haue ye handled pithily
(Not preached without neede)
What good to giue, what hurt to take,
From those that soules do feede:

But so obscurely hath been blaucht
Of good works elee wheare done,
As many, boasting only faith,
Faith's fruites selfe-aptly shonne:

When such a faith is but the faith
Of that faith-fruitles deuill
That cited scripture vnto Christ,
Applying good to euill.

Tell whether that the Leuite or
Samaritane did better:
Tell wherein Dives liu'd and dide
To Lazarus a debter.

Vnknot sententious Salomon
His parable which is,
Full cloudes will rayne vpon the earth:
How thus is meant by this,
Rich men by cloudes, poore men by earth
(Els clerks expound amis).

Tell, how some cloudes but misell rayne:
That is, if so they giue
A peny-almes or twaine a yeare
They thinke they much releeue.

Som clouds flash down their shewres, that is,
Som set vp two or three,
And begger so themselues and theirs:
Say such are foolish free.

Some clouds hayle downe their raine, beats it,
Hurt, and helpe not the ground:
That is, vpbraid whom they releeue,
And hold them seruile bound.

Some cloudes giue snow, that lights and lies
A moisture moystles: so
Doe those that say, alas, God helpe,
And nothing els bestoe.

Some cloudes doe shewre into the sea:
Say such do giue to such
Whom almes make idle, or belike
To recompence as much.

Some clouds with lightning, thunder, and
Lowd winds drip down their raine:
That as, giue sildom almes, and those
Proclaim'd and seene, ere tayne.

Some clouds retayne but forme of clouds,
With figure black as coale:
That is, looke bigge, examine long,
But scriptum est their doale.

Some gracious clouds shed temprate shewres
On thirstie earth indeed:

That is, the orphant, widow, thrall,
Succour, protect and feed.

Say also whatsoere wee giue,
To whosoere it bee,
Though giuen in sight of men, if not
Because that men should see,

But with deuotion, as a worke
From faith that cannot seuer,
God for such cheerfull almes wilbe
Our bounteous almner euer,

Say, make not as it were a quest
Of quere ere yee giue,
But giue yee almes as men be poore,
Not as poore men to liue.

Prouided common beggers nor
Disordered lossels, who
Men know prouided for, or can
But labour none will doe,

Than whom doe say (for so is sooth)
No creatures worse desarue,
Take you no orators for them,
But that they hang or starue,

And thus for this. Our ouerture
To it reduceth mee.
The vncles of this orphant king,
So long as they agree,

Vphild religion, king, themselues,
And realme in happie state:
Which then began to ruinate
When they begun debate.

CHAP. XL.

Some say their falling out was through
Two haughtie women's strife,
The admirall's queene Bigama
And lord protector's wife:

These (for what glorie enuies not
One woman in an other?)
Began a brawle that ended in
The blood of either brother.

Tis thought the earle of Warwick threw
Close fewell to this fire,
And nourisht it to cut off them,
That so he might aspire;

For when the one had lost his head,
He forthwith tooke in hand
To forge the lord protector false
Vnto the king and land:

Who, though he tryed by his peeres
Of treason was acquitted,
Yeat also of a statute new
He being then indighted,

Was hardly found a felon, and
Too stricktly sentenc'at so:
For meanest fault is high offence
Vrg'd of a mightie foe:
The king thus lost his vncles both,
To his no little woe.

NOW Warwick was become a duke,
Feared of high and lowe,
Full little thinking that himselfe
The next to blocke should goe:

The two prince-loyall Semers erst
Made let vnto his lust,
But now remayned none whose faith
Or force he did mistrust.

The orphant king fell sicke (but here
Suspend what some suspect)
The new duke of Northumberland
Meane while did all direct.

It was contriu'd king Edward from
His sisters gaue the crowne,
Their father's former act and will
By wrested law put downe:

The sisters daughters daughter of
Eight Henry, ladie Iane,
Was publisht heire apparant, and
That right from Mary tane,

And from Elizabeth, though both
Collatrally preceed her:
And when by ful confedracie
The crowne right was decreed her,

And Gylford Dudly fourth-borne sonne
Vnto Northumberland
Had married her, and nothing seem'd
The plot-forme to withstand,

King Edward (entred seauenteene yeares
Of age, and seuen of raigne)
Departed to that endles rest
His vertuous life did gaine,

The councel then conuent. But who
Will think, perhaps, that one
Should alter all, to alter true
Discents vnto a throne?

Iane, Suffolk's daughter, Gilford's wife
(One worthie such estate
For righteous and religious life,
Who nerethelesse should wate

Her interest after others two,
The younger of which twaine
Did match, yea mate her vertues) was
Proclamed queene to raine,
And in the tower of London hild
Estate and princely traine.

Meane while, dread Mary, doubting lesse
Her scepter's losse than life:
But sildome fayles a rightfull cause
That comes to open strife:

The commons knew our either law
Prefer'd a sister's right
Before a cosen's, and for it
Did many fadge to fight.

Northumberland with armes pursu'd
The ladie Mary, and
Obseru'd directions from the peeres:
Who when they vnderstand

Of Mary's strength of flocking friends,
On sudden came to pas
That they proclamed Mary queene,
And Iane her prisner was

And well was he, that late did seeme
A foe, might first salute
The queene, and all vnto the duke
Did their amis impute.

For, soothly, more the peeres did
Feare than fauour alway,

Who, though he seem'd as forward now
In Marie's cause as thay,

Yeat was he taken and in-towr'd,
And lost his head for thie:
A warrior braue. But than his sier,
Himselfe, one sonne of his,

Like rare politians seldome liu'de:
Who in three seuerall raignes
Successiuely did shew them such,
Though losse did proue their gaines.

THE duke thus dead, Suffolke, lord Gray,
Lord Gylford, lady Iane,
Weare executed. But we blanch
The rest excepting twaine,

That is, lord Gylford and his wife,
Yoag and lesse worthy blame,
Because the dukes their fathers, all
The councell, all of name,

Yea and king Edward's pattents seald
For them, not they, did frame
What so was done in this, yeat they
Must perish for the same.

Who higher than this couple late?
And who more wretched now?
Of more than much remayned nought,
Nor law did life allow.

Vnhappie youths, not for they die,
But for the mutuall greefe
Of him for her, of her for him,
Which tortur'd them in cheefe.

Come was the day, the tragicke day,
Wherein they both should die,
When either, passing to their end,
Ech other did espie,

Shee in her lodging, waiting death
Prepared her that day,
And he in being lead thereto
Her lodging in his way.

Ascending and discending signes—
Then fly and fall apace,
And each bemones the other more
Than mindes their priuate case.

Their eies, that looked loue ere while,
Now looke their last adew,
And staine their faces, faultles ere
This dismall enter-view:

Their eares, earst listning ioies, are deafe,
Vnles to sighes profound:
Their tongs, earst talking ioies, those lookes
And sighes did now confound:

What parts soere of them had felt
Or tasted ioyes ere this,
Weare senceles now of any ioy,
Saue hope of heauenly blis.

Whilst either thus for earthly pompe
No longer time did looke,
He passeth to the fatall blocke,
She praying on her booke:

Whence (hauing made a godly end)
He was return'd, whilst shee
Prepard for like, and of her lord
The senceles tronke did see:

A sight more deadlyful than her death
That should consort him straite,
And for the which her fearules eies
Did euery moment wait.

She vnabashed, mounting now
The skaffold, theare attends
The fatall stroke, and vnto God
Her better parte comm.ends:
And as she liu'd a vertuous life
So vertuously she ends.

CHAP. XLI.

OMITTING knights, three dukes, three lords,
Also a queene elect
Then perisht thus, and somewhat some
Of Edward's death suspect.

All which fell out a stratagem,
In God his secret dome,
That should induce a tragedie
To England meant by Rome:

For when these mighty Protestants,
Through one's ambition, fell,
Queene Mary seem'd to shut vp Heauen,
And set wide open Hell.

Whence swarmed papish tyrants, that
False doctrine did erect,
Whilst that seduced Mary did
God's threatned cause neglect.

Blameless she was not, for a crowne
That could her foes ore-goe:
Nor all too blame, for mightie states
Do and haue erred so,

To whome the scriptures weare obscur'd
By Christ's Italian foe.

Her courage was not common, yeat
Abused ouer much
By Papists cheefly, she her selfe
Too naturally such.

Heere hence she is reprooued of
A moste tyrannous raine,
And of a thriftles mariage with
The trustles king of Spaine.

But when rich Brabant's supreame faire,
The baker's daughter, staide
The king in dalliance, and the queene
Had newes that false he plaide,

Tis thought his tarriance greeu'd, and told
That one should counsel this,
"Haue patience, madam, so it was
And wil be as it is:

"Fourth Edward did the like, yeat lou'd
His queene no whit the lesse:
Nor did the like impatient her,
That knew him to transgresse

"As guiltie of a leash of loues,
Shores wife and other twaine:
She knew as streams, if stopt, surrownd,
So kings wil shew they rain:
As did our second Henry, whome
His queene oft crost in vaine.

"Which, and one other story, if
It please you that I tell,
I shall."—"Yea doe" (quoth she:) "Then thus"
(Quoth he) "it once befell."

"NOT knowen of Rosamund, his eie
Had stoed her in his heart:

Faire maide,' quoth he, 'beleeue me faire
And all so faire thou art

That, weare I Henry England's king,
Thou shouldst be England's queene:
t so must fayle, for Elenour
Already is betweene.

'He bod me buy thy loue, if so
It might be bought with golde,
not, he bod me sweare he loues:
In fayth he loues, be bolde:

'He bod me aske, if so he came,
What should his welcome be,
d if, perhaps, he lated weare
If he should lodge with thee:
otesting secreasie thereof
To all, vnlesse to me,

'With promise to performe at full
Each promise as I make it:
promise loue, wealth, secresie,
Then promise thou to take it.'

'Content you, sir' (quoth Rosamund)
'You aime your markes amis:
am not for his highnes, nor
For me his highnes is.

'And should he know (I shame he should)
Of this your brokage bace,
e would acquaint you what it weare
Your soueraigne to disgrace.

'Whoso you be, be still the same,
Or better if you may,
hink not lord Clifford's daughter will
Vn-maiden her for pay,
ut know, if Henry's selfe weere beere,
Himselfe should haue a nay.'

'Then know' (quoth he) 'which being knowen,
Well maist thou know I loue thee,
am the king, and for I am
The rather let it moue thee.

'In sooth, sweet wench, thou saiest nay
Thou knowest not whereto:
or, wheare my wish at work, lesse good
My wish than work would do.

'What, fearst thou shame? no shame to be
Beloued of a king:
r dread'st thou sinne? the pope for pay
Absolueth euery thing?

'Or doubt'st thou iealous Elenour?
I would remoue that doubt:
t Woodstock shall she finde thy bower,
But neuer finde thee out:

'Theare shalt thou passe a pleasant life,
Commanding me and mine:
hen loue, beloued Rosamund,
A king subiects him thine.'

He kist, she blusht, and long it was
Ere loue from her he wrong,
'or, whilst vp played in her heart,
It paused on her tong.

'Not Sibil's caue at Cuma, nor
The Labyrinth in Creet
Was like the bower of Rosamund,
For intricate and sweet.

'The pellicane theare neasts his bird
And sporteth oft with her,
Conducted by a clew of thread,
Els could he not but err.

"Besides her maydes, a knight of trust
Attended on her theare,
Who suffred for her beautie, long
Concealing it for feare:

"At length at full and formally
He courted her for grace,
But all in vaine, nought booted him
To haue both time and place:

"'Henry,' quoth she, 'begonne, and he
Shall end my thoughts vnchast:'
Nor peach't she him, nor he, dismist,
Did hold himselfe disgrac'st.

"The king's three sons had notice of
Their father's leiman now,
So had the queene, and they of such
Coriuing disallowe.

"'Came I from France queene dowager,
Quoth she, 'to pay so deare
For bringing him so great a wealth
As to be cuckqueau'd here?

"'Am I so old a woman, he
So young a wanton growen,
As that I may not please, that pleas'd,
And still might with his owen?

"'What is the drab, or tempting diuell?
Or wherefore doteth he?
The French king once, himselfe euen now,
For faire preferred me.

"'And hath he toyled vp his game?
And settels he to loue her?
Nor Heauen nor Hell shall crosse my course,
But that I will remoue her.'

"Like Phrogne, seeking Philomel,
She seeketh for and found
The bower that lodg'd her husband's loue,
Built partly vnder ground:

"She entred, but so intricate
Weare turnings to and fro,
That weineere she had lost herselfe,
But could not find her foe:

"Yeat out she got, and backe she goes
With her attendants, who
Admire their furious mistresse, and
Mislike what she would doe.

"With her confederates oft she went,
Preuented of her will,
Howbeit, lastly did preuaile:
For hap did it so ill,

"That whilst the knight did issue out,
Suspecting no assault,
He was assailed, and from him
His gilding cleane they caught.

"So wonne they vnto Rosamund:
Whom when the queene did vew,
Most brauely clad in rich attire,
(Her selfe more rich of hew)

"The beautie and the brauenes of
The person and the place
Amazed her and hers, who stoode
At gaze a certaine space.

"'No marueil,' quoth the queene, 'that oft
The court did miss the king,
Soone such an Hebe hither such
A Iupiter might bring:

" 'Now, trust me, weare she not a whoore,
Or anie's whoore but his,
She should be pardon'd: but in faith
I must not pardon this.

" 'A queene coriuall with a queene?
Nay, kept at racke and manger?
A husband to his honest bed
Through her become a stranger?
Abide who list, abye she shall,
How so I buy the daunger.'

" Faire Rosamund surprised thus,
Eare thus she did suspect,
Fell on her humble knees, and did
Her fearefull hands erect:

" She blusht out beauty, whilst the teares
Did wash her pleasing face,
And begged pardon, meriting
No lesse of common grace.

" 'So farforth as it lay in me
I did,' quoth she, 'withstand,
But what may not so great a king
By meanes or force command?'

" 'And daerst thou, minion,' quoth the queene,
'Thus article to me?
That then wert non-plus when the king
Commenced lust to thee:

" 'Nay, best he take thee to the court,
Be thou his queene, doe call
Me to attendance, if his lust
May stand for law in all:

" 'I know it, strumpet, so harps he,
And thou doest hope the same:
But loe I liue, and liue I will,
At least to marre that game.'

" With that she dasht her on the lippes,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gaue the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.

" Then forc'st she her to swallow downe
(Prepar'd for that intent)
A poisoned potion: which dispatcht,
From whence they came they went.

" The wronged wench, the quintessence
Of beautie, and the same
(Saue that intised of a king)
Stoode free from all defame,

" Did forthwith sicken, so that helpe
For her might none be found,
When to the knight that garded her,
Then greeued of a wound,

" She sayd: 'Weare it that Henry knew
His Rosamund weare thus,
No waightie busnes might withhold
But he would visit vs:

" 'Full well I lou'd and loue him still,
That should not loue him so,
And for I should not worthely
I labour of this woe.

" 'Ah, beauty! that betraies thy selfe
To euery amorous eye,
To trap thy proud possessors what
Is it but wantons trie?

" 'Wheare-through it seldome haps the faire
From meant deceits to flie:
At least the nicest faire aliue
Shall vanish once as I.

" Vaine beauty stoupe to vertue, for
This latter is for euer,
Whereas that former altreth
With euery ayre and feuer.

" 'I pray the queene of pardon, whom
I pardon from my hart:
Farewell, my present friends: but thou,
Sweet king, wheare so thou art,

" 'Ten thousand times farewell to thee:
My God, whom I offended,
Vouchsafe me mercy:' saying which,
Her life she sweetly ended.

" Thus did faire Rose (no longer rose,
Nor faire, in sent, or sight)
Whome pensiue Henry did inter,
And soone her wrong did right,

" The queene imprison'd, and his sonnes,
Rebelling, put to flight:
Thus wrought they sorrowes to themselues,
In wreaking of their spight,

" Nor lou'd the king thenceforth the queene,
Or left to erre anew.
Now rests our other promis'd tale,
A common tale (if true)

" Like lesse had harmed Eleanour,
And more may profite you:
Be bitter and it betters not,
Be patient and subdue:

" King Phillip is not gone but to
Returne, which when he shall,
Your maiestie must not exclaime
If so you would recall:

" Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame,
But ielousie is Hell:
Some wiues, by patience, haue reduc'st
Ill husbands to liue well,
As did this lady of an earle,
Of whom I now shall tell.

CHAP. XLII.

" An earle" (quoth he) " had wedded, lord,
Was lou'd, and liued long
Full true to his fayre countesse, yeat
At last he did her wrong:

" Once hunted he, vntill the chace,
Long fasting, and the heate,
Did house him in a peakish graunge
Within a forrest great:

" Wheare, knowne, and welcom'd, (as the plas
And persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds, and milke,
Were set him on the borde:

" A cushion made of lists, a stoole
Half backed with a boupe,
Weare brought him, and he sitteth down
Besides a sorry coupe.

" The poore old couple wish't their bread
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their becon beefe, their milk and curds
Weare creame, to make him mery.

" Meane while (in russet neatly clad,
With linnen white as swanne,

er selfe more white, saue rosie wheare
The ruddy colour ranne,

Whom naked nature, not the aydes
Of art, made to excell)
e good man's daughter sterres to see
That all were feat and well:
he earle did marke her, and admire
Such beautie there to dwell.

Yeat fals he to their homely fare,
And hild him at a feast:
rt as his hunger slaked, so
An amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks
And welcome too, he sayd
nto his oste and ostesse, in
The hearing of the mayde:

'Ye know' (quoth he) 'that I am lord
Of this and many townes,
also know that you be poore,
And I can spare you pownes,

'So will I, so yee will consent
That yonder lasse and I
lay bargaine for her loue, at least
Doe giue me leaue to trie:
ho needs to know it? Nay, who dares
Into my doings prie?'

First they mislike, yeat at the length
For lucar were mislead,
nd then the gamesome earle did wowe
The damsel for his bead.

He tooke her in his armes, as yet
So coyish to be kist
s mayds that know themselues belou'd,
And yeeldingly resist:

In few, his offers were so large,
She lastly did consent,
ith whome he lodged all that night,
And early home he went.

He tooke occasion often times
In such a sorte to hunt,
home when his lady often mist,
Contrary to his wont,

And lastly was informed of
His amorous haunt elsewheare,
t greeu'd her not a little, though
She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with her selfe:
'Some fault perhaps in me,
ome what is done that so he doth:
Alas! what may it be?

'How may I winne him to my selfe?
He is a man, and men
laue imperfections: it behooues
We pardon nature then.

'To checke him weare to make him checke,
Although hee now were cha'ste:
man controuled of his wife.
To her makes lesser haste.

'If duetie then or daliance may
Preuayle to alter him,
will be duetifull, and make
My selfe for daliance trim.'

So was she, and so louingly
Did entertaine her lord,
As fayrer or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord.

"Yet still he loues his leiman, and
Did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing lesse than that
His lady knew the same:
Wherefore, to make him know she knew,
She this deuise did frame.

"When long she had been wrong'd, and sought
The fore sayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the simple graunge,
But with a slender traine:

"She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,
And then did looke about her:
The guiltie houshold, knowing her,
Did wish themselues without her,
Yeat, for she looked merily,
The lesse they did misdoubt her.

"When she had seene the beautious wench,
(Than blushing fairnes fairer)
Such beautie made the countesse hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

"'Who wold not bite at such a bait?'
(Thought she) 'and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
Sweet errors lead them both:

"'Scarse one of twentie that hath brag'd
Of proffer'd gold denied,
Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
But (tenne to one) hath lied.'

"Thus thought she: and she thus declares
Her cause of comming thether:
'My lord, oft hunting in these partes,
Through trauell, night, or wether,

"'Hath often lodged in your house,
I thanke you for the same,
For why? it doth him iolly ease
To lie so neere his game:

"'But for you haue not furniture,
Beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come my selfe
To see his lodging drest.'

"With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
In which were hangings braue,
Silke couerings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And all such turns should haue:

"When all was handsomly dispos'd,
She prayes them to haue caer
That nothing hap in their default
That might his health impaer.

"'And, damsell,' quoth she, ('for it seemes
This houshold is but three,
And for thy parents' age that this
Shall chiefely rest on thee)

"'Doe me that good, else would to God
He hither come no more.'
So tooke she horse, and ere she went
Bestowed gould good store.

"Full little thought the countie that
His countesse had done so,
Who, now return'd from farre affaires,
Did to his sweet-heart go.

"No sooner set he foote within
The late deformed cote,

But that the formall change of things
His woondring eies did note:

" But when he knew those goods to be
His proper goods (though late,
Scarce taking leaue) he home returnes
The matter to debate.

" The countesse was a bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke:
' Sir, welcome home,' (quoth she) ' this night
For you I did not looke.'

" Then he did question her of such
His stuffe bestowed so.
' For sooth,' (quoth she) ' because I did
Your loue and lodging knoe,

" ' Your loue to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing lesse,
I hild it for your health the house
More decently to dresse.

" ' Well wot I, notwithstanding her,
Your lordship loueth me,
And greater hope to hold you such
By queat then brawles I see:

" ' Then for my duetie, your delight,
And to retaine your fauour,
All done I did, and patiently
Expect your better hauour.'

" Her patience, witte, and answere wrought
His gentle teares to fall,
When (kissing her a score of times)
' Amend, sweete wife, I shall,'
He said, and did it: and your grace
May Phillip so recall."

But he (whoso he was) that thus
Had dubled tales to cease
Queene Marie's griefe, for Phillip's guile,
As well had hild his peace:

Her no perswading might diswade
From pensiuenes of hart,
Vntill that his vnkindnes in
Her death's-soene acts its part.

But howsoere or whatsoere
Her cause of death might seeme,
Her death did many a good man's life
From tyrannie redeeme:

For, as in passion, so was she
In papistrie extreame.
And were not the abodement had
At her to end our theame,

Our cattell vnto stronger draughts
We should and would vnteame,
But to the head hand shall our plough,
Vnles we breake our beame.

Yet ere we eare to it (for it
Shall be our holly-day)
Of somewhat sayd and somewhat scapt
Rests thus much by the way.

CHAP. XLIII.

Before we teucht (and litle els)
What courses hapt at home,
But now, in few, at forren seats
Of natiue kings we rome:

Of British and of English kings,
More famous than the rest,
This sparing catalogue ensewes:
Whose deedes we thus digest.

Æneas' off-spring famous Brute,
Did set from Greekish thrall
Sixe thousand Phrygian knights: by him
Did Guyan Guffer fall:

He, conquering this ile, his name
Vnto his conquest gaue:
And of his Cornish Cambries men
Couragious yet we haue.

Yorke's builder, Ebranke, that subdu'de
The Cimbrians and the Gawles,
And built the best of Scottish townes,
Next in our nomber falls.

When Brennus and Belynus had
Eight spacious kingdomes wonne,
Had slaine two consulls, sacked Rome,
And matchles armes had done,

And built ten cities, best that be
In Italie this day,
Those kinglie brothers, as must all,
Their debt to nature pay.

Gurguinus slew the Dacian king:
Wonne tribute: and the same
Gaue Spanish exiles Ireland, whence
Our Scottish nation came.

Cassibelane did twice beate backe
From Brittish seas and shore
The worthie Cæsar, that but them
Was victor euermore:

And thirdly had prenailed, but
For Lud's reuolted sonne,
When as braue Nennius hand to hand
Of Cæsar honor wonne.

Guydar and Aruiragus wonne
Of Claudius Cæsar spoyle:
The former in a second field
Did stout Vaspasian foyle.

When as the wandring Scots and Pichts
King Marius had subdude,
He gaue the liuers dwellings, lesse
Than where they since intru'de.

Constantius, wedding Coyl's heyre,
Was monarke of the west,
Who, with this island's scepter, of
Rome's empire was possest.

Great Constantine, that worthely
A worthie might be said,
The Brittish Romaine emperour,
Throughout the world obayd,

He made his siege Bizantium, that
Retaines his name ere since,
And made (but so vnwitting marde)
The priest of Rome a prince.

Maximian, as emperiall and
As valerous as any,
With Brittish armour did subdue
Both kings and kingdomes many.

What speake we of great Arthur, of
His chiualrie or court?
Precelling all, sole president
Of vertue prow's and port,

A king of many kings, his knights
In all exploits were seene,

He was indeede a worthie, and
The worthiest of the neene.

Fiue crownes king Malgo prized, and
In battells fiftie fiue
Against the miscreants valiantly
Did king Alured thriue:

Rollo (whose seede should conquer vp
He hence did brauely beate:
That, mauger Fraunce, in Normandie
His Scythian troopes did seate.

He that re-monarchis'd our ile,
King Athelstone, did slay
Sixe kings, twelue dukes, and countlesse tale
Of heathen, in one day:

The one of nyne, his knight sir Guy,
We touch but by the way:
Omitting other kings and knights,
Too long in few to say,

Of Brittish race a many, and
Of Saxon princes some,
Whose blood by Normaine mixture now
Is tripartite become:

Or (for, perhaps, from such consort
The Brutes casseerd will be)
Three blended bloods of nations three
Hath giuen vs natures three,
The Saxon prowesse, Danish pompes,
And Normaine policie:

And of the Romanes and the Pictes
We are no portion small:
Nature of which nations Scythia bred,
We thriuing in them all.

KING William, England's conquerour,
From Rollo sixt, with pray
Of twice fiue hundred townes in Fraunce
Vn-fo-met sayld away.

Henry the Second, vpon whom
The Scotch-king tendant was,
Which Scots their often ouerthrowes
We henceforth ouerpasse,

Vnto our kings, lords parramounts,
(Not warres but vprores bring)
Wylde Fraunce, wonne Ireland, and deceast
Of Iuda chosen king.

Great Lion-harted Richard, he
Wonne Cypris, Siria, and
Hierusalem, debelling quite
The sowldan from his land:

Iskalde the strong Ægyptian oste,
And king'd his sister's sonne,
And plagued Fraunce and Austrich for
The wrongs they had him don.

But Edward made the Turks, Sauoies,
The French, and Flemings tremble.
The third so nam'd to them and moe
Did Mars himselfe resemble:

Those knights, in second Richard's dayes,
Who tickled France and Spaine,
Of parts Lugdinian, that no king
But Richard seem'd to raine:
A thousand were his housholde Scotch
Digests we hose disdayne.

The fourth and fifth of Henries were
No actious as the rest:
Especially the latter was
The formost with the best.
Nor yet fourth Edward's honor from
His ancestors digrest.

On these doo vulgar eares and eyes
So brimlie waite and gape,
As they distaske our priuate penne
Notorious laudes to blaze.

Our catalogue omitteth some
For artes and iustice good,
Some natur'de well, aduised ill,
Some worthie Lethe flood:

Not one fore-cited but deserues
At least an Homer's Muse,
Although with Agamemnon's vaile
Apelles' shift I vse:

But colours to that painter, art
Vnto that poet none
So good, to paint and prayse at ful
Our following crowns, saue one,
Since Tuder's seede, Henry the Seauenth,
Ariued England's throne.

NOR superstitiously I speake,
But H. the letter still
Might be obserued ominous
To England's good or ill.

First, Hercules, Hesione,
And Hellen, were the cause
Of warre to Troy, Æneas' seede
Becomming so out-lawes.

Humbar the Hunn with forren armes
Did first the Brutes inuaide.
Hellen to Rome's emperiall throne
The Brittish crowne conuaide.

Hengest and Horsus first did plant
The Saxons in this ile.
Hungar and Hubba first brought Danes,
That swayed heere long while.

At Harold had the Saxon ende:
At Hardiknought, the Dane.
Henries the First and Second did
Restore the English raine.
Fourth Henrie first to Lancaster
Did England's crowne obtaine.

Henry litigious Lancaster
And Yorke vnites in peace.
Henrie the Eight did happelie
Rome's irreligion cease:
The father of our mother nurse,
Our common ioye's increase.

Which double H. and H. H. heere
Our homely poeme's lee,
He saue that salueth all our sinnes:
And, God, vouchsafe thou me
A prosperous course in sayling through
The ocean deep and large
Of her now-highnes' scepter, for
I heere assume that charge.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD

SIR GEORGE CAREY,

KNIGHT, BARON OF HUNSDON, &c.

THOUGH late I wright, too soone I wot,
I heere occasion take,

(May this to none, with I, but me
Retreate to sorowe make)
Both to remember him we meant
Our penn-lee to re-use,
As to trans-patronize from him
To you mine orphant Muse.

Not one aliue that shall not die;
Thrise happie then the same
That, as your noble father, shal
Suruiue themselues in fame.

Both epitaphes and elegies
His ghoste hath many an one:
Alas! what can I say not sayde,
Or more than moend him mone?

Not matter more than much, nor more
For truth than matter skante,
Or lesse of glorie than of both,
Would to his poet want:

But, were a non-plus of his praise,
All wese but this in grosse,
His good to his owne soule is good,
His death to vs is losse.

What should I adde his auncient creasts,
And noble petegree?
Such is that Henrie (primer of
You Hunsdon barons) bee
Your lordshippe, to your countrie, prince,
And such in high degree:

And such as you, when you are not,
Succeed the Carey's blood
In still-descents: and than this wish
How may I wish more good?

My Syrinx sounded first to you,
And may eare long anewe:
Be you Mecænas also to
This poesie doth ensewe.

His had it been, had he yet been,
That had the rest, which now
Yeelds humblie yours, if it for yours
Your lordshippe shall alowe.

Most humblie your honor's,

WILLIAM WARNER.

THE

NINTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. XLIV.

Avert your eyes and eares, all yee,
That enuie her the fame
Of more renowned regment than
Our fluent thoughts can name.

Yee that conceite such poemes as
More learned not conceaue,
Reade not the rest, but sylently
Euen at this line doe leaue.

Ridled poesies, and those
Significantly flowe,
Differ in eares as doe in mouths
The apricock and slowe.

Phisitians' bylles not patients, but
Apothecaries, know:

Some moderne poets with themselues
Be hardly inward so:

Not intellectively to write
Is learnedly they troe:
Whereby they hit capacities,
As blind-man hits the croe.

Nor those, nor these, feare thou, my Muse,
But mildly sing the prayes
Of these our present times, lesse grosse
Than those of elder dales:

Our world hath made it course, that as
The Moone doth wax and waine,
From gold to siluer, then to iron,
And now to golde againe.

Of whose faire-cured leaprosie
From former twaine to golde,
(For in a quintessence was all
Eare God's world's-curse of olde)

The vndeluding alcumist
Is that Elizabeth,
Whom English, yea, and alients, hold
A goddesse on the Earth.

Elizabeth by peace, by warre,
For maiestie, for milde,
Inriched, feared, honor'd, lou'd,
At wel-meant toyes hath smilde,

Let then Mnemosines controule,
As well they may, our Muse,
We shall such grace wheare we transgresse
For supersedias vse.

Phœbus, thine humbled Phaeton
This second boone doth aske,
That thou wouldst giue, and iointly guide,
To, and with me, thy taske:

Infuse, Apollo, too, into
Thy selfe, thy selfe in me:
Yeat then our mightie subiect threats
Will much omission be.

But what implore I fictions? that
I well implore my penne,
Eternall God, say thou (which thou
All-only canste) Amen.

When Iupiter and Arcas yong
(The sier, and sonne) had clos'de
Saturnus in Italian Hell,
Not to be bayde suppos'de,

Then Proserpin, blacke Dis his wife,
Inlargd the wrangler thence,
To vex her sister, crosse her siers,
And brothers, sownd pretence.

Then she, euen she whom Cynthia sonne,
And some doe Pallas call,
(Yet skils not whether, either's lawdes
Doe aptly her befal)

By Saturne, Dis, and Proserpin,
Giltles molested longe,
Vnto the God y'clipt, I-Am,
Thus motioneth her wronge:

" O mightiest mightie, that of nought
Createdst all that is,
And gauste to mall (thy noblest worke)
Him selfe, and all for his,

" And, saue obedience, didst impose
On him no other fine,
And, disobaying, didst redeeme
His losse with deerest thyne,

Which selfe-same thyne, and still same-oures,
also intercesse,
thee professing being wrong'd,
o haue at length redresse."

rce this was sayd, when thus ensewd,
he three were rapted hence:
arne and Dis confinde their Hells:
roserpin her offence,

wen, through mis-guides, veniall perhaps,
Ve censure in suspence,
faire, lou'd, feard, Elizabeth]
leere goddiz'd euer sence.

R me to wreste from Hercules
lis club as easie weare,
in the ocean of her fame,
Vith choysest tayles, to heare
t fraight, that with the Indian wealth
fay more than much compare.

t how th' Italian feends did freat
nd hetherto inuaye
inst thy glory, gracious saincte,
Veare ouer long to saye.

he that of a prisoner thee
o great a prince did frame,
louing, and beloued God,
'o thee is still the same.

g Phillip's-selfe (so doting on
lis pope-created crewe,
t, he it suffring, his owne son
nd heire those locusts slewe,
ause they feared he would proue
nto the Gospell trewe)

n Phillip, now that raketh Hell
or rascall bryhed skomes
ridde thee hence (indignities
hat badly him becomes)

e had thee, then not hauing power
'o doe thee any harme.
the worke of God (let Rome
ncurse, let Spaine vn-arme)

t thou art queene, to plant his word,
Vhen we could hope it least,
en ours, and all the kings had east
heir crownes before the beast,

en greedely the preests of Baal
id for thy ruine gape,
u didst, vnharmde, the lyon's denne
nd flrie ouen escape.

n then when triumphs were in hand,
ells ronge, and bonfires made,
ause queene Mary of a sonne
eliuered was said,

n then, I say, God mortifide
hat wombe, to bring to passe,
t vnto thee, his queene-elect,
lo issue letting was:

t soone religion and our realme
fight welcome wished peace:
iest thou, the cause thereof, suruiue
ong after my decease.

if it be his will, to whom
re all euents fore-knowne,
t Papistrie shall in our land
gaine erect her throne,

Let Spaniards, or what tyrants els,
Be masters heere, so thay
Take also with our land our liues,
And rid vs out the way.

For not they only die, but die
In lingring torments, who
Fault to their Inquisition, or
Their damned rytes, must doe:
Then better bodies perish than
Should soules miscarrie too:

Of neither which hath Rome or Spaine
Remorse, but thristing sway,
Regard not whome, by whom, or how,
They treacherously betray:
How oft haue they, the rest ore past,
Subborn'd our queene's decay?

By wars, wiles, witchcrafts, daggers, dags,
Pope, poyson, and what not?
To her haue they attempted death,
For liewe the traytors' lot:
Vouchsafe, O God, those loues of thine
Be neuermore forgot.

Was neuer any thryued yet
That threatned her amis:
For of anoynted princes God
Sole Iudge and Rector is.

And if examples might preuaile,
Then traytors might perceaue,
They perish in their purpose, or
But spyders' webbes doe weaue.

And heere occasion apteth that
We catalogue awhile,
And vnto English dukes; from first
To last, addresse our style:

Though numbers greater, and as great
Of power, did pryde begyle,
Yeat in this one degree obserue
What headding and exile:

Yf then such mightie felt God's frowne,
Shal meaners hope his smile.

CHAP. XLV.

Edward, surnam'd the Blacke Prince, and
Third Edward's eldest sonne,
Third Thomas duke of Norffolke, this
Did ende, and that begonne,

From Normaine William's conquest heere
Of dukes the title hie:
Of fortie seuen, but twentie two
A natorall death did die.

Edward the duke of Yorke, that lead
Fifth Henrie's vaward knightly,
Then slaine at Agencourt with fame,
We ouerpasse him lightly:
Nor Humphrey duke of Glocester
Heere catalogue we rightly:

Nor William duke of Suffolke, who,
Exilde, on seas was met,
And, hated, headded: howbeit,
Sixt Henrie's fauoret:

Nor Edmund duke of Somerset,
That Henrie's loued peere:
Nor Humphrey duke of Buckingham,
To that same king as deere:

Nor sweet yong Richard, duke of Yorke,
Of Gloster's kyn too neere:
We also two Plantagenets,
Both dukes of Clarence cleere,
Of which was Thomas slaine in France,
George drowned in malmsie heere:

For though these eight remembred dukes
Deceast not in their beads,
Yeat none of these had traytrous hearts
That forfetted their heads:

Howbeit, otherwise, of these
Weare some that erred so,
That, stomack't for such errors, did
Their ends vntimely gree.

Nor was the duke of Ireland, Vere,
In second Richard's time,
A traytor, but a parasite,
Which proude ne lesse a crime:

He as ambitious, as he was
Enuious, and enuied,
Was banisht by the nobles, and
In banishment he died.

Mowbreie of Norffolke (right or wrong)
By foresaid Richard was
Exiled, and in Italie
Did hence to nature pas.

When second Richard was deposde,
And Henrie wore the crowne,
Two Hollands, to restore the one
And put the other downe,

Conspiring, weare detected, and
At Cercester they both,
Of Excester and Surrey dukes,
Found death in vulgar wroth.

Richard Plantagenet, the duke
Of Yorke, fourth Edward's father,
Sought to depose Sixt Henrie, and
Was heard therein the rather,

For that to him by law-descents
The scepter did acrew:
But they compound, howbeit warres
Were reard, and him they slew.

Iohn Holland, duke of Excester,
Fourth Edward's sentence feande,
And was long after in the sea
Suspitiously found dead.

Then Henry, duke of Somerset,
Rebelling, lost his heade.
Of Edmund, duke of Somerset,
The like is also reade.
So Henrie, duke of Buckingham,
Third Richard's friend-foe speade,

And that tyrannous Richard, duke
Of Glocester, his raigne
Vsurped was suppressed, he
For blood payd blood againe.

Iohn, duke of Norffolke, fought, and fell
At Bosworth field. His sonne,
Duke Thomas, in kight Henrie's daies,
Did heading hardly shonne,
Adiudg'd perpetual durance, in
Queene Marie's raigne vn-deanes

Woolsey, that slye, officious, and
Too lordly cardinall, wrought
(Who could and would effect his wil)
That to the blocke was brought,

Eight Henrie reigning, Edward duke
Of Buckingham, whose end
That prelate ioyde, the people mourn,
Because his foe, their friend.

Seimer, the duke of Somerset,
Enuied more than reason,
By one that came the next to bloths,
Though mightie at that season,
Sixt Edward in minoritie,
Dide, quit although of treason.

No sooner Marie got the crowne,
More liklie to be gon,
But Iohn, duke of Northumberland,
Beheaded was anone,
Who wrought to set the diademe
Iane Dudlie's heade vpon.

Her father, Henry Gray, the duke
Of Suffolke, was also
A friend vnto that faction, and
The Spanish wowers' foe:
But by that act he lost his heade,
As did too many moe.

In blessed queene Elizabeth
Her happie raigne of peace,
The tragedies, and tytles too,
Of English dukes did cease,
Which Thomas, duke of Norffolke, lets
Tragedian, did increase.

All this weare mightie in their times:
Yeat being mal-contents,
Both they, and hundreds powerfull peers,
For like found like euents:

Howbeit, of the common wealth
None worser did desarue,
Than such as flattred princes' faults,
Who faulting, all did swarue.

Which, in their pollicie, the states
Of Hell did then fore-see,
When as they ioyned others, aydes,
Vnto the Furies three,

Narcissus' shadowe, and the voice
Of Eccho: thus which twaine,
How fabulous so-ere it seeme,
Nought hath or more doth baine:
Wherefore to such as know them not
We either thus explaine.

CHAP. XLVI.

Whearn Cadmus, old Agenor's sonne,
Did reste and plant his raigne,
Narcissus (of his of-spring) theare
For beautie fame did gaine.

His mother was Lyriope,
Faire Thetis' fairer daughter,
Whome obeefest as the choicest wowde,
And braue Cephisus caught her.

Beeotia was the fertile realme,
Parnassus' plaine the place,
Wheare this admired youth was borne,
This lass-lad forme and face.

No nymph so faire but wisht him her,
Howbeit all in vayne:
His self-loue wrought his self's losse, and

lis beauty prou'd his baine,
o, proud of Nature's plentie, hild
ll others in disdaine:

l God, who had created man
he fairest creature,
owbeit but a shadow of
lis proper feature,

re differing far than sunshine from
he Sun's selfe-substance pure)
'issus' ouer-scornfull pride
ot longer would endure,
from his forme, that pleas'd him most,
lis plague did thus procure.

his same fond selfe-pleasing youth
tood at a fountayne's brim,
proudly sees his shadow theare,
dmiring euery lym,
ho, an amiable nymph,
ong amorous of hym,

louing, vnbeloued, now,
t least to please her eye,
nales her selfe, vnseene, into
thicket ioining by,

thear, as much ore-gone with loue,
he ore-gone with pride,
hears, and sees, and would haue pleas'd
ree senses more beside.

nothing more than euery part,
ius stealth-seene, liked her,
nothing lesse, than hidden with
hidden to conferre,

well it had contented then
more than sight to erre,
ough not meanely did his scorne
ainst it her stomacke sterre.

ne while the lad (such power hath pride
n's senses to subdue)
s on his shadow, now suppos'd
be a substance true:

lastly wowes so formally
words and gestures sweete,
Eccho found his error: and,
saying, "Let vs meete,"

's meete," quoth Eccho, mockingly:
ich, hearing, he with speed,
euing that his shadow was
ymph, and spake in deed)
ap into the fountaine, wheare
t gallant, drowning thus,
left example how like pride
y cause like plague to vs.

mooth-tongu'd Eccho, that for him
l, saffe voice, did pine,
it his scorne, baind other fooles,
te vain-glorious fine,
thing them, is Nasoe's tale,
purpose here of mine:

w Narcissus' shadow and
Eccho's voice; though they
long bene dead, haunt now the world,
we meane to say.

O, Minos, Radamant,
all th' infernall states,
tch a session, to correct
isnes its debates:

Deuising orders, that on Earth
Might more disorders be.
Tisiphone, Alecto, and
Megara, these same three

Weare shrewdly eheckt, because it was
Obiected, though vntruely,
That they were ydle Hell lackt guests,
And men on Earth waxt ruly.

The hellish potentates, therefore,
A new commission framed,
Narcissus' ghost, and Eccho's voyce,
Therein of quorum named.

These twaine, and those three furies thus
Copattenteen, leaue Hell,
And diuersly throughout the Earth
To soule-infecting fell.

Leaue we those others, labouring
Their mischiefes farre and neere,
Whil'st Eccho and Narcissus are
More badly busie heere.

Crab'd Saturne, and too-boystrous Mars,
Direct those ormers' matter,
Soft Venus, and smooth Mercurie,
Giue methode to these latter:

Those furies roughly doe effect
Their tragicke taskes; these twoe
So slyely worke, that sweetly men
Their proper sorrowes wowe.

Heer-hence our gold-imbased world
In view and valew fayld,
For Eccho and Narcissus much
In many things preuayld.

Hence is it some of high estate
Themselues doe ouer-like,
Whilst deadlier wound them ecchoing tongues
Than should a foe them strike.

Hence, whence dishonorde, some of them
Beleeue of men belyed
Their glozing groomes, as tyrants so
By them were wrong enuied.

Hence oftentimes authoritie
Lookes biglier than a bull,
With suters poore too sternely quicke,
In helping them too dull.

Hence both in preaching, harb'ring, and
Humilitie, it is
Some prelates sooth, be soothed, lead,
And they be lead amis.

Hence lawe, sometimes, as formde of waxe,
Through new refined wit
Of iudge or pleador, alterith
Sans certaintie in it.

Hence martialists in discipline
And ordering their ar,
Lesse happely, the auncient vse,
Conceitedly, doe bar.

Hence is it that the lawyers more
Affect their fluent tayle,
Than what is right, or whom they wrong,
Or how they speed, or fayle.

That lawyer though who more by art
Than right doth ouerthroe,
Consents to sinne, deceiues the iudge,
Wronge right, is iustice' foe.

Hence flattred gentrie proudly doth
Degenerat at last:

And some would be beleeued such,
That of no gentrie taste.

Hence citizens with courtiours so
Doe vayne-it for the tyme,
That with their paper ladders they
Euen stately castels clyme:

Then proudly pricke the mounted sers,
The harrolds, all to blame,
Will they, nyll they, vrging fees,
To gentellize their name.
Hence countrie loutes land-lurch their lords,
And courtiers prize the same.

Hence worldlings so much studie wealth
That they forget the vse,
And, drudges-like, presse out the grapes,
Not drinking of the iuse.

Hence arrant preachers, humming out
A common-place or two,
With bad, ill, naught, pope, pots, play, mack,
Keeping a fowle adoe,

Cogging, and cog'd-with, of a sorte
Of lazie knaues and queanes,
That they be doltes, and preach to doltes,
Will heare it by no meanes.

With those do these (who, could they steale
The goose, would stick the fether),
The Brownist and the Barrowist,
Goe hand in hand together.

Hence is the fashion-founder of
New lockes, lookes, bas-le-maine,
And Iohn deuisor in attire,
One foole in persons twaine.

Hence, more than with our selues our selues,
Doe flatterers preuaile:
They make vs proude of virtues, knowne
Of vs in vs to fayle:
But lesse man-slaughter hurts, than when
Men-soothers say "Al-hayle."

Though Eccho and Narcissus haunte,
And hurt, each sex and state,
(Our state's superlatiue except,
Still one for right and rate)

Yeat cheefely they with women-kinde
Preuailed haue of late:
And thus of this two gossips olde,
Together met, debate.

CHAP. XLVII.

The younger of these widowes, (for
They both had thrise been so)
Trots to the elder's cottage, hers
But little distance fro:

Thear, cowring ore two sticks a-crosse,
Burnt at a smoakie stocke,
They chat how young-men them in youth,
And they did young-men mocke:

And how, since three-score years a-goe,
(They aged four-score now)
Men, women, and the world, wear chaung'd
In all, they know not how.

"When we were maids" (qd. th' one of them)
"Was no such new-found pride:
Yeat seru'd I gentels, seeing store
Of daintie girles beside.

"Then wore they shooes of ease, now of
An inch-broad, corked hye:
Black karsie stockings, worsted now,
Yea silke of youthful'st dye:

"Garters of lystes, but now of silke,
Some edged decpe with gold:
With costlier toyes, for courser turns,
Than vs'd, perhaps of old.

"Fring'd and ymbroidred petticoats
Now begge. But heard you nam'd,
Till now of late, busks, perrewigs,
Maskes, plumes of feathers fram'd,

"Supporters, pooters, fardingales
Aboue the loynes to waire,
That be she near so bombe-thin, yet
She crosse-like seems foure-squaire?

"Some wiues, grayheaded, shame not lack
Of youthfull borrowed haire:
Some, tyring arte, attyer their heads
With onely tresses baire:

"Some (grosser pride than which, think I,
No passed age might shame)
By arte, abusing nature, heads
Of antick't hayre doe frame:

"Once starching lack't the tearme, because
Was lacking once the toy:
And lack't we all those toyes and tearmes,
It were no griefe but ioy.
But lawfull weare it some be such
Should all alike be coy?

"Now dwels ech drossell in her glas:
When I was yong, I wot,
On holly-dayes (for sildome els
Such ydell times we got)

"A tubb or paile of water cleere
Stood vs in steede of glas:
And yeat (which still I beare in mind)
For it I schooled was,

"Euen by an holy fryer, that
Espyde me tooting so,
Who, softly stealing at my backe,
Cryde suddenly, 'Ho, ho.'

"I, starting, turn'd and saw the fryer,
Who, though no dyuell he weare,
Yeat, for he was a fryer, I did
For soule or body feare,

"That is, least this weare pride (whereof
I sharply now should heare)
Or that the cockish cowle-man (none
But we alonely theare)
His ghostly calling layde apart,
Might carnally appeare:

"But, meant he well, or mus'd he yll,
My mother comming in,
Mends all amys, and soberly
The fryer did thus begin.

"'Yong damsels, and sometimes' (quoth he)
'Old dotards vnawaer,
Doe thus offend, whilst thus they seeme
Vpon themselues to staer:

"'But what they see is not themselues?'
And then a tale did tell,
How Eccho and Narcissus weare
Aucthorised from Hell,
That egging, and this acting pride,
In worldlings' hearts to dwell:

And either oft in mirrors and
In waters beautious seeme,
curious gazers inn, who those
To be themselues do deeme.
Flye glas and water-tooting, girle,
Narcissus' fall extreeme:

'Feare flattrie too: for men to maides
Be Ecchos to subdewe,'
e fryer sayd: and all too soone
I found his sayings trewe.

Yeat then he seemed to haue told
A tale but of a rubbe,
hich three score wynters' aged sores
Euen now do freshly rubbe.

My parents they weare wealthy, and
My selfe in wauton youth,
as fayre enough, but proude enough,
So foole-enough in truth.

I might haue had good husbands, which
My desteny withstood:
three now dead (ah, griefe is drye,
Gossyp, this ale is good)

In faith not one of them was so:
For by this drinke I sweare,"
equarrelling the cup, whose lippes
And it vnparted weare,

en th' other beldamme, great with chat
For talkatiue be cups)
former's prate, not worth the while,
Thus fondly interrups.

WHEN I" (quoth she) "the countrie left
'o be a London las,
as not fayrer than my selfe
Beleeued faire I was.

Good God, how formall, prankt, and peart,
Became I in a trice,
f vnto the place it weare
nature to be nice.

carce entred I the teenes, but that
o wed my will was hot:
that be married, and intend
o marrie, well I wot,'

he priest no sooner sayde, but I
pon my typ-toes stand,
f that lesson had concernd
ly selfe, euen out of hand.

he same proportion with my heart
ly groeth nor age did hold:
es seeming yeares, when I, vnwead,
Was sixteene winters olde.

nd growing was the greene disease,
Which men in maides doe cure,
en came a louer, I, (for-sooth)
ecomming full demure.

or earst I had obseru'd this arte,
elay giues men desier:
lothe to hurt my haste, and least
e hansell should retyer,
s not ouer coye, nor he
warme him at my fier.

le blab (for why? for it and more
at I in youth did doe,
since I passed ghostly shriftes,
nnance, and pardons too)

"Such match we made, that maide, nor wife,
Nor widowe, left he me,
But with my maiden-head he crost
The seas, and farewell he:

"For from my fault could not, as chan'st,
The somner prole a fee:
My belly did not blab, so I
Was still a mayde, and free.

"It comfort should in losse to thinke
We had not once to lose,
And what we haue as euer to
Be hild should none suppose:

"But not in me this sentence hild:
More eagerly than earst
I on the brydell byte, as loath
To fast that late did feaste.

"Swift gallops tier both man and horse,
Soone-hot, is soone-cold loue;
No man, I meane, loue-hot as mine,
Loues as the turtell doue,

"And, in good soothe, a sot is she,
That cog'd-with cannot cogge:
As readily my loue did gad,
As did my louer iogge.

"Tush, in those times weare no such toyes
As gagate stones to trie,
By foysting them in potions, if
A maide had trode awrie.

"But this was rather currant, yea
Each holy father's lore,
That therefore nature sweetneth loue,
That it the world might store.

"Which made me thinke it then a sinne
(So tender hearted I)
Beloued, not to loue againe,
Indangring men to die:

"(For so they swore they would, nor then
Beleeu'd I men would lye:
Whom now I know camelions, whil'st
To pray on vs they plye.)
Yeat better times were those than these
For our auayle, for why?

"Euen for good-fellowship at least
Then went they roundly to it,
Now eare they loue (if euer loue)
Sententiously they doe it.

"Who loues not for the person, but
The portion, lodes no whit,
But he that loues for onely loue,
Doth reason quite forgit,
Say men, and article the match,
Lesse by trew loue than wit

"Vngratefull men, what would yee more
Than loue for loue? than we
Be close, neate, bountious, buchsome, and
Our bodies' masters yee?

"Too curious, pettish, ielous, too
Imperious, too vnstable,
Are men, say women: but to beat
Such fooles with their own bable,
As when that I was yong, our sex
Is now, troe I, as able.

"Old doting foole, one foote in grane,
What prattell I of youth?
Contrition, not shrift-pennance, cure,
If preach our vicar truth."

Heere, after little pause, they prate
Confusedly, I wot:
Whose talke had often ended, had
The period been the pot.

They tould how forward maidens weare:
How proude, if in request:
How brybed, prayed, promis'd fayre,
Men baddest out the best.

They talked of a widowe's teares,
Her haste againe to weade,
He gone forgot, his orphant wrong'd,
She spoyld, an vnthrift speade.

They pratteld too of London youthes,
How late their headie gaet
Might haue inuited to a sacke,
Wheare they prepos'd no shaer.

They talk't of times when beastes could speake,
Of foxes, and of apes:
Much needles prattel, what through drinke,
And dotage, them escapes.

Yeat Eccho's and Narcissus' voyce
And shadowe (now as then,
Working against humilitie,
Of wantes the worst in men)

Cans'd them as thus to vse their prate,
And me of this my penne,
And to these glorious follies too
Those furies say Amen.

CHAP. XLVIII.

The monarch of that continent
That doth, in one, contayne
Fiue auncient scepters (for he would
The world weare wholy Spayne)

As Castile, Aragon, Nauarr,
Granado, Portugaile,
Be newly nam'd, yea India, wheare
Castillian powres preuaile:

These, states in Affricke, Lumbardie,
Peru, Assores, and
Both Cicells, Austra, Barbarie,
Naples, with Netherland,

And many other prouinces,
By such ambition gott,
As giueth his impresa life
To verefie the mot,
Him not sufficing (for it saith,
"The World sufficeth not")

Euen he, I say, affecting raygne
In England, Almaine, Fraunce,
And all Europe, lately did
An holy league aduaunce.

The pope, him-selfe, Sauoy, and Guise,
Therein confedrates cheefe:
Rome wroght by bulls, Sauoy by sword,
Spayne yeilded Guise releefe,
Guise did religious treason act;
But all did fayle, in briefe.

Geneua is vnsacked, Fraunce
Yeilds Rome small profit, Spayne
By coste hath loste, England, through God,
Tryumphant doth remayne,

Nauar hath meanes to haue Nauar,
And, when shall God so please,
The rightfull heire of Portugale
His empyre shall re-seaze.

Ye Christian princes, pittie him,
In punishing his fo,
That now afflicteth him, and would
On you tyrannize so.

If one selfe-same religion (if
Religion Romistes haue)
If nature's line, or natiue lawes,
The pope that so did craue,

If to haue had possest the crowne,
With Portugale's applause,
Might haue preuailed, these and more
Had helpt Antonius' cause.

But brybed traytors, fraude, and force,
Haue made the Spaniard such,
That Castile, from a cronet leapt,
Thinks many crownes not much.

The great Nauarrois, Sampson, stould
The first Castilian king:
But badly Castile quits his loue
Whence did that honor spring:
And from his line by trecherie
The diademe doth wring.

So, by what right or wrong so-eare,
Spayne-clouteth crownes together
And aimeth, euen from Portugale,
As is supposed, hether:
Not wanting English, willing to
Be hopled in that teither.

But traytors, fooles, and fugitiues,
Whom prouendor doth pricke,
Ensew your proper sorrow, leane
Vpon that rotten sticke,
Your kindnes shall not mis, at least,
This kindly Spanish tricke.

WHEN Spaniards and their partizens
Eare-while should vs inuaide,
In plotting of that stratageme
In councell much was said:

Some of our queene to be destroyde,
Of murthring vs some spake,
Some this, some that, but all of all
An altred world to make:

Least English papistes, then shut vp
In Elie and els-wheare,
Meane time by vs might lose their lives,
Some one, by chance, did feare:

Which scruple was remoued soone
By one, that well did know,
Not for religion, but a realme,
Did Spayne that cost bestow.

"Our drift" (quoth he) "a conquest it,
The profit meant to Spaine,
Not that the English papists should
Be sharers of the gaine.

"So hope they, but (so helpe me, God)
Our pollicie wear small,
That they should florish, nay, should liue,
Could we procure their fall.

"Theare be they great alreadie, wheare
We only great must be,

Whom, should they equall, woe to vs
When we shall disagree:

" Now that, therefore, which we cannot
With honestie contriue,
Our foes shall finish, if of them
They leaue not one aliue."
Thus said he, nót gaine-saide: for hang
Who shall so they may thriue.

This Maxime hath hild, and good,
Wheare they haue ouerthrone
By trecherous agents, of the same
They haue not trusted one:
Adde, than the Spaniard, prouder and
More cruell people none.

Cuen Cortes, that with cost and payne,
Rich India did subdew,
And gaue to Spayne his conquest, found
False meede for seruice trew.

So they that wonne them Portugale,
And Naples spead, in few:
And too imperiously doe they,
Oppresse their conquests new;
Yeat boast not perpetuitie,
But (Spayne) this patterne vew.

Caldea priz'd Assiria, and
Assiria priz'd the same,
The Medes and Persians both, and them
The Macedons orecame.

The Romaines them, that empier next
Had France, the Germaines now,
Which onely title hardly doe
The Spanyards them alowe,

Spayne hath Nauarre, that once had Spayne,
Wheare once crown'd wee their king,
And once did Spanish-Irish-Scots
Vs to subiection bring,

We Scots, French, Irish: too and fro
Thus often scepters flye:
Yea to posteritie's old names
Of lands and peoples dye.

Cambries, Gawles, Pics, Vandels, Gothes,
And Astrogothes, known late
In Europ by those names, haue chang'd
Those names, and Europ's state,
And with the Spanyards, part of those,
May alter in like rate.

Each birde shall then remaunde her plumes,
And naked leaue your iaye,
At least when Phillip shall decease:
And why not eare that daye?

For power and prowse lacke Turnus' peere,
Yeat when his fates withstoode,
Iuturna, no, not Iuno's-selfe,
Could doe him any good.

But godhoode none in Indian golde,
And pope-buld hopes shall mis,
For Macedonian Phillip's sonne
Castilian Phillip is:
But one who, whil'st he warres for ours,
Hath lost euen part of his.

Not onely Spayne thinke destinate
In pompe not to impaier,
Our liued long, that breathes, enuied,
Not els but odious ayer:
And (which is monstrously too trew)
Religion is pretext,
Where through the Spanyard and the pope
All christendome haue vext.

Witnes their powers, by land and seas,
That threatned vs er' while:
Of it a word: and note how God
Did patronize our Ile.

CHAP. XLIX.

The Spanyards' long time care and coste,
Inuincible surnam'd,
Was now a flote, whilst Parma to
From Flanders hither aim'd,
Like fleete, of eightscore ships and od,
The ocean neuer bore,
So huge, so strong, and so compleate,
In euery strength and store.

Carikes, gallions, argosies,
And galliasses, such
That seem'd so many castles, and
Their tops the cloudes to tuch.

These on the Lizardes shewe themselues,
And threaten England's fall:
But theare with fiftie shippes of ours,
That fleete was faught withall.

Howbeit of a greater sorte
Our nauie did consist,
But parte kept dyet in the porte,
That might of health haue miste,
Had Spayn's armada of our wants
In Plimmouth's hauen wiste.

The rest had eye on Parma, that
From Flanders' armour threates:
Meane while lord Charles our admiral,
And Drake, did worthy feats:

Whose feareles fiftie moole-hils bod
Their trypeld mountaines bace,
And euen at first (so pleas'd it God)
Pursewde as if in chace:

By this (for ouer-idle seemd
To English hearts the shore)
Our gallants did imbarke each-wheare,
And made our forces more.

But in such warlike order then
Their shippes at anker laye,
That we, vnles we them disperse,
On bootles labor staye;
Nor lacked pollicie that to
That purpose made vs waye,

Ours fyred diuers shippes, that downe
The currant sent, so skaerd,
That cables cut, and ankers lost,
The Spanyards badly faerd.

Dispersed thus, we spare not shot,
And part of them we sinke,
And part we boord, the rest did flye,
Not fast enough they thinke.

Well guided little axes so
Force tallest oakes to fall,
So numbrous heards of stately hearts,
Flye beagles few and smal.

Nine dayes together cha'ste we them,
Not actious, saue in flight

About eight thowsands perished
By famine, sea, and fight.
For treasure, shippes, and carrages,
Lost honor, prisners tayne,
The Spaniards, hardly scaping hence,
Scapt not rebukes in Spaine.
Well might thus much (as much it did)
Cheere England, but much more
Concurrancie from one to all
To stop that common sore.
Euen catholiques (that erred name
Doth please the papists) wear
As forward in this quarrell as
The formost armes to bear:
Recusants and suspects of note,
Of others was caer.
And had not our God-guided fight
On seas preuailed, yet
The Spaniards, land whereto they could,
Had with our armies met.
Our common courage wisht no lesse,
So lightly feard we foes,
Such hope in God, such hate of them,
Such hearts to barter bloes.
Heere flam'd the Cyclope' forges, Mars
His armorie was heere,
Himselfe he sheads in vs, and with
Our cause our selues we cheere.
But (which had scarrefide our wounds,
If wounded, with the balme
Of her sweete presence, so applaus'd
As in sea-stormes a calme)
Her royall-selfe, Elizabeth
Our soueraigne lawfull queene,
In magnanimious maiestie
Amidst her troupes was seene.
Which made vs weepe for ioy: nor was
Her kindnes lesse to vs.
Thinke nothing letting then that might
The common cause discus,
Wheare prince and people haue in loue
A sympathie as thus.
Howbeit force, nor policie,
But God's sole providence,
Did cleare fore-bosted conquest and
Benighted thraldome hence.
He in Sancherib his nose
Did put his hooke, and brought
Him backe againe the way he came,
Without performing ought:
He fought for vs, alonely we
Did shout and trumpets sound,
When as the walles of Iericо
Fell flat vnto the ground.
Yea least (for earst did neuer heere
Like strong supplies befall,
Like loyall hearts in euerie one,
Like warlike mindes in all,
Lesse speer of purses, more fore-sight,
And valiant guides to act,
As shewde our hardie littell fleet
That battell neuer slackt)
Leaste these, I say, might haue been sayd
The cause that we subdew'de,
Euen God, to glorifie himselfe,
Our gayned cause pursew'de,
Without our losse of man, or mast,
Or foe once touching shore,
Saue such as wrackt, weare prisnors, or
But lan'ding, lin'd not more:
And as in publique praiers we
Did his defence implore,
So being victors, publiquely,
We yeelded thanks therefore,
Her highnes selfe (good cause she had)
In viewe of euerie eie,
On humbled knees did giue him thanks
That gaue her victorie.
Remaineth, what she wonne, what Spaine
And Rome did lose in fame:
Remaineth, popes vse potentates
But to retriue their game.

CHAP. I.

It not with minds preiudicate,
But holding in suspence
A while the papacie, that takes
And giues so much offence,
With single hearts, and eies, and eare,
Al christian princes would
Peruse the sacred Scriptures (as
In verie deede they should)
Then might they iustly censure, how
In lowlines, or pryde,
In charitie, or crueltie,
How strate to God, or wide,
In doctrine, and in discipline,
Rome hath, and now doth rulde,
With still prouisors from the laie
The Scriptures' light to hide,
Least should (as would, and clearely did)
Their cosning be espide:
Whereby, euen ipso facto, is
Their cause against them trifde:
The signe of pride made Lucifer
Gainst God him selfe rebell,
And through that sinne he so seduct
That Adam also fell.
Then plaid he rex ore all the Earth,
Except a faithfull fewe:
Till Christ, incarnate, on the cross
Synn's kingdome did subdewe.
Then Christ, was powrefull in the verl,
For faith had practice right:
And what could more our ghostly foe
Thah faith and practice spight?
His auncient stratageme therefore
To plant he casts anew,
And by the pride of only workes
From faith a many drew.
Then were such honors heapt on popes,
(Worlds-abiects ere that time)
That Lucifer him selfe than they
Presum'd not more to clyme.
Their golden legend, though not it
Autenticke be in aught,
To vs doth teach a storie that
To them might now be taught.

THEARE was a man of stature bigge,
And bigge withall in minde,
For serue he would, yet one than whom
He greater none might finde.

He, hearing that the emperor
Was in the world most great,
Came to his court, was intertayned,
And, seruing him at meate,

It chanc't the Diuell was nam'd, wherat
The emperor him blest:
When as, vntill he knew the cause,
The pagane would not rest.

But when he heard his lord to feare
The Diuell his ghostly foe,
He left his seruice, and to seeke
And serue the Diuell did goe:

Of Heauen, or Hell, God, or the Diuell,
He eanst nor heard nor carde,
Alone he sought to serue the same
That would by none be darde.

He met (who soone is mett) the Diuell,
Was intertayn'd, they walke,
Till, comming to a crosse, the Diuell
Did fearefully it balke.

The seruant, musing, questioned
His master of his feare:
"One Christ," quoth he, "with dread I mind
When doth a crosse appeare."

"Then serue thy selfe." the gyant said,
"That Christ to serue I'le seeke."
For him he askt an hermit, who
Aduisde him to be meeke,

By which, by faith, and works of almes,
Would sought-for Christ be found,
And how and where, to practice these
He gaue directions sound.

Then he, that skornd his seruice late
To greatest potentates,
Euen at a common ferry now
To carrie all awaites.

Thus doing long, as with a child
He ouer once did waide,
Vnder his loode midway he faints,
From sinking hardly stayde.

Admiring how, and asking who,
Was answered of the childe,
As on his shoulders Christ he bore,
By being humblie milde,
So through humilitie his soule
To Christ was reconcilde,

And, of his carrage, Christo-fer
Should thenceforth be his name.
Then lett this popish scripture, popes,
At least you conuerts frame:

Of which conuerting, Christo-fers
Ye thenceforth shal be said:
Or, apply and perish in
Your Luciferring traid.

I know, I know, that but in Christ
May no redemption be:
So your greate friend, our Gardiner, on
His death-bed could agree:
But to the vulgars open not,
Gainst Rome, that gap," quoth he.

So miserable is your state
Who, seeing, will not see,
That Christofer, eare Christo-fer,
Was atheist less than yee."

Well answered once a king of ours
The pope, that bod him free
Two prelates, terming them his sonnes:
The king seem to agree,
But sent their compleat armor: "Looke
Are these thy sonnes," quoth he.

False Hesket too not falsely spake,
Reporting lately this,
That such as papists would seduce,
And of seducing mis,

Are marked dead: for he to whom
He so did say, feare I,
Earle Ferdinando Stanley, so
Dissenting, so did trie,

As other peeres, heere, and els-where,
Haue found the like no lye.
Nor preached he the pope amis,
That did to him applie

This tex, to wit: This is the heire,
Come on and let him die,
Th'inheritance let vs inioye:
Nought seeke they els, for why?

Those bad be good that giue, those good
Be bad that giftes deny,
From Annanius' literall fault
They consciences would tye:

These death-eide basiliques therefore
In euerie sense doe flie.
Be of religion iumpe with them,
In all their toyes affie,

A Peter-penny, if withheld,
Knocks all the rest awrye.
Hell, Heauen, bulls, pardons, pope, and to
Be pope, doth mony buy.

Yea, too blasphemous, they incroch
Vpon the deitie,
Though of these Lucifers haue been
That perish through a flie.

Each sinne gainst God, how vile so-eare,
Will popes with pardons fit:
Crosse but the pope, pardon thou him,
He will not pardon it.

For faith his common plea is sword
And fire against his foes:
But who, but fooles, beleeue that faith
Exacted is by bloes.

Than those three mightie emperors,
Fift Charles, with Ferdinand,
And Maximilian, with the pope
Did none more partiall stand:

Yeat suffred they the consciences
Of protestants in peace,
But Philip, nor the pope will now
Their Inquisition cease:
Though either suffer Iewes, and stewes,
Because of gaine's increase.

CHAP. LI.

THIS Spanish Inquisition is
A trappe, so slylie sett,
As into it wiser godly, rich,
By blanchers bace as fett.

Direct or indirectly then
To answeare all is one:
From those inquisitors escape
But verie fewe or none.

Euen so by racking out the ioynts,
Or chopping off the heade,
Procustes fitted all his guests
Vnto his iron beade.

Aue Maria, Credo, and
The Pater noster say,
In Latin, els they pennance thee,
And take thy goods away.

Nay, these though said, both say and doe
As they, yeat all for nought,
They will exact by torture what
Thou thinkest, and hast thought,

Of masse, the pope, and popish points,
Til in the lapse thou fall:
Then, mercie God, amongst those men
No mercie is at all:
A bloodier law vsde bloodierly
Was neuer heard or shall.

Tormenting men vntill they gesse
By whom they are accu'de,
Which gessed, it against themselues
For euidence is vs'de:
As who would say, so be it must,
Because it so is mus'de.

Phillip abusiuely seduc't,
And world deceiuing pope,
Peruse all lawes, euen Paganisme,
Past vnder Heauen's coope,

And rightly pondring those with this,
Then speak your thoughts indeed,
Was not your Draco Sathan that
Himselfe could thus exceede?
Here adde for badde we might your league,
If that of this had need.

O happy and thrise happy realme
Of ours, and other lands,
Wheare, touching death by clergie-doomes,
The pollicie withstands.

THEN freated Paule, pope Paule the third,
When Peter came in plea:
No maruell, Luther preached gold,
And glorie from his sea.

But, see an helpe: Ignatius then
Conceited had his sect,
And crau'd confirmance of the pope,
Which Paule did then reiect.

But when he heard that order's vowe
Might chiefly him auayle,
Them Iesuists be incorporates:
Nor they his pope-ship fayle;

But for his onely doctrine are
Apostled, and as trew,
As to the Diuell the deadly-sinnes
To popes this order new.

Yeat these be those are vnder-hand
Deceiv'd whilst they deceaue:
Witnes the gallowes, wheare for most
They end those webbes they weaue.

For vnaduised are, me thinks,
Our Iesuistes in this,
In cell-life since so strict, and here
They hanging seldome mis,

That, for applause at least (although
Euen so weare bacely badde)
They change not teachers vnto them
To whom from vs they gadde.

But better course than either weare
Secure at home to staye,
And theare with loyall hearts attend
What subiects should obaye,
Wheare no tyrannizing is ore
The conscience, though it straye.

And men of ciuill carriage, though
In bodies not imployde,
Win good report, they shifties shame
That wish their home distroyde.

Young English fooles, for cause too trew,
We pittie you in deede:
First for ye are our countriemen,
Then for that ye proceede

Gainst scripture, law, and nature, and
Fooles palpable, in that
Ye note not how your follies make
Our English foxes fat:

Allen at Rome, others els-wheare,
That liue hand-ouer-heade,
By teaking you to broach those faultes
For which themselues be feade.

Whilst these lie burrowed, safe from skath,
Mongst you adoptiue cubs,
They doe obserue the pregnanst witte,
Whom discontentment rubs,

Of atheist, factious, desprate, or
Vaine-glorious, him they schoole,
And then transport to England, theare
To play the dangerous foole:

Seducingly insisting on
Performance of their vow,
That doth rebellion, regecide,
And breach of othes allow.

Though Dauid knew his soueraigne Saul
Disfauored of God,
And might haue kild, and then him crowned,
Such sin his soule for-bod.

Which of the patriarks, prophets, or
God's people, whilst they saru'd
Euen Ethnicks, traytrously vnto
Their owne affections caru'd.

But thus do ye, nay worser, for
Your darnell giddeth so
As God's annoynted and belou'd
Ye censure for his foe:
But woorst of all, by murthring hee
To merite Heauen ye troe.

Put case the diuiish act were done,
To scape yeat lacks your charter,
And dead with torments, not the pain,
But cause, doth make the marter.

Say that the pope lacks malice, say
Your selues doe loue the state,
Too grosly yeat your doctrine faults
In things of greatest wate.

Which your absurdities do our
Diuines confute, I wot:
Ye say his popeship cannot erre,
We proue ye erre in, not.

For in the sacrament that Christ
Is really we hold.
Your transubstantiation
We iustly haue controld.

Yours for the liuing and deceast
Propitiatorie masses,
And purgatorie, should we graunt,
Ye might conclude vs asses.

Your worshipping of images,
And inuocating saints,
And supererogation, vs
With your defects acquaints.

Besides the supper of our Lord,
And baptisme, we reiect
Moe sacraments: howbeit ye
Fiue other doe erect;

As confirmation, penance, with
Priest-order, marrage too,
And extreame vnction. Ouer more
Too much applause ye doe

Works meritorious. Of the cup
The laye ye do bereaue:
And of translated scriptures, so,
Vnspied, to deceaue.

Dirges, vowes, indulgences,
Confession in the eare,
Dissoluing subiects from the faith
They should their princes beare,

Dispensing with the scriptures, for
Reuenge, to please, or gaine,
Your pardons, pilgrimages, and
Your halowed paltries vaine,

Pope, and what-so is papistrie,
Well may we call profaine:
Ambitious Rome, that for thy pompe
Not sparest soules to baine.

Once weart thou truly catholique,
Corrupted fouly now,
Not outed quite the church, a sparke
In her we thee allow:

And wish thou weart, as then thou weart,
When as the fathers good,
As touching Anti-christ, and whence,
In both mis-vnderstood.

No maruell, euen to Daniels-selfe
In mysterie it was:
And dye did those good fathers ere
That scripture came to pas.

But now, who-so can Anti-christ
But etymologize,
And knowes the pope and Rome, the place
And man of sinne descries,

Sheep-clothed wolues, Christ's pro-contra,
The popes haue bin and be:
No place but Rome for Anti-christ,
None but the pope is he.

CHAP. LII.

But humaine pureues none is such,
But it to erre is knowne:
Thinke not we labour here your faults,
And ouer-leape our owne.

For in the best of men the flesh
And spirit combat still:
One thing the spirit, and the flesh
The contrarie doth will.

We vertue praise, but practice vice:
Possessed weale we flye,
And tract off woe. At Heauen we ayme,
But with a worldly eye.

Our selues we loue, yeat than our selues
We haue no crosser foe.
For peace we warre, a perueise warre
That doth ourselues ore-throe.

At once we burne, and are key-cold.
We seeme to stand that fall:
To heale that hurt. We brag of bad,
We dye ere death doth call.

We triumph while we are subdude.
We blisse our proper baine,
We gladly doe suuiect our selues
Vnto each giddie vaine.

Our gadding thoughts conceite the clouds,
Our selues meane while forgot,
Our nay is yea, our yea is nay:
We will, and then will not.

Our soules like this, our flesh lusts that.
As Protheus changeth, so
Doe our affections: and our thoughts
Be shifting too and fro.

Euen Hydra-like we flesh our faults:
Our mindes doe waxe still.
Our selfe-conceits be winged: and
We flie from good to ill.

Our peace with discorde breedes our woe:
The contrarie our ease.
We neuer doe but plague our selues,
Whilste that our selues we please.

We would be we, as if not we.
Vs plentie maketh poore.
We, partiall, blame, inable, and
Disable vs eremore.

All these, and wilfull sinnes besides,
To vs with you and all
Too common we confesse. But of
Our doctrine speake we shall.

Propitious be to vs, O God,
That faith haue practise too:
Which we omit as publicanes,
As pharisies ye doe.

Our doctrine though is gospell, yours
Traditions but of men:
Enough of yours: examine ours
By touch of scripture then,

VPON the onely scriptures doth
Our church foundation lay:
Let patriarchs, prophets, gospell, and
Th' apostles for vs say:

For soule and body we affirme,
Are all sufficient thay:
Yeat ye adde canons, part corrupt,
Some bookes ye quite denaye.

We by the Hebrew, and the Greeke,
Their primer pennes, expounde
Each scripture, by the eldest clarks,

When doubtful textes be found:
Not by the Latin onely, as
Ye would that all weare bounde.

So farforth yeat the fathers and
The councels we approue,
As doe their expositions tende
To sincere faith and loue.

Els fully scriptures, in themselues,
Exp'laine themselues, say we:
If searched with that humble spirit
By which they written be:

Through which is ofte from literall speech
A spirituall sense set free,
Vpon which sense the catholique church
Did, doth, and must agree.

Nor doth our church admit, at least
Allow, of those in her,
That teach not faith sincerely, winne
To Heauen, from Hell deter,

That with new glozes teinte the text,
Or such as be vnreade
In that sweete promise of the seede
Should bruise the serpents head:

The Alpha, and Omega, of
All scriptures, and whereby
Of grace, through faith in Christ, our soules
Reuiue, and sin doth die:

Our church affects, how so effects,
Such pure theologie,
And guides, and to our naturall prince
Graunts sole supremacie.

God's cou'nant with the patriarchs, and
Extending to the seede,
Vs gentiles to coequall is
A principle in our creede:

And Christ we know the ende of it.
In circumcision's place
Is baptisme. And intirely we
The tables two imbrace

Which God himselfe in Synai wrote,
And gaue to Moses then,
To publish to the people, two
Commandements in ten:

Scriptures' idea, couched in
Our loue to God and men.

Th' apostles', Athanasian, Nice,
And Bizain creeds we hold
Autentick, by the holy spirit
In sacred writ inrold.

One godhead of three persons, in
Coequall maiestie,
Doe we beleeue: of whom the Sonne
Did for beleeuers die:

The onely ransome that redeemes
From Sathan's tyrannie:

Euen Christ, the way, the truth, the life,
Not crooked, glozed, fraile,
But right for rule, in promise firme,
In guerdon ne'r to faile:

Who to reproue the bad, approue
The good, and to assure
The wau'ring, and against the Diuell
Our safetie to procure,

Did, giltles, die, that we, lost soules,
Might liue: nanght els did make
That he, his deitie adiorn'd,
Did humaine nature take:

Nor, glorifide, disclames he vs,
Vnles we him forsake:

And what is fruitles faith, but euen
Apostasie? and what
Ensues Apostasie, but to
Be doomed dam'd for that?

No doctrine, or traditions, we
Hold currant, saue the same
That gospell, or th' apostles' acts,
Or pennes, include or name.

Baptisme, incorporating vs
In Christ, and vs in one,
Christ's misticall last supper, whear
In signe his death is knowne,

Be sacraments, except which twaine,
Doe we accept of none.

By only Christ our aduocate
We to the father pray:
Nor thinke we saints deceased can
Our sutes to him conuay:

Howbeit still most reuerently
Of saints we think and say.

Vnnecessarie burthens, on
Our christian freedome laide,
Contrarie these, that but beleefe,
And vertuous life perswaide.

Yea only faith doth iustifie,
Say we, of God's free grace,
By Christ: nor faith is idle, but
Doth charitie imbrace.

Who may, but will not helpe, doth hurt,
We know: and curious thay
That, dribling almes by arte, disband
Wel-meant from wel-don's pay:

And he that questions one's distresse,
And doth not helpe indeuour,
Than he that sees, and nothing sayes,
Or cares, is lesse deceiuour.

Then hope we health when sinne is felt
Repentantly in heart:
Adde then new life, and we to God,
God doth to vs conuart:

Thus Peter vsde his keyes, not thus
Play popes S. Peter's part.

For clergie-men, and laye, our church
Hath godly discipline:
Lawes worthie better than sometimes
Are those the lawes define.

Our princes in their policies
And lawes doe we obay:
Though God his cause they seek to crosse,
Yeat we for them do pray,

In patience, not peruerse attempts,
For better times we stay.

Not as denide, but as deuout,
We doe and should abstaine
From meates, euen meete, the proude flesh
From sin's excesse to waine,

Which, shuld we skant, and yet be dronk
With lust or like, were vaine:

Saue also publique policie
Doth publique sparing craue,
In fasts or differences of meates,
No other keepe we haue.

ses' deedes, and workes of charitie
We practiuely professe,
d follow saints as they did Christ,
And leaue whear they transgresse:
ib, and so much, as sayd, are we:
Forgiue vs, God, if lesse.

godly though religion, prince,
And policie they are,
st things, that of themselues be good,
Abuse brings out of square,

d sundrie faults in sundrie folks
We sometimes must forbare:
wherit with best gouernd states
Our state may now compare.

CHAP. LIII.

ree man liuing like a drone,
An old man not deuout,
ith disobedient, rich men that
Are charitie without,
hameless women, vitious lords,
A poore man proudly stout,

ntentions Christians, pastors that
Their function doe neglect,
ricked king, no discipline,
No lawes men to direct,
twelue the foulest faults that do
All common-wealths infect:

most of all which twelue errs not,
Or much in any one,
r state, respecting this, of some,
Lawes not abused none.

r god-blest queene, palladium of
Our happie publique weale,
worth to farre beyond all words,
We only touch in zeale.

realme then ours hath wiser lawes,
For euery right and wrong:
is through mead, or meanes, the weake
Betraied to the strong,
ugh of vn-quaifed iudges some
s sung another song.

t who the person, not the cause,
Respecteth, hath forgot
e creator of persons, who
And iustice differ not.

ouncell watchfull for the state.
Our benches euery wheare
plide with iudges learned, iust,
And such as God doe feare.

ake here and there at aduice,
ncharitie, and pride.
l better cleargie then is ours
Not Europe hath beside.

me, who can, whether extreames
Hath harm'd religion more,
t old of theirs too prodigall,
Or this of ours too poore?
n-giuing gaue too slack a raine,
Too-gleaning curbs too sore.

slauerie and by symonie
Low church-preferment comes:
e Nabal and to Helie's sonnes
Set church-men vp their crummes.

Too much, too little, or a meane,
Sort out alike, we see.
House keeping, nor humilitie,
In any of the three.

Be hospitalious, churchmen: laye,
Cease sacrilegious sinne:
Your soules-store, but their stores-value, whence,
Euen whiningly they wiune,

By pinching from the pulpet, and
Their purses, with this note,
Scarse will their studies stipend them,
Their wiues, and children cote.

And verely it is a fault,
And maimed learning's foe,
That church-possessions should amongst
The laye be shared so.

And verely it is a fault,
If so the cleargie line,
As theirs to take be thought no sinne,
Nor meede to them giue.

Almightie euerlasting God,
Which only work'st great wonders,
Amend such pastors, and vnite
Thy flock that Sathan sunders.

No one thing quailes religion more
Than foundring presbytrie:
Each sot, impugning order, saieth,
And doth his fantasie:
Our booke of common prayer, though
Most sound diuinitie,

They will not reade, nor can they preach,
Yeat vp the pulpet towre,
Thear making tedious preachments, of
No edifying powre.

O learned seers, whose good liues
And doctrine doe agree,
(Not barren is our land of such)
Heer-hence vn-rapt are ye:

To you, in reuerence and reward,
May nothing wanting be:
'Tis only wisht your work from dolts,
Your liues from drones were free:

'Tis wisht in these, in fugitiues,
In papists, and (more bad,
Whom to perswade to reason, vaine
With reason to be mad)
In calophantick puritaines,
Amisse amendement had.

THESE hypocrites, for these three gifts
To their Lauerna pray,
Iust to be thought, all to beguile,
That none their guiles bewray:

Their arte is faigning good they want,
And hiding bad they haue:
Their practise is self-praise, of praise
All others to depraue.

On loue, say some, waites ielosie,
But ielosie wants loue,
When curiously it ouer-pries
Doth idle quarrels moue.

Best puritaines are so ore-qual'd:
But should I terme the rest?
Inhospitalious, mutinous,
And hypocrites the best,

Insociable, maleparte,
Foxing their priuate good,
Exiling hence wel-neere al troth,
Meete sports, and neighbourhood,
Learning's foes, contemptuously
By them be lawes withstood,

Self-pleasers, skorners, harlots, drones,
Against the haire in all:
Of their extreame, whence atheisme breeds,
Be warning Hacket's fall.

If euer England will in ought
Preuent her owne mishap,
Against these skommes (no terme too grosse)
Let England shut the gap.

Their giddie heds gaue colour first
That Spayne against Flaunders arm'd,
And then their countrie's foes they helpt,
And most their country harm'd.

If hypocrites why puritaines
We terme, be ask'd, in breefe,
'Tis but an ironized tearme,
Good-fellow so spells theefe.

Well-working single-hearted men
In silence (such be some)
Will not apply, but saintish, not
In deede, but by the dromme.

To vnion that our stablisht lawes
For publike prayer ties
Not all, is wondred, and offends
Obedient eares and eyes.

The rather, for knowne humorists,
Sots, noted mal-contents,
Here innouate: and each one to
A diuers sect conuents,
Too much irreu'rent, in, and to,
The church and sacraments.

But leauing these, retier we to
Ill-drifting Rome and Spayne,
Whom doth our queen, next vnder God,
From Europe's spoyle detayne.

THE

TENTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. LIV.

In Scotland, France, and Netherland,
Whilst Phillip, and the pope,
Did swordes, and ciuill tumults broach,
Of prizing them in hope,
Her highnes, through the highest power,
Inabled was to ayde
Those countries, to defend her owne,
And Phillip's to inuayde.

Of Scotland first, and then of France,
And Belgike shall be saide:
When first of other things shall be
This short remembrance made.

It is a saying auncient (not
Autenticall, I win)
That who so England will subdew,
With Ireland must begin.

Imagine Stukelie's onely name
Includeth all that's ill:
He forging worth, and to our state
Maleuolent in will.

Of bounteous pensions was therefore
Possest in Spayne long while,
Vntill (for it a nature was
In Stukelie to begile)
The king, whom he had cozen'd long
Him purpos'd to exile.

Then for the pope the fugitiue
A welcome agent was:
(For nothing ill, might worke vs ill,
Hath Spayne and Rome let pas)

Of him he had an armie, that
For Ireland's conquest sayles:
When through a fight in Barbarie
That expedition fayles.

But how had guiltles England then
Deseru'd such hostile spight?
Her rebell why relieued they?
Why arm'd they him to fight?

Why did? (why doe I aske that know
The Spanyard so ambitious,
The Romaine prelate pompious, and,
Which more is, auaricious?)

Why did, I say, pope Pius' bull,
And Gregorie's calfe disquete
Our sou'raigne, and her subiects, that
Did neuer them mis-treate?

Vnles for princes to giue lawes
To theirs be to offend
Proud Spayne, and Rome, if so, as so,
Let God the quarrell ende:

What else had England done, when they
Did foster there, with more,
Our traytor Mooreton, sent from them
To stirre an here-vprore,
Which cost the north, two northerne earls,
And their consorts full sore?

He whispring, how that bull had made
Anathema our queene,
Depriu'd her all authoritie,
Discharg'd her subiects cleene,

Blest all her foes, curst all her friends,
Left England anie's praye,
And all for damned that did ayde
Or her in ought obaye.

So arrogant, malitious, and
Mischieuous is that bull,
That Belzebub, the prince of Hell,
Appears in it at full.

Why sent they it by Felton to
Be bishoped at Paule's?
Why fe'ed they Fitz-Morrice, that
In Ireland marshal'd brawles?

Saunders, that false seditious priest
That fortified theare,
Why march't hee with their ensignes? why
Did they those charges beare?

They shooke our hiue, and forst vs forth
To sting them when they fee'd
False Desmond, and the rebell now,
That as the rest shall speede:
For God against all traytors hath
Assured wrath decreede.

hese sturres, and more in Ireland, and
A many treasons heere,
ane they abetted, to the king
Of catholikes full deere.

Lore than his paper pellets too
The pope hath been at cost:
is alchumie, a dram to win,
A pound of gold hath lost.

/as it for loue they did erect
Receptacles for ours?
r so by schooled treacheries
To adde vnto their powrs?

heir Iesuists, our Iudasses,
Act so remote from loue,
s faith's relaps, rebellion, and
To rege-cide they moue.

tory, insatiate of the blood
Of martyrs, and a many
lood-thirstie priests, bloodier than whom
Nor hath nor might be any,

'utring their naturall prince's death,
And ruine of our state,
loe they, and then did nourish, when
Twixt vs seem'd no debate.

'hat Spanish-Iewish atheist, and
Lop-heanie-headed leach,
Vnworthy a physition's name)
Fowle Lopas, we impeach,

nd Parret, that aspyring knight,
Hence bryb'd for dutie's breach:
lence hane been poysned of our peeres,
Whom bribes could not ore reach.

lut what are these, and more than these,
To it the Guizian Scot,
'atall to seas of blood, and to
Her owne by earned lot,

lid with our foes against our state
And soueraigne's life complot?
Vherein king Phillip and the pope
Especially weare hot.

lere, but in reuerence of her soune,
An happie prince in all,
eligion, peace, his subiects' loue,
Of emperie not small,

recelling his progenitors,
A iusticer vpright,
ea ouer-long it weare we should
Particulars resight,

ow nature, wit, and virtue, decke
His body, words, and minde,
r, if his fame's deminatiue
In any thing we finde,
; is but part of maiestie,
Through puratizme declynde,

ea, if for him, whom (and deseru'd)
We haue so firme a friend,
might, I say, be spoke, not thus
Of Marie should we end.

er fanoures vnto Dauid Rize,
Offensiue to the king
is highnes' father, but for him
In storie would we bring,

Vith hers, and Bothuel's double wrong
To either's married bead,
How they wrought paricidie, how
The treacherous couple wead,

How, odious to their owne, with hard
Escape of liues they flead,
How, since our prisnor, blood she sought,
And much through her was sheud,
Yea all that Buchanan doth wright
Should largely here be read.

Yeat hot her infancie should be
Vpbraided with the blood
Of many thousand slaughtred soules,
When periur'd Scots withstoode

Her marriage with prince Edward, which
Eight Henrie swore then to,
When they esteem'd vs hereticks
(So papists oathes vn-doe.)

But, for th' aforesaid reuerence,
Touch we but hers and her,
That, indirectly, heer did her
Abortiue clame prefer.

CHAP. LV.

Kino Iames the Fourth, that fayld his faith,
And lost for it his life,
Had Iames the Fift, by Margaret,
Our daughter, and his wife:

Fift Iames, through melancholy ends,
For ours gainst him good chance,
And left this Marie, whom the Scots,
An infant, wead to France:
Thus, from Seuenth Henrie's daughter, she
Her title did aduance.

But howsoere by blood, or by
Our lawes, she here could clame,
'Tis sure, too soone, and treacherously,
She did preferre the same,
And first and last vnto our queene
Her selfe a foe did frame.

Our Marie was no sooner dead,
But that her Guizards arme,
And into Scotland locusts-like
In her pretext did swarme:

Whilst she, in France, did vndertake
Our royall armes and stile:
Behoou'd therefore our queene to stand
Vpon her guard meane while.

For William Graie, our English Mars,
Not martiall more than wise,
Did with an armie hence pack thence
Our dangerous neighbour Guise:

Nor died few of either part,
Whilst Marie thus would rise.
Since when the league did oft her right,
With wrong too much, surmise.

Of conquests Spayne, of conuerts Rome,
Our queene doth cheefly barr,
Gainst her therefore they chiefely wrought
Conspiracies and warre:

And not for Marie's title, or
Her any virtuous giftes,
Thinke that they her inleagued, but
From her to plot their driftes.

Her selfe meane while, false-paradi'zd,
Befitting Æsop's crow,

Vain-glorious through the foxe's gloze,
Did ende her song in woe.

Sufficeth what is said before,
To shew wherefore she fleade:
Here was she taken, whom if Scots
Had taken, had been dead:

Put vnder guarde: and so was meete
Should one that quarreld ours,
And not her selfe alone, but had
Abbettors forrein powrs.

Yeat princely her allowance, and
More stately, as is sayde,
Than had she been in Scotland: nor
Was libertie denayde

Of hauking, hunting, and disports:
That, had she been content,
Her merriest and securest daies
A prisoner she spent.

Scotland, though labourd of our queene,
Would not receiue her and
Such treacher, though imprison'd here,
Prou'd she to either land,

That death awaited her at home:
And had we let her goe,
She was the league's shot-anchor might
Our queene and state o're throe.

Percie and Neuell, auncient earles,
This yet in Spanish paye,
(Though baesly ill, too well for him
His countrie would betray)
That other headed, both her wreckes,
Wee touch but by the way.

With that succeeding county, who
Concurring with his brother,
Once pardon'd, still conspyred and
(Lawe's progresse so to smother)

Dispatcht himselfe: Paget and moe,
Like guiltie as those other,
Whose faultes and falls had Rome and Spayne
Their father, her their mother,

Omit we. Norfolk's house, from first
Of Howards made a prince,
Though fauor'd of the commons, hane
Defected euer since.

As Absolom vs'd curtesie
But as ambitions smeeke,
Last Thomas duke of Norfolke so
Did his aspyring cloke,

Whom promis'd faith once fra'ed, but
That promise soone be broke.

Him for confederate with those earles,
Rebelling, proofes did touch:
And with this Scottish queene that he
Intelligence had much:

Her marriage that he closely sought,
And her escape pretended,
And in her right, had faig'd their wrong,
Her highnes raine had ended:

Of rising neer to London, and
To take it plots they layde:
From Netherland the Spanish king
Had promised them ayde:

From Scotland into Spayne should be
The infant-king betrayde:
Ireland meane-while with aduerse armes
Should also be ore-layde:

And hereof, to, and fro, the pope,
Weare letters still conuayde,

All which, and more, directly prou'd,
He pitied, lost his head!
Nor ought his death, from being such,
Did stand his sonne in steade.

So hardly finde we great-men in
Their greatness satisfide,
Or for their greatnes, not to be
Of other men enuide.

But what is all to those haue all,
When but in trifles crost,
Disgrace, or greefe, or grudge, vn-quest
No lesse than all weare lost!

Conclude we then, all riches, forme,
Pompe, world's-applause, but triade:
Conclude we then, to monarchize
Is to command the minde.

Throckmorton yeat, more priuie and
More practising than those,
With her, Mendoza, papists here,
Forren, and land-leapt foes,
Did mischiefes that imported more
Our practis'd state disclose.

But when of Parry, Babington,
And their attempts I thinke,
With whome this Scottish lady in
Their bloody hopes did linke,

All foresaid practises seeme then
Epitomies to it
Whereto these folliall traytors did
Themselues and senses fit.

Our centinels, almost too late,
The larum bell did ring,
Yeat hardly then to arme her selfe
Our generall they bring:

The queene of Scots from ours almost
Her crowne and life had prix'de,
Eare to preuent the same she would,
By audience, be aduis'de.

When gentle dammee might not salue
That daunger, did remaine,
(Which God, and nature tolerate)
Slea rather than be slaine:

To which our parliament aduis'd
Our queene, but long in vaine:
So far was she from doing her,
That sought her life and rayne.

CHAP. LVI.

Now thirtie sixe our greatest peeres
And states had power to heare,
And to determine, and, as found,
Her to condemne or cleare,
By statute passed in our queene
Her seuen and twentieth yeare.

These noble tryers, iustly then
Examining the cause,
With reuerent note of her, who hand
And spoke to euery clause,

Did, after dayes so spent,
Adiudge, by verdict true,
Her guiltie of most trayterous

Conspiracies, not fewe:
d then from Fotheringhaye themselues
To parliament with-drew.

this infection, that our peers
And people had, and would
medilesse impoyson, if
Not medcine it we should,

some decision of the lymme
Whence all the bayne did floe,
r publike weale's phisitions much
Did argue to and froe.

l neuer English parliament,
fully conuented then,
assist of nobliet, learneder,
Wiser, and worthier men:

these it was debated how
This common foe might liue,
thout her death whom God to vs
A common blisse doth giue.

ich was it labord, wished much
Some course herein might holde,
t to resolue of any none
Had reason to be bolde.

r still obdurate malice to
Her maiestie was cleere:
he preuaild, religion was
Assurd an altring heere:

r nobles crocodile, at home,
And hence, our foe hop't head:
en must our queene, religion, realme,
Or she for them be dead.

nerefore from either house were sent
The chiefest men, to craue
r highnes that the passed doome
Might execution haue:
nereof she askt to be aduisde,
And (earnest her to saue)

missed them with louing words,
And biddeth them expect
r answer shortly: nor did she
The sending it neglect;

ough contrarie to it that all
Did, hopingly, affect:
she, perplexed in that case,
Did lastly them direct

studie meanes how both might liue,
The perill ouer past:
ich much amaz'd: yeat solemnly
They handell it at last.

rcie to her, malice in her
Might happily preuent,
s sayd, but not resolu'd, for oft
The mercie vnder-went,

ien rose the earles, and other times,
Feat neuer did repent,
: of our queene to be destroyd
Had made her testament.

traiter garde, bonds, hostages,
Were also nam'd in vaine:
, should she prize our queene, who then
Durst her or them detaine?
what were these to recompence
The losse we should sustaine?

loyaltie to take her oth,
Was thought to purpose small;
h othes she oft had falsified.

Nor thought it stone at all
To breake them to an heretike
(Our queene so papists call.)

To banish her, were to possesse
Our foes of their desier,
For vs to rid away the smoake,
And runne into the fier,

To set her free to make a head
For them against our queene:
In few, no safetie for vs,
But in her death was seene.

So wholly by the parliament
Concluded was, and so
Reported to her maiestie,
Still pitying her foe.

In more sententious, learned, and
Delibrate sort, than I
Can set it downe, past all toucht heer:
So did her maiestie

In answering earst, and now to them
Her aunswer aunswer-lesse,
Sweet adumbrations of her zeale,
Mercie, and wit expresse.

But with her oracle that bod
Them do, and doe it not,
Play'd they as Alexander did
With king Gordian's knot.

OF Spayn's huge nauy, toucht before,
Great rumor now was spread,
And that th' inuaders meant to make
This Scottish queene a head:
For which continued doubt of her
In English hearts was ahead.

Not in the vulgars only, but
Some nobles of this land,
Who had (not knowing it our queene)
Then got into their hand

The writ of execution, that
Her heading did purport:
The which was executed soone,
And in a solemne sort.

This nature-frended ladie, had
She bin as wise as wittie,
Who by the massacres in France
Had learnt to leaue off pittie,

Made there too apt for bloody acts,
The pope for it too blame,
To take her death, too much deserv'd,
Her selfe did meekly frame.

She bids commend her to her sonne,
And will him to eschew
All practises and policies,
For thence her sorrowes grew:

"True Romish, Scottish, and true French,
Tell all my friends I die."
When Meluin (vnto whom she spake)
Did, weeping, thus replie.

"The wofulst message, madame, this
That euer me befell,
When of my queene and mistresse death
I shal the tidings tel,"
She, kissing him, sayes, "Pray for me,"
And bids him so farewell.

Then of a debt was dun from her
She did the payment craue,
And that her seruants might enioy
Those legacies she gaue,
And to attend her at her death
Some of her owne to haue.

All which the earles commissioned
Did yeeld vnto: and so
She to the black-clad Scaffold, there
To take her death, did go.
"Nor Mary Steward's troubles shall
Haue ending," once or twise
She sayd, and not to none for her
Did giue to hers aduise:

And whilst the writ in reading was
No more regarded it,
Than if it had secured, or
Concerned her no whit.

Beades at her girdle hung, at end
Of them a medall, and
An Agnus-Dei bout her necke,
A crost-Christ in her hand,

They prayed her to set a-part
Those popish toyes, and pray
In faith to Christ, in only whom
Her whole saluation lay:

And, offring then to pray with her,
That offer she withstood,
Alleaging that our prayers can
Doe catholiques no good.

So doth the pope's false calender
Of saints of sense bereaue
Our traytors, who dye papists that
Thereiu it them receaue.

Was neuer yet religion heard
So pestilent as this:
Their murdring vs for lawfull, of
Their creed a portion is.

So had they schooled her, and that
Her bloodie mischiefs past
Were meritorious, which the pope
Would honor so at last.

That, euen then, the gospel's light
Illuminate her heart
Was prayd of ours, whilst she with hers
Prayd, as pleasde her, a-part.

Then to her wofull seruants did
She passe a kind a-dew:
And kissing oft her crucifix,
Vnto the block her drew,
And, fearles, as if glad to dye,
Did dye to papisme trew.

Which, and her other errors (who
In all did euer erre)
Vnto the iudge of mercie and
Of iustice we referre.

If euer such conspirator,
Of it impenitent,
If euer soule, pope-scooled so,
That sea to Heauen sent,
If euer one, ill-liu'd, did dye,
A papist, god-wards bent,

Then happie she. But so or not,
It happie is for vs,
That of so dangerous a foe
We are deliuer'd thus.

The brauely manag'd iorney of
The countie Sussex, who
Did merit praise beyond my penne,
Sir William Druries too

Made into Scotland, aided to
Lord Grei's sayd-prowesse theare,
Did lesser rid our queene and realme,
Their realme and king of feare,

Than Marie's end: who of her selfe
All treasons did prefer,
Gainst either state. our forreine foes
Deriu'd pretexts from her.

But thus Elizabeth hath salu'd,
Ours, and Scotch troubles. Now
Ensues we shew her aids to France,
Who wrought their broiles, and how.

CHAP. LVII.

It by a polititian
A Germaine (to whose lore,
Haue Machiuilian French-euents
Since sorted euer-more)

Before queene-mother, Charles the king,
And others priuate, was
Aduisde a monarch absolute
In France to bring to pas.

Aristocratick gouernment,
Nor democratick pleasde
But where to one man's emperie
Is monarchia seasde.

He told his trauels, and in states
His obseruations: how,
Besides the only Turke, he none
A monarch did allow:

Who suffreth none by might, by wealth,
Or blood, to ouer-top:
Himselfe giues all preferments, and
Whom listeth him doth lop.

His bands of Ianizaries, who
Are form'd and nourisht still
From childhood his own creatures,
Hold all at his owne will.

He out of these his captaines, and
His bassies doth elect:
They, to deserue their founder's trust
His only weale affect:

The rather, for their dignities,
And all that all possesse
Determine at his will, behooues
Therefore not to transgresse.

Saue his religion, none is vsde,
Vnlesse in conquests late,
And that of policie, thereby
To adde vnto his state:
Nor euen there permits he of
Religion to debate.

Nor walled townes, nor fortresses,
His empier doth digest:
Except vpon the frontiers, for
Securing of the rest.

His subiects thus, theirs, and the whole,
At his deuotion, needs
No imposts, taxes, or the like,
Whence tumult often breeds.

course of his experience thus,
He then descends to it,
hereby of Monarchia might
Himselfe the French king fit.

Whereas" (quoth he) " French policie
Consists of three estates,
e princes, nobles, commons, and
Each one of th' other wates

For heartes and helpes, and oft the king
s bridled of those three,
nselfe therefore, such lets remou'd,
ole monarch thus might bee.

Of ancient peeres, of valiant men,
Great lords, and wisemen all,
forced warre, or fraudfull peace,
To temporize the fall:
ereto religion's quarrell then
resented meane not small.

Meane while, vntill of them by turnes
Veare riddance, did behoue
worke them mal-contents, the king
To labor vulgar loue.

mmediately, euen from himselfe,
fo whit at their request,
passe preferments, not to them,
but els as likes him best:

nd but of peeces ruinous
he great-ones to possesse:
l when his creatures shall grow
o more, those great to lesse,

o quarrell then those nobles, when
n them great hearts would lurk,
t for the souldier, or the sword
f iustice, should make work.

o to prouide that of the states
e no conuention nam'd:
igion not disputed of:
trong townes, which oft haue tam'd

he French kings, be dismantled: And
Then things as thus be fram'd,
maiestie" (quoth he) " shall hit
he marke whereat is aim'd."

EN this, and worse than thus, this worse
han Machiuel had said,
h that conuenticle's applause,
o working was not staid:

hence, if accidents we shall
bserue, may be collected
ciuill warres and butcheries
n France to haue effected.

gion gaue the colour, whear
hough infinite were slaine,
church reform'd did not resist,
eat still by losse did gaine:

blood of martyrs well is sayd
o be the churche's seede,
ere massacres haue plashed there
spread a triple breede:

ense it seem'd a sillie spring,
hould Europe ouer-floe,
ence Luther his occasion tooke
gainst the gospel's foe:

Scotland's foresaid Guizian broyles,
uen France her tumults so,
From other than religion's cause
Did at beginning groe:

So Ioseph sold, and Christ betrayd,
Was meeter than was ment
Of Ben-Iamests, or by the false
Iscarot's foule intent:
But howsoeuer ill haps well,
Woe stayes whence ill is sent.

French second Henrie's fauorites,
The constable, and Guize,
The one of them ambitiously
The other's hight enuies:

Each growing crosse, and crossing, it
To factions grew at length,
Poore Hugenots vndoubted then,
Nor dreamed they of strength:

Alone in Henries, Francis, and
Ninth Charles their raines, of them
French papists, as our Maries, did
To martyrdome condemne.

But by such law as wolues doe lambes,
Those innocents for most
Were slaughtered, whole townes sometimes
With these in them they rost:
And like now threatned Guize against
The saints in euery coast.

The Guizians (so that faction shall
In this report be sayd)
Through nonage of the pope-taught king,
Grew mighty and obayd:
Queene-mother (mischief-mistres) in
Their pageant featly playd.

Meane while the royals and the peeres
They practise to betray:
Some in the bloodie massacre
At Paris made away.

But what offend I christian eares
With horror of that deede?
From Sarazens, nor sauages,
Did euer like proceede.

Let that black marrage-feast, when were
So many thousands slaine
Of saints, at peace with God and men,
Be neuer nam'd againe:

Let be a law in euery land,
To punish such as speake
That Christians should, like hel-hounds so,
With God and Nature breake:

Farre be it that posterities
Should heare, that Charles the king
For such foule murthers, bon-fiers bod,
And caused bels to ring.

Yeat tell the pope's procession, and
His iubilee for this:
For popes be impudent, and bads
Their blessings neuer mis,
To haue them fathers of those acts,
No newes at all it is.

But more than twise sixe yeares ere this
The ciuill warres begun,
When on the lambes of Vassie did
The Guizian butchers run:

Euen when the edict had giuen peace
Vnto the church reform'd,
And odious to the papists seem'd
That peace, who therefore storm'd

And then the duke of Guise, who eanst
Had figur'd for the crowne,
Hence calculating hopes, did set
His bad designements downe:

Alonly quarrelling, till then,
The princes of the blood,
Who, partly quail'd, were yet vnkild,
And to their tackling stood.

So with the papists bands the duke
Himselfe, not for deuotion,
But aduantagious seem'd that meane
For blood-drifts and promotion.

This faction thus had heart and head,
The other yet vnborne,
Till to the prince of Condie flockt
The Hugenots, forlorne,

And tolde the sattage butcheries
At Vassie newly made,
By ruthles and seditious Guize,
On thousands, whilst they prayde.

Like skathed sheepe, escaped from
Blood-sucking dogs, they quake,
Imploring his protection: which
He then did vndertake.

Thus, through necessitie, this part
Had also heart and head:
Euen after hundreds thousands such
Good Christians so were dead.

This knowne, to him from euery part
The persecuted flie,
So was the prince of vertuous troopes
Possessed by and by.

CHAP. LVIII.

Not Spayne this while, that held for France
Great signories, did sleepe,
But through the fingers into it,
With lusting eyes, did peepe:
At least, by nourishing those broyles,
All got she hopes to keepe.

For it, whose scituation so
Spayns scattred realms disioynes,
Her teeth had watted long, and now,
To weaken France her loynes,

Gainst France she France doth strengthen with
The soother of her gold:
And for that purchace to the diuell,
Is fear'd, her soule is sold.

Directions also came from Rome,
That setteth all on fier:
That, by what right or wrong so ere,
The Guize should still aspier:

To send the royall bloods to Heauen
Or Hell, it skils not how:
Were pardons sent for murthers: buls
To clear alleageance vow:
That, on damnation, none perswade,
Much lesse of peace allow.

And not alone gainst France this league
Was halowed, but gainst all
That worke the gospell to erect,
Whereby the pope might fall:

Was more than time, tree we, to get,
Should not the church vs call.
But call did they, and come did we,
And to their labors fall,
When weare their townes demolished,
With slaughters thear not small.

This busie head of that bad league
(For yet the monstrous beath
Of Sextus Quintus and the diuell,
The grand league, had not breath)

This Guize bereft vs Calice, and
In France our peeces all:
Then fell in hand with Scotland, thence
With vs in hand to fall:

This, in his neece the Scottish queene
Her claime, did all he might
To dispossesse Elizabeth
Our queene of regall right:

This on the infant-person of
His naturall king had seazde:
And prosecuted now in France
What violence him pleasde:

The pope's sworne butcher, and proud Spayn
Fore-runner, to prepare
Her waies for France and England, with
Their owners cannot spare:

This with the blood of innocents
Made channels ouer-floe:
Against this Cham, and his beau-peers,
Inuited English goe.

Els, saue that God can all, was feard
Religion should haue quail'd,
And Spanyards, nestling ouer neere,
Had earlier vs assaild:

For on the theator of France,
The tragedie was ment
Of England too: wherefore our queene
Her interruptors sent.

How Ambrose, earle of Warwick, did
In France high feates not few:
How bloodie Claudie, duke of Guise,
A common soldier slew:

How Francis, sonne of that Guise,
Did ciuill broyles renew:
The persecuting Francis, Charles,
And Henries, hence a-dew:

Which kings, as said, to work themselues
French monarchs atheists playd,
Or doting ouermuch on Rome,
Their realme and selues betrayd:
The skarlet Borbone, whom the Guise
A painted French king made:

Salcedo fayling Monsiur's death,
Which did the league conspier:
The prince of Orenge, murthred through
Farnesian Parma's hier:

Renoumed Condie poysned, in
His time the leaguers' feare:
How pope-sent Saunders gainst our queene
In Ireland armes did beare:
(For leaguers then in pollicie
Preuented lettes each wheare,

By armies, or Armadas, or
Their scattred Iesuists, who
Haue had small cause to brag that they
With England had to doe:)

ıe often swotne and for-swotne peace,
That hapned in the while
ıeene-mother, Phillip, pope and Guise,
The French kings did begile:

ıeene-mother for ambition of
Imployment, king of Spayne,
ı make his vsurpations sure,
Yea France it selfe to gaine,

ıe pope to keepe his pompe in plight,
Guise for the regall ring:
ıw all, though drifting diffringly,
At length to ende did bring

ıe house Valoys, of Capet's stocke.
Which stocke had quite decaide,
ıt that it pleaseth God the crowne
In Burbon's house is staide:

ıw till the barricado's feast,
When Guise vn-vizard was,
ıder religion's cloake the routes
In wasted France did pas,

ıd after then, both Hugenote,
And papist too, if frend
ıto Valoys, or Burbon, found
Like eamitie, or end:

Sauoy, (hoping France) his aydes,
And ill successe in all:
ıw Guise, and Lorraine, in the pit
For Henrie dig'd did fall:

ıw frier Iames, pope-blest, and brib'd
Of Mayne, did Henrie kill:
ıw vnto Mayne, pursewing broyles,
It wrought not to his will:

ıe massacres, and stratagems,
Did in these tumults chance:
ıw God in all his warres did blesse
Nauar, now king of France:

ıd how, next God, that France is French
Our queene is author cheef,
ı these, thus blanch't, we leaue, and shall
Of Belgick be as breefe.

ıt be it first remembered how,
Euen for the parents' sinne,
ıd plagueth in posteritie:
As came to passe, I winne,

second Henrie's, of the church
Reform'd a bloudie foe,
hough otherwise a worthie prince,
Nor tache we him but so)
ıd Katherine de Medicis,
Whose athisme wrought much woe.

ese had fowre sonnes, not one of which
Did die a naturall death,
ı issules, Valoyses males
None extant on the earth.

ı maruell, euen to Dauid's seede,
For Dauid's sinne, hap't such:
ıd though the holy writ containes
That storie, yeat to tuch
ıis purpose, let vs heare it here:
Example vrgeth much.

CHAP. LIX.

ı holy Dauid, and his house,
The man approu'd to be,
By God's owne mouth, to God's owne heart,
The many troubles see.

His soule was euer godly firme,
Though fraile in flesh as man,
(For who of Adam's seede from sinne
Acquite them could or can.)

Our walls of flesh, that close our soules,
God knew too weak, and gaue
A further guard, euen euery man
An angell guide to haue:
And men to vs be angels, whilst
They worke our soules to saue.

For, eare his fall, man was not left
Vnto himselfe so free,
But that he had a law, and those
That should his temptors be,

And tempted, then the spirit, that
For God himselfe was made,
Was dared by the flesh, that to
The spirit earst obayde:
The soule by either laboured
To thriue, or be betraide.

To erre is proper then to men,
But brutish to persist:
With praise, and praier, still to God,
As Dauid thriu'd, or mist,
He plied: more in louing God,
Than liuing godly blist.

Vngratefull Saule distressing him,
Or what eare then befell,
Or afterwards, nor other then
Domestick greefes we tell.

The troublous sequels Nathan tould
Of Dauid's house, when as,
To wanton it with Bethsabe,
Vrias murthred was,
Effecting now, is onely it
Whereto our pen shall pas.

Thamar, Ammon, Absolom, Adoniah also wrought
Vnto their father woe enough:
Let these on stage be brought.

Now to the tribes was Dauid as
The zodiack to the signes,
Euen signifer to euery prince
That circled his confines.

A monarche great, in acts and fame
More great, but great'st of all,
In that he was belou'd of God,
Nor ceast on him to call,
Who raisd him, often falling, for
His crosses weare not small.

Loue-worth Maacha, Thalmai king
Of Geshur's daughter, baire
To Dauid featred Absolom,
And Thamar peereles faire.

Not fairer yeat than virtuous, though
Disastrously she speade:
Such is admyred bewtie that
Hath worlds of mischiefes breade.

Ammon, whom Ahinoam bore
To Dauid, was the cause
Of hers and his owne griefe, in that
He gaue his eyes no lawes.

For loue is but a terme, like as
Is Eccho but a voyce,

That this doth babble, that doth breed,
Or not, is ours the choyce.

And virtue curbs affection, and
For conscience flyeth sinne:
To leaue for imperfection, feare,
Or shame, no praise doth winne.

But not so happy he as feare,
Or shame, or ought, might stay
His rankled thoughts, but sicke, luste sicke,
For Thamar Ammon lay:
And subtell Ionadab's aduise
Did her to him betray.

For neuer was pretence so fowle
But some would flatter it:
Nor any thing so pestilent
As mis-applied wit.

"Seeme feeble sicke, and when the king
Thy father visits thee,
Then faine an appetite to meate
By Thamar drest" (quoth he):

"Aske that she dresse it in thy sight,
And of her hand to take it,
When priuate so, thy market bee
As thou doest mar or make it."

Well pleasde this counsell: Ammon askes,
And Dauid yeelds anon:
Nor readier Dauid to bid goe,
Than Thamar to be gone:

Like Philomela, flattering
Pandeon she might go
With Tereus, that prepos'd her shame,
Was Thamar forward so:
When either virgin was surprisde,
Wheare least they look't a foe.

So gratious, portly, fresh, and faire,
And (which no lesse attract)
So modest, wittie, affable,
Had nature her compact,

That such as, in his canticles,
Her brother hath purtrayde
His loue's idea, literally
Might Thamar such be saide.

Goodly thus, and gladly then,
And not suspecting harme,
She, entring wheare he lodged, did
Afresh the leacher warme.

His leasing sicknes then to acte
By arte was more than neede,
For, seeing her, imagine all
His senses sick in deede.

More could she not, more should she not,
Than she in kindnes did:
All adding fewell to the fier,
Which yet from her lay hid.

Now, saue of him and her, the roome
Was cleard by his deuise,
When he did aske to eate, which she
Did bring him in a trise:

Full glad (good soule) her cookerie
Might please him any whit,
When not her cookrie, but her selfe,
His appetite did fit.

Concerning which he breaket with her,
Indeuoring her consent:

Whereto, amaz'de, she counter-works,
Nor would for ought relent.

How pretious her viginitie,
What sinne it to defile,
How for their father's luste much woe
Was prophesied ere-while,

How incest was much more a sinne,
She wished him to way,
How permanent the shame to both:
Enough did Thamar say,
To haue preseru'd virginitie,
If lust had brook't a nay.

But pleading teares and words lackt wits,
By force he rauisht her,
And hauing forst, he forced not
To hide how he did erre:

Nor more he loued her ere while,
But hates her now as much:
Of lust and vnchast coiture
Still is the sequell such.

Her now vn-virgin'd eyes did shame
To view the common light:
She therefore would haue stayde, at least
Not come in common sight,
Supposing, by her blusshings, all
Would syme her altred plight.

But out his doores by violence
He shutteth her, wherefore
Aloude she cride, with bitter teares
Her faire attier she tore,

And did all signes of sorrow, whilst
The cause admired was.
But when her brother Absolom
Found how had come to pas,

He comforts her in all he might,
And to his house conuaies
His wofull sister, wheare thenceforth,
As desolate, she staies:

Like Progne's sister pensiue, but
Her moodes weare milder still,
This wanting will, not speech to rayle,
That wanting speech, not will,

Contrary-wise thought Absolom
Of nothing but reuenge,
And with his choler thinke ye him
These thoughts among to menge:

"Did Cadmus, for his sister rapt,
So many countries rome?
And shall I sleepe my sister's rape,
That may be quit at home?

"For rape of one, scarce honest, was
At Troy such temne-years' fight?
And shall one easie bloe seeme much,
Sweet Thamar's wrong to right?

"Simeon and Leui, worthy sonnes
Of Israel our grand sier,
Yee in reuenging Dina's rape
Haue set mine heart on fier,
Euen mine, that for a greater wrong
Should greater things acquier.

"Poore Sychem, thou didst loue in deede,
And marriage rites affect:
Lewde Ammon, thou did'st lust in deede,
And then thy rape reiect:

Poore Sichem, she a stranger was
Whom thou so much didst vowe:
ewde Ammon, she thy sister was
With whome thou hadst to doe:

Poore Sichem, thou to prize thy loue,
Didst leaue thy godes for hers:
ewde Ammon, thou to please thy luste,
No God at all prefers:

But howsoeare in these, in this
No difference shall remaine:
'oore Sichem he was slaughtered;
Lewd Ammon shall be slaine."

'ot more Maacha's goodly sonne
In stomaking did threate,
'han did this newes his father now
Offensiuely disqueate:

It poynt almost to act as much
As Absolom did plot,
Suen Ammon's death, had not he been
His issue first-begot.

'or which he earst had hild him deare,
And present nature wrought,
And that himselfe had amorous slype,
Is likely too, hee thought:

But howsoeare, in woe enough,
He ouerpasseth it
Which Absolom, in wroth enough,
Nor could, nor would, forgit!
Two yeares in silence, neartheles,
He labord of that fit.

To his sheep-shearing Dauid and
His brethren he inuites,
(Such as our wakes, conuenting kinnes
To feastings and delightes)
Now listen what Catastropha
This stratagem behightes.

The king excus'd his comming, whome
His sonne importunes so,
As Ammon, and his other sonnes,
Had leaue, and will, to goe.

Vnwilling though (by what presage
I wot not) Dauid seem'd
Of Ammon's going: but what fate
Ordain'd hath none redeem'd:

So did he, wheare full merily
He frollicked that tyde,
When, by his oste's attendants there,
Of sudden wounds he dyde:
(Which after-banquet did their lord
For onely him prouide.)

More skar'd than hurt the other sonnes
Of Dauid flead with speede,
Yeat eare their home-returne the king
Had notice of the deede,

And feared much their safetie,
Till them he saw, and then
Was such confused sorrow, more
Was neuer seene mong'st men.

To Geshur Absalom escapes,
Three yeares an exile theare,
Till Dauid's kinde relenting heart
To Ioab did appeare:

By meanes of whome, recalled home,
He lastly purchast grace,
Yea well-appay'd was Dauid, if
Weare Absolom in place.

Lou'd neuer father more a sonne
Than him his father lou'd,
Prou'd neuer sonne vngratefull more
Than he vngratfull prou'd:

For hauing stolne the people's hearts,
By affable pretexts,
He faines his vowes at Hebron, but
The diadem affects:

And, by collected forces theare,
Distressed Dauid more
Than Saule, the Cananites, or all,
Hap't after, or before:

Enforcing him to flie the land.
But dwell we not of this:
God neuer fauor'd such attempts,
Or euer fayled his.

When Dauid seem'd, in common sence,
Already on the hip,
Was Absolom himselfe ore-throne,
Whom God made ouer-slip,

What, wisely, false Achitophel
Had counseld him to doe,
Whose counsell not receau'd, he hong
Himselfe, and worthie too.

Ambitious Absolom, now foyl'd,
As on his mule he flead,
Was carried vnderneath an oke,
Wheare caught-vp by the head,
(Euen by those bewtious locks, of which,
And him, such praise is read)

He sighte (and cause he had) and said
(Or say he might) that all
Which so vniustly seeke to clime,
Most iustly so doe fall.
But whatsoeare he thought or spake,
This holds autenticall:

We thinke no greater blisse than such
To be as be we would,
When blessed none, but such as be
The same that be they should.

Had one man all that all men haue,
He nothing had, valesse
He also, had a soule that all
As nothing did possesse.

Nature's mynion, eyes'-admier,
And now in-ayred earth,
(For, hanging, Ioab's ruthles speare
Had vented vitall breath,

Although the king his counter-maunde
Should haue contraried so)
Effected had his father's heart
No substance else but woe:

So kinde and ouer-kinde was he
In moning such a foe.
But thus of this, and thus to him
This following crosse did groe.

CHAP. LX.

To epilogue our tragedie,
Now Adoniah acts,
With whome, olde Dauid to depose,
Euen Ioab's-selfe compacts:

Yea diuers captaines did reuolt,
And with the sonne rebell,
Which not a little greeu'd the king,
That lou'd the young-man well,
Who, next his brother, did for forme,
And soly now excell.

Remayn'd but Salomon and he,
And he the elder sonne,
Too forward yeat to practise rule
Eare Dauid's raigne was donne:

But what God meaneth is, amen:
The scepter was behight
To Salomon, and Nathan mou'd
The king to doe him right:

Who, aged, caus'd his diadem
To roialize the head
Of Salomon, annoynted now:
Which heard, the rebels flead.

So haue we seene, not yeares farre-past,
Long-plottings ouerthroue,
Euen in a trise, to day a queene,
To morrow lesse than none:

Such was her fate, but not her fault,
That stoode for Marie's throne:
Nor cite I this a noueltie,
Like pul-backs many an one.

Repentant Adonish now
Vnto the altar flies,
And holdeth fast the hornes thereof:
Which spe, that it espies,

Reporteth vnto Salomon,
That sent to fetch him thence:
Which would not be, till swore the king
To pardon his offence:
Whome leaue we now so pardoned,
Or rather in suspence.

For though a king's competitor
In one same land may liue,
Yeat take he heed, the sleightest cause
A cause of death doth giue:

Which hapned him, eare hapned this,
Inserted by the way.
Dauid decea'sts, in Salomon
Was sole and sou'raigne sway,
When Ioab, to prolong his life,
Did at the altar stay.

Euen he that in so many brunts
For Dauid did preuaile,
That, saue for Adonish now,
Allegiance neare did faile,

That, saue for sheaded blood of twaine,
Could none impeach of wrong,
Euen this grand-captaine of the hosts,
A luckie knight so long,

Hand-fasting now the altar, clames
That priuiledge, in vaine:
For thence he would not, and the king
Commaunds he theare be slaine.

Which warrant did Banaiah serue:
And so this worthie died,
For Abner and Amasa's blood,
Like-worthies and as-tried.

With Adonish now remaines
We act and ende our sceanes,
To whom, might seeme, small good was meant,
What il soeve he meanes:

Wheare crowned might, and crossed right
So neere together dwel,
Behooues that forrest-flying feare,
Whereof the fox did tell:
Our factions Lancaster and Yorke
Thereof could witnes well,

Abisag, Dauid's Hebe, that
In comfort of his age,
Attended him at bed and boarde,
When naturall heate did swage,

Howbeit still a virgin, and
The goodliest wench alive,
Enamours Adonish: at
The least with her to wiue

He drifteth, not detayned but
For Salomon's consent:
Of which he moued Bethsabe,
For which she sutor went

To Salomon, that therewithall
Was onely not content,
But also tooke occasion hence,
Of more, perhaps, than meant.

Banaiah, by the king's commaund,
Did Adonish slea:
For cryme perhaps, perhaps because
A crowne might come in plea.

For Salomon, diuinely wise
Could subtellizings sound:
That much the maid knew Dauid's mind,
That many she had bound,
Whilst gratious earst, with benefits
Her kinred strong he found:

That Ioab and Abiathar
Weare on his brother's side:
That his aspiring sleepes, nor must
Be slept, the king espide:

Or else-what? Adonish was
Dispatched out of hand:
So sped his sute, so was confirm'd
To Salomon the land:
If others otherwise, not I
As others vnderstand.

Nor better meede for merits could
These Dauidists alleadge:
Yeat did their fathers eate the grapes
That set their teeth on edge.

Then charitable, godly-wise,
And continent, were fit
Should parents be: so prosper they,
Theirs, and whom theirs begit.

Of Scotland, quieted by our queene,
And France, by her kept French,
Is toucht: of Belgike, long selfe-vaind,
Rests how the blood doth stench.

CHAP. LXI.

The inquisition threatned, wrought
In Netherlanders feare,
And signes of altring regiment in
Their ancient state appeare.

As ful-fead children with their foode,
By peace this people play,
Till, in world-matchles wealth, did them
Securitie betray.

ey hearing what king Philip meant
Against their state, did minde
at in the fables morall of
The stock and storke we finde:

in the ladie regent, and
Her brother Philip's corse,
eir hearts presag'd like difference as
'Twixt rigor and remorse.

n'd was the duke of Alua, who
By warres, by wiles, by blood,
uld conquer, circumuent, consume,
Those lands, their lords, the good.

ese to haue his sufficed not
The Spanish king, vnlesse
monarchize their land, their lawes,
And liberties depresse.

s other part their consciences
And priuiledges pleades,
r other cause than only this
To armor either leades:

there, else-wheare, and euer Spayne,
When Spayne wold scepters lurch,
eclndes for Spayne, though euer Spayne
Begins for holy-church.

armie was as yet ariu'd,
When as the Belgies send
Philip their submission, and
Their loyaltie defend.

ought were done contrarie to
His edicts (as indeede
ware some too busie protestants
Did order-les proceede)

ey did transpose that fault vpon
Those innouators rude,
testing all that subjects should:
And humbly too they sude,

uching his father, vncle, kings,
And emperors of old,
o let their liege-men, diff'ring from
Their own, religion hold)
suffer consciences in them
To god-wards vncontrol'd.

which, and for their charters, did
They offer masses large,
d euermore to vndergo
All truage, taxe, and charge.

t theirs to alter quite in all
Was it that Philip ment:
plague therefore those seauenteene shires
Was war-flesht Alua sent.

is, like a pleasing poysning aspe
To act as he did aime,
first ariuall, pardons did
For passed crimes proclaime.

at tractable kind people so
He to his bent did frame:
o wear not then by hostile meanes
Men easily to tame.

thus of them possest, did then,
By slie degrees, surprise
eir townes, puts garisons in them,
Built cittadels likewise,
ducts the Inquisition, and
Strange imposts did deuise,

Cals pardon'd crimes in question, faines
The guiltles to offend,
And thus an aspe, and poysnous more,
Prou'd Alua in the end.

For why? ambitious men seeke, get,
Possesse, and practise state,
With restles minds, by fawning meanes,
Enuide, in haughtie rate.

This priuiledged prouince, and
This paradized earth,
Thus stripped of her golden fleece,
And faintly drawing breath,

Was phisickt of Elizabeth,
Who with her English balme,
Then much the poysnous biting of
That Spanish aspe did calme:

Euen pittie preaching thus to her,
That nature is reuerst,
When as her selfe is not amongst
Her owne consorts dispers't,

She to that countrie's father, to
That honorable knight,
The prince of Orange, (armed then
In Christ his cause to fight,

And for his countrie's weale) permits
First voluntarie aides:
And lastly, when that neighbour fier
Too neerly her inuades,

And their extreame oppression did
Her charitie inuite,
(By ambassies Spayne often mou'd
To doe the Belgies right,

Howbeit touching peace in vaine)
She franklier friends their cause,
Who were inforced to defend,
Their faith, their liues, and lawes,

Against their soule's and bodie's foes,
And (which might all perceaue)
Our cause was handled then in theirs,
Then theirs were ours to leaue,

And (which had often ayded vs
In many a field and fleete)
In ancient loue with Burgundie
To breake, was thought vnmeete,

How thence tyrannous Alua was
Reuoked, all too late,
When pitiously declined was
Their flourishing estate:

Ere which oppression, where the king
Had countles profits thence,
Now owes he nothing there, not held
With infinit expence.

The slaughters, sackings, mutinies,
The king's vice-gerents sence,

How Horne, and Egmond, counties braue,
Through Alua's athisme spead,
How Orange, through our soueraign's aide
Preuaild, how lastly dead,
How Anioy also, through her meanes,
Became that people's head,

How now her highnes only-selfe,
Next God, doth them secure,
Her valiant warriors there, whose landes
Might special pens allure,

And here mean-while should ours, saue that
I cannot but deuine,
Their chiualrie to be reseru'd
For higher Muse than mine,

To which though some we leaue, yeat (by
Their leaues) of some is sayd
Themselues they haue misgouern'd, and
Their companies betrayd,

Some more regard of tents, and trash,
In their retreats haue made,
Then of our craised men, may such
Conductors low be laide,

And some too ruthles, riotous,
And of their charge remisse,
Haue starued vp in number moe
Than foe-slaine number is:

Thus some of some report, perhaps
Not true in all as told:
But somewhat somewhere faulteth, for
No fier, no smoake be bold.

To be officious getteth friends,
Plaine dealing hated is:
Yeat better plainly to reproue,
Than fainedly to kisse:
We cannot also loue our friends,
And flatter their a-misse:

How these and thus-like passed theare
We ouer-passe it heere.
Note in our queene, religion wrong'd,
It selfe did euer cheere:

And whear the Spanish Nimrod hunts
In monarchie to hold
All Christendom, through God, that drift
She chiefly hath controld.
Nor did, nor doth, nor shall it need,
That thus to her be told:

Who would to God, but works no good,
Who seeketh fame by ease,
Comes short of both, no lesse than mappes
To very lands and seas.

Not only thus, but in this while,
Her fleetes haue oftentimes
Set prosprously her men on shore,
Euen in the farthest climes:

Whence haue they brought, by fayr commerce,
Great riches to our land,
Or glorious spoyles from such as did
Their peace or prowse withstand,

Of which shall be digested here
The progresse, in some parte,
Though stately be the subject, and
Too slender be our arte.

THE

ELEVENTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXII.

Inexplicable Nature, by
The God of nature wrought,
Makes things seeme miracles to some,
By some not wonders thought:

And euery climate's people, both
As they are men, and liue,
Do differ: nothing, if obseru'd,
She, not admir'd, doth giue.

The workman rather than the work
Extoll we though in her,
Not curiously, and all things to
His prouidence refer.

Who reades sir Iohn de Mandeuil
His trauels, and his sights,
That wonders not? and wonder may,
If all be true he wrights.

Yeat rather it beleeue (for most
Now modernly approu'd)
Than this our storie, whence suppose
He was to trauell mou'd:

Not contradicting though such pens
That write, perhaps more trew,
That pennance him to pilgrimage
Hence, of deuotion, drew.

Of noble parentage and rich
Was Mandeuil exact,
To whom nor feature, actiuenes,
Nor people's fauour lackt.

A ladie of the royall blood,
Third Edward's cozen say her,
On whom, for rarest raritie,
Might arte-spent nature stay her,

Inamours him: who held it sinne,
If ought he should omit,
Might please and prize his ladie, couch
In courage, coste, or wit.

But quite it quail'd his hopes to think
He strain'd to reach a starre:
Oft reason therefore did with loue,
Loue did with reason warre.

"She is too high: and what of that?
It hath," thinks he, "bin seene,
As high haue stoopt as low: for loue,
Right-labourd, wins a queene,

"And can I hope that beautie, which
Is adamant to all?
Yea, beautie, Nature's iuy-bush,
Each passenger doth call.

"But should she loue (foole that I am
To hope, that should despaire)
Such births as she not else must loue,
But as they licen'st are.

"Yeat were it Mandeuil she lou'd,
Mislike it then that list,
Our vertuous loue, else-where, as here,
Should render vs as blist.

"O, would she loue, it should suffise:
Such, not of vulgar moulds,
Whom once she blesseth with her loue,
For him she sooth-fast holds:
The only vertue of which loue,
All other lacks controules."

Such were his ebbes, and floods, and doms
Although in loue he sits,
Yeat, fearing death and her disdaine,
His heart deuour'd his fits:

For, though not meanly passionate,
He fared not as those,
Whose melancholy fooleries
Be pylots to their woes.

eadie was he gratious both
With her and all the court,
l, more to be, did exercise
irmes, and each actiue sport,

was he stoicall in ought,
But affable in all,
l apprehends, euen feelingly,
Ier humours as they fall.

ad were she, then sad was he:
f merrie, merrie too:
senses liable to all,
he did, or did not doe.

er he heard to speake, he sayd
Cassandra spake lesse trew.
er he saw, hers praisde he more
Than Cytherea's hew,

dorifrous sents he smelt,
Ie fathers them on her,
ut her hand he toucht, that touch
Did highly him prefer,

t deified swore he him
Ier bed-game sweets might taste,
l swore his thoughts: for where we loue
Euen there our soules be plaste.

vertues and officiousnes
'o her wanld, so had wrought,
it vnto little lesse than loue
he, by degrees, was brought,

n errant knights, and euery knight,
'ea kings, would oft defend
beauties of such damsels as
t lik't them to commend:

l prizes were preposde for such,
Vhose champions bore them best
ilts and turnies, and his dame
Vas soueraigne ore the rest.

h iusts, in England to beheld,
Vere now proclaimed, and
chiualrie of christendome
onuented in our land.

ee beautious forren ladies, with
ir Iohn his ladie stood
petitors, to win the prize,
laintain'd with champions' good.

shew the foure-fold march of knights,
Vhose prowse shuld plead anon,
ler distinguish'd flags her forme
heir fancies waited on,

ir rare accomplements, and each
leuise to see or reede,
shew the richnes of the prize,
ehight the victor's meede,
damsel's richer hew for whom
uch triumphs were decreede,

cost, and great concurse was there,
Vere ouer-long to say:
ew, was nothing wanting that
light honor such a day:

sound they to the iusts, and now
'nhorst was many a knight:
foyles were foyles: most brauely al
heir sides and selues acquite:

almost grew the day to end,
efore it could be seene
o bore him best, when, mounted well,
oth man and horse in greene,

A knight appear'd: his banner had
The picture, and in gold
King Edward's cozen Elenor
Was legibly inroul'd.

Against him ranne right hardie knights,
That thundred on his beuer;
But he vnhorst the most of them,
Himselfe vn-horsed neuer:

At least he lost his stirrops, that
Incounters him, wherefore
Of knighthood he, and Elenor
The prize of beautie bore.

The iewels set for victorie,
And aduerse banners three,
Were yeelded him: whilst Elenor
Did long her knight to see.

But as they marched to depart,
With beuer shut, he made
To her a conge: closely then
He thence himselfe conuaide.

Much wonder all, who, and of whence,
The hardie greene-knight was:
But secretly, vnknowne of all,
He to his home did pas.

A woman's loue is riuer-like,
Which, stopt, will ouer flow,
But when the currant finds no let,
It often falls too lowe:

Faire Elenor wish't nothing more
Than that she might him know:
Meane while the fier of loue in her,
From sparkes to flame did grow.

But Mandeuil was more discreet,
Than that for men's applause,
He would be known: as knowing that
From praise takes enuie cause.

To moue the king threats death, in vaine
To labor her he wist,
Since many mightie potentates
Had labor'd her, and mist.

She, he, and England seem'd too neere,
His hopes, thought he, too farre:
He absence therefore poynts to plead
Vnto his loue in barre.

Of Ceur-de-Lion, Erigen,
William the pylgrim, who
Wrot Richard's Syrian warres, Cureen,
Glanuile, and Longe-spee too,

Long-shanks, eare king, his knights, and of
Our English many moe,
That through the triple orbs did armes
And trauels vnder-goe,

And famous thus aliue, and dead,
Here and abroad, did groe,
He cal'd to minde: resolu'd in minde
His life to finish so.

Bills of exchange and all things els,
Prepar'd for trauell fit,
Vnto his friends, grieu'd he would goe,
He then imparteth it.

The king did giue him letters for
Safe-conducts, of the corte
Loth him to leaue, he taketh leaue:
But in more speciall sorte
Of Elenor: good sadnes she
Thus spoke, as if in sporte:

" Some discontented humor sends
You hence, as I deuine,
Which, be whereso you sha'l, will be
With you, be yours as mine."

" Nay, madam," quoth sir Iohn, " twixt vs
This difference is to finde,
I both in minde and body, you
Need trauell not in minde."

" Yes, yes," quoth she, " my minde I wot
Meete may you farre away,
If so, then giue to it this ring,
And that I sent it say."

So, with that riddle, and a ring
She gaue, they kindly parte:
Nor knew she him the knight she meant,
Nor he to him her heart:

For, second to the greene-knight (whom
She thought not him) was he
Her fauoret, of him therefore
She would rememb'red be.

Now let vs say the lands, the seas,
The people, and their lore,
This knight did see: whom, touching which,
Not storie shall we more:

But to our English voyages,
Euen in our times, shall frame
Our Muse: and what you heare of theirs,
Of his the like do ame,
For countries, not for customes (then,
And now, not still the same.)

Yeat interlace we shall, among,
The loue of her and him:
Meane while about the world our Muse
Is stripped now to swim.

CHAP. LXIII.

From then, when first my father, eare
My birth, was one of those,
Did, through the seas of ysie rocks,
The Muscouites disclose,

We shall our English voyages,
The cheefe at least, digest,
Of which in this her highnes' raigne
Haue been perform'd the best,
And here a while let Mandeuil
And his beloued rest.

To name the diuers peoples that
In Europe be, weare much,
Not but remotest regions, of
Our natiues seene, we touch.

But, moderns, yee (of whom are some
Haue circum-sail'd the Earth)
Here pardon vs your sailes, and giue
Your proper praises bearth.
Infuse yee penn-life too into
Ore-taken fames by death.

Caboto (whose cosmographie
And selfe-proofe brake the ise
To most our late discouerers,
Debtors to his aduise)

Had vs, eare Spayne, possest of that
Which Spanyards now abuse,
But, be inuiting, idly we
Did offered gold refuse.

Yeat him to say for most the meane,
It weare not vs to shame,
Of English new discoueries,
That yeeld vs wealth and fame.

Reserue we to the actors though
(Of whom lost some their wealth,
Their liues a many, all at least
Indangered their health,

In trewer perils, and more braue
Achieuements, than the tailes
Of Iason and Vlysses, of
Their fabled sea-toyld sailes)

The glorie of the dangerous gole;
Nor let vs here forgit
(In which I first did breath this ayre)
London, preferring it.

Some marchants theare, of worth, did mind
With nations, then vnknowne,
New traffiques, and the passe thereto
Was by Caboto showne.

By his instructions and their costs
Three ships were rigged out,
Hugh Willoughby the admyrall,
A knight both wise and stoute.

Next place (whose braue performance of
Imployments euer liue)
To Chancelor, grand pilot for
That voyage, did they giue.

Now swyle they for the north east parts,
Cathaya's shores to finde:
Incount'red with huge seas of ise,
With stormie gustes and winde.

Shotland, Ægeland, Halgland, th' iles
Of Roste, and Lofoot past,
Tempestiously Arzina's rhode
Receiued sir Hugh at last.

Theare he, and all of two his ships,
Attempting bootles shiftes,
Weare in that climate frosen dead,
Shut vp with isie driftes.

Thus died he and all with him,
If so to die be death:
But " No," saith Heauen, " No," saith their
Suruiuing them on Earth.

Then Chancelor, his onely ship
Remayning of that fleete,
For Fynmarke, at the Wardhouse sayles
With his consorts to meete.

There day it is two months of length,
And Mal-strand's poole it makes
Such hidious rore, deuouring floods,
That teane miles' distance shakes.

Wheare frustrate of his friends in quest,
With courage not deiect,
He for the course preposed did
His yentrous sayles direct.

KING Arthur, Malgo, Edgar, once
To haue subdewed are saide
Orkney, Gotland, Island, and
Those former in that traide:
Gronland, Wireland, Curland, and
Colde Scrikfyn them obayde,

vland, with others, and those isles
Wheare men, saue eyes alone,
hid in hides of beasts, and beasts
aue fish, haue fother none.

w Chancelor, ariuing mong'st
The Laplanders, at last,
y seeing vncouth men and shippes,
Weare wondringly agaste,
r eare that day was heard no shippe
hat churlish pole had past.)

Lapland bay wheare he ariu'd,
Now cald Saint Nicholas bay,
ough Russian, fiftsene hundreth miles
From Mosco is away;

are wintered he at Newnox, till
afe-conduct being sent,
nce to their king on swift-drawne sleads
Through frozen waies he went.

like Sarmatian Scithians (for
he Moscouites be so)
found them plaine, but rather much
n pompe to ouer-floe,

y neuer in the Russian courts
ill then did English see:
intertainment therefore was
s stately as might be.

undrie roomes weare hundreds seene
n gold and tyssue clad:
aiestie, Augustus-like,
heir king inthroned had.

passe what paste in speech betwixt
our pilot and their king:
well could Chancelor demeane
limselfe in euery thing:

passe how in Basilius' court
ost royally he fead:
se it that our agent of
is arrant thither spead:
t is, that ours might trade with them,
f which large leaue is read.

e, not vnworthie note, hereof
ur purpose is to say,
this be first of Mandeuil
emembred by the way.

CHAP. LXIV.

left him form'd a traueler
Braue pilgrim knight farewell,)
Elenor (sweete soule) in loue,
With whom she could not tell.

rauels for to leaue his loue,
ot caring where he lose it,
for her loue to finde, it skils
ot whom, so him that oose it.

greene-knight, be whoso he shall,
er heart had branded hers:
sure is that second she that loue
or vertue so prefers?

onely, speede howso he shall,
is heart had branded his:
sure liues that second he that so,
y louing, betterd is?

Tis often seene, loue works in man
A weake deiected minde,
Tis euer seene, a woman's loue
Doth alter as the winde:

Example then be Mandeuil
For men, not to be idle
In amorous passions: labor is
To loue, at least, a bridle:

Example too be Elenor:
But let vs say no more,
For women euer alter, saith
The gospell preach't before.

Conclude we then, when Elenor
And Mandeuil did die,
The method of true louing did
With them to Heauen flie,

For euer since too frequent in
Their loue are men, for most:
But, Iris-like, in women's hearts
Loue too and fro doth poste.

One Stafford, of a noble house,
A courtiour of good hauor,
A friend, and fast to Mandeuil,
And in the prince his fauor,

From Cyprus, from his friend receiu'd
Two letters, one was his,
The other sent to Elenor:
And that purported this.

" Of you receiued I a ring,
A token to your minde,
If so I met it: and it is
My fortune it so finde.

" For if the heart may, as it might,
For minde be vnderstood,
My heart is yours, your ring so mine:
Harts interchang'd were good.

" More did I feare, than euer in
Your ladiship I found,
Disdainefull lookes, from those faire eyes
That me with loue did wound.

" Now speake I loue, far from those lookes
So forceable to kill:
Howbeit that I loue is not
To worke or wish you ill.

" Not more than this (though princes' frownes
Beare death with them) feard I:
For had you lou'd, the king mislikt,
What had I for'st to die?

" Wheare I haue been (were blasphemie
From women to detract)
Great store of beauties haue I seene,
But none as yours exact,

" Courts also more than stately, with
Faire ladies in the same:
Which seemed common formes to me,
Remembring but your name.

" When in the holly-land I prayd,
Euen at the holy graue,
(Forgiue me God) a sigh for sinne,
And three for loue I gaue.

" Against the fearce Arabians I
The soldan's pay did take,
When oft, at onset, for saint George,
Saint Elenor I spake.

" The Amazones, those lustie girles,
Beleeue me lik't me well:
But nothing in the best of them
But doth in you excell.

" I look't vpon the sterile lake
Where heauen-fir'd Sodom was:
For one, thought I, here such as you,
Not so had come to pass.

" Most sweete and soueraigne balsamum
In Indian fields I saw:
More soueraign sweeter sents, thought I,
My lips from yours could draw.

" Nere Æthiop when the spice-sweete well
Of youth I saw, I saide,
My lady lacketh not hereof,
Perfection needs not ayde.

" I sawe (nor wonder you I should,
Who sees you sees as much)
The onely phœnix: foule, and faier,
But it, and you, none such.

" But, flying thus about your blaze,
Your gnat doth burne his wings:
To my despairing passion more
Your praised bewtie brings.

" Not trauell tiers may loue a whit,
But loue doth tire on me:
Which should I wish, me better, or
You baser of degree?

" Be still the same you are, let me
Exile my selfe for euer:
Two diffidenses I conceit
Will let me hope you neuer:

" The first my selfe, vnworthy you,
The latter, and the least,
The king's consent: but, well I wot,
Loue is a lordly feast:
Aguize (so should you) so, and so
Despayre is part releast.

" One comfort is, before you doome
Is execution done:
My voluntary banishment
Already is begon.

" Which if you neuer shall repeale,
Shall neuer end, or when
(Ah, can I hope it?) should you, not
For vs is England then.

" Nor is it but our minds that make
Our natiue homes our graue,
As we to ours, others to theirs
Like parciall fantie haue:

" Transmute we but our mindes, and then
All one an alien is,
As if a natiue: one resolu'd
Makes euery country his.

" Your answer that by pen our speech
To this return'd shall be,
Voutsafe it vnto Stafford, for
An other-I is he:

" In perfect friendship no suspect,
For two are one in all,
Communitie or doubling ioy,
Or making griefe more small.

" But would you to an vnitie
Of hearts twixt vs inioine,
Wheare friendship is angelicall,
Our loue should proue diuine.
More write I not: blest may you liue:
Teares ouertake this line."

When (Stafford present) Elenor
This letter had perus'de,
She said, as else-where shall ensew:
Now is in vs infus'de

Fresh matter of discoueries.
How Chancelor he speade
Is said before: of Russia thus
Remaineth to be reade.

CHAP. LXV.

A vaste and spatious empier is
Moscouie, in the same
Bee riuers, Tanais, Volga, and
Boristhenes of fame,

With yearely hallowed Mosca, which
The primate hauing blest,
(Whom to attend the clargie, lords,
And king himselfe be prest)

He thinks himselfe an happie man
May touch the yse-hewne pit,
But him in Heauen already whom
The primat sprinks with it.

Euxinus, and the Caspian seas,
Doe wash those frozen shores,
Which vs with fish, oyles, hony, salt,
Furs, and good traffiques' stores.

More temprate be the in-land parts:
They reape what they doe sowe
Within the compas of fower mosnes,
Inn all their haruest, mowe,

And house their beasts: themselues keep in
In stoues vntil the spring,
And sport with their face-painted wiues,
Hild thear a comely thing.

In customes of the Greeke church, much
Corrupted, are they lead:
Monkes, friers, and priests swarme there, more
Than in their portesse reade:

Nor more haue priests, or people, than
A ceremonious care,
Grosse worshippers of images,
Which in their houses are:

In all too superstitiously
Deuoted. Though the pope
Theare stickell not, their primate take
As large and pompious scope.

Besides these Christians (for vnto
Themselues they arrogate
The soundest Christianitie)
Are subiect to their state
Idolators, that doe adore
Euen diuels, or did of late.

Not of the Samoeds' rude wrought god,
Or blood-rites will we tarry,
Or of the stone, neese vnto which
Did Willoughby miscarry,
To which bring saylers white-meats, least
Their ships should tempests harrie,

hat same female-idoll call'd
lotibab, in part
ussia, or the diuell himselfe
ting in it his arte,

rth the note. When ought amisse
nongst them doth befall,
nstrument of musicke, and
siluer toade withall
lay before the idoll, and
fore her prostrate fall.

, musick sounded, he to whom
ie toade shall come is slaine,
come it will) when presently
he man reuiues againe,

tells the cause why hap't the ill,
nd how to pacifie
angrie idoll: which is done,
hough some for it should die.

king by monarchia rules,
lore absolutely none,
t duke of Russia late his stile,
mperiall now his throne.

olds a maiestie not meane,
nd all of all his owne,
m to imploy their goods vpon
he common good is knowne;

elfe, both iudge, and iuror, ends
ith equitie debates.
ipotent in warre, and hath
bdewed mightie states,

undred thousand leads he forth
gainst his foes to fight,
t scorne both hunger, thirst, and cold,
ounds, yeelding, feare and flight.
loth of gold, rich stones, and plumes,
is royall tent is pight:

to his souldiours skants he gifts,
hat well themselues acquite.
what particulate we thus,
hat much in few would write?

W wheare we left of Chancelor:
e, gratious with that king,
ayned for our marchants, as
e wished, euery thing.

h letters then of credence for
imselfe, and marte for them,
puts to sea for England, whome
he yse about did hem.

with vndaunted courage, to
is neuer dying fame,
difficulties ouerpast,
o London safe he came.

nce, after some aboade, with new
onsorts, an other fleete,
notes digested for their new
ttempted traffique meete,

did resayle to Russia, there
eceiued as before:
efe agents Gray, and Killingworth,
earded fiue foote and more.

ll things with the king for ours
id Chancelor preuaile,
now our agents knew their homes,
nd where to make their saile.

But now must end our swan-song, now
The swan himselfe must end,
Euen he, that toyl'd such tedious seas
His countrie's weale to mend,

Returning homewards, neere at home,
Euen on the Scottish cost,
Did wracke, and those aboord his ship
Then perished for most.

But that he drown'd, his care to saue
The Russie, sent to vs
In his conduct, is said the cause:
But drown'd he was, and thus.

This marte, thus set a foote, was thence
For Ob an other sought:
Wherein not little wgs it, that
Praise-worthy Burrough wrought.

Of him and (whom I neuer can
Commend with praises dew)
Of Ienkinson ensues; but first
Of Elenor anew.

CHAP. LXVI.

Yee heard how she his letter read,
Whilst Stafford was in place,
Which hauing read, shee stoode as if
Astonished a space.

Her blushing, and vn-blushing, made
That Stafford doubted whether
It pleased, or displeased: which,
The troth to say, did neither.

Varietie of men to court
A woman is her pride,
Than which their vanitie of men
Is nothing lesse espyde.

What are to vs, but common hurts,
Those common hopes they giue,
If then their loue doth dye to vs,
When ours to them doth liue?

They Nero-like sing Troy, when Rome
By them is set on fier,
Iest at our earnest. Let vs now
To Elenor retier.

More modest she than such (though most,
In men's behalfe, might better)
" And comes," quoth she, " from Mandeuil
This ill-come-welcome letter?

" Beleeue me, Stafford, ill it comes
That sayes a cause in me,
That from his native home he should
Thus selfe-exiled be.

" If amorous hopes, or hopes vnheld,
To him from me had past,
I had indeed bin guiltie, as
Too forward, or not fast.

" But to the cause, effect, and all,
Not guiltie, doe I pleade:
His loue is newes, mine to despaire
What was it him should leade?

" Our court (I will not wrong the man,
Nor flatter him a whit)
Can hardly shew another-such
For person, prowse, and wit.

" But as for me (setting a-part
My birth, to which, or any
So borne, our state is interest)
What am I more than many?

" If beautious now (here let me chide
His indiscretion, who
Farre from a meane of it so meane
Doth make so much adoe,

" And least perhaps he should haue glib'd,
A vertue doth not note,
Whence loue should spring, which makes me gesse
He doth not loue, but dote)

" If beautious, as I sayd, what els
Is forme but vaiding aire?
Yea oft, because assaulted oft,
It hurteth to be faire.

" And were not my descent, and I
A fauorite in court,
My common forme, vnheeded then,
Might passe without report.

" But, were my wishes mine, the court
By me should be the lesse:
So much it hath of vanitie,
And painefull idlenesse.

" Since such is he, and of my selfe
My selfe but so esteeme,
Himselfe by silence, me he wrong'd,
Disdainfull me to deeme.

" I could be angrie, were he here,
With him for erring so,
Disdaine (the vulgar's fault) is not
In gentrie found, I troe.

" But feare he did, and wisely too
(For God forbid that I,
Vnworthie that I am, should haue
Indanger'd him to dye)

" The king's displeasure: or, perhaps,
Vnpossible he thought
My loue should equall his, or I
A trans-marine he wrought.

" But if he intertain'd such thoughts,
There also did he erre:
Loue is a lordly feast, he writes,
And I the same auerre.

" For if (not rashly though, I hope)
Vpon my choice I stand,
My hand shall neuer giue my heart,
My heart shall giue my hand:
Yea, so I liue with whom I loue,
What care I in what land?

" With women is too vsuall now
Theirs, and themselues to sell
For ioynters, by indenture, with
Imperious men to dwell,

" And he doth het, and she doth him,
With his, and hers vpbrayde:
But that I chiefly match for loue,
Shall, when I match, be sayde.

" Good daies beget, bad daies trie friends,
Nor him a friend esteeme,
Whom firme, as to thy selfe thy selfe,
Thou darest not to deeme,

" Say some; but Mandeuil, I see,
Of you accompteth so,
As of his firme and choycest friend,
Then, least I tedious groe,

" I tell thee, Stafford, next to one,
Is Mandeuil the man
I could haue loued, but I loue,
Whom not vn-loue I can.

" Yeat if you aske me whom, or where,
That one beloued is,
I cannot answer whom or where,
Yeat am, and will be his."

" Madame," quoth Stafford, " yet your sp
Hath head, nor foote, nor middle,
Not naming him, you end a Sphynx,
And tie me to a riddle."

" Well, friend you are to Mandeuil,
Nor foe" (she sayd) " to me:
The greene-knight, victor at the iusts
A few yeares past, is he."

" In sooth," quoth Stafford, " if for him
Be resolute your choyce,
Chuse not againe, with you for him
Consort I also voyce.

" Nor thinke, in that I him prefer,
I Mandeuil reiect:
Friendship may brooke triplicitie,
And shall in this respect.

" For your owne sake and for his sake
(Than Mandeuil no lesse
My friend) I shall (his soule's desire)
You of that knight possesse."

Almost an extasie of ioy
Her from her selfe did teuet,
Hearing of him, for whom her heart
Did hunt, and els should euer:

And though she did obserue his soone
Reuolt from friend to friend,
And him thereof had tacht, weare not
Her priuate cause to end,

Yeat was she silent touching it,
And modestly pursewes,
In quest of her beloued knight.
But tarrie yet that newes,
First Burrough, Ienkinson, and what
By them was done peruse.

CHAP. LXVII.

It is no common labour to
The riuer Ob to sayle,
Howbeit Burrough did therein,
Not dangerles, preuaile.

He through the foresayd frozen seas
In Lapland did ariue,
And thence, to expedite for Ob,
His labours did reuiue.

What he amongst the Vaigats, and
The barbarous Samoeds notes,
Their idols, deer-skin tents, how on
Their backs they bare their botes,

In which, but hides, securely they
Doe fish those seas all day,
And how on deere they ride, and all
On sleds by deere conuay,

Do eate their dead, to feast their friends
Their children sometime slay,
Their store of sables, furres, and pelts,
Fetcht thence from farre away,

r, at our Crab and Lion signes,
heir frost and snow is great,
be, and many things we might
f this new tract intreate,

Burrough found: whose praise not much
Chancelor's behinde,
master in that ship with him
hat first did Russia finde:
l in this northeast trade, with praise,
o Pet and Iackman mind.

t longer (for not largelier one
eelds matter) let vs dwell
lenkinson. But where shall we
egin his lawdes to tell?

Europe, Asia, Affrick? for
hese all he saw, in all
loyd for England's common good.
or my reioycing small,

t from Elizabeth to raigne,
nd I to liue begunne,
h hapned that commerce and fame
e to his natiues wonne.

W, vnder his conduct, was hence
nto his home conuaide
Russian first ambassadour,
eere honor'd, whilst he staide:

captaine Ienkinson was there
esse graced, where he wrought,
t all things to a wished end
ere for our traffique brought.

re-hence also a friendly league
wixt either prince effected:
little is their amitie
f vs to be respected.

though the Moscouites from vs
s people farre remote,
, if how Danes, and Norses, haue
uaded vs we note,

how the Russies, in the like
ttempts, might hold them back,
only it, were thence no trade,
l might their friendship lack.

a Mosco then by iournies long
ie Caspian sea he crost,
selfe and goods by Tartars bft
danger to be lost.

r hordes of carted tents like towns,
hich camels drew, their kings,
ames of murses, soltans, cans,
whom for passe he brings

Russian king his letters, how
nd royally they troe)
wild-horse flesh, and mare's milke, him
ie kings did banquet tho,

r hawking for the wild-horse, (for
ieir hawks will seaze vpon
horse's neck, who chaffing tiers,
id so is kild anon)

r oft remoues for pastures fresh,
or grasse their pasture is,
heathie brush, few cattell though
e thriue as theirs with this)

Their naither vse of coyne, or corne,
(For tillage none is theare)
Such warriors, and horse archers, as
They liue not whom they feare,

Their crouse-leg eating on the ground,
Pluralitie of wiues,
In Turkeman (so the whole is sayd)
And more of their rude liues,

And how the marchants, trauailing
By carauan, that is,
Great droues of laden camels, meate
And water often mis,

And how for vs did Ienkinson
In Bactra mart begin,
Let passe, to passe to it for vs
He did in Persia win.

With this memento, in returne
From Bactra, diuers kings
Sent in his charge their legates, whom
To Mosco safe he brings.

Thence did he sayle for England, hence
For Mosco back againe,
And, with our queene Elizabeth
Her letters, did obtaine

The Mosicks' letters, to the kings
By whom he then should pas,
For Persian traffique: and for this
He thence imbarked was.

NOW in Hyrcana, Shyruan,
Or Media, all as one,
Suppose our Ienkinson before
King Obdolowcan's throne.

Though sumptious cities he possest,
Yeat for the summer's heate,
On airesome mountaines held he then
His court, in pleasures greate.

Of silke and gold imbroyderie
His tents, his robes inchac't,
With pearles and pretious stones, and looks
Of maiestie him grac't:

On carpets rich they trode, rich traines
On him attendance gaue,
With sixe score concubines, that seem'd
So many queenes for braue.

Before his faire paullion was
Of water cleere a fount,
Drinke for himselfe, and his (for most
Of water they account.)

Scarce Cleopatra's Anthony
Was feasted with more cheere,
Of varied meates, and spice-conceits,
Than Ienkinson was heere.

In formall hawking, hunting, chace,
Not then came Tristram neere.

Such was this king for stately, such
For affable, and kinde,
There and abroad so lou'd, and feard,
As like was rare to finde.

Yeat, notwithstanding such his wealth,
His signorie, and state,
He of the Persian sophie held
His land, subdued late.

But in such friendship, as the shaugh
(The Sophie so is saide)
Would yeeld to Obdolowcan in...

What so he should perswaide:
Which well in Ienkinson's behalfe,
But shortly after, made.

Him often questioned this king
Of vs, and Europ's strength,
And him, with gifts, and priuiledge,
For mart, dismist at length.

Silks, raw, and wrought, spices, and drugs,
And more-els, worth the mart,
Our marchants fetch from thence, and there
Our marchandize conuart.

Things wisely thus dispatched there,
With men for his defence,
And letters from that king vnto
The shaugh, he traueld thence.

In trauell thitherwards, he grieues,
In wonder, to behold
The down-fals of those stately townes,
And castles, which of old,

Whilst Persia held the monarchie,
Were famous ouer all,
Nor Alexander wonne of those
One peece, with labour small.

The mightie cities Tauris, and
Persipolis, he past,
Two ruin'd gates, sundred twelue miles,
Yet extant of this last:

The gyants' wonders on the hill
Of Quiquiffs heard he tolde,
And of the yearely obit, which
Their maides to Chaina holde.

This was indeed a wonder, for
This virgin so was bent
To chastitie, that by selfe-death,
She marriage did preuent.

Here Mandeuil, perhaps, had bin,
And tooke occasion heere,
To feare least Elenor in like
Might imitate too neere:
Euen toyes in loue discourage, loue
From toyes resumeth cheere.

Of him therefore, whilst Ienkinson
Rests at his iornie's end,
With Obdolowcan's sonne, that on
The sophie did attend.

CHAP. LXVIII.

So knightly Mandeuil demeanes
Himselfe against the foes
Of Melek Mandibron, that he
In Ægypt famous groes.

And, of himselfe, that soldan did
To Mandeuil commend
A greater match, than els his thoughts
With hope could apprehend,
For vertuous, beautious, birth, and wealth,
A match for none to mend.

This ladie (also of the blood,
And heire vnto her father,
A mightie prince in those same parts)
He courteth now, the rather
To intermit that borne-bred loue,
Which seaz'd on him indeed,
As for to proue how such as he
With such as she might speede,
And there experimented, here
To cease or els proceede.

Fye, Mandeuil, how good so ere
Thy merits otherwise,
In making loue vnmeant thou didst
Thy selfe but mis-aduise.

Though thou could'st buzze about the flame,
And keepe vnskorcht thy wings,
Few safely play with edge-tooles, sin
To iest at holy things.

With women, made for men, therefore
Soone won, yeat edging sute,
With marrage, praisde enough in him
Did first it institute:

With women, who when all was made,
And man of all possest,
"Yeat lacketh man an helpe," sayd God,
And man with woman blest:

With marrage, that legitimates
Our propagation, and
Two hearts in one transplants, in all
Befalne, or taine in hand:

With women, that no lesse attract
Our senses them to leeke,
Than hunger for to labour foode,
Or anguish ease to seek:

With marrage, that preferreth vs,
And stayes vs in content,
Vnanimieth weale or woe,
As either vs is sent:

In nature women, marrage by
Tradition, either twaine
So sacret, and autentick, as
We naither should profaine.

To trifle then or them, or this,
Were not so slight a sin,
As that thy vertues, Mandeuil,
Would fault, think I, therein.

But for she was a pagan, and
Thy selfe a Christian theare,
And she the soldan's tender, thou
Didst forme a loue for feare.

For that thou should'st reuy thy faith,
And her thereby possesse,
The soldan did capitulat,
In vaine: the more thy blesse:
For than a woman euermore
The Diuell tempteth lesse.

Yeat that they tempt, not theirs but ours
The sinne: for if I see,
And steale, a pretious gemme, the gemme
Faults not, the theft in me.

Howbeit, when to actiue and
To passiue loue it groes,
And women then shall alter, them
As diuels then suppose:
And like of men, if men alike
Shall reputation lose.

This faire Ægyptian ladie
(Of the English toy in this
To wit, in forward loue to whom
The farthest commer is)

easly haue bin wonne of him,
at an easie rate,
is faith a recreant
miscrent bin his state.

, immoueable as well
ith, as former loue,
ere so well, as he from thence
honor did remoue.

nor he still deuise:
sometimes, to allay
moodes, by mustring in his mind
e thoughts, did thus assay:

soone the fairest face," thought he,
ould cease from being such,
preserued, curiously,
tendring more than much.

ge at least, and that not old,
lters it that was,
lelen did disclaime her selfe,
Helen, in her glas.

great phisition that had liu'd,
alth, an age admirde,
wer, askt the cause, not he
done as flesh desirde."

Iandeuil bethinks him of
labyrinth of cares,
ring married men, and neer
life, and loue, forswares.

dious were a shroe, a sloy,
nton, or a foole,
re a-like threatning mislike,
n time shall dotage coole,)

dome women come vndow'd
one, or some, or all,
rerable faults to these
nen not crosses small,)

ttries, and the fooleries,
reby are women wonne,
shing long to catch, perhaps,
g, when all is done,
that sex' infirmities,
boughts did ouer-runne.

as mothers beate their babes,
sing them when they crie,
incantations so did he
malice such defie:
orous with the sea-crabs gaet
angring amours flie.

mour, and the honor, by
knight in Ægypt wonne,
se we, and in Persia see
t Ienkinson hath done.

CHAP. LXIX.

en hild the shawgh his court,
thirty yeares, and odd,
t been seene abroade, thereof
ropbesie forbodd.

iestie he kept, as those
t monarchs did before
acedons subdewed them,
ues he had like store,
most bewtious concubines,
esse than fifteene score:

And yearely of the fairest maides,
And wiues, doth make new choyce:
When much the friends, and husbands, of
Those chosen doe reioice.

Him blesseth he to whome doth he
One of his relicts giue:
Yeat Persian shaughs esteeme themselues
The holiest kings that liue.

For when a Christian (whom they call
An infidel, because
He not beleeues in Mahomet,
Nor Mortezalie's lawes)

Is cal'd to audience, least the same
Prophaine wheare he doth stand,
Must doffe his shoes, and to and fro
Treade on new-sifted sand.

Our soueraigne's letters to the shaugh
So Ienkinson presents,
Who, being ask't his arrant, said,
"Those letters like contents."
But new-made peace with Turkie him
Of new-sought trade preuents.

The Turkish marchants, fearing least
Their traffique might decrease,
Had, by that basha, mard his mart
That then had made that peace.

The shaugh did also question his
Beleefe, and quarrell it:
So, well appaid is Ienkinson,
If well away he git,

Whome, with our letters to the Turke
The shaugh, to send was bent,
Had not the Hyrcane Murzey posts
Vnto his father sent,

And Obdolowcan's letters then
Diswaded that intent:
When, with a present for himselfe,
He thence to Hyrcan went,

And theare did him the heart-trew king
Most kindly intertayne,
And thence dismisse with gifts, when he
No longer would remayne:

Nor onely his ambassadors
Vnto his care commends,
But moment of that ambassie
Which he to Mosco sends.

There now suppose them well ariu'd,
And bringing gratefull newes
Of waightie messages, whereein
The Mosick him did vse.

Conuenient time he nerethelesse,
For Persian trade attends;
Which Arthur Edwards, thither sent,
Successfully theare ends.

This Edwards, and a many here
Vnnam'd, deserued well
In these imployments: but of all
Weare tedious al to tell,
For, sauing of discouerers,
We purpose not to dwell.

Els would we here reuiue, but that
Through Hakluit's pen they liue,
(To him, your Fame's swe·t trumpetor,
Yee English, garlands giue)

A catalogue of names, that in
This north, and northeast clymes,
Haue more obseru'd, and more deseru'd,
Than perish shall with times.

Nor be my father here forgot:
For he, amongst the rest,
Deserueth in this generall
Remembrance with the best.

And here, from out those churlish seas,
With Ienkinson we sayle
To London, theare an aged man,
To tell this youthfull taile:

How he had past all Europe, seene
All Leuant ilands, and
Greece, Turkie, Affrick, India, Sur,
Ægypt, the holie land,

And all the foresaid lands: in all
Imployde, and intertainde,
Of emperors, and kings, as if
Him selfe a king had raign'd.

Rest may thy honorable boanes,
Good old-man, in sweet peace:
Nor haue thy phœnix-ashes since
Beene barren of increase.

But late had we a fowle like rare,
Vs'd oftner sea than shore,
Ofte swam he into golden strands,
But now will so no more,
For, though he weare a dyuing fowle,
To Heauen did he sore.

In England, not Arabia, now
The phœnix bird is bread,
And euermore shall theare reuiue,
When shall the olde be dead:

The maiden empresse, and her knights,
Their enterprises rare,
Which now haue pearst through euery pole,
Of all admired are.

Remaineth now, that we intreate
Of great achieuements done
By English, in contrarie clymes,
Since first her crowne begonne.

But ride we first at anker, though
A roomesome sea we haue,
To listen Stafford's comforts which
To Elenor he gaue.

THE

TWELFTH BOOKE OF ALBION'S ENGLAND.

CHAP. LXX.

When Stafford sounded had, as said,
The ladie's loue-seaz'd heart,
He to a banquet her inuites,
And did for then depart.

Now to his lodging (which had earst
Been Mandeuil's also)
Comes Elenor, accompanied with
A crew of ladies more,

Of which was one that Stafford low'd,
Of her beloued: she
Instructed was by him of all
Should theare effected be.

The banquet ended, Dorcas (so
Was Stafford's ladie's name)
Thus speaketh vnto Elenor,
As if it weare in game:

"In yonder chamber" (poynting to
A locked doore thereby)
"Hath Mandeuil his closet, and
No common armory.

"Full many things theare in," quoth she,
"Both rare and rich, saw I:
Howbeit Stafford, euen to me,
Did long that sight denye.

"Weare he and all the rest abroade,
Wheare lies the keye I wot:
Then fayne you sicke, and sleepie, so
The rest may hence be got."

Soone ladies listen nouelties,
And serue themselues with shifts,
Not sooner Dorcas had deuis'd,
But Elenor it drifts.

So finely fayn'd she ill-at-ease,
That none beleeu'd her well,
Saue Stafford and his ladie, so
Preposing as befell:

And all, saue onely Dorcas, whom
She praies with her to stay,
Did sadly leaue her to her rest,
And that she rest did pray.

Meane while the ladies and their ostd
Into the garden walke,
Where Stafford did inuent them sports,
And hild them pleasant talke.

The ladies twaine, thus left alone,
The doore they open, wheare
To them in compleat armor seem'd
The greene-knight to appeare.

The burgonet, the bener, buffe,
The collier, curates, and
The poldrons, grandgard, vambraces,
Gauntlets for either hand,

The taishes, cushies, and the greaues,
Staffe, pensell, baises, all
The greene-knight earst had tylted vid,
That hild her loue his thral,

She saw, on crosses and els-what,
By Stafford so set out,
That to haue seene her very knight
Made Elenor no doubt.

At first she feares, but lastly finds
The armor was vnman'd:
When skaerd, and cheerd, with Dorcas she
Did enter, theare at hand,
The closet wheare the prizes of
The for-said iusts did stand.

"These, and that armor," Dorcas saith,
"Are Mandeuil's, the same
Your knight, that won himselfe, for him
To you for shire such fame.

"But, sweete, let this be spoke in trust,
So was it spoke to me:
Long haue you thirsted it, know I,
Which now you heare, and see.

"Though Stafford was by Mandeuil
Coniured to concealc it,
And I by Stafford, what is it
But that I may reueale it?

What shame, a God's name! can redowne
To him, by being knowne
A knight that honord both himselfe
And you, as more might none?

Beleeue me, reason none his fame
Should thus obscured lye:
Whatsoeare the scruple be,
Now out it is, for why?

To you lies bare my heart, and shall."
With that (by pre-conclusion
Betwixt him and Dorcas) Stafford made
A mannerly intrusion.

Why, how now, ladies! sicke, and heale,
And taine so soone in harme?
I should," quoth he, "to pownd, weare this
Churlish rustick's farme.

A vaine, I see, hath Mandeuil
Forbidden me or sight,
Speech hereof to Elenor:
And Dorcas serues me right:

Blab'd be our shrifts to women, of
Implicitie, or spight.
Ill, lady, (for by now I gesse
You know this armor's knight,
And you, concerning other things,
Haue reade what he did wright)

If firme you hold for him (as you
Haue said, and should doe still)
You, and him, and both, therein
Employe me at your will.

Who mightier than the soldan? Yeat,
As Mandeuil me wrights,
Lady of the blood, right faire,
He him for wife behights:

But, weare she empresse of the world,
His resolution is,
Of either shall be Elenor,
Or neuer any his."

Well she knew those sights, and at
Those speeches did reioyce:
A greene-knight had been Mandeuil,
Had been in her the choyce.

At wish, the man, his worth, their loue,
Concurring in this wise,
If he been also present, what
More blisse could she deuise?

Once went they out into that roome
Where had the banquet bin,
If theare was she about to speake,
When came the ladies in:

Well appayde to see her cheer'd,
And frained then her quaem,
Or nothing lesse than forged pangs,
Or what had past they aem.)

Then went they all to whence they came,
And Elenor did plie
Mandeuil: what was it now
For him she would not trie?

Stafford, she, and Dorcas did
Consult, and then conclude
A course, not to be changed: which
Fare said, be first pursude

English, that in Affrick, and
In Asia, bring to pas,
That England now is famous, wheare
Bet late vnnam'd it was.

CHAP. LXXI.

Of northerne regions partely is
Epitomed before,
Of other later voyages
Ensues a few, of store.

Great personages cannot want
Great poets theirs to tell:
Nor may they want, nor want to them
Would I, wrot I like-well.

But of some meaners, that their liues
Haue ventured no lesse,
Perform'd as much, some more, and some
That haue, as many gesse,
Vnto their betters made the way
To glorie they possesse,

Shall we digest: or if we speake
Of great ones, they be dead,
For writers aduantagiously
Are of the liuing reade.

Thy raigne also, Elizabeth,
Shall bound our pen in it,
Which to our theame inferreth texts,
No times yeeld more so fit.

Like amorous scape from England as
Of Elenor to Rome,
Made Macham in Madera reare
His hence-stolne loner's toome,

Then raigned here third Edward, when
So trauel'd Mandeuil,
And in those daies th' interring there
Of Machim's loue befell.

A chappell built he there, his name
And hers ingrauen in stone,
To Iesus dedicated (then,
And England, there vnknowne.)
Of him, this iland's porte is cal'd
Machico, to this day,
Whom Affrick Mores to Castile, as
A wonder, did conuay:

For in an hollowed tree, or trough,
Not hauing sayle or oares,
(The shippe they came in leauing him)
Discouer'd he the Mores.

By which discouery, and by his
Instructions, did ensew,
Th' Iberians did Madera and
Canaries-isles subdew.

Hence (els had Macham past our penne)
Did time effect our trade
For Guinie, in her highnes' raigne
Acquir'd, and patent made.

For not in Marie's weare those partes,
As now, so fully found,
Yeat still to gratefull eares may those
Negotiators sound,

To wit, (although an alien) good
Pinteado, abus'd
By moodie Windham, Guinie first,
And Benyn, these perus'd:

Next Gainsh, then Towrson, diuers times,
And theare my father dide:
Since, rife that voyage, Brasile, and
To Cape-verd isles beside.

Gold, cinet, muske, graines, pepper, wood,
And iuory, thence be brought:
In Barbarie, old Mauritaine,
Like trade this raigne hath wrought:
Of Affrick, and America,
By ours no part vnsought.

In Iewrie, Siria, Ægypt, Greece,
The Turks' whole empire now,
Our queene is gratious, our commerce,
And agents, they allow.

Of world-admired Drake (for
Of his worth what argues more,
Than fame enuide? Some, for was his
So rich, thought theirs too poore,)

And his braue breeder, Hawkins, (yeat
Be honord euery pen,
That, howsoeuer, honor them
As high resolved men)

In fiction, or in mysterie,
To reade would lesse delight,
Than would significantly some
Their glorious iornies wright:
The paines of such inuited pens
Such subiect would requite.

Adde Gilbert, Greenuill, Frobisher,
Of knights to make vp fiue,
All in their better parts with God,
With men their fames aliue.

Adde Chilton, Oxnam, Fenton, Ward,
Dauis, an other Drake,
With diuers here not catalog'd,
And fot a cheefest take
All-actious Candish, and of these
Eternall pen-worke make.

And, for a gowned Cicero,
And one that did not liue
But to his prince, and countrie, lawdes
To Walsingham doe giue.

The Iliads, and Æneados,
For text, and truth, might yeeld
Vnto that learned Muse that should
Manure that plentious field.

Was neuer prince imployed peace,
With praise, to profit more,
Or realme could, in the raigne of one,
Boast worthy men like store:

Our foes can also witnes her
Armipotent, in few,
Religion, vertue, wealth, peace, war,
Her throne with fame indue.
And here mine altred Muse this theame
Surceaseth to pursue.

Of these, East-Indian Goa, south,
And south-east people moe,
And of their memorable names
Those toyles did vnder-goe,
Is one elaborated pen
Compendiously doth floe.

Omitted then, and named men,
And lands (not here, indeede,
So written of as they deserue)
At large in Hakluit reede.

To him, and (who deserues like-well
Of England, both as any
Hane wrote of England) Camden, and
To English poets many:

Of which are some (praise-worthy though)
That towre their wits too hie,
To make a pitch for loue, when they
At fairer fowles might flie,

Now valle I bonnet. Rest thee, Muse,
Abrode what need we rome?
Our seauenteene kingdomes once, now one,
Yeeld work enough at home,

All which her highnes owneth now,
As shall anon be saide:
But of our English louers first
Be this addition made.

CHAP. LXXII.

Now at Constantinople (once
Byzantium) in old Thrace,
Had Mandeuil to Stafford wrote
Should be his wintring place:

Next summer would hee bee at Rome:
That Stafford should direct
For either place his letters, which
He, longing, did expect.

So Stafford had to Elenor
The same informed, who,
And Dorcas, euermore their loues
Did argue fro and too.

"They may," quoth Dorcas, "make mari
But few or none, I troe,
That labour not of our disease:
And why, I pray you, noe?

"To be with God, what good more goal?
For it we all should aske.
But for by death it must be done,
But few affect the taske.

"Virginitie, though praised, is
Alike perform'd, for why?
As much the flesh is fraile therein,
As in the feare to dye.

"What, was it sayd to all, but vs,
'Increase and multiply?'
No clarke will so expound that text,
God shield they should, say I.

"All yeeld, that marriage is no sinne,
If chastly then we liue,
And man and wife their bodies each
To other wholly giue:

"If so, as so is granted, what
Needs curious strugling then?
Since God and nature formed men
For vs, and vs for men.

"Ill match those dallying girles, pray I,
That intertaine by arte
All louers, giuing hopes to all,
Of all to make their marte,

"And, hauing blaunched many so,
In single life take pride:
When not a strumpet mean so much
Abhorre, and more deride.

"Aswell as too remisse in choyce,
We may be too precise,
And lose, as Æsop's swimming dogge,
A substance for surmise.

ut if we marke, in matching, this
Which perfecteth content)
t in the man of vertues be
nd loue a couplement,
either fortune worke we that
'e neuer shall repent.

'e coyly may consume our youth,
ill times may alter so
orme, friends, wealth, or fame, that we
ut of request may groe.

ut lose that list their prime, since now
haue that may delight,
shall participate my best,
hat must my badder plight.

or true it is, as vessels of
irst liquors euer taste,
ie, seasned so with sweets of youth,
he same doth euer last.

ay, should my Stafford (God forbid)
esse kinde than think I proue,
retheles would still be his,
chaste and cheerefull loue.

o men, troe I, (the rascall sort
xcept) but women may,
atience, temporizing well,
nforme, and, erring, stay.

nd reason (were there Scripture none,
o bidding) we forbare
nen their moodes, because of vs
hey wholly take the care.

dmit we bring them portions great,
nd beautie sought of many,
! what bring we one, that might
ot els haue hap't to any?

or (let me speake it to no blab)
t is a question, whether
t longer think it we, or men,
'ntill we come together."

'ell, wanton, well," quoth Elenor,
If men should heare your chat,
last I meane, at least they would
onclude for vs in that:

oncerning which, vpon my tongue
hall mine opinion dye,
ugh should I say to it, and all,
men, I sooth'd no lye.

aint Stafford thine, saint Mandeuil
or me, God for vs all,
aue bin, am, and will be still
esolu'd, what ere befall."

aying which came Stafford in,
nd wils them to dispatch
ship-boord: (for before had they
determin'd of that match.)

adie had he shipt their stuffe,
ack't only they a-boord:
ich opportunitie did now
hat time and place affoord.

v they escap't, or how disguisde,
What skils it? Scap't they are,
three imbank't for Italie,
nd had the winde so faire,
t almost thither had they reach't,
efore they missed weare.

For them great search, and sorrow much
Was made, but all in vaine,
None knew or when they went, or whence,
Or where they did remaine.

Here see you, what can mightie loue
In either sexe effect:
Here see you also friends for friends
Nor weale nor woe respect:

Here see you one that fear'd to speake,
Is followed farre to speede:
Here see you that a woman dares,
If she conceits the deede:

Here see you one in loue, not moop't
At home, but mapping lands:
Here see you how 'gainst all things els,
For ladies vertue stands:

Here also heare what they, ariu'd
In Italie, did see:
And first at Rome, when first shall this
Of else-what spoken bee.

CHAP. LXXIII.

Elizabeth's now-monarchie
Ore seauenteene crownes of old,
As formerly was promised,
Shall briefly here be told.

Before the Scots did plant them heere,
Own'd ancient Brutaines all,
And still, take I, her homager
May England Scotland call:
Which ouer-passe, not now possest,
In this accompt we shall.

Of either land the marches, and
Much more, for most now ours,
The warlike Picts possessing here,
Built castles, towns, and towers,
Brutes, Scots, and Romaines, (then our lords).
Oft daunting with their powers:

Til lastly ciuil strife, and Scots,
Diskingdom'd them from hence,
Whom Orkney ilands, as is sayd,
Haue harbour'd euer sence.

The Brutaines, by these Picts of long
Oppresst with thraldome sore,
To be deliu'red of such foes,
Did Saxon aides implore.

So playing as did Æsop's horse,
That, angrie with the hart,
To be reueng'd, did craue in ayde
Of man to take his part:

Till when the horse was neuer back't
Nor bitted, either now
He hauing suffered, would haue helpt,
But then he knew not how.

The Brutaines, hauing called so
The Saxons to their aide,
Could not be rid of them, to whom
They had themselues betraide:

But by the same were they at length
Debelled into Wales:
Each of whose kings, of long time three,
In England's monarch failes.

The Saxons getting Brutaine thus,
(Which they did England name)
At once of them in seuerall parts
Seauen kings did rule the same:

All which, by Westerne Adelstane,
In monarchie was got,
Which since (saue Iron-sid's and the Danes'
Once deuident) chang'd not.

Fiue Irish kingdoms likewise add,
Now drown'd in England's crowne,
The seauenteenth was the isle of Man,
In ours now also downe.

Our Mandeuil, here cited, of
Earle Mandeuil exact
In Stephen's raigne so famous, Man
In Scots' possession sack't,
And with the spoyle of al that isle
Thence, and his brother, pack't.

Consent of times, names, and records,
Affirme, may seeme, no lesse.
But Monteacute, count Salsburie,
It wonne, and did possesse.

Of Percies after, Stanlies next,
And still (gesse I) holds Man,
From honorable long descents:
And from they first began,

All loyall, hospitalious, lou'd,
Still powre-full, and I pray,
That in that noble house those termes
May neuer more decay.

This Man was diuers hundred yeares
A kingdome, and not small,
Rul'd Hebrides, the Orcades,
To Thul the islands all,
And chances there, and changes, worth
The note, did oft befall.

As how the naturall incolants
The Icelanders subdew,
Them Norses, Irish them, them Scots,
And English them, in few.

Beauchamp, the earle of Warwick, (first,
And last, and but a while)
Was king of Wight. Sixt Henrie's gift
That honor, and that ile:
Which added, eighteene kingdoms, al
Possesst, ieke England's stile.

These now, thus couched all in one,
Saue parcell Scots withhold
Of Penthland, and some barren isles
Subdu'd to Man of old,

Since hath one monarch ruled, vs
Hath rendered secure:
Whereas pluralitie of kings
Did euer losse procure.

Twise ioyn'd our ilanders in one,
When twise did Cæsar faile:
Disioyning, he, Picts, Saxons, Danes,
And Normaines, did preuaile.

The Spanyard, in conceit, deuoures
Our countrie, in no hope
But of disiunctiues, who, thinks he,
Lesse loue their prince than pope.

Let France admonish England, turn'd
Religion turnes not Spayne
From thirsting France: neutralitie
Brought late-lost Calice baine:
And Spanish't-French liue peasants-like,
That, French, did princes raign.

Our elders (silly did they well,
For so should not be done,
Much lesse to causeles armes against
Their prince ought subiects run)

So badly brook't this Spanyard's fam'd
Espousall with their queene,
That, euen at Westminster's law-barres,
Were harnest pleaders seene,

Fear'd with the trooped bands that wold
That banes with swords forbid:
Of which were pittied those that dide,
The rest winkt-at, and hid.

Their meaning had it praise, had not
The manner bin in fault:
The manner now doth hold, may none
In selfe-same meaning hault:

But arm'd be euery hand, and heart,
Hence Englishly to beate
Spayn, that our bodies wold inthral,
Rome, that our soules doth threat.

Yeat (which hath blinded, bridled, and
Beguil'd, them many a day)
Their Inquisition wish I from
The Spanyards rid away.

What good remaines to wish the pope,
This, that had none bin borne,
From him to steale his ill-got coyne,
From vs to ship our corne.

The best things brought from Rome, to vs
Conuert, troe I, to ill:
But new Rome left, of old Rome now
Abreuiate we will.

CHAP. LXXIV.

When Stafford and his double charge
To Italie were come,
In health, and rich (for hence brought they
In coine no little some,

With iewels of rare estimate,
And else-what of great worth)
For Mandeuil they seeke, and him
At last did listen forth.

That in Constantinople yet
He was, a marchant saide:
And thither Stafford's letter was
To him with speed conuaide,
Purporting only that himselfe
At Rome his comming staide.

Meane while in Rome (the mistris once
Of all the world) they view
Such wonders, couch't in ruins, as
Vneeene might seeme vntrew.

Once was it compast, as is read,
With fiftie miles of wall:
Now some to twentie, some to lesse,
In that accompt doe fall:
It hauing towers so many as
The yeare hath dayes in all.

n fortie miles was water brought
i pipes on arches thether:
'e vaulted walkes through euery streete,
Jainst Sunne, and rainy weather.

sumptious bathes, with pallaces
'hereto of rare delight,
roomesome ponds, where very ships
ome festiuals did fight,

trophie arches, where to life
'riumphants were purtraide,
statures huge, of porphyrie
ind costlier matters made,

theaters, pyramides,
'he hill of half a mile,
iade but of tribute pot-sheards, so
'o boast their power long while,

obelisks, of one whole stone
Neere fortie yards or more,
ge pillers, caru'd in masonrie
With prowse of knights before,

e stately bridges, sometimes eight,
Now fewer, Tyber crosse,
e thirtie goodly gates, of which
Is now of number losse,

e huge colosses, conduites, and
Else-what, that shew'd a state
yond beleefe of ruin'd Rome,
In part repair'd of late,
ey wonder at, and how the world
Could yeeld such pomp, debate.

ough some the seauen inclosed hils,
Did ancient Rome containe,
'e waste, or vine-yards, more doth yeat
Of maiestie remaine,

aen in the rubble of the old,
Than in the now renew'd,
ough Rome retaines a statelines,
Nor fairer pyles are view'd.

ie round Pantheon, once the house
Of all the heathen gods,
ands yet a temple, but lesse deckt
For rich by too much ods.

n Auentine the down-fals are
Of temples store to see:
n Tarpie of the capitol,
Were wont their guild to be:

n Palantine of pallaces,
On Cælius signes of playes:
uirinall, Exquell, Viminall,
Of bathes shew braue decayes.

hese hils, with Vatican and old
Ianiculum ore-past,
hew we how Rome did rule, was rul'd,
And ruin'd at the last,

ROM Ianus (called Noe of some,
Iaphet of some Noe's sonne,
nd Iaphet's sonne of others) rule
In Tuscan first begonne,

aign'd in sixe hundreth twentie yeares
Of Latines twentie one:
Son of the eight of which was Brute,
First soueraign of our throne)

The last of these Numitor was,
Whome Romulus did kill,
And, building Rome, slew Remus, there
To lord-it at his will.

This cittie, then receptacle
For all, how vile skils not,
Of Italie by one and one
The sixteene state-lands got,

Tarquinius raign'd the seauenth in Rome,
When, for the out-rage done
Vpon Lucretia, kings did cease,
And consuls then begonne:
When had two hundreth thirtie yeres
Bin kings, that much had won.

In this estate of consuls (two
Remoueable each yeere)
Rome flourished in victories
Fiue hundreth yeares well neere.

No age can boast like valiant men,
Or senatours so graue,
That warre, and peace, vnto the world
At their deuotion gaue:

Whose only naked maiestie
Not armour then could braue:
Like monarchie none euer had,
Or likely is shall haue.

When now the world was wholly Rome's,
And Pompei ouercome,
Then Iulius Cæsar did vsurpe
The common-wealth of Rome.

Had thirtie eight hin emperours
Successiuely, when as
Did Constantine to Siluester
Rome, by donation pas.

This constantine (surnam'd the great,
Our heire, and of our blood)
Baptiz'd of Siluester, did hurt,
As hap't, by doing good:

When to Constantinople he
Remou'd th' imperiall seate,
Rome prou'd too proude for priests, or pride
Of priests for Rome too great.

Besides, was little policie
In partnership of raigne,
For Rome, and Greece, one empier earst,
Was rul'd as if of twaine:

Who also chose their Cæsars, that
Their priuate turnes did waite:
Whence, after at Bizantium nine
Had held imperiall state,
Rome by the Gothe Alaracus
Was sackt in barbrous rate.

And here the Romaine monarchie
Did palpably decline;
As doth her prelacie, and soone
Shall quite, may we deuine.

But shall we yet digresse of Rome,
Subiecting vs so long?
Then least, as now your eares, our pen
Your memories should wrong,

Remembred be wheare stayde our search
Of countries, where left we
Of Mandeuil and Elenor,
And wheare these louers be.

CHAP. LXXV.

Anon as Constantine left Rome,
For Greece, to Sylvester,
(So cal'd of liuing in the woods,
Whence earst he durst not ster)

For consecrating after-popes
They golden rites prefer,
And, hansling Rome with heresies,
In factious schismes did erre.

Scarse was it come vnto the third,
When those that liu'd before,
(But fewe escaping martyrdome)
In deserts, meeke and poore,

Did wrangle for saint Peter's keyes,
And primacie of all
The Christian church: which to their sea,
Though long, at length did fal.

Hence dispensations, iubilees,
Pardons, and such rack't geere,
Weare had at Rome: nothing, naught worth,
Theare had, not payd for deere.

Yeat not, till long, the emperours
They dared to prouoke,
That now in choyce of emperours
Did labor greatest stroke,

And seculers from church-affayres
In all did sequester,
But wrought that seculers should all
Vnto the church refer:

Effecting so, that emperours
And kings did kisse their feete,
Deposing, and disposing, them,
And theirs, as they thought meete.

When now the blind seduced world
Was brought vnto their bent,
And more their busie heads could not,
Ambitiously, inuent,

Was pope, and pope, and sometimes three:
Popes poysond, popes exiled,
Popes strangled, cozen'd popes, a pope
Deliuerd of a childe:

Was neuer heard such tyrants, or
Of other potentates
So many did miscarrie, through
Ambition, and debates.

But be obseru'd, in highest pitch
Of pride in cleargie-men,
God still hath wrought, religion, realmes,
And all haue ruin'd then.

So, in her roofe, it far'd with Rome:
He whisel'd, and did swarme
From out the north barbarians, that
'Gainst Italie did arme.

At sundry times the Goth, the Dane,
The Vandale, and the Hunne,
With others, foure times sacked Rome,
And oft the land ore-runne:

Nor only so, but there did raigne,
In spight of who sayd nay:
Whence Cisalpine is Lumbardie
Vnto this present day:

And Rome, which, since our Brennus, none
Durst enterprise, was made
A bootie to each barbarous force
That would the same inuade.

In vaine the Romaine emperors
Their ancient right defend,
For through seditious popes the French
Begun where those did end.

From Pharamond's to Pepin's house
They foyst the crowne of France,
And to the westerne empier them
Did Charlemaine aduance.

From France to Italie againe
To Germanie from thence,
Whereas the naked title hath
Inured euer sence.

Thus erring Rome hath, doth, and will,
Our Christian world vnqueate:
May therefore princes ioyne to race
That monster from his seate.

What, will ye see a glorious god
Of Earth? Goe, see the pope:
Aspiring Lucifer? who els?
Truth fals't? reuerse the cope:

Queanes like to queanes? There halfe-mile shun
Affoord no other sort,
If skarlet hats meane while and stoles
Haue not ingro'st the sport.

Full fortie thousand curtizans
There, ladies-like, doe liue,
That to the pope for wantoning
No small reuenew giue.

Their wiues they mew from churchmen there:
Whence doth this by-word come?
"More priuiledged harlots liue
Than honest wiues at Rome."
Well, by their fruits ye may them know.
Thus is cast vp this some.

WHILST were those broyles in Italie,
Did many there reiect
Obedience to the emperors,
Who could not them protect:

So diuers cities did themselues
Infranchize, growing states:
And each of them dominion to
Her common-wealth dilates.

Weare ouerlong, although we should
But briefely ouer-ronne
The free-Italian states, of which
The Spanyards part haue wonne:

As Naples, Myllaine, royall that,
And duchie this, both twaine
So peopl'd, fertile, pleasant, rich,
As neither shew their waine.

But should we speake of Venice' pompe,
The citie, and the scite,
Too little should we speake, although
Too much we here should write.

But, gallants, will you view the courte
Of Venus, and not so,
But myrrors too of courtesie?
To rich-built Genoa goe:
But farre from drifting Florence keep,
Least Machiuels yee groe.

rrara, Vrbine, Mantua,
Placence, and Parma, are
nue cities, great for state, and please
Those which to them repare.

ot not what this spatious land
Doth lacke that man can wish:
re temprate, fertile grounds, vnmatch't
For fruits, beasts, fowles, and fish:

n valiant, rich, kinde, courtly, and
Faire academies many,
r braue and bewtious women doe,
Nor need they yeeld to any.

w to our English trinitie
Of louers let's returne,
at still, in expectation of
The fourth, at Rome soiourne.

eare, after prayers, church-times, sights,
And stories sometimes read,
ongst their merrie tales was this,
How one, inamour'd, spead.

CHAP. LXXVI.

AIRE young wife of Lyncolne-shire
If say our author truth)
traueling to London-wards,
Squir'd of a clownish youth,

s by a Yorke-shire gentleman
Ore-taken, and together
is cocke of game, and benne (as he
Supposed) of that feather,

e iourney on: and, liking her,
When words of course had past,
d nodding pricked on before
Her seruing creature fast,

thus began: "Faire mistresse, since
Our trauell lies one way,
o you please, one inne, one boord,
And I for all will pay)
y serue vs both: I also was
About, one bead, to say."

e gentlewoman (formally,
Then modest) blushing, sayd,
For inne, add board, as pleaseth you:"
And so her answer staide:

But would you add the third," quoth he,
" More would it please in deede."
What, that you pay for al?" quoth she,
" Nay, so weare more than needs."

Tush, that"—(and yeat best orators
To women knew he gifts,
d therefore named "pay," as if
By chance, to edge his drifts)
Was out," quoth he, "at vn awares:
also named, bead."
You said you were about," quoth she,
" Which still let goe for dead."

as off and on they dialogue
Best part of all that daye:
could not win her to consent,
Nor would he take a naye:

long a goe the calendar
Of women-saints was filde,
ve not to opportunitie,
mportunated, yeild,

Thinks this our northerne wilie ladde,
Hartie, and hardie too,
Who neuer would giue-out: nor more,
Than thus, yeelds shee to doe,

That is, to bead: he swearing but
To kisse, and her imbrace.
Then merrily for Huntingdon
They mend their former pace.

Alighted theare, for supper he
Bespeakes the daintiest cheere,
And either in one gallerie
Had chambers, somewhat neere.

Betwixt their chambers placed was
A southerne gentleman,
That by officious signes twix't them
To sound their match began,

Her extraordinary forme,
On worke the rather sets
His heart, and sennes (such an hand
Of vs such bewtie gets.)

Resolu'd at last of what was meant,
And how therein to deale,
This smel-feast from the bidden guest,
Did thus the banquet steale.

He gaue it out, that all might heare,
He earely would away,
His man fayn'd feare to ouer-sleepe,
And would not downe him laye:

But, when that all besides betooke
Themselues to sleepe and rest,
One while he walkes the gallerie,
Another while he drest
His rustie sword, which badly did
The northern-man disgest.

In vaine he chafte, in vaine he wisht
The seruing-man were gon:
Nor durst he out to boord his loue
(For much it stood vpon
Their credits to be cautilous.)
The southern-man, this while,
Got to the gentle-woman's bed,
And did (no force) beguile
Her expectation: " Swore you not?"
Quoth she, and he did smile.

But, had he bin the man forsworne,
If God forgaue the sin,
She pardon'd him the *quood vi*
That he had trespast in,
And, for that night's work, swore to sweare
No man from like, I win.

This cheer thus cheer'd, as closely as
He went returnes he backe
Vnto his proper bed, nor long
He sleepes ere thence he packe.

No sooner cleered was the coast,
But that the bidden guest
Steales to her chamber doore, then lock't,
(For now she means to rest.)

A male-content retireth he,
Not dreaming what had bin,
But better opportunitie
Hopes at their next-night's inn.

Next morne they meete, when, blushingly,
(But angrie not a whit)
" Ha, sir," quoth she, " I'le trust againe
Your oth, so kept you it."

" Well, bite, and whine," quoth he, " who trusts
A woman so is saru'd."
First museth she, then iests it out,
Soone finding how was swaru'd.
But thus the northern-man did faile,
That did no cost omit,
And thus the southern-man preuail'd,
At charge no more than wit.
The best is yet behind, but ere
Be told the storie out,
Amongst our louers, now at Rome,
Heare how was brought about.

AT Rome is Mandeuil ariu'd,
Stafford and he are met,
To say their greetin, for the much,
Were here too long a let.
Of Elenor her health, and more,
Suppose not questions few:
For yet full little Mandeuil
Of her ariual knew,
Nor shall, till of his loyaltie,
And life, be further view.
At Stafford's lodging had he seene
(As is th' Italian guies)
Two portly ladies, head and face,
All vailed, saue their eies:
'Twixt one of these, and Stafford, much
Of kindnes to haue past
Had he obseru'd, and thereupon
Thus breakes with him at last.
" I haue not seene the couer'd dish,
That so your diet fits,
But much I feare it surfet may,"
Quoth he, " your queasie wits:
" Needes must I enter now the list,
To combate Dorcas' foe,
Euen Stafford's reason, that from Heauen
To Hell is posting so.
" I will not aske, nor doe I care,
What bewtie, wealth, or wit,
Your here-found mistres hath, why you
Should home-left loue forgit:
" But this I know, not Rome affords
Whome more you might affect
Than her, whome wronged here I see,
And more than seene suspect:
And wherein differs man from beast,
But in affections checkt?
" What, is she married? Then doe yee
Superlatiuely sinne:
Or mayde? I like not maidens that
So forwardly beginne:
" Or curtizen? What doth she with
A vaile that is so vile,
As not to blush at shame, but, beer'd,
Is wonted to beguile?
" But married, mayde, or curtizen,
Or what you please her name,
I like not him makes loue to one,
And wrongs the very same.
" I tell thee, Stafford, be she good,
Or bad, thou here doest courte,
Thee I pronounce too bad, that with
Fore-plighted loue do'est spourte.
" Let it suffice my friendship hates
Absurdities in thee:
Farre be it trauelers should play
The spyder, not the bee.
" I would thy courted lady here,
And her consorte, heard this:"
(A needles wish, next roome weare both,
And ouer-heard he is)
" Then should they heare thee false to one,
A choyser is not heere,
And, fearing like, suspect thy loue,
Of precontracts not cleere:
" Or falsed matches, finished
In wrong of others, might,
By stil improsprous presidents,
Deterre from wronging right.
" To honest eares might this suffice,
To interrupt herein,
Or spoke I vnto hariots, this
At least from lust should win:
" Al touch-sweet, tast-sweet, eye-sweet, ea-
Sweet, sent-sweet, soule-sweet, is
A vertuous match, but vitious loue
In al contraries this."
Suppose this firme and naked loue,
And friendship, much to please
His auditorie, seene, and not,
And Stafford, to appease
His discontent, pretends a soone
Returne for England thence,
And so this parlie ended, and
On either part offence.
Stafford had said to Mandeuil,
That Elenor, to trie
Whether his loue did not with time,
New loues, and trauell die,
Required backe the ring she gaue,
Which if he could her send,
She would beleeue him loyall, and
Requite it in the end.
That ring, in this regarde, did he
Commend to Stafford now,
And, saue to her, he giue the same
To none exacts a vowe.
The next third following day was fayn'd
The time he wold from thence,
Whome to accompanie on his way
Had Mandeuil pretence:
Wherefore they feast their friends, and then
Their friends, amongst the rest,
Vnknowne of him, was Elenor
With Mandeuil a guest.
Such arte she vs'd, and such attire,
She wore, and who would looke
For her at Rome? that present her
Not for herselfe he tooke.
Vpon her finger he espide
His ring, deliuer'd earst,
Yeat silently deuoures the greefe,
That to his soule had pear'st.
He, and the rest, inuited weare
To sup abroad that night:
Night, guests, and supper's end are come,
When (greeued though in sprighte)
He, to recouer backe his ring,
Did vse this cleanly sleighte.

se had he a mommerie
euised and a maske,
euery masking mommer tooke
lady to his taske,

ner, with whome he had espyde
is ring, and dauncing doone,
ooke, as if for somewhat lost,
o ground-wards he begonne.

i ask't what myste, he whispers her,
hat he had lost a ring,
ich wanting, in each mommer's mouth,
'as made a penall thing:

aire lady, lend me this," quoth he,
That on your finger is,
" (giuing her a tablet rich)
For gage accept of this."

courtesie, his colour'd want,
nd gage, effected so,
t she, the pawne accepted, did
ler longed ring forgoe.

r on the boord weare cast the dice,
ler turne was come to play,
ich opportunitie takes he,
nd shifts him thence away.

knew she him, nor her knew he,
'or her she was in deede:
: thus he spead his purpose, and
)f this did thus proceede:
iich, eare we shall reporte, ensewes
)ur iest's remayne to reede,

CHAP. LXXVII.

Ware (in Hertford-shire, a towne
Not bettered, I winne,
thorough-faires, from thence to Twede,
For many an harbrous inne,

ısht with the once ship-bearing Ley,
By Alfred slu'ste in three,
dissipate the Dane-fleete, that
Expuguing Hertford be)

st day they timely tooke their inne,
Had sup't ere Sunne was set,
road walkt she, vnseene did he
into her chamber get.

st giuing out he would to bed,
Least, mist, be marde the sport,
d, least she feare, the day before
Had made to her report,

merriment, that oftentimes
He walked in his sleepe,
d then nor lock, nor let, could him
From place, or person, keepe:

f in this fit I chance on you,
Be not afrayd," quoth he.
But, if you come, I'le whip you thence,
Then best not come," quoth she.

us, and with this preparatiue,
He counts the bootie his,
d on the rushes, vnderneath
Her bed, he couched is,

d what with watch the night before,
And wearines that day,
d to be fresh, anone, he slept,
Assoone as downe he lay.

Meane while, a lusty yeoman of
A northern bishop's, who
Was often there a guest, and good,
Alights, and goes into

The gentlewoman's poynted roome,
And, say what they could say,
There would he lodge, for that had bin
His lodging many a day.

Loth were they to displease him, (for
An harbinger he was)
And then were bishops bountious, as
They too and fro did passe.

For whensoeuer they remou'd
To place, or parlament,
Their common meany (not a few)
On foot with bowes fore-went,
Nor niggardly was then to them
Allowed to be spent.

Themselues, with learned chaplains and
Great traines, did follow then,
And frankly spent in euery place,
Relieuing many men.

Yea, monasteries, colledges,
Schooles, hospitals, hie-waies,
Bridges, and like, were founded by
The prelats in those daies.

But laters could not so, for why?
Were those so fleeced theirs,
As but a thousand yearely fee,
Some purcha'st to their heires.

But now be some (may such be long,
And such to them succeed)
To whom in all doth nothing want
Of reuerent worth indeed.

But say ye sooth, haue cleargie-men
Cosbairers? Tush, a lye:
To aske do courtiers, church-men shame
To offer simonie:
And that should be such fault, appeares
Small likelihood, say I.

Obscurely more, with lesser port,
Lesse hospitalious too,
The great-ones neuer liu'd, nor rack't
Their owne, as now they doe.

Then either this is false that thus
They fleece, or this is true,
That euen consumption of their owne,
Is sacrilegers' due.
But wander doe we from our iest,
Of that doth thus ensue.

The bishop's man sups, and to bed,
Whilst soundly sleepes that other;
The gentlewoman, barr'd that roome,
Is lodged in another:

That in the bed fell fast a sleepe,
This vnderneath awakes,
And, in his creeping out, and vp,
No dinne at all he makes.

One heard be breathe, " Ar't there?" thought he,
" Haue with thee by and by:"
And softly kist, whieare felt so rough,
He fear'd t' haue kist awry.

He grop't therefore her face, and caught
The yeoman by the beard:
And rudely starting vp (not more
In all his life afeard,

Then buskling to his sword) cride "Theeues!"
That other in such taking,
As though he were a man right good,
He stood amaz'd, and quaking.

The oste and ostlers with a light
And tooles, then next to hand,
Came in, where he, almost vnstript,
But wholly skar'de, did stand.

They wonder (for they knew him well)
That he should be a theefe:
"Good sirs," quoth he, "be still, we all
Deceiued are, in breefe."

Then, taking some a-part, he tolde
His cause of being theare,
And praies their silence, and in wine
Was washt away that feare.

The gentlewoman, hearing this,
Vn-inn'd by day did peepe,
And (honester than would himselfe)
Left him to wake or sleepe.
This stale-iest tolde, of Mandeuil
Now let vs promise keepe.

WITH modest mirth were ended now
The maske, and reuels, when
Vnto their lodging Stafford did
The ladies vsher then.

There Elenor was passing sad,
And, being ask't, did tell
The circumstances of her ring
In order as befell,
And shewes the gaged tablet, seene
And knowne of Stafford well.

Her, weeping ripe, he, laughing, bids
To patient her a while,
"For Mandeuil supposde him wrong'd,
And wrought," quoth he, "that wile;
"But how for you he loueth yours,
It argues, and withall
A gentle-manly mind his great
Exchange for value small."

"Nor thinke I lesse, nor argue lesse
Of loue, and gentrie too,
May what, in both preuenting him,
I meane," quoth she, "to doo."
His tablet sent she, and therewith
This breuiat, by a page.
"Of you I aske not backe my loane,
But take it, and your gage:
Yours either, neither say I mine,
Both shall be, I presage."

He musing of her meaning, thus
To her lets his be knowne.
"Of you I aske not back my gage,
But take it for your loane:
Mine triples yours, not yours, and yeat
For price gets yours, but one."

Not musing of his meaning (which
To her was not for newes)
She of her meaning also meanes
That he no longer muse.

Now Mandeuil, though grieued much
At Stafford, whom he thought
In Rome to riot, Dorcas not
Esteemed as she ought,
And for his blabbing him to her
The which had had his ring,
Against an oth, meanes neretheleme
Him on his way to bring,
And comes to Stafford's lodging, who
Prepar'd for no such thing.

But for a bridegroome trim'd, and trim
Was all, and she for bride
Him contradicted, when, as sayd,
Had Mandeuil espyde

That likelihood: who, sighing, sayd,
"Not henceforth will I chide,
But pitie Stafford, now so farre
From wonted Stafford wide.

"A friend should not (nor you will I
In this infirmenes) flye,
Alone of Dorcas wronged here
Not witnes shall mine eye.

"Came you to Rome to lose your selfe,
And finde at Rome a friend,
There to begin his sorrowes where
Your senses make an end?

"Or thriue they more, or trauell lesse,
May Englishmen, wish I:
Hence should they profit, whence for most
They least doe fructifie."

"How stoicall growes Mandeuil,"
Quoth Stafford, "since his trauell!
With you, for like, may I, ere long,
Haue cause no lesse to cauell."

With that, from out another roome
To him, that would away,
Then Dorcas-like came Dorcas out,
Intreating him to stay.

What should we say his ioy, that his
Mis-deemes did sort to this?
Was not a gladder man, and yeat
Anon he gladder is,

When Elenor, then like her selfe,
To him came also out:
But whether gladder he, or she,
Thus met, shall rest a doubt.

That very day both couples weed,
But what they did that night,
Not men vnpractis'd can report,
For action, or delight.
Nor creeded be this loue-tale of
This ladie and this knight.

THUS of what worth so-ere, is brought
This work of ours to end:
More haue wee donne, hence outed, more
Wee purpos'd to haue pend,
Which to intelligenced men,
More daring, we commend.

Well wotting, acts heroick, and
Great accidents, not few
Occurre this happie raigne, here-hence,
Of purpose, blanched vew.

Nor perpetuitie my Muse
Can hope, vnlesse in this,
That thy sweet name, Elizabeth,
Herein remembred is.

l this, hope I, doth bode me good,
That very day wherein
is finish't this, did of thy raigne
Feare thirtith nine begin.

y Muse arte-graced more than mine,
In numbers like supply,
iat in thine highnes' praise my pen,
Too poore, hath passed-by.

arger field, a subiect more
Illustrious, none can aske,
it with thy scepter and thy selfe,
His poesie to taske.

y people's prolocutor be
My prayer, and I pray,
at vs thy blessed life, and raigne,
long blesse, as at this day.

N ADDITION IN PROSE TO THE SECOND BOOKE OF

ALBION'S ENGLAND:

NTAYNING A BREVIATE OF THE TRUE HISTORIE OF

ÆNEAS.

ERVE him (friendly reader) where he is, not ere he ought, and as he speaketh, not as he uld. Misapplied he is not for matter prece-it, howsoeuer the penning or misplacing may or mislike for the English or order. Rather h my remisnes borrowed of decorum and your ience, than that a patriarke of our Brutons uld be abruptly estranged: of Æneas, there-e, it thus followeth:

ÆNEIDOS.

WHEN the reuengefull flames of Troy, properly ed Ilion, then the principall citie of all Asia, perfected the more than tenne yeares siege the Grecians' expugning of the same, then eas (howsoeuer by some authorities noted of oyaltie towards Priam, in this not vnworthily named vertuous) burthening his armed shoul-with his feeble and most aged father Anchises, laboured also vnder his loade of the Troian and sacred reliques, Æneas (as I say) with his burthen, leading by the hand his sonne anius, of the age of twelue yeres, followed not of the beautifull Creusa, his wife, the daugh-of king Priam, but also of a many Troians par-ating that common calamitie, brake through wastfull flames, mauger the wrathful foes, into fields of Phrigia. Theare the aire emptied of n-burnt turrets, and filled with smoake of buildings, assured from their hearts more es to their eyes, than the benefit of their pre-escape could promise them comfort. Troy, efore, not to be rescued, or Creusa (in this nesse lost and perishing) to be recouered, as and his followers imbarking themselues in is, after long and weary sea-faring arriued in rt of Thrace called Cressa, bounding on Myg-a. Here Æneas, purposing an end of his us saylings, and not meanly furnished of treasure conuayed from Troy, laied foundation of a citie (after the founder) called Ænea. This citie going forward lesse effectually than was expected, Æneas, supposing the gods to bee yet opposite to the Troians, knocking downe a milke-white bull, pitched an altar to doe sacrifice. Neere at hand were growing diuers shrubbed trees, the boughes whereof (for the greater reuerence and exornation of the present solemnitie) he cutting and sliuing downe, perceiued blood in great abundance issuing from the broken branches: whereat long admiring, and with great terrour and deuotion intercessing the gods to reueale the meaning of that miraculous accident, at the length he heard a pitiful and feeble voice (for diuersly in those daies did the diuels answere and giue oracles) thus answering:

"Reason were it (Æneas) that the graues of the dead shuld priuiledge their bodies from the tyrannie of the liuing: but by so much the lesse doe I esteeme my preiudice, by how much the more I know thee vnwittingly iniurious. Thou tearest, Æneas, in these braunches, thou tearest the bodie of thy vnfortunate brother-in-law Polydor, sonne to the like-starred Priamus. Troy as yet was only threatned, not besieged, when my father (as thou knowest) deliuered me with a world of treasure to Polymnestor, the barbarous king of this countrie, here daungerles (as he pretended) to abide, as the conseruor and restauration of his house and empyre, whatsoeuer should betide of him, his other issue, or the warres then beginning: but the Greekes preuailing, auarice, and the declining state of Phrigia, imboldned my gardein (fearles of reuengers) to the murthering of me: which he traytrously accomplishing on this shore, secretly raked me vp in these sands, without honor of better sepulcher: and of my body (so hath it pleased the gods and nature) are sprong these branches, in tearing of which thou tormentest me. Howbeit, in respect of my desire to profit thee by foretelling of thy destinie. I account mee happily harmed: for know (Æneas) that in vaine thou doest build where the gods deny thine abode: leaue, therefore, these defamed coasts, and prosperously plant the remaine of Troy and thy posteritie in the fertill Italian clime."

The voyce thus ceased to speake, and Æneas, without further touch of the forbidden shrubs, continuing his feare, finished the sacrifice, and after the Phrigian fashion solemnlie held an obit to the ghost of his murthered kinsman.

THEN, by this admonishment, he and his Troians leauing the new reared citie, disanker from Thrace in quest of behighted Italie. But no sooner had they put to sea, than that the windes and the waues, sollicited (a poeticall fiction) by the wife of Iupiter, so tossed and turmoyled the disparkled nauie, that the horrour of the circumstances continually threatning their liues, left onely hope of death as the remaine of all comfort. At length, these instruments of their long wandrings, and the causes of Anchises and of many noble personages there perishing, counterpleaded (as is fabled) by Venus, tossed their distackled fleet to the shore of Libya. Neere to the place of their arriual stood the beautifull citie of Carthage, which Elisa (whom the Phœnicians, for her magnanimious dying, did

afterwards name Dido) had newly builded: Æneas by safe conduct receiued from her, repayring thether, found such royal entertainment, that, in respect of the present solace, he had forgotten al passed sorrowes, and his hart-spent Troians found bountifull supplies to all their late endured scarsities. In the meane while Æneas, for personage the Iouilist, for wel-spoken the Mercurilist, and no lesse fortunate vnder Venus her constellation, with his comelines so intised the eyes, with his speeches so inchaunted the eares, and with his vertues so enflamed the heart of the amorous Carthagenian queene, that hardly modesty discented that her tongue affirmed not the loue which her eyes outwardly blabbed, and her heart inwardly nourished: in the end, not able longer to containe such extraordinary passions, in this order she vented the same to the lady Anna, her sister:

"My trusty sister," quoth she, (then sighing out a pause) "how many great princes, since the decease of my late husband Sichæus, and our departure from Tyrus, haue in vaine laboured a marriage with me, hath been vnto thee no lesse apparant, than of me hitherto vnapproued: but now (haled on I know not by what destinie) our new-come guest, Æneas the Troian, (whose matchlesse personage and knightly prowesse I partially commend not, all confirming of him no lesse than I can affirme) the same, euen the same, hath supplanted my chast determinations of continual widowhood, with an amorous desire of a second marriage: howbeit, to determine without him, as I must, were to be deceiued of him, as I may. What counsell? My selfe (Anna) ah! my selfe to motion loue were immodestie, and to be silent lesse tolerable than death. I would (a violent, no voluntary wish) that Elisa knew her selfe beloued of Æneas, Æneas not knowing himselfe so loued of Elisa."

Her sister with a cheereful countenance promising comfort, performed the same in this answer: "Dum signes" (quoth she) "haue their speeches: not any that obseruеth your looks, but easily aymeth at your loue: greater is the wonder of your strickt chastitie, than it would be a nouell to see you a bigama. That priuatly peeuish and curious, this publiquely wished and commodious: or euer Carthage be perfected in the ayre, Elisa may putrifie in the earth: what monument then leauest thou to thy Tyrians, scarce warme in Africk, than a citie's imperfect foundation? Which being alreadie an eyesore to the wild and warlike Libians, Barchæs, Getulians, and the rest of the Africans, shall then bee vtterly extinct, with the very name of the foundres: but in matching with so great and valiant a prince as Æneas, thou shalt not onely liue with whom thou doest loue, and by consorting thy Tyrians with his Troians, strongly disappoynt the enuie of those nations, but (for natore hath not giuen thee such beautie to die barren) being a wife, become (no doubt), a mother, and by legitimate propagation so glad thy subiects, fearеles of ciuill dissentions. Who can then dislike that Elisa should so loue? Burie, sister, the thoughts of Sichæus with his dead bones, and prosperously prosecute and preuaile in thy sweete passions of Æneas: plie him with all prouisions and amerous entertainements: onely for his shippe-works faine delatory wants, and by winter be past, he, partly comming, will (feare not) bee perfectly reclaymed."

This counsell of Anna, though it heaped as it were Athos on Ætna, yet was it praised and practised of Elisa: for counsell soothing the humor of the counselled, howsoeuer vnprofitable, is accounted plausible. Henceforward the queene (to be admired, not matched for her exquisite beautie, and rather borrowing of arte than scanting nature, as braue in apparell as beautifull in person, and voted, euen in her better part, to the loue of Æneas) so sorted all her deuices to his best liking, that shortly himselfe laboured with her in one and the selfe-same paine of wished-for pleasure. Omitting, therefore, the circumstances of their discourses, feastings, and all poeticall faynings, onely proceede we, in few, to the euent of these their amorous beginnings.

A HUNTING was generally appoynted, the queene, Æneas, their ladies, and knights, bratuely mounted; the standes were prowned, the toyles pitched, the hounds vncoupled, the game rowsed, a foote, and followed, when sodainely, amidst the barborless desart, in the hotest pursuit, the skye, ouer-cast with black clowdes, showred downe such flashes of lightening, vollies of thunder, haylestones, and raine, that glad was euery one of the Tyrians and Troians, dispersing themselues, to shift for one, Elisa and Æneas in the meane while finding cause that sheltred them twaine. Being there all alone, vnknowen of and vnsought for of their seruants, opportunity, the chief actress in all attempts, gaue the plaudiate in Love his comedie. Imagine short wooing where either partie is willing: their faithes plighted for a mariage to be solemnized, (with kind kisses among) hee did what harmed not, and she had what displeased not: a young Æneas should haue been molded, had he not been marred (as might seeme) in the making. When this sweet caulme in the sharp storme was with the tempest thus ouerpassed, then came they both out not such as they entred in, and were receiued of their traines, attending their pleasure, not examining their pastimes: and so hauing continued the chace vntill night discontinued their sport, they retyring to Carthage, were sumptuously feasted of Elisa in her pallace. During these their alcion dayes, (not generally liked of all) one there was, a noble Troian, that had these speeches to Æneas:

"Shouldest thou beleeue (farre be it from Æneas so to beleeue) that the oracles of our gods, highting vs the conquest of Italie, were superstitious, then beleeue also (vndeceiued, mayst thou so beleeue) that our effeminate abode here is vaine and slanderous: to attempt that forces without an oracle, yea, with the losse of our lives, is honorable, because we are Troians: to entertaine this latter, inuited and daungerlesse, is prochful, because we are Troians. Ah! (Æneas) haue we shipped our gods from home to be witnesses of our wantonnesse here? Beleeue me better had it bin we had died in Phrigia, than to liue thus in Affrik like women. Consider also the place whereinto we are now brought, and then conceiue of the possibility of our here abode: shall I tell thee? Were there not (if in the mean while no other accident crosse thy now blind

were there not, I say, an Elisa here to loue thee, or were there not an Æneas to be beloued of her, no sooner should the first deceased of you be deliuered of life, than the suruiuors of vs Troians be denied this lande: and then (if we should proue so vngratefull as to resist our relieuers) hauing number, yet want we munition: for neither our ships be tackled, nor we armed, but at the deliuerie and appointment of the Tyrians. Learne, therefore, (Æneas) after so long pleasure in loue, at the last profitably and politickly to loue, and whatsoeuer thy playe be in Africk, let hencefoorth the maine bee Italie. Mean-while commaund (most humbly we desire to be so comnaunded) that thy shippes be secretly calked, tallowed, ballaced, tackled, victualled, and armed: and then (thy selfe also reformed) wittingly or vnwillingly to Elisa leaue her, and her effeminate citie, with resolution, neuerthelesse, (if thou so please) at more leysure to loue her." So effectually did Æneas listen to this motion, that giuing order for the repayring of his fleete, he promised a speedy and sodayne departure: and his men, not slipping opportunitie, executed the same with as effectuall diligence.

It happened in this meane while, the queene to mount the high turrets of her pallace royall, whear looking towards the roade, she perceiued how earnestly the Troians laboured in trimming, pausshing, and furnishing their nauie; then assuring her selfe not deceiued, that she should be deceiued, and descending as it were maiestically maddе, meeting with Æneas, shee said:

" Before (Æneas) I beheld thy shipwracks and wants I beleeued some god arriued at Carthage; yea when I knewe thee but a man, my conceit honored thee with a deitie; but now these thine inhumaine treacheries (not worthy the vnworthiest titles) argue so farre off from a godhoode, as thou shewest thy selfe lesse than a man and worse than a deuill. What hath Carthage not worthie Æneas? I assure thee, if any be so much, no citie is more happy than Carthage. But the queene pleaseth not Æneas; Oh! that Æneas had not pleased the queene: then might I haue bettered my choise for honour, or not haue bewayled thy chaunge for the dishonour. But (vngratefull) wilt thou indeede leaue me? Yea, then that thou meanest the contrary nothing more false; but to deriue thy departure from any desart of mine nothing lesse true. If therefore the life of Elisa, the loue of Elisa, the land of Elisa, her wealth, thy want, her teares, thy vowes, her distresse, thy dishonour, the delights of this shore, the dangers of those seas, Carthage possessed, Italie vnconquered, peace without warre here, warre without peace there, thy wracks past, the winter to come, any euils whereof I warne thee, any good that I haue wrought thee, and more good that I haue and doe wish thee, if any thing said, or more than I can say, hath or doth want argument to seate thee in Affrick, yet at the least for thine owne safety stay a more temperate season, vsing in the meane while excuses for thine vnurged departure: and so I flattered, shal either patient my selfe, or repent thy fleeting in a milder extasie. I did (well may I forethinke mee so to haue done) entertaine thee beyond the degree of an hostesse, or the dignitie of a guest: and yet (vngratefull guest to so kinde an hostesse) for such welcome thou hast not pretended a farewell. Thus, alas! finding thy loue lesse than it ought, I repent to haue loued more than I should, and because thou appearest not the same thou wert, I am not reputed the same I am: but as a ridiculous by-worde of the Tyrians, the stale of the Troians, and the scorne of the Affricans: howbeit (in trueth) the fayth-plighted wife of falthles Æneas. But who will so beleeue? Nay, beleeue not so who will, thy departure shall be my death, my death thy sinne, thy sinne the worldes speech, the worldes speech thy reproofe, and thy reproofe my purgation. For were thy selfe iuror and iudge of the more offensiue, my credulencie, or thine inconstancie, the iuror could not but giue verdict for Elisa, and the iudge sentence against Æneas: then (if not for my suite, yet for thine owne sake) let me not pleade tediously and without grace, that plead so truely, and with more griefe than for the quantitie I may suffer, or for the qualitie thou canst censure.

Æneas, not lightly gauled at her impatience (whome he still loued more than a little, howbeit lesser than his now regarde of honour) thankfully acknowledged her great bounty, counter-pleading to haue pretended a departure without leaue taken, vouching moreouer the displeasure of his gods for contempt of their oracles manifested by fearefull dreames and sundry visions, as also the vrging of his Troians impatient of tarriance. So that he resting in resolution not to be wonne by wooing, or reclaymed by exclayming, the queene became speechlesse and sencelesse, and was in a swoune conuayed from his presence. In which businesse hee boording his shippes, in the dead of the night hoisting vp sayles, left Carthage to seeke Italie.

The queene, not capable of any rest, by day appearing discryed from a turret the roade cleered of the Troian nauie: then not willingly silent, nor able to speak, she stood as stoode Niobe after the fourteenth reuenge by Latonaes issue: which her then and after extremities, to be glaunced at, not iudged of, briefely I thus decipher. Imagine a substantiall and a palpable appearance of loue, wrath, sorrow, and despayre, acting in their aptest habites and extreamest passions, and then suppose Elisa not onely the same, but more feruently louing, more furiously wrathfull, more confusedly sorrowful and more impatiently desperate. Imagine lastly the first three imagined actors, after long parts occupied, leauing the stage to the fourth, as to the perfectest imperfection: and then from such imagined stratagem attend this actuall Catastrophe.

A wizard or witch (the two common oracles of many too credulent women) had instructed the queene, that an immolation or burnt sacrifice offered to the infernal deities, of the armour, ornaments, and all whatsoeuer the reliques of Æneas left behinde him at his departure from Carthage, would effectually estrange the outrage of her passions, and extinct in her the very remembrance of Æneas. This counsell (either for that at the first she beleeued it possible, or for that opportunitie so offered it selfe to practise the thing she did purpose) Elisa entertaining opened the same to Anna her sister; who, simply vnsuspitious of the sequell, prouided secretly (as was giuen her in charge) a pyle of dry faggots,

crowned with garlands for the dismall sacrifice: which and Elisa her selfe in a readinesse, Æneas his armour beeing her eyes' object, became in this wise her tongue's subiect.

"With this," quoth she, (eying the armour) "the craking Troians boasted to haue buckled with the gallant Diomedes, not seldome to haue offended the defenceles Grecians, and after many loned blowes at the sacking of Troy, valiantly to haue boorded his thence-bent nauie: this armour profitable to my preiudice, there defensiue to him, to be here offensiue to me, were it vnnecessary to this sacrifice, should neuertheles burne for the same trespasse. This cup, this Phrigian cup, too guilty of too many Tyrian draughts, assistants in forming me audaciously amorous, shal now occupie these ceremoniall flames as the then accessary to a contrarie fire. These bracelets, and these earrings (by too often and officious hands fastned and loosed with begged and graunted kisses among, and now lesse precious by the giuer his practise) shall also ad cinders to the repentant payment of mine ouer-rated pleasure. Lastly are remaining only two reliques of that recreant, this sword, and Elisa herselfe. But what? diddest thou (Æneas) leaue this and thine armour in Carthage, as if in Italie thou shouldest encounter another Elisa? Inconsiderate that thou art, albeit such feareleese conflicts best beseeme such effeminate captaines, yet no climate can affoorde thee one so foolish, and therefore in no countrey expect such fortune. The storme (ah from thence are these teares) shelt'ring vs twaine lately in one caue, was (no doubt) ominous to these euils: for then should I haue rememb'red, that like as shelters are chiefly sought for in stormes, so men labour our fauours onely in extremities: but their lusts satisfied, or wants supplied, as of shelters in sunne-shine they estimate our bountie, leauing thenceforth euen to seeme such as (in troth) they neuer were. But what is naturall, is of necessitie, onely let it be graunted he is a man, and it followeth necessarily he is deceitful. Flie, traiterous Æneas, flie vnfollowed and vnfriended of Elisa: euer may the winds be contrary to thy course, and the seas not promise thee one houre's safety: euer be thy ship drowning, and thy selfe neuer but dying: often resayle in a moment, whence thou wert sayling a moneth: let no blaste from the ayre, or billow in the sea, stirre but to thy preiudice: and when no horror and mishap hath fayled thee, with thy dead body, to the vttermost plagued, perish also may thy soule vnpardoned. But least mine incharitie proue lesse pardonable than his iniurie, I that will not liue to heare it so, heartily disclayme to haue it so: pardon therefore, yee gods, me desiring it, and him deseruing it. Troth is it this one sacrifice shall giue end to mine infinite sorrowes: but not (alas) with these burnings (rather found guiltie of new beginnings) but with my heart's blood, the latest ceremonie wanting to this exequie." Scarcely had these words passed her mouth, when with Æneas his sword she pearced her brest. so performing on herselfe a tragedie sought for, and to hers a terror vnlooked for.

Whilest. Dido (so named of this her death, or as haue some, not lesse probable, of so preuenting Hiarbas menacing her marriage) was thus passionate and did thus perish, Æneas, after weary sea-faring, much sorrowe, many people and places seene and sayled from, arriuing in Sicillie, was ioyfully entertained of this auncient friend king Acestes, and there (as the yeare before at Drapenum) did solemnize an anniuersarie at the tombe of his father Anchises. The masteries, feates, and actiue pastimes tried here by the Troian and Sicilian youth, with land and sea skirmidges, the running, riding, leaping, shooting, wrestling, and such like, with bacing on foote and on horseback, (this last, a sport lately vsed of our English youthes, but now vnpollitickly discontinued) or how the women of Troy (whereof many were also imbarked from thence) tyred with the perils of the sea, and intised with the pleasures of Sicilie, to preuent further sayling, fired their ships (not without great losse rescued:) or how Æneas building there the citie Acesta, peopled the same with his women, and impotent Troians: or of the drowning and reuise of Palinurus, and many occurrents happning here, at Cuma, Caieta, and else-where I omit, as lesse pertinent to our purpose than the hastning of Æneas into Italie. Wherefore shipping him from Sicilie, I now land him in Latium: in which part of Italie raigned, and was resident in his citie Laurentum, the king Latinus: to whome Æneas addressed an hundred knights, one of them deliuering this ambassie:

"Ignorant are we not, most gracious king, (for in that title art thou famous, and in that triall may we proue fortunate) of thy consanguinitie with the Troians, by noble descents from Dardanus, our auncient progenitor: neither canst thou but know that Troy is sacked, and her people for the most part slaughtered: onely know (if already thou knowest it not) that Æneas, our duke, with a few his followers, after more than seauen yeares sayling, are lastly (and luckilie, I hope) arriued in thy countrie: howbeit, of many places, for pleasure and fertilitie most worthy manuring, haue wee abandoned the quiet possession: yea, many the greatest princes of Europe and Africa, haue voluntarily desired our tariance denied: only infinit seas haue wee sayled, and more sorrowes sustained, to seeke this clime, from whence wee Troians deriue our originals, and whither our gods haue directed vs by their oracles. This thy countrie, in respect of the bigneese, may easily affoord roome for a new Troy to be builded: a plot more spacious we doe not aske, a smaller suite thou canst not graunt, if with our present extremities thou also peise our purposed loyalties. Neuer were wee thy foes, and euer will we continue thy friends. Seated wee must be, and here wee would be. We dare not disobey, the gods commanding it, nor would we discontent thee in demaunding it: graciously therefore conceiue of our petition, and gratefully receiue from Æneas these presents."

Hauing thus sayd, he, in the name of Æneas, presented the king with a most rich mantell or robe, with an inualuable crowne of golde enchased with precious stones, with the late royall sceptre of king Priamus, and with other treasure: which Latinus cheerefully receiuing, returned the Troians this answer:

"Had not the gods commanded your hither repaire, which I gainsay not, were we not of consanguinitie, wherein I disclaim not, or my king-

dome not roome-some enough to receiue you, as it is, or had ye not brought precious and peaceable presents, as ye haue, yeat to dismisse wayfarers vnrested and vnreleeued, were contrary to the gods of hospitalitie, and (which they defend that I should therein offend) Latinus his honour. Ouerfast he sitteth that securely sitteth: for as he that is timorous hath too little prouidence, so he that is feareles hath too much presumption: yea, lesse grieuous are expected than vnlooked-for euils. I speake not this as I feare to fall, but as I fore-see I may fall: for the vnpearching of others should be fore-preachings to vs. Priuie am I vnto your distresse, applying the like possibility for me so to decline: for who is priuiledged from becõming such? And who is such that would not haue succour? Sorrie I am that ye haue so ill cause to estrange your selues from home, but glad that I am in so good case to entertaine you here. Let Æneas seate him, and prosper yee in Italie: my land well may abide it, and my selfe brooke it. Yea more, (for the oracle of my minde consorts no doubt with those of our gods) Lauinia, my sole daughter and heir, forbidden a natiue's and behighted a stranger's marriage, hath found a husbande and I a sonne-in-lawe: at the least, I wish it would bee, and hope it will be. Make my thankes to Æneas for his presents, and bee you masters of your petitions."

The Troians being then sumptuously feasted, enery man on a giuen courser brauely and richly mounted, dismissed, returned, and Latinus his answere and present deliuered, Æners, neuerthelesse as farre from being secure as ioyous of such tidings, knowing the good speede of a stranger to be an eye-sore to the people, and therefore not careless suspitious of it that might causeles succeede, strongly inmured his men in a new-built fortresse.

In the meane while their arriuall and entertainment with Latinus occupied, and for the most part offended, all Italie; enuiously stormed Amata the queene that Lauinia her daughter and darling should be wedded to a stranger, an exile (as she termed him:) and therefore, when she could not disswade the king by flatterie, shee incensed his nobles and subjects to resist it forcibly. On the other side, Turnus, prince of the Rutiles (in person exceeding all for comelinesse, and in armes equall to any for his courage, to whom Lauinia was before promised in marriage) as malcontent as any for being thus circumuẽted by Æneas, held a counsell in his sumptuous citie Ardea scituate in the territorie of Latium, how to intercept the Troians by wiles, expell them by warres, weaken them by wants, disappoynt Æneas, and possesse himselfe of Lauinia. Often sent he messengers and sometimes menaces to aduertise Latinus that he was promised he should, and to assure him hee purposed hee would enioy her or anger him. But by how much more Latinus was religiously vnremouable in his resolution for Æneas, by so much the more did Turnus giue loose raines to his headie anger: Howbeit sufficient matter wanted for his malice to worke vpon, vntill by euill happe his choler tooke aduantage of this colour. Ascanius with diuers Troian gentlemen his friends and others his attendants, hunting in a forrest not farre from their fortresse, by chance did incounter, strike, and chace a fayre and well spread stagge, which the children of ope Tyrrhus (the kings raunger and steward of his grounds, a man of no meane account amongst the Latinus) had from a fawne nourished, and so intreated that no beast might bee more tamer: This stagge thus stroken and followed of the Troians, takiag the readiest way to the house of Tyrrhus, and with bleeding haunches entring the hall, was first espied of Syluia or Ilia, a young gentlewoman, in whose lappe hee sleeping had often layd his head, and at whose hands he had many a time taken brouse, been kemmed, and trimmed. She seeing the stagge in such a plight, almost swouned ere shee could weepe, wept ere shee might speake, spoke ere shee was comforted, and was comforted onely in promise of reuenge. At the winding of an horne, came flocking thither in a trise the heards-men, shepheards, plow men, and hinds: this anticke of groomes, finding Almon the eldest sonne of Tyrrhus, and their young mistris Syluia grieuously passionate, and the stagge bloodie and braying his last, question no further what should be done, but were furiously inquisitiue after the doers.

In this meane time, by euil hap, Ascanius and his companie drawing by parsie after the stagge (which they knew not for tame) were entered the view of this shoole of inraged clownes: who all at once and suddenly, with such weapons as they had or found neerest at hand, as staues, sheep-hookes, dung-forks, flayles, plow-staues, axes, hedging-beetels, yea libbats newly snatched from burning, and what not? fiercely assayled with down-right blowes the amazed Troians: who not hauing leisure to aske questions, couragiously entertaine the vnknowne quarrell: and so long and daungerously for either parte continued this confusion of blowes and effusion of blood, that by now it was bruted at the fortresse and at Laurentum, and was anon increased by rescue from either faction: neither had this skuffling an end vntill night was begun: at what time the Latines, Rutiles, and Troians left the wild medley, howbeit not discontinuing their malice.

Of chiefe account amongst the Latines, were slaine lustie Almon, and aged Galesus, (this latter a man of an honest and wealthie condition) whilest he vnseasonably amongst blowes deliuered vnregarded perswasions of peace. The wounded corses of these twaine did Turnus cause to bee conuayed to the view of Latinus, as arguments of their common dammage, himselfe with an enuious heart and an inuectiue tongue amplifying the same to the vttermost: not vnassisted therein by the yrefull queene Amata, or vnfurthered by the hurlie burlie of the impatient people, all labouring the king to denounce armour against the Troians.

Latinus in this tumult of his subjects, and trauell of his sences, assuring himselfe that Æneas was the man prophesied to the marriage of Lauinia and succession of Latium, disswaded, but might not perswade with the headie multitude. In fewe, with such efficacie did the dead corses inuite it, the queene intreate it, Turnus affect it, and the people follow it, that lastly, though against his minde, the king did suffer the Laurentines to reare on their walles absolute tokens of imminent warres: Thus found Turnus that which he longed for, and Æneas no lesse than

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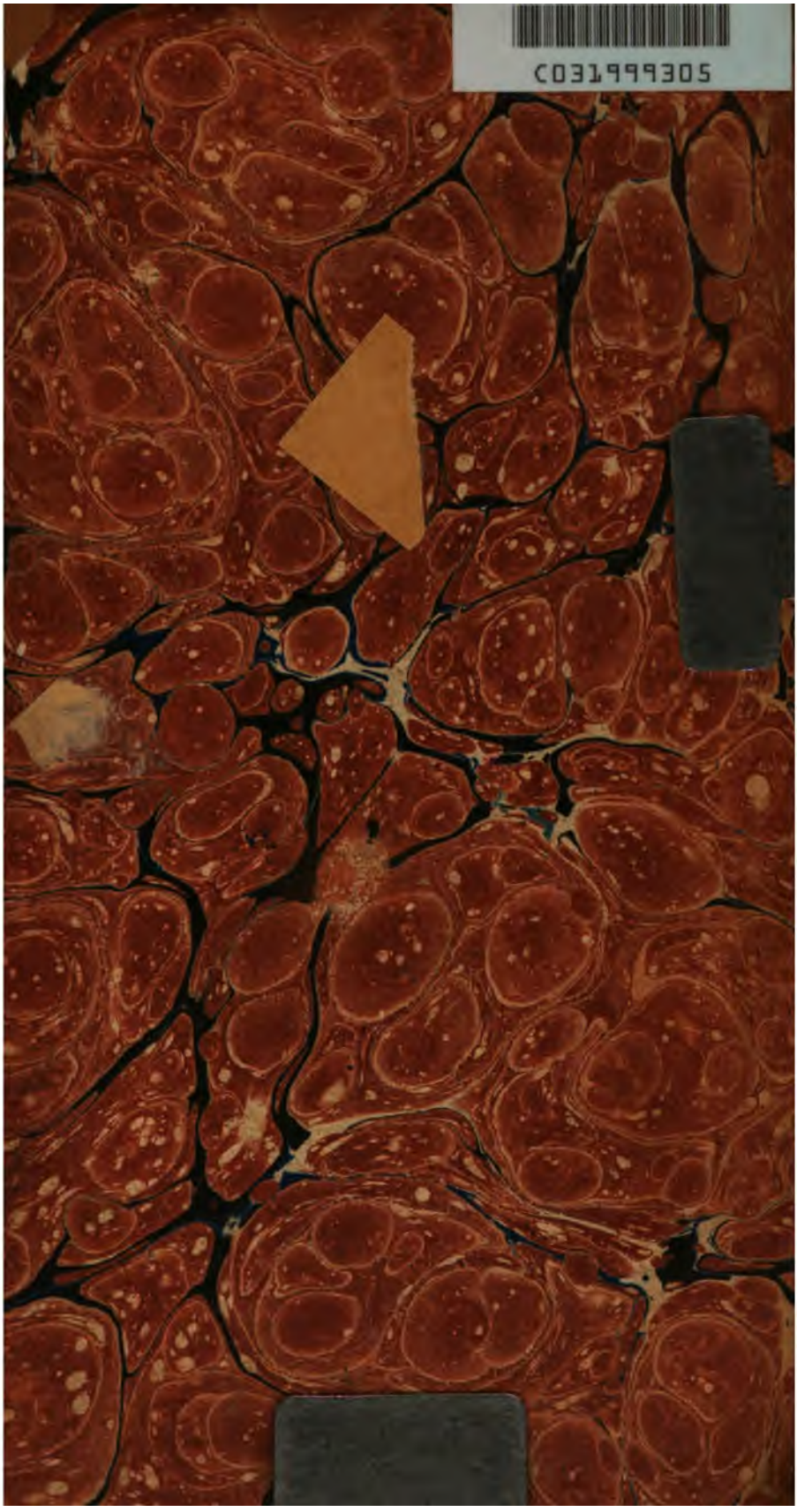
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